THE QUIVER

"Nature herself teaches us as no painter's art can."

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THE QUIVER

THE LESSONS OF THE LEAVES.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS, BIRMINGHAM.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—ISAIAH lxiv. 6.

WE have entered on the season of autumn, a season that has beauties all its own.

> There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
> Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
> And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
> Pouring new glory on the autumn woods.

Yet, autumn is a season of sadness.

> The yellow leaves that seem to woo the breeze
> To lay them with their fellows in the ground,
> Are dangling from their withered sapless stems.

In *their* decay, they speak to us of *our* decay—"We all do fade as a leaf."

We fade with the *certainty* and *universality* of the leaf. Nothing can arrest the decay of the foliage in the forest, and the hedgerow, and the garden. In sheltered spots, and during exceptionally fine seasons, the leaves may preserve their life and colour unusually long, and some kinds of trees may retain their verdure longer than others; but, sooner or later, the universal law asserts itself. So it is with man. It is appointed unto all men once to die. Death is one of the conditions of our life. Some live longer than others. Some have naturally stronger constitutions than others. The wear and tear of life is not so great with some as with others. But all die. Nothing can avert the calamity—neither youth, nor beauty, nor strength; neither physicians, nor nurses, nor money. Heaven's law cannot be overthrown. This mortality is co-extensive with our race.

We fade *quickly* as the leaf. Only a few months ago, and the bright green garment of spring clothed all the trees. Now, their branches are fast becoming naked, and seem to shiver in the blast. So speedy is the approach of our decay. The seeds of death are in us from the first, and soon begin to develop themselves. Some men live longer than others, but the longest life is short. The journey from the cradle to the grave is soon accomplished. When Pharaoh asked Jacob how old he was, the patriarch replied, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." How much fewer are the days of men now! Our life is a vapour, which appeareth for a moment, and then vanisheth away.

We fade *gradually* as the leaf. The forests and hedgerows do not become bare at once. A tree does not lose its foliage in an hour, or even a day. Weeks, and perhaps months, elapse before its leaves fade and fall. Some begin to wither before they are fully matured. Examine the tree in the vigour of its foliage; you will see that here and there a leaf looks discoloured and ready to drop off. Some leaves are rudely torn from the branch while they are yet green. The majority fall in autumn. Some hold on till winter, and into the following spring. The work of decay is more rapid in some than in others. So it is with mankind. The tree of humanity is not rendered leafless in a moment. A generation does not suffer immediate extinction; nor a household. Some die in the tenderness of infancy and childhood; some in the vigour of youth; some in middle age; and some last into a second childhood.

We fade *silently* as the leaf. The noise of the *falling* leaf sometimes arrests our attention; but the *fading* leaf gives no sound. All God's great processes proceed silently. So comes the spring, with its verdure and bloom. So comes autumn, with its decay. Thus silently goes on the preparation for our dissolution. Death touches us with a quiet hand—comes like a thief in the night. We can calculate on many things; but we cannot calculate on his arrival. He may be nearer to most of us than we imagine; and may place

his icy fingers on our heart while we think him far away.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn hues shall tinge the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Diversity marks the fading leaves; and so are there diversities in the decay and death of men. Leaves differ from one another in life—in their structure, and quality, and appearance; and the differences which characterise them in life, occasion differences in death. Millais' wonderful picture, "Autumn Leaves," presents us with the many and marvellous varieties of faded foliage. But we need not Art for a teacher, when Nature herself teaches us as no painter's art can. Go into the country, and walk among the woods. You will see some leaves of a dull brown; others scarlet, and crimson, and gold; beautiful as they were in spring and summer, they are a thousand times more beautiful now. The leaf of the oak, and the ash, and the chestnut, and the beech, and the lime—all have their individual characteristics, both in their verdure and their decay. It is also worthy of note that the foliage which is least attractive in its early stages, and its season of maturity, is least attractive when it fades; the greenest in spring is the most brilliant and gorgeous in autumn. Is it not much like this with men? They differ in life, and they differ in death; and the latter state bears the same relation to the former, as an effect bears to its cause. How striking the diversities of death! Some die in stupid indifference, or in fear; there is no hope, no peace, no joy, no glory about their departure; only sadness reigns around. Others die in calm trust, relying on Jesus Christ, and looking forward to the life beyond as the consummation of their blessedness. Some leaves, it has been observed, when they fade and perish, leave marks that never die out while the tree lasts on which they grew—marks that at length add to the beauty of the tree. So is it with many good men. They leave marks behind them when they die. They are missed from the places they once occupied, and the work in which they took part. They leave behind them alms-deeds that they have done, good words that they have spoken; earnest prayers still to be answered in rich blessing; examples of holy living as a precious inheritance to all after-ages.

This subject reproves our insensibility. The Persian monarch wept as he thought that in less than a century his innumerable and magnificent army would be dead. Ought we not to be affected by the thought, that in less than that time all the hundreds of millions that now people the globe will have finished their earthly course? We forget that men are mortal. We do not *see* all the dead, and so we *forget* them. We do not see all the *dying*, and so we forget *them*. We mix with the living and the strong, and *think* only of the living and the strong. The young do not like to think of death, because the thought damps their pleasures. The rich do not like to think of it, because it will separate them from their wealth. Dr. Johnson said to Garrick, when the latter had shown him his fine house and furniture, and asked him what he thought of them,

"David, these are the things to make you unwilling to die." Yes, and these are the things that make men unwilling to *think* of dying. Familiarity with danger makes men, it is said, heedless of danger. Certainly, familiarity with death tends to make us all too careless about it. If one human being died in a century, what excitement it would occasion, and what a profound impression it would make upon survivors! but as the event is one of constant occurrence it attracts scarcely any attention.

The subject should awaken in the minds of the unprepared a desire for immediate preparation. If you are about to cross the ocean to a distant land, you get all in readiness for the voyage, and wait for the sailing of the ship. Much more ought you to prepare for that day in which you shall go the way whence you shall not return. It is said that the Mahommedan pilgrim, setting out on his journey, is more anxious to provide himself with a shroud than any other change of raiment. If he is taken ill on his journey, the caravan with which he is journeying pushes on, and he is left behind. He then clothes himself with his shroud, hollows out a grave in the sand, casting up a heap to the windy side; and, in the hope that the blast of the desert will spread a covering over him, and with a prayer to the angel of the resurrection that he may not be forgotten at the last day, he lies down in his lonely grave to die. Learn here the duty of preparation. As to the kind of preparation needed, we have the plainest instructions in the Word of God. The preparation needed for death is the preparation needed for life—the forgiveness of our sins; the purification of our nature; the life of God in our souls.

The subject should stimulate the exertions of all engaged in the service of Christ. It bears two aspects. As the leaf fades, so fade those whom we would benefit. They are fast passing from us, and going beyond the reach of our efforts and our prayers. Many whom we have known are gone. Are we not reminded, as we think of some of them, of neglected opportunities? We might have been useful to our departed friends. Perhaps we intended to be useful to them; but we allowed favourable seasons of usefulness to go by, purposing some other time to speak the needed word. And now they are dead! But others are still with us; how long they may be allowed to remain we cannot say; while we are hesitating, or busy here and there with our pleasures and our worldly cares, they too may be gone. Let us warn them, and plead with them, and pray for them while we may. And as those whom we desire to benefit are fading and dying around us, so we ourselves are hastening to the grave. The present is the only time on which we can calculate for usefulness. Think now, in these autumnal days, that sooner than you are aware, you may fall into "the sere and yellow leaf." From the countless leaves that lie in mingled decay amid the trees of the forest; from the hedgerows that are becoming bare; from your garden despoiled of its beauty; from the shortening days, and the sombre sky, and the cold winds; from the spirit of sadness which breathes through all nature; from all these, uniting as they do in their funeral dirge over departed life, there comes a voice of exhortation and warning, the echo of that Diviner voice in the Bible—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

KYTHE ANSTEY.

ALTHOUGH the month was April, and showers were frequent, the bleak winds of March were still blowing gustily, and driving heavy clouds across the sky, when the coach that ran biweekly from the nearest railway station to the little town of Bickley set down a solitary passenger at the door of the principal inn. She was a pale slight girl of seventeen or eighteen, not half so well wrapped up as she ought to have been, seeing that she had travelled in a draughty third-class carriage all the way from London; and she moved languidly, as if overcome with fatigue. The coachman dragged from the roof a couple of trunks, which he placed beside her, and drove away without hearing—or, at all events, without answering—her inquiry if it was far from here to Hartswood Grange; and shivering in the bleak wind, she stood gazing disconsolately around her till a smart shower of hail drove her to take shelter in the clumsy wooden porch.

It was Kythe Anstey's first visit to the "north countree," and it seemed likely to prove a disappointing one.

She had rarely heard her mother speak of her old home. Indeed, Mrs. Anstey had loved her husband so well that, while he lived, she seldom thought of earlier associations, but adopted his predilection for the metropolis, and dwelt contentedly in the suburban street where he taught the sons of the small tradesmen in the neighbourhood all day, and added a little to his earnings by keeping the books of their fathers in the evening. Nor did she evoke the pity of her wealthier relations after his death until the long and wasting illness of her younger daughter, and the impossibility of procuring her the nourishment the doctor prescribed, recalled to her mind how there was always plenty and to spare at Hartswood, and finally induced her to try the effect of a statement of her position, and address it to the family that dwelt there.

But when a brief note bade her send the invalid to the Grange, many and sweet were the recollections that crowded into her mind. The greatness of the contrast between the two small rooms she was occupying and the wide chambers of the old farmhouse, the narrow London street with its murky atmosphere and the breezy freshness of Hartswood, invested it with a golden halo; and she expatiated to her attentive daughters on the wealth of her kinsfolk, the beauty of the scenery around their house, and the size and importance of the dwelling itself, till one, at all events, of her hearers drew fancy pictures of it very different from the original.

Kythe Anstey had never been out of London before, and she enjoyed her journey till she grew cramped and tired with sitting between two women with babies, and a stout grazier for her *vis-à-vis*. But it was no use complaining; the compartment was crowded, and she must put up with the inconvenience, so she amused herself with dwelling on the pleasant time that awaited her at the Grange, when, judging from what her mother had told her, she would be petted and indulged to her heart's content.

"You 'll come back to us such a spoiled child that we shan't know what to do with you," Mrs. Anstey had said, between laughing and crying; and Kythe had laughed too, though she felt that it was selfish to accept all these good things so willingly, while her mother and Alessie—poor sightless fretful Alessie—stayed in their dull lodgings in town.

She expected to find some one on the look-out for her at the railway station, and was dismayed on learning that she had another twelve miles to travel by coach. But at Bickley there would surely be a carriage of some kind awaiting her; not a London cab, of course, but a trim dog-cart, with plenty of warm rugs to wrap round her, and some one or other of the cousins her mother talked of, coming to claim kinship, or standing by ready to greet her heartily, and bid her welcome to the East Riding.

Kythe had looked up and down the hilly High Street of Bickley, but there was not a vehicle to be seen after the coach disappeared. Then she glanced over her shoulder into the house, where half-a-dozen rough men, who were attached to a threshing machine, sat, enveloped in smoke, playing at some game with halfpence, while the landlady was alternately waiting upon her customers and scolding a couple of sullen lads who had been in mischief.

She was too busy to notice Kythe, till one of the boys took his finger out of his mouth to point to her; and when she did accost the young girl, it was in so

broad a dialect that her meaning was guessed rather than understood.

She shook her head when asked if no one had come from Hartswood Grange to meet the coach, and, with rustic familiarity, was proceeding to ask who Kythe was and whence she came; but, not inclined to submit to such catechising, the young girl broke in with an inquiry as to the best way of proceeding to Mr. Raynor's house.

"I am expected," she added, in cold displeased tones. "It is very neglect—it is very strange that no one is here to meet me! but perhaps it is not far to the Grange?"

"No, to be sure not," was the cheerful reply. "A matter of four mile or under; ay, it won't be more than three and a bit by the fields now there 's good footing across Hartswood marsh."

"Four miles! I cannot walk that distance!" cried Kythe, computing anxiously how much silver was left in her purse after paying the coachman.

If her cousins had known that their invitation, thankfully though it was received, would cost Mrs. Anstey a sleepless night and the loss of some long-hoarded relics, they would have slipped a sovereign into their letter to help to defray the expenses of the journey, and Kythe need not have hesitated and made secret calculations before she said—

"I'll trouble you to get me a conveyance as quickly as possible. I should not like to be benighted."

The hostess opened her round eyes, and set her hands on her hips.

"Conveyance! My word, lass! ye 'll get none in Bickley this day, though ye were to search the town through and through! My man, and every one else that isn't kept at home as I am, was away soon after daybreak to t' horse fair at —— (What, haven't ye heard o' the great horse fair at ——?), and I 'm not looking to see any o' them back again before the small hours."

"But what am I to do?" asked Kythe, piteously.

"What should ye do but foot it?" asked the woman, with a ring of scorn in her voice. "The road 's none so bad just now, and you 're young and lissome. Take the field path when ye come to the Lady Oak, and you 'll do it in little more than the hour. Why shouldn't you?"

"But not alone! I could not go alone! It will soon be dark, and I am a stranger. If I were to lose myself in this wild country, what would become of me?"

The landlady considered.

"Well, well; it is a bit lonesome from here to Hartswood. I wouldn't mind it myself, but you 're a white-faced weeny lass; happen you 've been ill?"

Kythe nodded assent, but declined the "soop o' hot tea" hospitably offered to her. She was eager to reach her journey's end, and begged so urgently for a guide that the good woman began to cast about in her mind for one.

"If my man were at home he 'd be glad to drive ye over, for he 's wanting to see Muster Raynor about some calves. Run round to the stable, Mark, and fetch Corrie. He 'd find his way to Hartswood blindfold. Corrie 's a bit softy," she confided to the impatient Kythe, "but there 's no harm in him if he isn't crossed. He 'll guide thee well enough."

While Kythe was wondering what was meant by "a bit softy" a queer-looking individual was dragged into sight by the boy sent in search of him. His hair was grey, yet he had the wizened face of an ill-cared-for child; his limbs were so long as to be out of all proportion to his narrow chest and small spare frame, and he twisted in aimless fashion the battered hat he held in his hand, while the landlady impressed upon him that by escorting the strange lassie to Hartswood he would secure for himself a bountiful meal of hot girdle-cakes, and a gift from Miss Mia besides.

Kythe was half afraid of this odd-looking being, but she felt still more terrified of the rough men staying at the inn, especially now a couple of them had lounged into the porch to survey her, and, with north-country frankness, were commenting on her looks so freely that her cheeks burned with indignation. Leaving her trunks in the care of mine hostess, she bade Corrie lead on.

"It 'll be a dismal night," said the woman, following her into the street to peer up at the lowering sky. "I 'm thinking you 'd better stop here with me till the morn."

But Kythe would not hear of this, and hurried on to overtake the idiot, whose sidling movements carried him over the ground so rapidly that when they had climbed the hill, and were fairly in the open country, she was obliged to entreat him to stop while she took breath.

She had some difficulty in making him understand her, but when he did pause it was to sit down by the road-side and begin playing with some pieces of coloured glass he took from his pocket. With these he persisted in amusing himself, turning them about in his palm, and gloating and chuckling over their beauty, deaf to her assurances that she was sufficiently rested, and anxious to get to her journey's end.

At last he was prevailed upon to rise and go on, Kythe resolving that no amount of weariness should extort another complaint from her. The gathering twilight now obscured the country, and a mist was creeping up from the valleys, so dense that she was compelled to keep close to her guide, lest she should lose sight of him altogether.

On and on they went, Corrie rattling his pieces of glass, and crooning to himself, and the panting Kythe stumbling after him inexpressibly weary, but hoping soon to hear the welcome announcement that they were nearing their destination.

How coldly the mist hung about her, and how thoroughly it had blotted out every feature of the landscape! High above it the stars were beginning

to peep forth; but when she turned her eyes earthward, she sought in vain for the gleam of a lamp or the glow of a cottier's fire. As far as she could ascertain, they were crossing a moorland plateau, for more than once she brushed against whin or furze bushes, and bruised herself against huge masses of stone.

But now they began to descend by a path so difficult that she was forced to grasp Corrie's ragged coat, and cling to him till it became less precipitous. Repeatedly she asked if they were nearing the Grange, but, only receiving an inarticulate reply, tried to rely on the landlady's assertion that he knew his way thither blindfold; and reminded herself, as the darkness deepened, that the gloom and the mist might not affect a native as unpleasantly as they did a stranger.

But had Kythe been better acquainted with her poor guide, she would have discerned that he was almost as uneasy as herself. His disordered mind was easily thrown out of gear. Had he been allowed to shamble on without pause or delay, he would have led his charge safely to the door of the Grange; but after that rest on the edge of the moor, he lost his reckoning, and could not remember what he had been sent to do.

Suddenly he dropped the little travelling-bag entrusted to him, and threw up his hands, crying wildly—

"I won't go any further! I'll not be drowned in Buttra pool!"

And before the startled Kythe had gathered the sense of his words, he had wrested his arm from her feeble grasp, and was rushing away.

She stooped for her bag—its contents were too precious to be lost, and sorely repenting, now it was too late, her refusal to stay at Bickley with the rough but good-natured landlady, prepared to follow her eccentric guide. If he insisted on returning to the town, she would not oppose it, for the loneliness of the route was even more oppressive to her than the darkness, and she found herself yearning to see the coarse red face of the woman who had offered to shelter her till the night was over.

But when she had secured her bag, and looked round for Corrie, he had disappeared. She ran a few steps in the direction she believed him to have taken, but a rough stone wall barred her further progress.

In an agony of terror she shrieked his name, entreating him not to leave her there to perish, then held her breath and pushed back her hair that she might be better able to hear his reply. But none came. The idiot, as frightened as herself, but far better acquainted with the locality, was hurrying back to Bickley and his lair in the stable of the inn. Not a sound reached Kythe's ear, but the eerie steady rush of falling water, while the grey mist, like an impalpable curtain, hemmed her in on every side.

CHAPTER II.

THE RAYNORS.

BREAKFAST at Hartswood Grange was always served with a punctuality that laggards, if there had been any in the old Yorkshire farmhouse, would have found inconvenient, for the tall stout elderly spinster who was wont to whisk into her seat at the head of the table before the clock in the hall had finished striking the hour, was up and away again as soon as the same venerable piece of mechanism chimed the second quarter, carrying with her on a small tray the sugar, marmalade, and all other comestibles that might have proved temptations to the serving-maidens, Lois and Nance.

As with the first meal of the day, so with every other portion of it; the seasons of rest and refreshment were brief, and the hours of work heavy and long at Hartswood. Noel Raynor, the owner of the farm, neither spared himself nor his labourers out of doors, and his half-sister, and elder by some twenty years, was equally energetic within; bustling from kitchen to dairy, from dairy to store-room, spying out dust and cobwebs where no one else suspected them, detecting waste and carelessness with a quickness startling to the culprits; and turning her own hand to everything, as she would avow that every mistress should if she wanted her house kept clean and in good order. Lois and Nance used to sigh sometimes for very weariness, but their vigilant mistress never tired; and while she did not spare herself, how could she be expected to spare others?

It was not because the farm yielded badly, or the daily bread was hard to earn, that the Raynors toiled and slaved week in, week out. Hartswood Grange and its broad pasture-lands lay in one of the most fertile valleys in the East Riding; to one of their ancestors, a bluff yeoman, the land had been sold by his feudal lord in the reign of Henry VII.; and, in spite of civil wars, and the changes of time, Adam Raynor's descendants had not only retained but increased their possessions. The present owner had wide cornfields extending from the foot of the knoll or fell on which stood the house, to a merry little beck that in winter often swelled to a torrent; and yet wider and further spread the broad grazing lands on which fed the sleek cattle that fetched so high a price in the market.

Neither was it because the family was large, and it behoved the elders to make provision for those depending on them. Noel Raynor was an only son, and had no near relations but the spinster half-sister already mentioned, and a widowed one, who, at the death of her husband, had returned as a matter of course to her childhood's home. Mrs. Robins was the only idler at the Grange; in her youth she had suffered from a severe attack of low fever, and when she regained her health she did not relinquish her invalid habits; but if she was a useless member of the household, she was not an expensive one. A small annuity enabled her to gratify her taste for eider-down wraps, soft shawls, and fur-lined

garments; and the larder at the Grange was too well supplied for the little delicacies her capricious appetite demanded to be felt as expensive items.

It must then have been with no higher incentive than the desire to be known all over the Riding as a successful farmer, that Noel Raynor toiled unceasingly and made good bargains, and added riches to riches, for he was not of a miserly disposition. Even those who called him close-fisted, knew that no one gave more liberally when a case of genuine distress was brought under his notice; but he was absorbed in his farm and his oxen, his losses and his gains; growing old before his time in this round of money-making and nought else.

On this particular morning he was so impatient to be off to oversee the labourers who were draining a bit of swampy land under his directions, that he left his last slice of ham untasted, gave short answers to Mrs. Robins—who, being denied her breakfast in bed when the winter was at an end, came to table in a scarlet dressing-gown and fur cape—and loudly rattled the coffee-cup his sister had neglected to re-fill.

It was not often that brisk practical Miss Raynor—or "Mia," as she was generally called—forgot herself in this way, but an event had happened, rare enough, in her secluded methodical life, to be somewhat distracting. Our familiar friend, the postman, never found his way to Hartswood Grange; the business letters Mr. Raynor received being left for him at the toll-house, a couple of miles away, while his answers were sent to the post town when some one chanced to be going there, or carried in his own pocket when he attended the market. Such a primitive arrangement sounds odd to those who have not known what it is to live at a north-country farmhouse, to which there are no roads save the tracks made by the farmers' wagons, but the Raynors were accustomed to it, and never dreamed of going to the expense of making a safe and convenient route from the nearest highway to their own dwelling.

Miss Raynor had not corresponded with any one since her sister's bereavement and return home had spared her the laborious task of writing a few lines periodically, in a stiff cramped hand, and not without frequent reference to the dictionary; it was therefore all the more surprising when a boy, who had ridden over to the post-town on an errand, brought back with him a letter that was lying at the office for Miss Mia. He had given it to her with his parcels, and she had brought it to the breakfast-table, turning it over and over while she supped her porridge—Miss Mia despised wishy-washy tea and coffee in the morning—made wry faces on discovering that a faint odour of perfume hung about it; examined the post-mark—"London;" speculated as to whether the weak uncertain scrawl was masculine or the reverse; and finally stuck the unopened epistle against the cream-jug, where she could contemplate it till she felt at leisure to ascertain its contents.

But presently her curiosity grew too powerful for further delay; the letter was picked up again, the envelope carefully cut with the scissors pendent at her girdle, and the reader became so absorbed that Noel rose to go without his second cup of coffee, and Mrs. Robins sighed plaintively over the necessity of buttering her own toast.

"Stop a minute, Noel; this will have to be answered," cried his sister, with knitted brows. "It's from Hester Anstey."

"Who's Hester Anstey?" he asked abruptly, as he struggled with a button of his high leather gaiters. "A new servant? Can't you hire a dairymaid without applying to me?"

"She was one of the Daunces of Kirkby Moorside—cousins, you know; I don't remember how many removes, but Mog"—and she nodded to her sister—"Mog can tell; she has all those things at her fingers' ends."

"I'll hear them another time," said Noel, chafing at the absurdity of being detained to listen to the different degrees of relationship in which he stood to people of whom he knew nothing. "I don't remember this Hester Anstey; who and what is she? and why does she write to you?"

"Remember her! no, of course you don't; you were a wee laddie when she married and went away, and after that her own people emigrated; they weren't doing well here, and thought to better themselves in Canada; but they were a reckless lot; spent all they had in riotous living, and then wondered they were poor."

"Humph! is this letter an appeal for money?" Noel demanded, not feeling particularly interested in the family history of the Daunces, and seeing in his mind's eye the work he was so anxious to have finished before the rains of April came, slighted in his absence.

"Not exactly;" and Miss Mia referred to her letter. "Hester did not go to America with the rest; she married a smart young chap from the south; a schoolmaster, who was staying with some friends at Kirkby. He's dead."

She stopped with the slightest possible break in her strong resonant tones, and Mrs. Robins, who talked softly and sleepily, rubbing one hand over the other with a caressing motion, took up the tale.

"He was well-looking and clever, was young Anstey, and could talk like a book; and though I never saw as much in him as other people did, Hester Daunce wasn't the only girl who would have married him if she had been asked; was she, Mia, dear?"

"Maybe she wasn't," her sister replied, with a red spot burning on her cheek, though she spoke calmly enough now. "Speak out, Mog, if you speak at all. I'll not gainsay that I've had my foolish moments, like the rest; but he's dead, and it's his widow that writes to me!"

Mrs. Robins purred an apology, to which neither of her companions listened. Mia had bent her head over her letter, and Noel was gazing at her with a certain sense of surprise and amusement. Then this elderly matter-of-fact sister of his, whom he had never

thought of as young and girlish, had once cherished hopes and suffered disappointment!

But she was speaking again—

"Hester says she has seen a sight of trouble since her husband died, though she has never asked for help, but managed to keep herself and her children; there 's two of them—both girls—and one blind. It 's about the other she writes; the lassie has been ill, and wants change of air, and—her mother seems to think she 'd soon get strong if she was here."

"Other folks bairns are a great charge!" sighed Mrs. Robins. "I 'm not myself for days after my cousin Jock's youngsters have been over the wolds to make holiday with us."

"There 's nine of them," she was reminded, "and mostly lads; yet we always give them a welcome, though they bother our heads with their clatter, and leave their footprints everywhere. We never say to them, 'We cannot be troubled with ye,' and yet they 're neither ill nor fatherless."

It was not so much in reproof of her sister's evident unwillingness to be inconvenienced by the presence in the house of a sick girl that Miss Raynor was speaking, but rather as if she were combating her own repugnance by summing up these acts of hospitality to others less in need of it. Noel looked doubtful, for he, too, objected to any change in the even tenour of their lives, and Mrs. Anstey's appeal might have been shelved for the time being, and then forgotten, if Mrs. Robins—who was subject to spasmodic attacks of kindly feeling—had not begun to cry.

"Eh, dear! and the mother 's a widow like myself;

"Kythe looked up and down."—*p.* 4.

nay, worse off than I am, for she 's among strangers. Poor soul, poor soul!"

"That 'll do, Mog," cried Miss Mia, authoritatively. "You mustn't give yourself one of your bad headaches on a churning day; how will I find time to wait on you? Are you off, Noel? What answer would you have me send to Hester's letter?"

"Chut! you 'll do as you like about it," he glanced back at the door to say. "Have the child if you choose; what difference will it make to me? It 's you that will have the trouble of her."

And frowning in his annoyance at the manner his valuable time had been frittered away, Noel Raynor mounted the handsome black cob a boy had been leading to and fro in front of the house for the last half-hour, and rode away.

CHAPTER III.

A MOORLAND COTTAGE.

When Kythe could no longer doubt that her untrustworthy guide had deserted her, she crouched on the damp ground, so thoroughly spent with fatigue and alarm, that for a little while she almost felt indifferent to her position. She was lost on the wild Yorkshire moors; she knew that somewhere near there must be a pond or lake into which a false step would precipitate her, and therefore she might as well stay where she was; before morning, she told herself, drearily, it would be all over; it was impossible that in her weak state she could survive such exposure; she had come here only to die!

Then she began dreamily thinking of her mother and Alessie. About this hour the one would be sitting on the hearthrug basking in the warmth of the fire always lit for her in the evening, because she was chilly and peevish if denied it; and the other, by the light of her lamp, would be stitching at the dressmaking that was Mrs. Anstey's principal means of support.

"They will be thinking of me," said Kythe to herself; "thinking of me as safe at Hartswood Grange, resting after my journey; enjoying the good things pressed upon me; and being pitied and petted by my mother's old friends.

"They are not friends," she cried aloud, in a passion of grief and anger. "They are cold and cruel, or they would not have left me to the mercy of such people as those at Bickley. If I can find my way back to the town, I will not go near them."

"'Yes, it was Major who found you, missie.'"—*p.* 11.

But she was too miserable to be angry long. Her coming into Yorkshire at all had been a mistake, ay, and one that would most probably cost her her life; and then she drew such a thrilling picture of some pedestrian coming by chance to the spot where Corrie had left her, and finding the unfortunate Kythe Anstey stretched on the earth lifeless, that it drew from her a burst of tears.

However, these tears relieved her aching head, and as that grew clearer she became conscious of the folly of yielding to despair. When the mist cleared off, she might discover that she was not so far from human help as she had been imagining. What if she raised her voice and tried to bring some one to her aid?

This suggestion was immediately acted on. Again and again she uttered a long shrill cry, that came back to her ear in muffled echoes; but the falling waters still mocked her with their ceaseless din, and no other sound broke the horrible monotony.

"When Corrie gets to the town they will ask him where he left me," she said to herself, "and when he tells them, they will come in search of me. It is only to have a little patience, and all will be well."

But this hope soon failed her. There was no dependence to be placed in an unfortunate being who would probably be cunning enough to conceal the fact that he had fled and left her she knew not where. Indeed, it was doubtful if the busy mistress of the inn would take the trouble of questioning him at all.

By this time the instinct of self-preservation had induced Kythe to move about in order to warm her trembling limbs, and she also contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls of the biscuits with which her mother had provided her. While thus engaged she fancied she heard a dog barking in the distance, and after listening attentively for a considerable time the short sharp yelp was again audible.

There must be a house—perhaps it was the Grange—at no very great distance, and she determined to make her way to it. Moving with caution, for walking in the dark was no easy task, especially as she was hampered by a dread that at any moment she might find herself on the brink of a pit or ravine, Kythe went onward; her heart panting fearfully whenever the roar of the waterfall became louder, or some dark object, generally a huge boulder, loomed through the obscurity like a giant standing there to bar her way to safety.

By-and-by the ground began to shelve rapidly downward, and ere she could ask herself the reason, she felt icy-cold water lapping round her ankles. She tried to retreat, but her terror confused her, and go which way she would the water still plashed about her feet. She had walked into the pond, his proximity to which had frightened Corrie away, and knew not how to extricate herself.

This last misfortune robbed her of all self-control. Afraid to stir, yet conscious that she could not retain her footing long if she stayed where she was, Kythe now screamed frantically for the assistance she had no hope of obtaining. But as she uttered these cries she looked upward, and when the solemn grandeur of the sky met her gaze, a strange calm fell upon her spirit. With an overwhelming sense of her utter helplessness, there mingled a conviction, felt, perhaps, for the first time, that even on the wild Yorkshire moor she was neither alone nor forgotten.

Involuntarily she clasped her hands and tried to pray, but the only words that her lips would form were those that she had learned at her mother's knee, learned, alas! by rote, and used without reverence—"Our Father." She murmured them again and again, and then there was a blank in her young life. She still had the sound of the falling water in her ears; still seemed to see, high above the grey mist, the glittering panoply of the heavens, and yet really saw, really heard nothing till she became conscious that her hands were being gently chafed and the blood beginning to circulate in her numbed feet.

By slow degrees other facts dawned upon her. She was no longer struggling through the darkness, but seated in a cushioned chair, with blankets wrapped around her, while the ruddy flames of a wood fire were leaping and glowing directly in front of her. They shone on the rugged features of a grey-haired man, who, with his fingers clasped on the top of his stick, and his chin resting upon them, was attentively regarding her; they shone on the tall figure of a younger man, who stood a little in the background, leaning against the corner of a high old-fashioned mantleshelf. He, too, was looking down on Kythe, and between the men there sat a rough collie, who seemed to sympathise with his masters in their anxiety for the young girl's recovery; for when she opened her eyes and began to look about her, he wagged his tail and moved a little nearer to her chair.

But some one was holding a cup to her lips, and bidding her swallow the contents, and as she obeyed she saw, close to her own, the kindly face of a gentle little old woman—so old that she would soon reach the term of years of which the Psalmist speaks as a time of labour and sorrow, yet so bright and active that it was evident her age did not press heavily upon her. Her white hair was still abundant, and combed smoothly under a mutch or cap of white muslin, like the neckerchief which was folded across her bosom and pinned at her throat with a small silver brooch. Although her dark dress was of the coarsest material, and her heavy shoes clattered on the stones as she walked, she looked as if she had stepped out of a picture, so neat and trim was she—possessing, moreover, that indescribable air of purity and refinement that no surroundings can mar.

Neither did she speak with the loud voice and harsh tone of the Bickley landlady, the only Yorkshire woman with whom Kythe had come in contact. She was but an aged cottager; the hands with which she ministered to her guest were hard and brown with toil, and she lived in a cottage so small that Kythe fancied she could have touched the walls on either side by extending her arms, while the projecting chimney-breast was out of all proportion to its size. Yet it would have been impossible to speak to Anne Beacham, plain, old, and poor though she was, without feeling imbued with respect for her.

As soon as Kythe was able to sit up and ask questions, it was explained that her first cries for help had reached the ears of her hostess, as she sat knitting by the firelight. Mrs. Beacham did not think it necessary to add that her assertion that some one was either lost or hurt on the moors had been heard by her husband with incredulity. "It was Jock," she simply said, glancing at the younger

man with a look half proud half tender, who had set forth with the dog, by whom he had been guided to the pond, from whence he drew Kythe just as she was losing her senses; and with the help of his grandfather, whom he whistled to his assistance, had carried her to their home nearly a quarter of a mile away.

"Yes, it was Major who found you, missie," said the old man, gruffly. "He deserves a good conduct stripe and the promise of further promotion; but we don't get our deserts in this world, do us, Major?"

The collie pricked up his ears sagaciously, then laid his nose on the old man's knee, and Granny Beacham's gentle face clouded a little, but it soon cleared again as she busied herself in waiting on her guest.

Her husband had been a soldier in his youth, and seen much service, but, resenting some fancied slight, he made use of his wife's savings to purchase his discharge; and after drifting about the world for some years—during which his only daughter married, and died in a decline soon after the birth of her infant—he settled down near Hartswood. It was a lonely spot; but Jeff Beacham was odd-tempered, and a great stickler for his rights, so that it was prudent not to live too near his neighbours. When his wife's thrift more than his own had enabled him to purchase the acre or so of ground on which stood the cottage he had erected with some assistance from the Bickley carpenters, he gave himself a few airs on the strength of his independence—dwelling, as he would say he did, under his own roof-tree, and owning allegiance to no one but Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. But though he talked big, and was fond of making mysterious allusions to the military grievance he still nursed, he was a very harmless old man, and his neighbours put up with him for the sake of his good wife, who was unrivalled as a compounder of the herb teas and healing salves in which country folks put more faith than the pills and potions of the regular practitioner.

As for John—or, as he was more commonly called, Jock—Beacham, he was not very popular with young fellows of his own age. He did not care to join in any of their sports save wrestling, and in that his great size and strength gave him such easy victories that few were ambitious to try a fall with him a second time. He was rarely seen at a fair or a junketting; his days were spent in the woods of a baronet, who employed him as woodman and gamekeeper; his evenings in making hives for Granny's bees—she was noted for the excellence of her honey—or converting the oddly-shaped pieces of wood he collected in his wanderings into rustic chairs and stools, for which there was a tolerable sale at the watering-places on the east coast. His grandfather said—and many agreed with him—that Jock was slow and stupid, and would never do any credit to the careful rearing bestowed on him. It was only Granny who had faith in the boy she had tended ever since his mother had died, and his father, marrying again, was eager to be rid of the child, who was the constant source of disputes betwixt himself and the thoughtless girl he had wedded; it was only the loving patient grandam who was content that Jock should not be as smart and worldly as the sons of her neighbours, while he continued to be free from their vicious tendencies.

Kythe was too prostrate to talk much, and when she tried to express her gratitude for the kindness she was receiving, a lump rose in her throat that silenced her. Granny Beacham had nothing to offer her weary hungry guest except a basin of milk porridge left from their own supper, but it was given with such good will that Kythe was ashamed to make wry faces over the unaccustomed fare.

As soon as she had swallowed it, she asked if she could go to bed. No questions had been put to her. the Beachams would have considered it a breach of hospitality to inquire who she was and whence she came, and Kythe was secretly thankful for it. So bitterly did she resent the indifference of her mother's relatives, that she could not have mentioned their names without giving way to a fit of violent sobbing, and therefore she had the prudence to keep silence.

It was arranged that she should share Granny's couch, Jock resigning his to his grandfather, content to stretch his own powerful limbs on the warm hearthstone; but when Kythe, with her feet in a pair of huge list slippers, would have shuffled away to the long chamber adjoining the living-room, Mrs. Beacham laid a detaining hand on her arm. The old soldier was opening the Bible Jock had laid on his knees, and before he succeeded in finding his place, had commenced reciting one of his favourite Psalms, dwelling with great fervour on the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness, and their victories over all their enemies.

Kythe felt slightly aggrieved. If this was family prayer—and they never had any at home—why, it was an infliction they might have spared a tired stranger; and when the aged couple and their grandson knelt down, she continued to stand, leaning against the chair from which she had risen. But it was the sweet tremulous tones of Mrs. Beacham that began to repeat a simple prayer, and when they breathed a thanksgiving for the young life delivered that night from sudden death, the shame-stricken girl sank on her knees beside her and sobbed forth an earnest amen.

CHAPTER IV

STILL WROTH.

All the next day Kythe continued to be the guest of the Beachams. She had slept late, awaking but little the worse for the alarm and fatigue she had undergone, but feeling sufficiently languid to be incapable of much exertion. It was very pleasant to sit in the high-backed well-cushioned chair by the fire, for, though the sun shone brightly, the air was chilly after the rains of the previous night; very

pleasant to doze the hours away, waking once or twice to find John Beacham's eyes fixed upon her admiringly; or to watch through the open door his grandfather working in his garden, and marvel at the patience with which his wife left her own occupation every time she was summoned to find him a piece of twine, or a tool he had mislaid, or assist him in sowing his seeds; and wondering yet more at the meekness with which she bore his testy rebukes for awkwardness. Had Kythe felt any desire to proceed to the Grange she might have discovered that she was quite capable of the effort, but she considered herself unkindly treated, and thought she was justified in retaliating upon her cold-hearted kinsfolk.

By this time they must have heard of her arrival at Bickley, and surely they would feel some compunction for their neglect when they found that she had since disappeared? Corrie would be questioned, and if he confessed that he had left her at no great distance from a deep and dangerous pool, it would naturally be concluded that she had fallen into it, and met the fate the idiot had fled to avoid.

"They deserve to suffer a good fright," Kythe kept telling herself. "Nothing can excuse their treatment of me, and no one can either pity them or blame me for staying quietly here till they discover where I am."

But as the day waned, and there were no signs of a search having been instituted, she did not feel as satisfied with herself as she tried to be. She could not forget that it was possible, barely possible, for her mother's letter, announcing the day she would leave London, to have miscarried, and if so how absurd her conduct would appear!

Mrs. Beacham had accepted without question Kythe's hurried statement that she was going to visit some relatives when she lost herself. It did not enter the mind of the simple old woman to ask any particulars; when she had advised her guest not to continue her journey till she was quite rested, and been thanked with a kiss, she went back to the herbs she was distilling for a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, and Kythe, blushing a little as she remembered those admiring glances, nestled down amongst her cushions again, and concluded to stay where she was a little longer.

But as they sat at their evening meal, the elder Beacham, who had been gossiping at his gate with an acquaintance, began to retail the bits of news he had heard, and commented so sharply on some hard bargain Noel Raynor was said to have driven with a small farmer in the neighbourhood who was in difficulties, that Kythe felt compelled to declare who she was.

It was a relief to her when she had done so; for she had been reflecting that if her relatives at the Grange should be anxious about her disappearance, they would write to her mother; and frightening her did not enter into Kythe's scheme of retribution.

There was a little surprise expressed when she announced that she was akin to the Raynors, and *en route* for Hartswood Grange at the time she lost her way; but it was principally because she did not favour the family.

"They 're nearly as big and ruddy as Jock here," observed Jock's grandfather; "though I 'm bound to say that there 's more sense in Master Raynor's little finger than there is in my boy's whole body; and they 've a way of drawing in their lips and knitting their brows by which you 'd know them anywhere. You must inherit your brown eyes and white cheeks from your father, my lass. You 're no Raynor in looks, and it 's just as well if you 're not in spirit; for they 're selfish and overbearing, and hold their heads as high as if Jeff Beacham, with the one acre he 's bought and paid for, isn't as good a man as——"

But he stopped short, for his wife's entreating look always had strange power over him.

"It isn't kind," she said, "to speak lightly before the poor child of those she 's bound to respect; and you 're sorry for it already, aren't you, father? Miss Mia's a well-meaning woman, and there 's no better housekeeper in the three Ridings. She 'll be as pleased as a queen if she can bring a little colour into your pale face," Mrs. Beacham added, as she laid her hand lightly on Kythe's brown tresses. "There 'll be nothing spared to make you strong and bonnie."

It was agreed that on the morrow Jock should walk over to the Grange and tell them their young relative was safe under the protection of his grandam; but when the morrow came the sunshine and the sweet fresh air were so exhilarating that Kythe could not stay quietly indoors, and was tempted to condone her injuries and go to the Grange herself.

A long stretch of woodland lay between the cottage of the Beachams and the beck that formed one of the boundaries of the Raynors' estate; but Jock could lead her by all the shortest paths, his grandmother said, when consulted; and no doubt her friends would be glad enough to have their hearts set at rest by the sight of her.

Kythe smiled, but it was rather bitterly. She was still feeling sore and angry, and what was worse, she began to suspect that her mother had deceived her, which was unfortunately correct. Knowing that her daughter's quick proud temper would forbid any appeal being made in her behalf, Mrs. Anstey had neither told her that she had written to the Raynors, nor shown her Miss Mia's curt invitation, but led her to infer that it had been prompted by a kindly desire to make the acquaintance of the pretty young cousin whose society would be as great a boon to her country relations as their farmhouse fare would prove to her.

However, Kythe knew that she would have to make the best of it; for, acting on her first impulse, and going back to London, was impossible while her purse was empty; so she bade Mrs. Beacham an affectionate farewell, forbore to smile when old Jeff reminded her that she was shaking hands with a veteran who had bled for his ungrateful country, and

looked back more than once to wave another adieu to the gentle old lady, who watched her from the porch till she vanished under the shadows of the forest trees.

Jock Beacham's heart beat a little faster whenever he looked down at the girlish figure stepping noiselessly by his side. Nothing so fair and dainty had ever crossed his path before. The languid movements and colourless cheeks on which his grandfather had commented were additional attractions to him, because they rendered Kythe still more unlike the buxom lasses he was accustomed to see. He regarded her as a collector would regard some valuable piece of porcelain; and when she needed the aid of his hand in crossing a ditch, he was so afraid of hurting the slender fingers she laid in his palm, that she nearly slipped into the muddy water.

As for speaking to her, it never entered his head to attempt it. When she asked him the names of trees she saw, he answered, and then relapsed into the dumb furtive contemplation of her features that alternately amused and annoyed her. Ere long it became oppressive to glide through the woods with such a speechless companion. She had grown so tired of trying to make conversation, that she was rejoicing over a glimpse of open country at the end of a green avenue they were crossing, when the report of firearms startled her. It was unpleasantly near, and a wounded pheasant fell from a bough she had just stooped to avoid, and died as she would have picked it up.

And now a couple of young men, well but carelessly dressed, came crashing through the underwood, holding hot but not ill-tempered dispute as to which had best claim to the bird at which both had fired. Their noisy wrangle stopped when they caught sight of a female figure, and they were still more disconcerted when Jock stepped forward and confronted them.

"They asked eagerly if she were hurt."

Doffing their hats to Kythe, they asked eagerly if she were hurt, and when she had replied in the negative they apologised for having let off their guns so near her.

"It 's such a rare occurrence to meet any living creature here better than ourselves," said one.

"Or surly Jock Beacham," laughed the other. "We 'll be honest with you, Jock, and acknowledge that we shouldn't have been here at all, only we

thought you were out of hearing. But there's no harm done, old fellow."

"There might have been, Mr. Harwin," was the significant response, pointed by a glance at Kythe.

The elder of the culprits reddened, and cried hastily—

"Yes, yes, I know; we are immensely sorry, and we shall be more careful in future. But the young lady has forgiven us, and Sir William will not miss one pheasant; so hand it over, Jock—you can't bring it back to life, and it's no use to you."

But Jock, who had picked up the bird, merely touched his cap, and would have walked on if the brothers had not stood in the path. They looked at each other with a vexed shrug, and then the younger one tried his powers of persuasion.

"This shan't happen again, Jock. My father does not like us to trespass; but Miss Lucilla is not well, and fancied a little game. We could not disappoint her, though it was out of season. Give Rupert the bird, keep a still tongue in your head, and here's a shilling for you."

"Put it back in your pocket, sir," said Jock, sturdily; "Sir William pays my wages. Will you stand by?"

"But you'll let us have what we've shot. Hang it, lad! don't be ill-natured," they expostulated. "Sir William is not the sort of man to make a fuss about such a trifle."

"Maybe not, sir, so I'll be glad if you'll settle it wi' him." And Jock strode on swinging the pheasant by his side.

"You didn't bid high enough," one brother observed to the other, loud enough to reach his ear. "The lout's cunning, and wanted half-a-crown." And then they went laughing away.

"Is their sister ill?" queried Kythe, when Jock had once more accommodated his pace to hers. "If so, wouldn't it have been more good-natured to let them have the bird?"

"If it had been my own—yes. Not that I ever heard of Miss Harwin being ill, or the captain, her father."

"Are they nice people? Do they live near here?"

Captain Harwin was occupying a shooting-box belonging to a gentleman in London, who rarely visited it himself. There was a large motherless family, of which Miss Lucilla was the eldest; but Jock knew nothing more about any of them, except—and he glanced down at the dead pheasant as if he could have told a tale of many similar forays on the preserves of Captain Harwin's neighbours.

The next minute he was pointing out the twisted chimneys of the Grange, and a path that led directly to the front of the house.

"You'll not want me to go any further," he observed, and turned on his heel so abruptly that Kythe's vanity would have been wounded if she had not detected or fancied she detected a regretful tone in his deep voice.

But he was forgotten when she approached the dwelling that was to be her home for a few weeks, and surveyed it curiously. Nothing could have been more disappointing than that first view. She saw before her a large well-built stone house, which a little taste would have made picturesque, for the builder had made good use of a fine oriel window and carved porch pertaining to a more ancient erection on the site of which it stood. But the ivy that would have concealed the newness of the one and heightened the beauty of the other had been carefully uprooted by Miss Mia's orders. Blank staring walls and windows, with stiff short blinds reaching to the top of the lower sash, were her ideal of what was cleanest and nicest, and, to please her eye, the porch had also just been covered with a coat of whitewash.

"It's horribly ugly, and bare, and desolate," said Kythe. "How could mamma say I should be delighted with it? And it's like a deserted house—the door standing wide open, but not a creature coming forth to receive me."

She put her hand to the lion's head that formed the knocker, but had not courage to raise it, and stepped timidly into the large, spotlessly clean, but cold-looking hall. At the further end there was a heavy oaken door, and, listening there, she thought she heard, on the other side of it, the hum of voices.

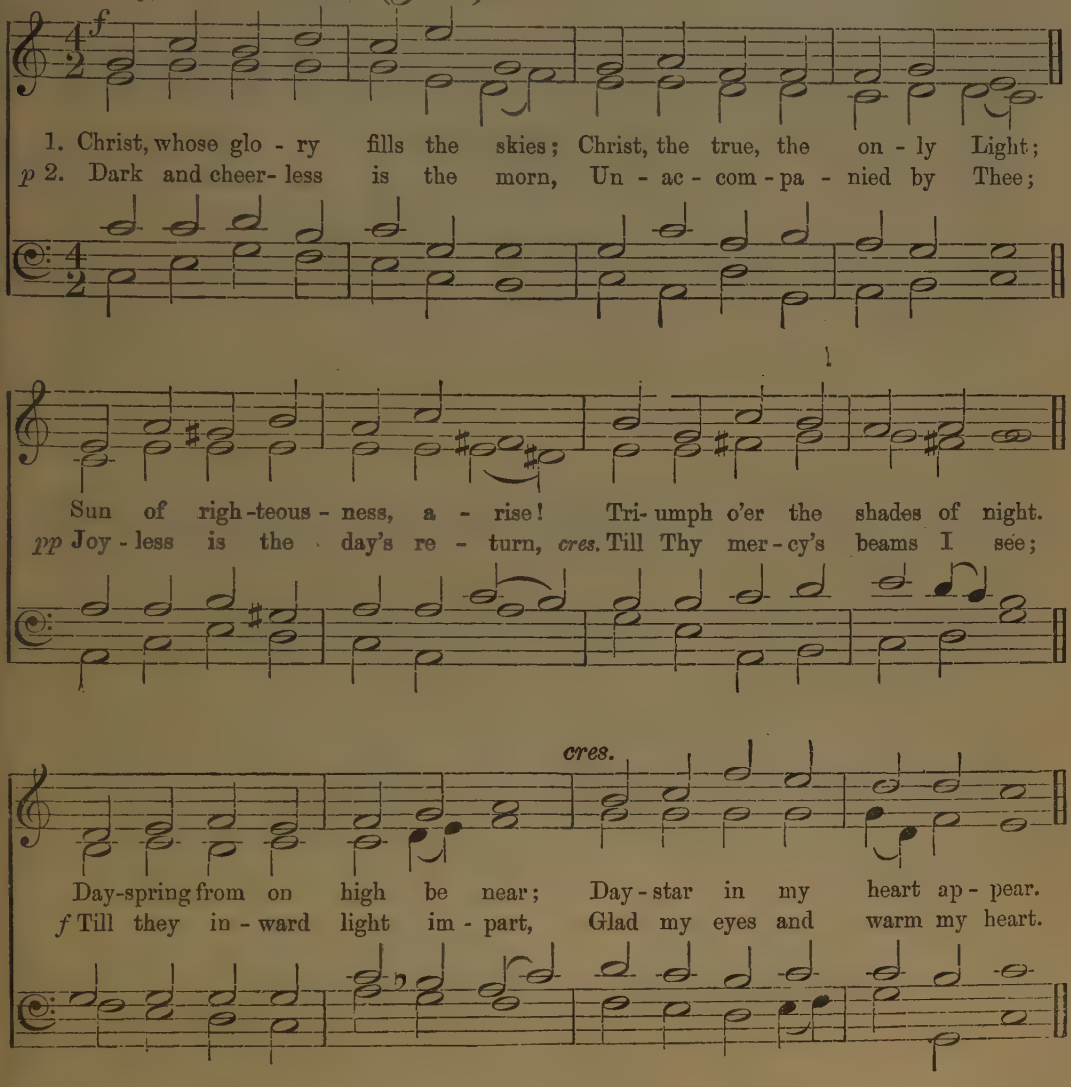
No notice was taken when she rapped with her knuckles, and, in sheer desperation, she turned the handle, and found herself in a huge kitchen, where half a dozen farming men and boys, seated at a table, stopped eating to gape at her, and a sharp feminine voice demanded, "Why, who's this?"

(To be continued.)

Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies.

Music by GEORGE GARRETT, M.A., Mus. D., *Organist to the University of Cambridge.*

Firmly, and not too slow. (♩=84.)


f
1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies; Christ, the true, the on - ly Light;
p 2. Dark and cheer- less is the morn, Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee;
Sun of righ-teous - ness, a - rise! Tri- umph o'er the shades of night.
pp Joy - less is the day's re - turn, cres. Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see;
cres.
Day-spring from on high be near; Day - star in my heart ap - pear.
f Till they in - ward light im - part, Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief,
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL:

CONVERSATIONS ON THE EVENTS OF HOME.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

"AND so this is the wonderful baby!" said Aunt Mary, as, without waiting to take off her travelling wraps, she bent over the pretty cradle, which stood in the cosiest corner of her nephew's parlour. "Of course, there never was such a baby before, was there, Alec?"

"Well, naturally I think so," admitted the young father, "and so does Emmie."

"And I know you think so for the best of all reasons, because I almost think so myself," said Aunt Mary; "for if she is your first child, remember she is my first great-niece. Little witch! She is a tangible proof that I am an old woman!"

"Oh, no, auntie," cried Emma; "you see, you were such a young aunt for Alec, and so——"

"No apology is needed for the assurance which you have given me of my advancing years," said Aunt Mary, throwing aside her bonnet and shawl. "I am quite as proud of my old ladyhood as I was of my young ladyhood." And she lifted up the laughing baby from its pillow, and cried again—"So here is the wonderful baby!"

"Who is to be brought up in all the methods most approved of the wisest of doctors and philosophers," said Alec. "Look at that shelf, auntie. It is loaded with authorities to be consulted as to that young lady's diet, exercise, and habits!"

Aunt Mary gave her head a knowing little shake, and some people might have detected a deprecating tone in her "Well, well." But she only said, "I hope you are not forgetting the most old-fashioned method of all—what the good Book calls 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'"

"I hope we shall not forget that, aunt," said Emmie. "But that can scarcely begin yet. Remember, she is only six months old."

"My dear girl," answered Aunt Mary, solemnly, "I believe it begins with a child's first breath."

"We must have a talk over this," said Alec, as the trio sat down round the well-supplied tea-table, over which Emma Bristo presided with the eagerly anxious hospitality of young-wifeliness. "Either I don't understand you, Aunt Mary," pursued Alec, "or I don't agree with you. I have always suspected and disliked your saintly children, who reprove and lecture their elders, and wonder 'if they are not good enough to be put in a tract?' as one pitiable little object I knew actually inquired. And from my memories of holidays with you, auntie, I should have thought nobody in the world had a higher respect than you for the natural impulses of childhood."

"I think you don't understand me, Alec," said Aunt Mary; "and it may be just possible that you don't quite understand yourself. I hope you don't think that the learning of catechisms, the knowledge of Bible names, and the parrot-like repetition of certain doctrines, is 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' If you do, then certainly I don't wonder at your feeling that it is time for these things when little Dora is old enough for other branches of intellectual cultivation. But you expect her to love you and Emmie long before that time, I imagine, Alec?"

"Bless her! she does that already," answered Alec.

"Of course she does," said Aunt Mary. "And in that love for you—who are wiser and stronger than herself quite beyond her comprehension, and to whose love and power she must trust, little Dora is getting her first lesson in her relationship with God. And 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord' which you can give her even now—which you have given her already—is to take care that in her love for you she learns to love nothing that is not God-like."

Mr. Bristo looked grave. His wife said—

"Ah, I have thought something like this, myself, though I scarcely knew how to put it into words. I felt that I wanted to be very good for her sake. And when I caught myself speaking very angrily the other day because the servant had been provokingly negligent, and when Dora began to cry, I wondered whether it was my tone that had fretted her, and I felt how glad I was she could not understand what I had said, and I resolved to conquer my hastiness so that I may be more guarded and patient by the time she can speak."

"My dear sensitive little Emmie," said Aunt Mary, "I don't want to over-burden you with responsibility, but I don't think you must wait till that time. Just ask yourself how a child learns to speak. By finding the meaning of words in its impressions. I think you went to school in France, Emmie, before you spoke a word of French. Perhaps you can remember what vivid and repeated impressions you had to receive before you could remember the new names of things around you, and how hard it was to unlearn a mistake made by wrongly connecting such impressions and words. You say that Dora cried when you were cross. It is probable she knew you were cross. Have you not seen a very small infant pucker up its face pitifully when its mother's looked sad? Dora will learn to say 'Papa,' with glee and delight,

because she will find that it calls one whom she loves. Why, Alec, impressions underlie all education. They form the very soil for those seeds from which you 'educe,' the mind and character. Babyhood is the age of pure impressions. You have to take care what those impressions are. You have to display goodness as happy and lovable."

"Well, I thought our first parental duties were rather simpler, and less responsible than I begin to see they are," said Alec. "I thought that for the next two or three years, at least, there would be no pleaded Alec, "and it seems hard to withhold enjoyments from them, when at no time in their after life will enjoyment be so easy and so cheap."

Aunt Mary shook her head. "Train them to find enjoyment where it will be always to be found. I knew one young mother who regularly carried her baby to the window every evening to watch the sunset. If more people had been trained so, the poet Rogers would not have had to remark, as he did, that during his afternoon wanderings in the Green Park, he never saw a single eye raised to the golden

"With his rabbits in his arms."—*p.* 19.

questions of anything but diet, and clothing, and such like."

"And are not these questions part of the nurture and admonition of the Lord?" asked Aunt Mary. "Does not the body belong to God? Has He not given it to us that we may make it a fit temple for His Holy Spirit? People accustom their infant children to find their pleasure in dainties, and their delight in finery, and then wonder that they grow up greedy and vain. A child who is always sucking sweets bids fair to be a man who will be always sipping drams. A baby who is kept perpetually supplied with new toys will acquire a mental and moral restlessness which will hanker after perilous excitements in after life."

"But children are such creatures of the senses," western sky. This baby saw the sky before he went to bed. It was his evening treat. Was it not better than a lollipop?

"There is a great deal in the very first words a child learns to say. After 'papa' and 'mamma,' I think should come, 'if you please,' and 'thank you,' and these should be always insisted on at the right time, and used to the child in its turn. This is the beginning of consideration for others.

"Then, as to the matter of a child's dress. It will be pleased with pretty things; it should be so pleased. God meant children to look as pretty as His daisies and His violets. But then we should take God's pretty things as models for the prettiness we seek for our children. God's pretty things are not injured by any of the circumstances proper to their condition.

The daisy does not spoil in a shower. Now God means children for play, and dress which does not spoil play—dress which can easily be made clean and neat after the jolliest roll and tumble, is the proper dress for a child. And as it is often the case that things which we neglect when presented in a commonplace way, are heeded when put in a higher light, I will go further, and say that such dress is the Christian dress for a child, because it helps her to fulfil God's will concerning herself without fretfulness or disobedience on her own part, or worry and anger on that of others. The little lady who has been taught to feel thoroughly at ease and at one with herself in her brightly-trimmed hollands, her snowy sun-bonnet, and her neatly-buttoned shoes, is little likely to develop into the poor creature who cannot breathe because of her stays, nor walk because of her high heels, nor make herself useful because of her train. Ah, Emmie, many a mother who sits weeping and lonely to-night, thinking of the lost daughter to whom finery and idleness were dearer than duty and honour, would start back appalled to be told that she began the downward inclination on that holiday when she took off "the nasty old print" for "the nice lace with the smart ribbons," and told her little maiden that now "she was dressed like a lady, she must sit still till the company came."

There were tears in the young mother's soft blue eyes.

"I am so glad we had baby named Dorothea," she whispered. "You remember what I said, Alec? That I thought it must be so far a good influence for a child to carry a name with a sweet meaning, or a noble association, and that Dorothea would remind our daughter that her father and mother had welcomed her as 'a gift from God,' and so might help her to become a gift worthy of God's giving."

"What you say is quite true, Emmie," assented Aunt Mary. "I have a great faith in the good of anything which tends to turn the young imagination into pure channels. I believe it is scarcely realised what a force for good or for evil the imagination is. The simple old-fashioned folk let it have its way without appreciating it. Too many modern educationists are inclined to push it as far as possible into dark corners, as if it were the lumber of the mind. There is a time for nursery jingles, and a time for the multiplication table; and I would rather trust the future of the child who knows 'Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,' than the prodigy who is quite above such nonsense, and has by heart the history of England done into one-syllabled rhyme. We let the young limbs sport without demanding too early manual labour, and the mind equally requires its own play-time. We have to provide safe sports and pleasant fancies—something which shall fit our little ones for labour and learning; ay, and for the weariness and doubtings these are sure to bring with them."

"From this point of view," said Alec, "I can see that a parent's responsibility for a child's up-bringing begins from its very birth. You make but a second stage of that which I had always regarded as the first—the time, for instance, when a child is fit to be taught its prayers."

"Now, Alec," said Aunt Mary, "what can be the use of teaching a child its prayers, unless a great deal has gone beforehand? You cannot make one morning's lesson of the idea of One out of sight who loves the little one better than you do, and who loves all the world beside. The feeling towards God which you wish in the child must grow as its love for yourselves has grown, its beginning absolutely unknown, and its growth imperceptible. The mother I told you about, who used to show her child the sunset, told him 'God made that.' The idea of God, out of sight, but always doing kind and wonderful works, and always to be remembered and referred to, got into his mind quite naturally, along with that of his grand-parents, who lived abroad, but were always fondly spoken of in their daughter's home. As he grew older he asked 'what God was like,' and was told that His Son, called Jesus, had once lived on the earth, and had been kind and gentle to His parents and friends, and very good to little children. The first prayer that little boy learned was 'Our Father which art in heaven, bless dear papa and mamma, and all our friends, and make me good like our Elder Brother Christ Jesus.' Some people used to be shocked that he was not at once taught the Lord's prayer. But I think his mother was right. That prayer should not be taught till a child can put some simple meaning to its wonderful petitions, and that he can hardly do till he is old enough to pronounce and understand its mere words. We should not require an unmeaning and formal worship from our children, if we wish to keep their spiritual sensibilities keen and bright."

"Then, aunt," said Alec, "you will agree with me that it is a great mistake to carry children to church while they are very young."

"Certainly, while they are very young. I should scarcely like to demand of them silence and stillness through the length of a religious service," Aunt Mary answered. "But no rule can be laid down in these matters. External circumstances and individual character must regulate them. A young child should never be forced to divine service when it manifests weariness, or restlessness. But there are many little items which often make children take delight in going to church, and so lay a foundation for a good habit."

"Then what would you do about Sabbath-keeping, aunt?" asked Alec. "I have always thought little children were hardly dealt with in that matter. They cannot read, and they must not play, and I think they get into the habit of thinking Sunday the dullest and worst day of all the week."

"Instead of the best of all the seven, as it should be," responded Aunt Mary. "A child should be trained to be very quiet and good on Sundays, 'because mamma and nurse want to read and rest.'

Its favourite picture-books should be reserved for that day. Then it should be able to notice that just because mamma has time to read and rest on Sunday, therefore she also has time for a longer talk with the little ones; and presently it will be old enough to delight in Bible stories, and in hearing about good people's lives, perhaps when they were little children like itself. After its happy quiet day, it should have its little gala before going to bed, its hymn-singing, its trifling coin bestowed on it to save for next Sunday's collection, or to give to some old pensioner during the week."

"What a stress you put on what many people would regard as mere secular habits of no vital importance," remarked Alec. "I quite agree with you myself. I always feel that the world wants a visible Christianity—a God-likeness manifest in deeds and character."

"We have too few well-grown plants in the garden of God," said Aunt Mary, "and too many dry roots labelled according to intentions or professions, and scarcely to be known 'by their fruits.' I think this often happens for want of the very early fostering watering we should aim after. And as we are taught that love to God is always best manifest by love to man, I fancy you cannot enfold a child in kindly sympathetic interests too much or too early. The best joys of life, we all know, lie in these. You can begin with Dora almost already, Emmie. She must not stroke the cat the wrong way, because pussy will not like it. Then presently let her put down pussy's bread-and-milk, and go to open the door when she mews. These trifles will all serve as a beginning for her true lady's duty as care-taker and provider, and will accustom her to heed and answer to any call on her heart and hands. Teach her to do these things by doing them yourself, and above all, when in due time her affectionate impulses may work themselves into all sorts of queer half-pathetic forms, be ready with genuine sympathy. Don't laugh at the old doll preferred to any newer gift. You cannot think how these discords jar children, and throw their natures in upon themselves till those originally sweetest and warmest grow the most reserved and suspicious. And we cannot (except by something in our own experience) realise how the ready sympathy reassures the little creature, giving us almost boundless influence over it immediately, and winning its tenderest gratitude in after years. Have you ever read the pathetic way in which Dr. John Brown writes of the long past summer evening, when, with his rabbits in his arms, whom he had just kissed out of sheer boyish love and happiness, he met his grandfather, Dr. Thomas Brown. 'He took me by the chin,' writes Dr. John, 'and kissed me, and then kissed the rabbits! Wonderful man, I thought—and still think!'"

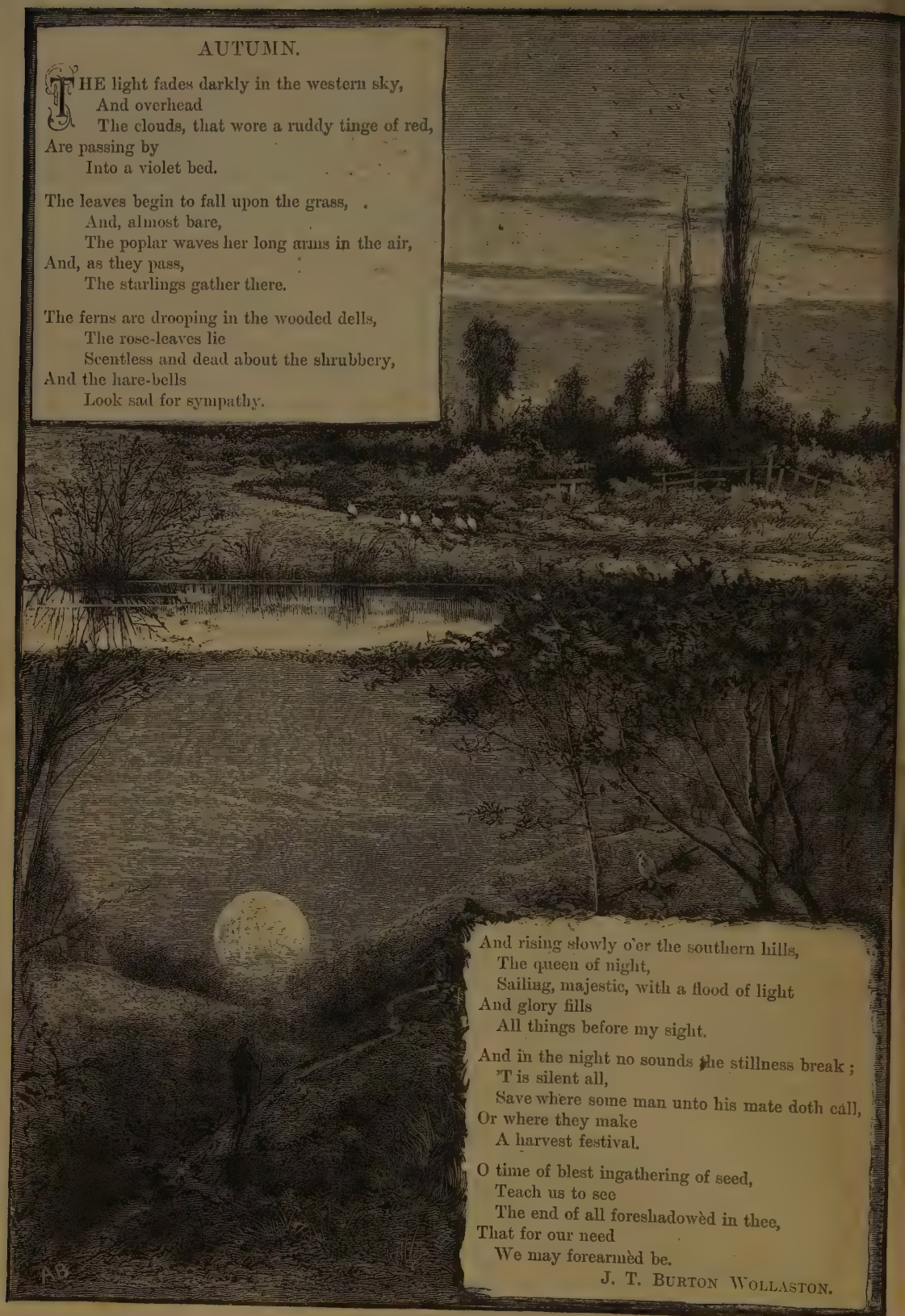
"What is the little wife pondering over?" asked Mr. Bristo, seeing that Emma sat thoughtful and silent, with an expression almost of pain shadowing her happy face.

She started when she found herself suddenly addressed. "I was thinking," she said, "that my own dear mother reared me somewhat after your Aunt Mary's method, and I was wondering whether her loving care has brought forth the fruit it deserved; for I cannot recall any time when I definitely resolved to give myself to God, and to live for things unseen and eternal."

"My dear girl," said Aunt Mary, "will it be any comfort for you to hear that the saintly Richard Baxter felt an anxiety similar to yours? But on reflection he discovered that 'education is as properly a means of grace as preaching,' and found reason to praise God that he had learned to love Him so early, that he could not remember existence without Him. Among the Moravian brethren, whose simple godliness is acknowledged by all sects, not one in ten can remember any date when he began to be religious. That is due to the weight they attach to a practical Christian education, and the benefit their children derive from it. You know that you do love God, and seek to be conformed to the life of Jesus, and you have only reason to be thankful that this has grown with your growth and strengthened with your strength—that your powers were not left to develop in the wrong direction before they were turned to the right. Those who have served the world a while, have good reason to envy those who, being dedicated to God from their cradle, have grown harmoniously 'in stature and in favour with God and man.' And of those who do turn to God in later life, who come back to their Father's house from the swine and the husks, the greater proportion but yield to the reviving of impressions made in earlier days. I remember an anecdote told by some great preacher who, at a little meeting of outcasts and wanderers, noticed a young man who seemed deeply touched, and who afterwards gave clear proof of a changed and better life. When asked if he could tell what words had reached and arrested him, he announced frankly, 'It was not your words that did it, though I know they helped, but the cups and saucers on your table were like what mother used at home, and that brought back the good old days and all she used to teach me.' The seed had lain dormant, but was not dead. I wonder whether that good mother had passed away before her patience bore its fruit, and if so, whether she had had faith to the last, that if a child be trained up in the way it should go, when it is old it will not depart from it."

"Ah, Aunt Mary," said Alec, "you have taught us the full force of the injunction which goes before the promise. It is not teach, or preach, or punish a child into the way it should go, but 'train it up,' which really means, be yourself what you wish it to be, and do yourself what you wish it to do."

"Oh, Dora, Dora, baby!" cried Emmie, stooping over the cradle, "if this is the case—and I feel it is—what a severe disciplinarian we two shall have in you!"



AUTUMN.

THE light fades darkly in the western sky,
And overhead
The clouds, that wore a ruddy tinge of red,
Are passing by
Into a violet bed.

The leaves begin to fall upon the grass,
And, almost bare,
The poplar waves her long arms in the air,
And, as they pass,
The starlings gather there.

The ferns are drooping in the wooded dells,
The rose-leaves lie
Scentless and dead about the shrubbery,
And the hare-bells
Look sad for sympathy.

And rising slowly o'er the southern hills,
The queen of night,
Sailing, majestic, with a flood of light
And glory fills
All things before my sight.

And in the night no sounds the stillness break;
'T is silent all,
Save where some man unto his mate doth call,
Or where they make
A harvest festival.

O time of blest ingathering of seed,
Teach us to see
The end of all foreshadowèd in thee,
That for our need
We may forearmèd be.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

SCRIPTURE TEXTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH, AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GOSPEL HISTORY," ETC.

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—JER. xii. 5.

JEREMIAH, whose name signifies *raised up*, or *appointed by God*, was, by a Divine call, summoned from the ordinary ranks of the Jewish priesthood, a position of comparative retirement and obscurity, to undertake the much more important duties and heavier responsibilities of the prophetical office. The word of the Lord first came to him when he was quite young, calling him to a very arduous and discouraging work, a work which we should be inclined to say but little accorded with his natural disposition; and from engaging in which, as we know, he at first instinctively shrank.

Jeremiah was not one of those mighty forceful characters who delight in putting forth the strength of which they are conscious, and in contending with and overcoming difficulties which weaker and more timid men would, if possible, evade. We cannot read his writings without seeing that there was in him much of woman-like gentleness and tenderness; but much also of that enduring—that passive power—which we see not infrequently combined with these gentler qualities, and which in many of the emergencies of life is more to be depended on, for the resistance of evil and the accomplishment of good, than that power which, as more energetic and demonstrative in its activities, secures a much larger share of the regard and applause of men.

Jeremiah from the very first seems to have had a conviction that his life would not be a very peaceful or pleasant one. Indeed, living in such an age, and among such a people, and living among them as the representative and vindicator of Divine order, and law, and righteousness, we cannot see how he could have avoided coming in conflict with many of those around him, and even with those most closely related to him.

Now to live such a life, to engage in such a work, must have been very trying to Jeremiah, for he was naturally a man of peaceful disposition, a man who would rejoice to live a quiet, thoughtful, contemplative life, and who would recoil from scenes of noise, and strife, and excitement. And yet we find that this man of retiring and sensitive disposition, who could have contentedly spent all his life in the quiet obscurity of Anathoth, is called to the great work of testifying for God and for righteousness in a most eventful period of his nation's history.

A great part of Jeremiah's difficulty arose out of the relation in which he stood to the priesthood, with which, by birth and early associations, he was connected. He had to carry on his ministry as a prophet, not only in the midst of a sinful nation, but also in the midst of a degenerate priesthood. Both priests and people were trying to persuade themselves that things were in a favourable or hopeful condition. It was Jeremiah's work, if possible, to undeceive them, and in doing this work he had to contradict the belief, the wishes, the prejudices of the entire nation. By his plain speaking he awakened the animosity of those who were busy saying, "Peace! peace!" when there was no peace; and the scarcely less bitter animosity of the people, who, with greedy and unquestioning credulity, were receiving these flattering but delusive assurances.

This faithful outspoken ministry soon brought forth for the prophet the bitter fruit of both secret and declared opposition. It would appear that after his call to the prophetical office, Jeremiah continued to reside for several years in his native city of Anathoth, where, as occasion offered, or the circumstances of the times demanded, he lifted up his voice for God, and there his faithfulness led to the first outbreak of formidable persecution he had to encounter. It would seem that a conspiracy was formed among the men of Anathoth to slay the prophet, in which certain members of the priestly order, and some even of his own family, were implicated. By any means they were resolved to remove out of their way one whose teaching had rendered him so obnoxious that his presence could be no longer endured. That conspiracy failed; it was made known unto Jeremiah by the Lord whom he served, and from the hands of those wicked and unscrupulous men he was saved. And now that the crisis is over and the danger past, like Elijah in similar circumstances, he suffers from a season of reaction and depression, and he gives way to a spirit of almost fretful impatience, as he contrasts his condition, as a suffering servant of the Lord, with the prosperous circumstances of those wicked men, from whose treacherous and murderous designs he had so narrowly escaped. And the prophet here not only tells us of his doubts and difficulties, but how the word of the Lord came to him, with all the sedative influence of a gentle rebuke, and all the energising force of a salutary stimulus.

The complaint of Jeremiah had been concerning the wickedness of these men of Anathoth, from whose murderous conspiracy he had just been delivered, and it was to him a mystery—a matter of astonishment, and a stumbling-block, as it was to Asaph, and has been to many others—that men

so wicked should seem to prosper in their wickedness. God, in gently dealing with His servant, allows that it was a hard thing that his brethren the priests of Anathoth, who were of the house of his father, and who ought to have been on his side to strengthen and uphold him, should, under the disguise of friendship, have dealt so treacherously with him that they should have incited the multitude against him, and have acted altogether in such a way that they cannot be believed even though they speak fair words. It was confessedly a hard thing that he should be thus wounded in the house of his friends, and that some of his worst foes should be reckoned among his familiar acquaintance. But while all this is unquestionably very hard to bear, the Lord teaches Jeremiah that he is not to make too much of his difficulties, that he should not allow himself to be unduly disturbed or discouraged by them. He is not to consider this the worst thing that can happen to him, but rather as the beginning of troubles; there are heavier trials awaiting him, and by wise and submissive behaviour under this, he may prepare himself for those severer trials of faith and patience he will have hereafter to encounter.

These lessons God conveys to the prophet by means of two proverbial sayings:—If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, so that thou art run out of breath, and art ready to lie down and discontinue the race, what wilt thou do when thou art called to contend with horses? If thou art so discouraged by what thou hast had to endure at the hands of the men of Anathoth—men of thine own position in life, and with whom thou hast been familiar—what wilt thou do when thou wilt have to contend, as by-and-by thou wilt have to contend, with men of higher rank and greater influence, with the chief priests and princes of Judah and Jerusalem (by whom, as we know, he was afterwards persecuted almost to the death). If here, in a land of comparative peace and tranquillity, in a little quiet place like Anathoth, thou art weary because of the opposition and persecution to which thou art exposed, what wilt thou do in the swelling—the pride of Jordan? What wilt thou do when the river overflows its banks so that the lions are frightened out of their lairs, or when thou art called to thread the tangled mazes of the jungles, the luxuriant thickets along its banks, which were the haunt of lions and other beasts of prey? The meaning in each case is the same. If thou art thus troubled and discouraged by these comparatively inconsiderable dangers and difficulties which thou art encountering at the outset of thy career, what wilt thou do when brought face to face with those greater dangers and difficulties which are awaiting thee? And the Lord would evidently have His servant regard these lesser trials as intended to prepare him for the severer trials which he will have by-and-by to encounter.

Passing away now from the application of these words to the prophet Jeremiah, let us consider one or two of the more important of those lessons suggested by them.

We are taught that throughout our life we may expect to have our character tested, not only by successive trials, but by trials of ever-increasing severity. This seems taken for granted here; indeed, this assumption constitutes the very ground of the appeal and remonstrance addressed to the prophet. While we are in this world we may lay our account with trials, troubles, difficulties. These differ very widely not only in character, but also in extent and degree; and, as a rule, we meet with the lesser trials first, and may expect greater trials as we proceed. Have we been running with the footmen? We may have by-and-by to contend with horses. Have we had our little troubles in the land of comparative peace and tranquillity? We may look forward to more serious troubles in the swelling—the pride of Jordan.

We need scarcely remark on a fact so obvious as that life throughout is one extended season of probation. And yet this fact, perhaps, because we so readily assent to it, is one by the profound significance of which we are but little impressed. We are apt to limit our attention to the greater, more strongly marked, and exceptional trials of life. Whereas in reality God is putting us to the test every moment; everything which happens to us, and which affords us the opportunity of doing right or wrong, is a trial, a moral, a spiritual test, and by all that occurs to us in the way of our pilgrimage, God is dealing with us as He did with His people in the wilderness; He is trying us, proving us, making it to appear whether we have it in our hearts to keep His commandments or not. The prosperities not less than the adversities, the pleasures not less than the pains of life, are trials. Everything that touches and affects our conscious existence in its degree reveals what we are. The slightest and most inconsiderable things happening around us in private and public, in social and domestic life, may develop hitherto hidden excellences of character, or make manifest unsuspected faults. Innumerable things occur in the course of a single day which discover our self-control, or our lack of it, our humility or pride, our candour or our insincerity, our courage or our cowardice, our calmness of spirit or our hastiness of temper, our modesty or our self-assertion, our selfish anxiety to further our own interests, or our self-forgetting readiness to serve others, and whether in all this we are seeking to please God, or to please men, to please ourselves. And the little things of life afford revelations of character not less distinct than those of greater moment; indeed, you may often more truly

estimate a man's character by noticing how he behaves in the ordinary course of life, than by observing his conduct on rare occasions of exceptional difficulty. We have learned a great lesson when we have learned that life throughout is one extended season of probation, that every circumstance is impressing upon our life a distinguishing and indelible character, and that every moment in its silent passage is leaving us better or worse.

If this be the view that we take of life as a whole, it is not unreasonable to expect that our faith, our strength, our character, will be tested by trials of ever-increasing severity. There are trials incident to the period of childhood, proportioned to the strength of its undeveloped nature and undisciplined habits. Youth has its trials—severer than those of childhood, but not comparable with those associated with a later and more mature period of life. And so, as years roll on, faith, and strength, and patience—moral and spiritual character—are subjected to a more and more severe strain—the running with footmen is followed by a contending with horses, and the troubles of a land of tranquillity by those which may be compared to the swelling of Jordan. And we are not to imagine that any are exempted from trial. Many are exempted to a large extent from trouble, who are not exempted from trial; perhaps their exemption from trouble is their trial. Here is a man whose course through life is rough and troubled, whose history throughout seems disastrous—the dark and overhanging clouds are but rarely broken by pleasant sunshine—poverty and adversity are his constant and most familiar companions. We are all ready to admit that that man's life is a trying one. Yes, God is trying that man, seeing what he is and how he behaves himself under the sharp test of poverty and adversity. Here is another man, rich and prosperous, and with whom everything goes well throughout life—God is trying that man, seeing how he behaves under the not less severe test of increasing wealth, and unvaried prosperity, noting whether he is becoming proud, and hard, and selfish, and self-indulgent, or whether in kindliness and charity he is becoming more and more ready to act as God's steward and almoner. Both men are tried—the one by ever-deepening poverty and distress, the other by ever-enlarging wealth and prosperity. Let us then remember that, whatever is our position in life, we may expect to be tried. Let us remember that we are ever being tried, and by everything which goes to make up our conscious existence. Our trials will be very various in character and degree—we shall have to contend with both footmen and horses, we shall have our troubles in a land of comparative peace and quiet, and we cannot hope to escape the swelling of Jordan. We shall have, we can have no exemption from trial till we pass its flood, and we enter that land of promise, where the Lord will give us rest from all our enemies round about.

THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

BY A FORMER MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

NOT many years ago, as we walked along the streets of any English town, it was a common occurrence to recognise amongst the passers-by the drab bonnet and shawl, or the collarless coat and broad-brimmed hat which distinguished the members of the "Society of Friends." Now, however, this distinctive garb is much more rarely seen, and the outward characteristics which made this community so marked a people are fast passing away. It may be interesting to some who value and respect the Quakers for their blameless conduct and active and most efficient benevolence, to know something of that internal economy and rule of life which have made them ever since the days of George Fox so emphatically a "Peculiar People." And I am the more induced to write a few words on the subject, from considering how little is really known about them. From their almost Jewish separation and exclusiveness, and their reserve in speaking of themselves or their institutions, the outside world has in general very erroneous ideas respecting them, and all the writers beyond the pale of their own communion who have ventured to describe them, have only betrayed their ignorance. Even Sir Walter Scott, accurate painter as he was of men and manners, blunders egregiously when he tries to depict a Quaker, and Joshua Geddes and his worthy sister are only a degree less of a caricature than the conventional "Friend" of many an old play. It requires "one to the manner born" to write of this singular people as they are—or were—and if I have no other qualification, I at least possess that advantage.

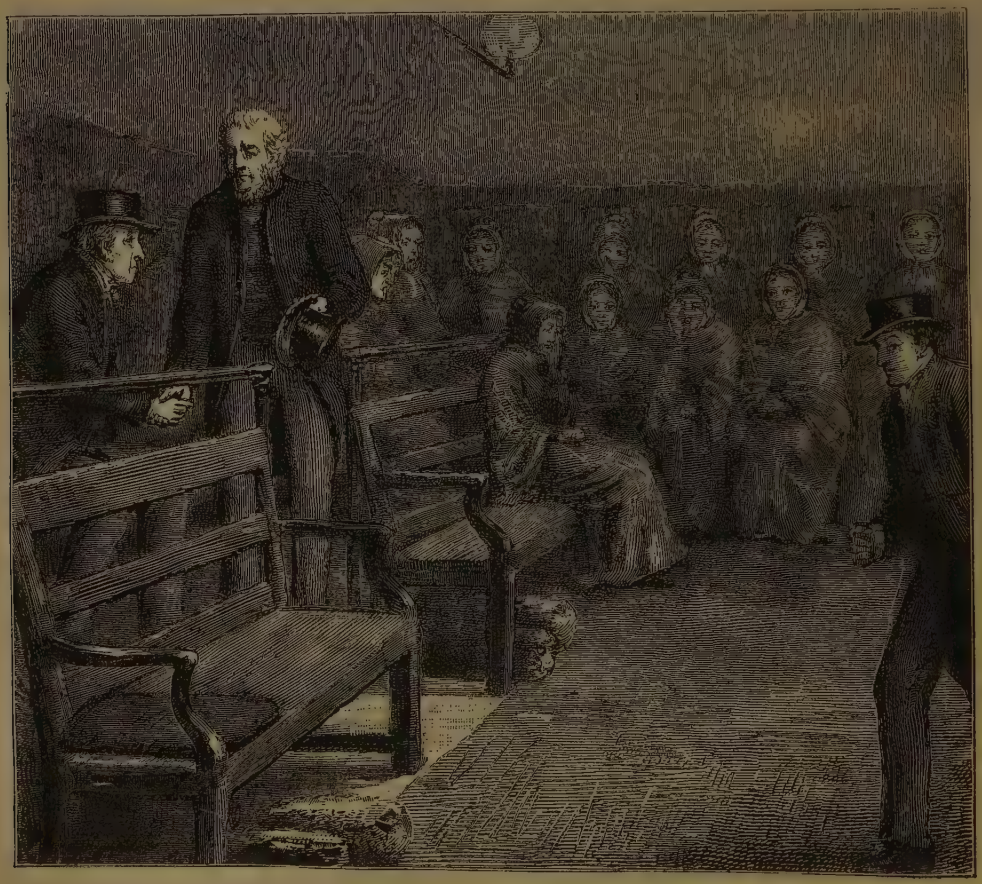
I have no intention in this paper to touch upon the religious opinions of the sect, otherwise than as they appear in outward manifestation; but no account of it would be at all complete without some sketch of its admirable self-government as a body, or, as they themselves term it, the "Discipline of Friends."*

* I have written throughout in the *past* tense, my own experience being of that date; but, so far as I know, the Discipline of the Society continues the same to the present day.

Perhaps there was scarcely any community in the world which possessed so accurate a knowledge of all its members, by means so simple and so efficient. The whole ecclesiastical machinery (if I may so call it) of the Society was admirably adapted to this end. Every congregation, however small, held once a month its "Preparative Meeting," the men and the women separating, and each holding their own. In these meetings, amongst other business, a series of questions or "queries" were read, those of the men consisting of seventeen, the women's of ten. These "queries" embodied the "Discipline of the Society" as it was called, and careful answers to each were considered of the utmost importance. Some of them related to religious and moral training, some to the care and relief of the poorer members, but the greater number were searching inquiries as to the faithful maintenance of the peculiar tenets of the Society. The following were amongst them:—"Do friends endeavour by example and precept to train up their children, servants, and those under their care, in a religious life, and conversation, consistent with our Christian profession, and in plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel?" "Are friends faithful in bearing our Christian testimony against receiving and paying tithes, priests' demands, and those called church rates?" "Is care taken to admonish such as appear inclined to marry in a manner contrary to the rules of our Society, and in due time to deal with such as persist in refusing to take counsel?"

Very admirable are the following:—"Are Friends preserved in love towards one another? If differences arise, is due care taken speedily to end them? And are Friends careful to avoid and discourage tale-bearing and detraction?" Also:—"Are Friends annually advised to keep correct and clear accounts, and carefully to inspect the state of their affairs once in the year?" Other queries relate to the care of the poor; "the frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures;" to the "testimony against bearing arms, or in any way assisting those who do so." And there is one query whether "Friends avoid all vain sports and places of diversion, gaming, all unnecessary frequenting of taverns and other public houses, excess in drinking, and other intemperance."

The answers to these and other queries were given by some experienced and grave—or, as they term it,



"The Elders turned to each other and shook hands."—*p.* 26.

THE "WOMEN'S MEETING."—*p.* 26.

"weighty"—Friends, who had been appointed "Overseers;" and, after due deliberation, were written down, every departure from the rules being noted—not by name, but generally, as "under care." Representatives both from the men's and women's meetings were appointed to carry up these answers to the "*Monthly* Meeting"—held in the nearest town, and which included all the surrounding "Preparative" meetings. Here the queries were again read, the various answers to each weighed and considered, and condensed into *one* by the Monthly Meeting; and these in their turn were carried up by the representatives to the "*Quarterly* Meeting," which was held in some central place four times a year for the whole county, when the same process was gone through, and the condensed report transmitted to the "Yearly Meeting," which was held in London during the month of May.

I should add that the answers to these "queries" were given on all occasions with the utmost deliberation and gravity, each word weighed and duly considered with an evident feeling of responsibility and guarded avoidance of personal feeling. The replies were always as nearly as possible in the words of the queries themselves, and if any Friend present dissented from the expressions used, he or she rose in a calm solemn manner and expressed their opinion, upon which the meeting quietly deliberated, and decided as seemed best to the majority. Not unfrequently this carefulness degenerated into scrupulosity, and I have known a meeting occupied for *hours* in a discussion whether "hope" or "trust" was the proper word to use.

Indeed, this careful weighing of every matter became a deeply-rooted habit of the Quakerly mind, and I remember at a meeting held for the purpose of arranging a school feast, upon some one proposing to borrow a tea-kettle, that an elderly matron of the committee rose up, and, in a solemn manner, advised "Friends to do nothing rashly!"

When a family, or any member of it, removed their residence from the compass of one Monthly Meeting to another, a certificate was given them from the one they were leaving. And this was not done without the utmost caution, and searching inquiries into their conduct and character—as to their solvency, whether they had discharged their just debts, or made arrangements to do so, etc. This certificate was sent to the "Monthly Meeting" within which the family was about to reside; and upon their arrival at their new abode they were visited by some appointed Friends, who thus at once became acquainted with them and their circumstances, and were ready to watch over and help them for the future. It will be seen that

by this system the most intimate knowledge of all its members, and the most strict surveillance over them, was kept up by the Society as a body. Each family, each individual was known, watched over, and when needful advised and admonished; and the calm, methodical, and at the same time friendly and considerate tone of mind so characteristic of the community, caused all to be carried on without confusion and without display.

It has often been said that there were no *poor* amongst the Quakers, and this was as much owing to their careful supervision and rules for their relief, as to their general industry and thrift; and many and wise are the directions laid down in the "rules of discipline" regarding the help to be afforded, the education and placing out of poor children as apprentices, so that "all poor friends be taken due care of, and none of them sent to the parish to be relieved."

The great characteristic of the Quakers' worship was *silence*, broken only by a short discourse, or more rarely by a few words of prayer from any "ministering Friend" who might be present; and this by no means occurred at every gathering, even should a minister be there, and in many remote country places there was no preacher belonging to the little congregation, and Sabbath after Sabbath they sat in solemn silence. I think there must have been something strangely impressive to an unfamiliar eye in those quiet gatherings—the men on one side, the women on the other, the "Elders" on a raised bench or gallery facing them, all sitting upright, perfectly still, their eyes reverently bent on the ground, their hands quietly folded in their laps; even the little children trained to the same stillness, with not a sound, scarcely a movement to disturb the apparently deep meditation for more than an hour, when there was a slight stir; the two most "ancient Friends" amongst the Elders turned to each other and shook hands, and the little assembly arose and quietly broke up. In some far-away places the congregations were very scanty. I knew a village where the whole of the "Friends" consisted of *one* family, who for several years duly, twice on the Sabbath and once during the week, left their own dwelling and proceeded to the small damp meeting-house, and there sat in silence the appointed hour and a half. There was always great "sympathy" expressed for these remote meetings, and every now and then some "ministering Friends" would feel it his or her "concern" to go forth amongst them to comfort and encourage.

Their tone and manner in preaching were peculiar. They generally *chanted* out their sermon, very slowly, and with frequent pauses; and, excepting in the case of the more eminent ministers, the discourse was chiefly composed of passages of Scripture which had been "borne in" upon their minds, with very short comments, and frequently none at all. In remote country places the preaching was sometimes very quaint. One worthy good old man was so fond of the parable of the Ten Virgins—"*Vargins*" he called them—that whenever he rose up his hearers knew what was coming; and even if he began with some other passage, he usually ended by chanting forth, "And now to the vargins again." And the stillness of another remote little assembly was broken by a minister repeating the passage of Scripture describing the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca, and proceeding from thence to exhort his "dear young friends to walk out in the cool of their minds, in the eventide, when they might meet with suitable and religious companions for life."

Whilst the periodical gatherings were times of grave interest and deliberation to their elders, the young people of the Society looked forward to them as pleasant social meetings, and each as it came round formed an epoch in their quiet and regular lives. Especially was this the case with the "Yearly Meeting," which was always held in London in the month of May, and lasted for more than a week. The first going up to "Yearly Meeting" was to a young female Friend much what "coming out" is to her gayer contemporary, and occasioned quite as many bright anticipations and careful preparations, in a different style. Though the strictly enforced uniformity of dress might seem to preclude all display or fashion, yet human nature is the same everywhere, and there was ample scope for many a little feminine variety in the fineness of the material used for the gauzy cap and handkerchief, the richness and soft shades of the dove-coloured silk, and the almost imperceptible (save to the initiated) variations in the shape of the bonnet or the hem of the collar. And the young men—in spite of their plain coats and broad-brims—were much like other young men on such an occasion. It was their usual practice to stand in groups about the doors and entrances to the wide chambers of Devonshire House in Bishopsgate Street, where the Yearly Meeting was held, to watch and criticise the varied charms of the fair young girls who demurely followed their mothers into the building, and it was soon whispered amongst the different coteries who had been elected as the "*Belle* of the Yearly Meeting." How such an un-Quakerly word came to be used I cannot tell, but so it was.

But nothing of all this appeared in the calm composed aspect of the hundreds of plainly-attired figures who speedily filled the benches and galleries of the spacious "women's meeting"—the men conducting their business in another part of the same building. The answers to the queries, with the remarks they elicited, occupied a long time; but there were many other topics for consideration and discussion, as well as the reading of various "epistles" from the Yearly Meetings of Friends in America and elsewhere, suitable replies to these being entrusted to committees of approved Friends. Everything was done with the utmost deliberation; no hurry or interruption of any kind was thought of. Every speaker gave out her sentiments with a slow distinct utterance, as if weighing each word, and

there was always a pause before another rose to speak. The direction of the business was taken by the "Clerk of the Meeting," who acted as president; and I can still see the tall dignified figure of the stately woman who filled that office in my young days, and hear the clear measured tones of her peculiarly melodious voice. She might have been the queen of some little kingdom for look and manner, and her quiet influence in the assembly was unbounded.

Occasionally one of the door-keepers (who were all female Friends appointed by the meeting) might be seen advancing to the raised desk at which the clerk sat, to give her a paper, which, when read aloud, informed us that "a man Friend under a religious concern to visit the women's meeting," wished to know "whether the present were a suitable opportunity," which, after a little consideration, it was generally found to be. Then, in a short time, the head of a grave-looking minister, accompanied by one or two Elders, might be seen advancing through the cloud of drab bonnets which filled every nook and corner of the hall, up to the ministers' gallery. Then there dropped upon the whole assembly one of those deep, peculiar, mysterious silences, unlike any other stillness I ever felt, and difficult for any one unaccustomed to them to realise. After a time, this would be broken by the voice of the minister, delivering the message with which he believed himself to be entrusted. This was sometimes a word of religious teaching, or passage of Scripture which had been "laid upon him" to declare, but more frequently the discourse consisted of exhortations to Friends, especially the young, to "uphold the testimonies of our Society," with warnings against conformity to the vain fashions of the world in dress, speech, and manner; sometimes making special allusion to the way in which particular rules had been transgressed, and occasionally going into even minute instances. Then there was another pause, and the "man Friend" solemnly returned to his own side of the house. Sometimes a "woman Friend" (a minister, of course) felt a similar "concern" to visit the men's meeting, when the same proceedings—reversed—took place.

Every precaution was taken in all these meetings that no one should be present but members of the Society. Those for *worship* were free to any one who chose to attend, but the meetings for *business* were strictly confined to "Friends;" and so close were the links of personal knowledge which connected the whole body, and so vigilant the watchfulness of the doorkeepers, that it would have been very difficult indeed for any interloper to remain undetected. There was a tradition that George IV., when Prince Regent, had once contrived to get into the women's meeting disguised in female attire, but he was discovered by his *boots*, as he imprudently stepped over a bench, and was ejected without ceremony. I remember the brother of a great friend of my own, a young man full of fun and frolic, whose name was well known in after years amongst the friends and patrons of art, obtaining his sister's dress, and appearing gravely amongst the crowd, to our great horror, for we recognised his garments, if not his features. But he was soon found out, and so far from the matter being treated as a boyish escapade, he had to appear before a grave assembly of the heads of the Men's Meeting, and was so severely taken to task that he bitterly repented of his frolic.

During the week that the Yearly Meeting continued, those Friends who lived in London were unbounded in their hospitalities, whilst the wealthy families who resided in the neighbourhood generally took a lodging in town, and kept open house. Indeed, hospitality was always a characteristic of the "Friends," and to be a "member of Society" was an introduction everywhere, in the busy town or the quiet village, and in itself constituted a claim to brotherly consideration.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE KING.

IT is a lowly parish church—not heaven!
The green leaves waving through the open door;
The soft sweet air, like trembling graces seven;
The blessed sunlight falling on the floor.

Yet waits the King of Kings to enter in;
He marks the reverent prayer, the bended knee,
Responsive psalm and chanted song begin,
And Christ is present with His two or three.

O Blessed Saviour, pleading on the Throne,
Be with us by Thy Holy Spirit here,
And enter in, to still the mourner's moan,
To satisfy the prayer, to dry the tear.

O King of Glory! Thou dost enter in,
And souls are purer than the unstained glass,
And all our quiet sanctuary doth win
The majesty, wherein Thy footsteps pass.

Thou comest, by Thy Holy Spirit's might;
Thou ownest lowly prayer and simple praise;
The thorny ways are bloom, the dark is light,
And all our joys are glories 'neath Thy rays.

Thou comest, all unlike an earthly king,
Hearing the lowly sigh where'er Thou art;
Blending with ours the hymns our loved ones sing,
And faith shall never know the word, Depart.

MRS. HENRY FAUSSETT.

PEN'S GIFT.

"PEN, my lad, will you take a message for me to the market, before it closes?"

"It 's rather a long way," responded Pen, looking doubtfully at his crutch.

"Well, you can take your own time coming back, so as you get there afore six. I 'll give you twopence, and that 's more than you 'll make hanging about here; and you can leave your matches on my stall."

Down one long avenue flitches of bacon and feathered fowls hung in melancholy rows in the fading March twilight; down another, wet shining fish lay in shoals, on slabs of dingy slate; others were given up to stores of oranges and potatoes; close by where he sat was a vast pile of vegetable refuse, ready for the scavengers' cart. Glancing over the heterogeneous mass, Pen caught sight of a mysterious lump of something, covered with little

"'Why, it's only a fern-root.'"

It was quite true. Pen thought of the many wintry afternoons he had hung about, without taking even one penny; so he handed over his stock of merchandise to the care of the apple-woman, and received a short homily to be delivered to a certain greengrocer at a corner of the market; and then buttoning up his venerable jacket with the care and caution that its antiquity demanded, he set out on his expedition.

It was a long way—over two miles—and entirely new ground to Pen, whose travels had been necessarily limited. It was nearly six when he reached the place; and, having sought out the greengrocer, and delivered his message, he sat down on a box in the doorway for a rest, and looked round the big bare building.

dark brown knobs. He picked it up curiously, not quite sure whether it was not some strange animal; but it lay perfectly still on his palm, and he turned back to the greengrocer, and asked him if he knew what it was. The man took it out of his hand.

"Why, it 's only a fern-root."

"What 's that?"

"Something that grows—it's green; they 're rather nice, some of them," he added.

"May I keep it?" asked Pen, suddenly; he had never seen a green thing growing.

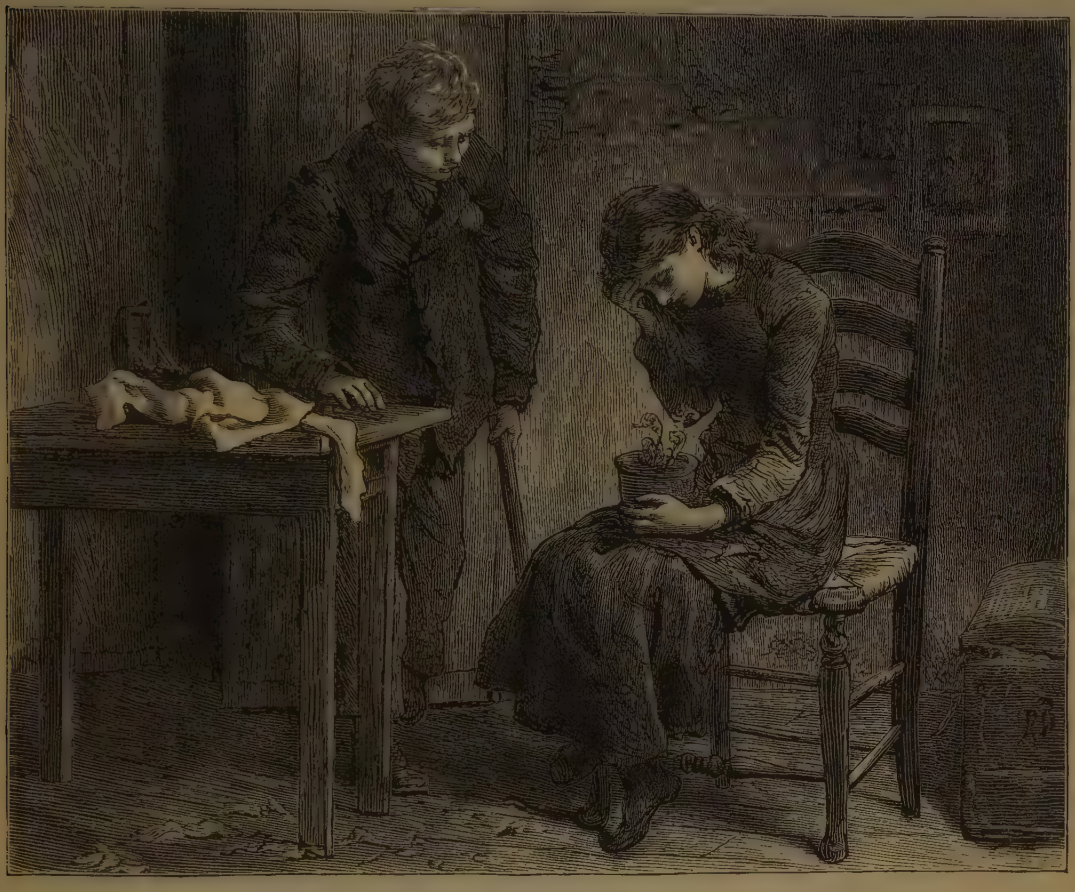
"If you want it. Stop a minute, though."

From the back of his stall the man produced a small red pot. He put the root into it, and pressed down some loose earth round it.

"There, youngster; give it plenty of water, and you 'll have a fine plant one of these days."

Pen received it gratefully; he took his new possession carefully under his arm, and then the great bell rang for closing, and he left the market, and began his pilgrimage back.

At one of the street corners he came upon a blind man encamped under a doorway; he was reading by his fingers, slowly and jerkily, from a big dingy



"One night he carried it up to Margaret's attic to show her."—*p.* 30.

volume, and Pen stopped in front of him to watch the process.

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast gifts into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing; and He called unto Him His disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all which have cast into the treasury, for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

There it ended; he closed the book. Pen waited a minute or two, but it was evidently concluded for the night; so he went on his journey. He did not understand it all—many of the words were altogether beyond his level—but he had gathered a general impression that the poor widow had given all her money away, and thereby pleased some great person, who had spoken out for her right well. He somehow associated it with the hospital-boxes he had often seen at street-corners, and he wondered at which of them this person sat; then, remembering the faded old volume, he came to the conclusion that it must have happened some time ago, and most probably they were all dead now.

At the entrance to his own court, he encountered an acquaintance—a sickly unhappy-looking girl, carrying a huge bundle of slop-work. He stopped to show her his new property, but she hurried on impatiently.

"I 've no time to bother with it now," she said. "They want all this back by to-morrow night."

Pen turned into the dingy cellar that constituted his head-quarters. He put the little pot tenderly into a corner of the grated window, and, recollecting

the greengrocer's injunction, went out to the court pump with a broken jug, the entire contents of which he straightway administered to the unfortunate root.

Days and weeks came and went; the fern remained to all outward appearance in exactly the same condition. It was Pen's last thought every night, his first every morning. At first he limped across to it hopefully, then patiently, but at last he lost all heart, and told the sewing-girl about it almost with tears of disappointment—

"I've given it pints of water, Margaret, and covered it up always; but it doesn't make a bit of difference."

"Why, you stupid boy," she said, "you 're giving it too much. There 's lots of time yet; those things never come up till the sun gets warm. I 've seen heaps of them. Put it outside the window."

Pen put it outside thenceforth, and gave it the benefit of every ray of sunlight that found its way between those deep dank walls. Not many days after he fancied he saw a change in the shape of the little brown knobs. There was a day or two of breathless anxiety, then hope blossomed into certainty—the brown sheaths slowly unrolled themselves into tiny curling green fronds.

It was like a revelation from another world to Pen. For hours together he would bend over it, his face almost touching the little tender leaves. He hid it away in a dark corner in terror when his father was in; but the darkest fear he had was of the woman who sometimes came in to "straighten things up" in the miserable room. Mercifully these visitations were few and far between, but Pen suffered such anxiety for the safety of his fern the first time she was in possession, that ever after he took it with him to the church steps, where he generally sat with his stock of fusees and matches.

One night he carried it up to Margaret's attic to show her; she put down her sewing this time, and took the little pot on her knee, and Pen presently saw with astonishment that tears were glittering in her eyes.

"They used to grow round the house where we lived," she explained. "It was hundreds of miles from here, and I've never seen one since I left it."

"What made you leave it?" inquired Pen, sympathetically.

"Father and mother died, and I thought as I'd get on better here. One has to live, though one might as well be dead as live in this hole," she wound up bitterly. "There, take the thing away."

Pen took it down, but often afterwards, he would carry it up to her for a little while. She was a fretful irritable girl, but her face always softened and brightened at the sight of it, and truly the little fern grew and flourished as rarely a professionally tended one ever does; the tiny fronds lengthened into feathery sprays as gracefully as though they had never left their home in exile; and every leaf held a separate beauty of its own for the two who watched it.

Margaret talked to him sometimes of a far country that was filled with growing trees and flowers, of fields white with daisies, and hedges thick with giant ferns; she told him how they grew and waved by thousands on the hill-sides. Pen thought of Ludgate Hill, his only experience of mountain scenery, and received that item with a heavy discount. The hedge might pass—he had never seen one—but there should be no hill-side for his fern, if he could help it.

One sultry August morning it chanced that he found himself stranded in a distant street. He had set out with two or three other boys to see some procession, but his limbs failed him half way, and they went on without him. He was standing still looking for a friendly doorstep, when the sound of a jerking monotonous voice broke upon his ear; a few yards off against the wall was a wooden stool, and on it, reading from the same old book, the blind man he had once listened to before. Pen stole softly up and settled down beside him.

"And—there—came—a—certain—poor—widow—and—she—threw—in—two—mites." The story went on to the end, the same story; when it was finished Pen touched the reader's sleeve.

"Doesn't that treasury mean the box for the hospitals?"

The man turned his face towards him, sharply—"No, of course not; it was a church."

"But they don't keep boxes at the churches," objected Pen, who had never penetrated beyond the steps, and knew nothing of their internal arrangements. "Is that person who spoke up for the poor widow alive now? Isn't he very old?"

"Why, it was Jesus," the man explained in a rather shocked tone. "He 's up in heaven, you know."

Pen didn't know, but he went on in his quest of knowledge. "Then there isn't any treasury now?"

The man hesitated; these were leading questions. "I don't know exactly; I suppose it means giving to poor people, and I wish to goodness they'd do a little more at it."

"But the widow was poor herself, the book said," persisted Pen, "and that was why that other person spoke about her."

"Well, well; I can't stop talking here; it might have been for somebody poorer than herself—or sick, perhaps."

"Does the book say it *wasn't* the hospital-box?" asked Pen, coming back at the word to his original point.

"No, it doesn't," owned the scholar, reluctantly. "But I don't think it was. You ought to go to school, and learn about it. It means that you are to help the poor."

"What 's the use, if the person isn't beside the box now?"

"It wasn't a box, I tell you; and He knows about it all the same."

Pen rose up with a sigh.

"It 's rather curious to understand, isn't it?"

"Not when you 've been brought up to it," returned the modern Gamaliel, loftily.

Pen had not been brought up to it; but the story had taken a deep hold upon his mind. He would have walked a long way to look at the originals in the little drama, if he could only have discovered their whereabouts; but there seemed some uncertainty about it. He puzzled over it often, as he sat on the steps with his fusees, through the long sunny days.

There was one inhabitant less in the crowded court that August. Pen, going up as usual one evening to Margaret's attic, found it deserted. The woman beneath told him that she had been taken away to the hospital that morning.

"When is she coming back?" asked Pen, blankly.

"There 'll be no coming back for her," said the woman, decidedly. "You can go and see her at the hospital, if you like, twice a week; it 's in Grey's Road."

Pen limped down again, rather disconsolately. Margaret had not been always a congenial companion, but he had not many, and the fern had been a strong tie between them. He missed her more than he thought; and, the first day that the rules allowed, Pen presented himself at the hospital gates.

"Margaret Ellis," echoed the nurse, a tall kindly-faced woman, in a snowy cap and apron. "Are you her brother?"

"No, nothink; but she lived beside us."

"I am afraid you cannot see her to-day, my boy; she is very ill."

"Is she going to die?"

"I am afraid she is."

Pen gave a little sob.

"And she 'll never see my fern again."

"You can hardly wish her to stay," said the nurse, not quite comprehending; "she has suffered a great deal here, and she would be safe with Jesus, we hope."

A sudden light broke over Pen's troubled face; he had found the missing link.

"Oh, I know Him!" he cried out, joyfully; "it 's the person who sat by the treasury."

The nurse looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't know; but you had better go now; you can come again on Saturday."

Pen pondered it over as he went home. He had been right, after all; it was the hospital box. How strange that, among so many hospitals, he should have found the very place where He was! and yet that man with the old Book had said He was dead. All the parts of the story did not fit in—much of it he did not understand; but then, he had not been brought up to it, and they seemed to know about it.

"I didn't understand about my fern till I saw it grow," he wound up, unconsciously linking together the two great mysteries of the life that is, and the life that is to come.

And if he had had anything to give he would have given it then, but he had not. Nothing in the world, except—except—Pen's very heart stood still as it came upon him—his fern. The poor widow gave her money to some one who was poorer than herself, or sick; Margaret was both. If it had been anything else she should have had it, but that—it was not possible to give her that.

Pen pattered back to his cellar in sore trouble; he took his fern out of its corner, and put his arms round it, and his face went down among the leaves, his one little piece of the great green world that he had never seen, possibly never might see. He thought of the light it had shed in that dismal room, and the gladness every new leaf had unfolded about him; of how the sick girl's face had lit up at the sight of its greenness—had she seen that person? he wondered, and had the rich people given her many things inside? And then the widow came back again, who had "given all that she had," and the little seeker, blindly groping after his Lord's will, fell asleep at last, his head upon the table beside his much-loved fern.

It seemed to Pen afterwards that he lived through a good deal in those few days. Saturday morning found him at the hospital with the fern in his arms. It was to be cast into the treasury. The nurse took it from him, and touched the fronds admiringly.

"It is a beautiful one," she said. "It will be a real comfort to her. She talks about the country incessantly."

Pen went away without a word. He sat on the steps in the summer moonlight that night long hours after the last chance of a customer had gone by; and when at length he went back to his cellar, he crept up to his pallet in the corner without one glance at the place where the little pot had stood.

He wandered round by the big hospital many a time that week, only to look at the rows of windows, and wonder which held his treasure, and how it looked, and if Margaret would care for it as he had. An hour before the gates were opened on the next Saturday, Pen was there, propped against the opposite wall on his crutch; and after that he had to wait a long time in the little room before the nurse came. She stood on the threshold, and patted his head kindly.

"Margaret's troubles are over, my boy," she said. "She died three days ago."

"Was she glad to get the fern?" asked Pen.

"Yes; she kept it close beside her pillow till she died; and the last time she spoke, it was to ask to have it put in her coffin.

"And was it?" he queried, eagerly.

"Yes, certainly, and it was buried with her," answered the nurse, softly closing the door upon him.

"Perhaps she told Him how it was the only thing I had to give," he said to himself, as he limped slowly down the steps and back into the crowded street.

Ay, and perhaps she did. And perhaps, also—given more ignorantly, but as loyally and lovingly as were the widow's mites of old—not among the least of the gifts in His treasury the Master may have counted that little fern.

E. K. O.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 1. ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW.

Chapter to be read—1 *Kings xvii.* (*part of*).

INTRODUCTION. Elijah had been spending quiet time at brook Cherith—what happened then to the brook? Where was he told to go? Point out Zarephath on map—show that it is not a city of Israel, but a Gentile city. (See Luke iv. 25, 26.) Who was to take care of him there? Shall read story of this widow to-day.

I. THE WIDOW'S JOY. (Read 10—16.) Trace Elijah's journey on the map through fertile plains of Gilead—probably crossing Sea of Galilee in boat—thence to sea-coast—who is the first person he sees? Not *a* widow, but *the* widow of whom God had told him. What does he ask her for? Is tired with long journey—faint for water, and hungry. Probably asks her for water to test her willingness—to see if by chance this is the widow who is to help him. What does she do at once? What does the prophet then ask for? How does she answer? Whose name does she call upon? Not her God, but Elijah's God. What was she just going to do? Prepare her very last meal—had no hope beyond that—she and her son would eat it and then die. But what does Elijah bid her do? She is to bring him food—supply *his* wants first, and then make for herself and son. What more does he promise? Can she believe it? Her meal and oil to *last!* Why, there is but a drop of oil and morsel of meal left! and this stranger calls for bread and promises that there shall be plenty for the future. By Whose truth does he promise it? She knows what the God of Israel has done—shut up the heavens—thinks that He who withholds can also give (Ps. civ. 28, 29). So what does she do? Without doubt or fear believes prophet's word—gives the prophet food and *then*—finds his words true—there *is* more meal and oil! She and her son may live, and there is joy once more in that house.

Now notice these points about the widow—(1) *Her kindness.* What did she do at once when Elijah asked her? How unlike some children who speak rudely—never willing to do anything for a stranger. What does Christ say about only a cup of cold water? (St. Matt. x. 42.) (2) *Her faith.* Had come to last meal, yet at Elijah's word shared it with him. Could there be a greater test of her faith? What a rebuke to those who are always troubled about their future—how they can get through the winter, etc. What does Christ promise to those who seek His Kingdom? (St. Matt. vi. 33.) Therefore may, like widow, "trust and not be afraid." (3) *Her gratitude.* What did she do for Elijah? People often receive kindness without showing gratitude. Remind of nine unthankful lepers. This one of the many women in Bible who "did what she could." What a lesson to all!

II. THE WIDOW'S SORROW. (Read 17—24.) Now a sad day comes to the house. Probably children can all remember a similar one. The child of the house sick and dying. Perhaps had been merry laughing child, keeping whole house alive, now running errands for his mother—now stealing up quietly into the prophet's room to see him write—but now his voice is still—or only heard moaning in sickness. Doctors come—medicine given—every means tried; all of no avail—the child dies. Then is there indeed sorrow—"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow." To whom does she go in her trouble? What does she call Elijah? He had proved himself indeed a "man of God"—by his conduct and life. What does she say to him? We don't know what this sin was—but she evidently thought the death of her son was a punishment for it. This connection of some calamity with some sin a common belief among Jews. (See Luke xiii. 4.) But our Lord says this is not so. Not sent as a punishment, but as warning to make men remember God. Evidently had this effect upon this widow—made her think of her sin and turn to God. What did Elijah do? Rightly called the "praying prophet!" Picture the scene. The prophet carrying the dead body up-stairs—laying it on his bed—kneeling down, stretching himself by side of the child—praying again—watching first spark of life return—carrying the boy down—the mother springing forward to meet him—the happy re-union. What does the woman say! So her trouble brought her to God, and her joy perfects her belief in God. This should be effect of all trouble. Remind of blind man who asked Christ for mercy—of St. Peter in trouble on the sea. So children may always, at all times, in all circumstances go to God, and will find Him a present help in trouble (Ps. xlvi. 1).

III. LESSONS. (1) *The reality of prayer.* Elijah prayed earnestly and was heard. God does not raise people to life now, but He still hears the widows' cries (Ps. lxviii. 5). Remind of many charities for helping widows and orphans—of sympathy always shown, etc. Thus their prayers answered and help given. (2) *The blessing of God's presence.* Elijah brought God's blessing to this house. Probably often prayed with the inmates—taught them to fear God—read the Law of Moses to them. This blessing still with those who seek God—will find Him in homes as well as in His house of prayer. The blessing of the Lord maketh rich.

Questions to be answered.

1. Where did Elijah go when he left Cherith, and to whom?
2. What promise was made to the widow?
3. What can you say about her conduct?
4. What trouble came upon her?
5. How was her son restored?
6. What two lessons may we learn?

No. 2. ELIJAH AT MOUNT CARMEL.

Chapter to be read—1 *Kings xviii.*

INTRODUCTION. For how long was there to be no rain? These three years nearly come to an end. How dry the country would be! Brooks dried up—cracks in the ground—grass all withered—water fetched from long distances—great suffering and discomfort everywhere. What had been cause of the famine? But what was Ahab's great sin? Whom had he led into sin? Jeroboam led people to worship God in wrong way—Ahab leads people to worship false gods. Now God will show which is the true God.

I. ELIJAH AND OBADIAH. (Read 1—16.) Where had Elijah been living during the famine? What blessing had come to the widow? Now command comes for him to leave Sarepta. Whose command is it? God's voice must be instantly obeyed, so Elijah goes on his way. Where did Ahab live? (Ch. xxi. 1.) Who was the governor (or steward) of his house? What sort of a man was Obadiah? How had he been able to help the prophets? Thus his being in Ahab's court made him of great service to God's prophets. How sad he must often have been at what he saw—sacrifices offered to idols—false priests entertained by Ahab and Jezebel. Still he did what he could, and saved 150 prophets. Now what does Ahab tell him to do? What are they to go in search of? Fancy the king himself searching on foot all through the land for water! What a state of distress country must have been in! So off they start. Whom did Obadiah meet? What a pleasant meeting between those good men. But what does Elijah ask Obadiah to do? Is he willing to go and tell Ahab? Why not? See what a search Ahab must have been making for Elijah while he was quietly hid at Sarepta. What did Obadiah expect Elijah would do while he was gone? But what did Elijah promise? So Obadiah went and found Ahab, and Elijah went to meet him. Now what may we notice about Obadiah? (1) *He was pious.* Though living amongst wicked people, he feared God. Kept his lamp burning. Did not get spoiled by surrounding wickedness. What an example to children! Often may have to live amongst those who fear not God—boys in a workshop—girls in service, etc. God can keep safe—if seek Him with whole heart. Must ask to be kept unspotted (James 1. 27). (2) *He was useful.* He did what he could for God's people, and so did it for God. All can copy his example. Help the weak, encourage those who are persecuted for righteousness sake, comfort the sorrowful—will be accepted by Christ. (3) *He was trustful.* He believed Elijah, and went for Ahab. All these three points worthy of imitation. Even a child is known by his doings.

II. ELIJAH AND AHAB. (Read 17—40.) What did Ahab say to Elijah, and how did Elijah answer? Ahab's sins had caused the famine. Now shall all the people see who is the Lord. Where were they to be assembled? Picture Carmel on map—over-hanging the sea, the crowds of Israelites on sides of mountain—the 450 false prophets ranged on one side—Elijah alone on the other. What plan does he propose? Both sides offer a bullock, and the true God to answer by fire. Do the people consent? Now picture the prophets of Baal—fetching a bullock—killing it, cutting it up—calling aloud—Elijah mocking them—the people looking on amazed—the priests getting in a fury—gradually throwing off their clothes—cutting themselves with knives—calling aloud—mad with excitement—leaping on the altar—dancing around—all in vain. Now is Elijah's turn. What does he tell the people to do? All come near and look on. What does he build up? Of how many stones, and why? What does he make all round the altar? What proof does he give that he has not concealed fire beneath? Picture the people bringing the pails of sea-water—dashing them once—twice—three times all round the altar—drenching the wood thoroughly. Now comes three o'clock, the hour of prayer (Acts iii. 1). Picture the prophet drawing near—his face towards Jerusalem (1 Kings viii. 35), the people standing in rapt attention—beginning his prayer. What does he call God? He is indeed the God of their fathers—will He manifest Himself—let Israel know that He is God and Elijah His servant? Now what happens? Oh, what a wonderful sight! Down comes the fire—the ox—the wood—the water all licked up. God has spoken—He is the Lord. What do all the people do? Their hearts are turned back—they worship once more. Now what does Elijah call upon them to do? The false prophets must be destroyed—not one must escape. So shall evil be put away, and God's name be hallowed once more in Israel. Now let us see what we may learn from Elijah. (1) *He was bold.* Not afraid to stand before Ahab and tell him the plain truth. Not afraid also to face the 450 false prophets. In whose name did he trust? If God be for us, who can be against us (Rom. viii. 31)? (2) *He was obedient.* He went where God told him, and did what God told him without a word. These two things to be copied. Children often need boldness—to rebuke sin around them—to stand up for truth and purity amongst those who do not fear God; Elijah's God will stand by them—let them trust and not be afraid. (3) *He was zealous.* Did not keep his religion to himself—persuaded a whole nation. Obadiah's wisdom was to act secretly—Elijah's to act openly. Both did what they could—were accepted by God. Let each child ask—What can I do? What am I doing for God—to put down sin and lead others to God?

Questions to be answered.

1. Who was Obadiah?
2. What had he done for God?
3. What may we learn from him?
4. How was the true God to be known?
5. What was Elijah's prayer?
6. What can you say about Elijah?

BERTIE AND I.

A HOME STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEEP ON SOWING," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

YES, always Bertie and I—always Bertie first, that is, though I was seven years the elder.

There were only "Bertie and I" left now. Sisters and brothers had died in infancy and early youth; and a few years before my story begins we had also lost both our parents. Dark days had followed—days of mourning and sorrow, and, to me, of deep added bitterness—days which, I said to myself, had ended all my hopes for this life.

People had supposed us well off. Now they discovered their mistake.

I had had no bright clever ideas, such as would certainly have come to Bertie in my place. Time had passed, and I had just contrived—how I scarcely knew—to reach to-day; and how we should reach to-morrow was the problem which was making my head ache now, as I sat, on a dull winter afternoon, in my easy-chair by the fire, feeling weak and enfeebled after a long period of ill-health.

"How shall we get our next piece of bread, Bertie?"

But she had not even heard my question.

Lovely little fair creature! I can see her now as at that moment. She stood before the miniature mirror that adorned our sitting-room mantleshelf, with Frank's midshipman's cap, with its bright buttons, set on her light short curls, while she sang with great spirit a nautical song which he had taught her, every verse of which ended with the words—

I'm *still* the gallant middy.

Frank himself had first put his cap on her pretty close curls, just in the way she had it now; and when he had been about to start on his long, long voyage, he had spent a whole evening in bidding Bertie farewell, and in talking to her with great pretended seriousness concerning her future conduct.

"You will be as beautiful as a little queen in a year or two's time," I had heard him say; "but you must never play the coquette, mind. You must be always a real true brave woman, though you are such a little slender thing. But big souls may dwell in little bodies; and, indeed, it is my private opinion that they very often prefer little bodies. And so—no matter what further misfortunes may come—or however many dark clouds may overcast my little playmate's sky, she must never give way to despair, like a coward. And I don't believe she ever will. She will be true to her colours to the last, won't you, dear? And in all the storms she will be ready to stand up and sing——"

He paused, with half a smile, waiting for her to end his sentence. And then the beautiful violet eyes—misty with tears a moment before—took a roguish look, and the sweet daring voice rang out—

"I 'm still the gallant middy!"

There was nothing particularly striking or attractive in the song itself, perhaps; but, however that may be, neither Bertie nor I ever forgot it.

But I ought to say a little more of Frank.

He was the younger son of a very old friend of our father's. Bertie and I had found pleasant companions and friends in John and Frank Bourne ever since we could remember. But for some time now John Bourne had been abroad, and of course Frank was almost constantly away at sea. Their mother had died in their childhood, and their father lived very much the life of a recluse; though, a year or two before, he had married again, and there was now another little son.

Mr. Bourne was not a rich man, and his sons, John and Frank, would have to make their way in the world by their own exertions, as they knew.

Meanwhile, in the eyes of people who see everything from a monetary point of view, Bertie and I had been sinking lower and lower in the social scale, until at length, instead of having any house and home of our own, however small, we could only afford to rent two rooms of one who, in former times, had been our mother's servant.

"What was that you said just now, Marian?" inquired Bertie, when she had finished her little performance.

"Where shall we get our next meal, Bertie?"

"Next meal!" repeated she, humming a lively tune, as she went and hung Frank's cap in its place—how she became possessed of it I had never asked. "And where from? Why, from the butcher's or the baker's, I suppose; or, if we intend turning vegetarians—as has seemed not unlikely lately—from the greengrocer's, perhaps?"

And now she came and dropped lazily on a hassock at my feet, and leaning her chin on her hand, and her elbow on my knee, she looked up at me thoughtfully, her pretty gay smile gradually fading, and presently she added—

"I don't understand you, Marian."

I softly stroked one dear little hand that was seeking mine with, as it seemed to me, a touch of misgiving. My glance rested on the small piquant almost perfect features, so full of life and variety in their expression—the little rosebud mouth, the fair clear brow, the rounded cheeks, naturally rather pale, the beautiful eyes in which I saw a dawning shadow; and then I turned my own eyes away, as I felt them filling with weak tears.

"We cannot get anything without money, darling."

"And have we no money, then?"

"None, Bertie. I paid the last to Mrs. Robins this morning, and I had not enough by twopence."

"I hope *I* can pay that. Do you owe anything else, Marian?"

"Nothing else, dear."

A long silence.

It was a dreary day, early in December. Not a beam of sun had crept in at our little bay window since the morning of the day before. The sky was of a sad sober grey, with here and there a heavy rain-cloud. A chill wind swept along the quiet street, rustling uncomfortably the coats and cloaks of the passers-by, rattling the doors and windows dismally, and then dying away in a moan—only to rise all the more noisily and stormily a moment later.

"Why did you not tell me this before, Marian?' A moment's pause, and she continued, "And I have been doing nothing. But I thought we had enough money to live in reasonable comfort. Do you really mean that we have nothing more, dear Marian?"

"Nothing more, Bertie," I answered, sadly. "I have been wondering and wondering for a long time what I could do."

Bertie knit her brows in anxious thought. I leaned back in my chair, and rested. My task was over for the present. I had told Bertie what I had long dreaded telling her; and she had taken it, as I might have known she would, sensibly and quietly.

And as I lay looking at the dear little figure, in shabby brown merino dress, between me and the fire-light, woman like, I allowed my thoughts to wander away. My little darling—what would her future be? Bright and happy, surely.

She had her head on my knee now, and her eyes were fixed intently on the fire.

So we sat till twilight began to gather. Then there came a knock at the street door, and we heard the milkman set down his can. The sound aroused us both, and Bertie started up, as if waking from a dream—

"We will each think, and think, very hard indeed, what is to be done, Marian. You tell me your thought when I come back—and I will tell you mine."

And she ran out of the room.

CHAPTER II.—OUR RESOLUTION.

WHAT was she doing?

The tea was all ready; the curtains were closely drawn, and the candles lighted, and everything snug and ready for the evening, and still she had not come in. I began to grow a little anxious.

I had been up to our small sleeping-room overhead, expecting to find Bertie sitting there, cogitating severely, in the cold, and growing darkness, and had discovered that the room was empty. However, Bertie was, as a rule, rather impulsive and erratic in her movements; she had gone out without telling me, as usual—that was all, I supposed.

At last the outer door opened. Yes, that was her light step; and in a moment she stood before me; a little colour now in her fresh cold cheeks, and her eyes glittering as if with unshed tears.

She bent and kissed me; then flung off her old waterproof cloak, and her hat that had weathered—I had almost said a hundred storms, and possibly it had—and sat down in the shabby merino to tea, pulling, as she took her seat, a paper bag towards her, which she had deposited upon the table at her entrance.

"What have you got there, dear?"

"My run has done me good. I feel like braving all the world now. What have I got? Only some new buns, just as a little treat, to inaugurate our new style of living; do you understand?"

I was silent. Then, having said grace, I began to pour out tea, pondering many things meanwhile.

Bertie got a gaily painted china plate from the little side cupboard, and laid the buns upon it.

"Take one, Marian."

I did so.

"Our new style of living, Bertie?" I said, as I began to eat it.

"Yes. I thought you never intended to speak to me again. You do not suppose that I would buy buns without paying for them, do you?"

"They are very nice, dear," I answered, vaguely. "But you should not spend *your* money upon buns. You can't have much, I know."

"How can you tell?" And her eyes danced, while her lips gave something like a little pitiful quiver. But it was gone in a moment, and then she asked another question. "And what *should* I do with my money?"

My thoughts were still busy, and I replied, as vaguely as before—

"You want a new everyday dress very badly, dear child. I wish——"

"What do you wish, Marian?"

"That I could dress you as you ought to be dressed, darling." And I pushed away my plate. "I can't bear to see Mrs. Bourne and all of them look down upon you as they do."

"Some more tea, please, Marian; I am so thirsty. I have got such grand ideas in my mind, you can't imagine! I'll dress as I please by-and-by; and, for the present, Mrs. Bourne and her friends may look at me as they like."

I felt slightly uneasy. I had never even tried to control her. What was she thinking of doing?

"Tell me some of the ideas, dear; I am curious."

"That is right, because I am exactly in the humour for talking."

Mrs. Robins came in to remove the tea-tray, and then we began—Bertie keeping her place at the table, instead of taking a low seat beside me, as was her habit; and also she had produced a tiny pocket-book, and was rapidly making some entry.

"I can't tell you the ideas," she said, "because they are as yet all in confusion. One only is clear, and that is that I mean to be independent. It needs but a resolute will to secure everything, as somebody says." (She was still scribbling furiously.) "The way to be rich is to have few wants. Very well. I have a resolute will, I know; therefore that is one point gained; and I do not think I have many wants, and that is another great step on the way. Let us start afresh, upon entirely new principles, from this very evening, Marian!" And she suddenly threw down her book, and, coming quickly over to me, she put her arms round my neck, and kissed me lovingly. "Will you let me be mistress from to-night, dear? It will save you all trouble; and you will see that I shall do so well. Will you? *Do* say yes!"

I folded the little soft figure in my arms, and kissed the pleading lips.

"I think you are mistress already, darling."

"But say yes to what I asked."

I hesitated, but only for an instant, and then answered—

"Well, yes, then—till you begin to get into difficulties, at any rate."

"Difficulties, indeed!" And she withdrew herself in pretended offence from my arms, and returned to her pocket-book. "Few wants," she commented; "and I shall be mistress. Oh, I did not say thank you, Marian!" And her eyes flashed with what I though mischievous delight, and she ran to me again, and kissed me eagerly—

"Thank you, darling sister! Thank you a thousand times! I am going to do such wonders. You really mean it, of course? I am to be mistress in every way?"

"Yes, dear," I replied, still a little hesitatingly, however. But she only smiled.

"Ah! you need not concern yourself, Marian. I know what I am about, though you do not appear to believe it."

I laughed a little at her important tone; but my laugh ended in a sigh—

"We shall have to separate, Bertie. I must go out as governess, and you——" I could get no further.

"Separate! Nonsense! See here!" And she took out a little worn purse, and, opening it, exhibited to my astonished gaze a little store of sovereigns! "Ah! it is good to see you look like that, Marian! Where did I get them? Why, the jeweller gave them to me for"—there came a little quaver into her voice, and she closed the purse, and returned it to her pocket—"for my little darling watch that poor papa gave me."

She had taken the hassock, and was seated at my feet now.

I had sold my own watch and several other things at different times, but Bertie had never found me out.

"And now there is money for to-morrow," said she, "and for many to-morrows."

But as I watched her I saw the great tears glittering in her eyes again, and soon, as we talked on, her voice became unsteady, and then she suddenly burst into tears—

"Oh! what have I done? But I had nothing else worth anything! Oh, papa—my own papa!—you would not blame me if you knew all that is in my heart! Oh! Marian, Marian!"

I soothed and caressed her, and judged it good to tell her what I had taken care to keep from her till now—namely, that I, too, had parted with my watch, which had also been a present from my dear father. This diverted her thoughts; she listened attentively for awhile, then turned thoughtful, and slowly wiped her eyes.

"Poor Marian! And you did not say a word. You are braver than I am."

She was silent for a long time. Presently she seized the poker, and stirred the fire vigorously.

"Is this the way in which I show myself worthy to take the lead?" asked she of herself.

And rising, she took her seat at the table once more.

"Have you thought of anything, Marian?" she inquired.

"Anything to do, dear? Yes; I thought that we might perhaps keep a school."

"Oh, that is a very commonplace idea! But never mind. You shall do as you like, and I will do as I like. You will take up with a single thing, and stick to it—that is your way, I know. And I dare say it is a very good way; but it is one which I could not follow for the life of me. I mean to do all kinds of things. The world is full of work; and I know I shall find something to do, because I mean to be always looking out for it. And there is plenty of money in the world, too; and I know that I shall earn some of it, because I shall never leave off trying till I do. And I shall take the very first thing that comes to me—and then the next, and the next, and so on. I mean never to say, 'This is beneath me,' or 'that is beyond me,' or 'the other will not pay well enough.' I will do anything and everything I can."

"Go on, dear," I said, as she paused. "It quite does me good to hear you."

"Does it, really?" And she looked at me brightly now, and then away again—"But I must talk for both of us," she continued, "and not just for my own little doings. If we wish to succeed we must persevere, must we not, Marian? No matter how difficult or how lonely the way, we must go on, and on, and never falter till we win. All we must

think of is money—there's a sentiment! And we must not trouble ourselves about dress; that need not signify for a time. We have neither of us any one to dress for, have we?"

He would be horrified! But no he would not. He would see that I was only doing my best to fight my way through a difficulty, and to keep my promise."

And so we talked for hours, till the fire got low,

"She had taken the hassock, and was seated at my feet."—*p.* 36.

"No," I answered, soberly enough. "No one."

"We shall turn regular misers, if we don't take care." And she laughed a little. "We must

> 'Get what we can, and what we get hold,
> 'T is that will turn our lead into gold.'

Oh, what would Frank say, if he could hear me? and we both began to grow quite tired and sleepy. And then we went up-stairs.

But the business of undressing roused us both, and soon we were talking away as fast as ever.

"*Independence*, then, shall be our joint motto," said Bertie, dreamily, at last. "And we will travel towards it as fast as we can. There are powers that

guide us unseen—guardian angels, Marian. Do you believe in them? because I do. We will follow on, and trust our invisible guides. Trust is a beautiful thing. Oh, I feel sure that we need not be in the least afraid, Marian, if we only knew. We are all the children of one great Father. He will never forsake us. He will never allow us to fail in anything, if we will but trust Him."

But at this time we knew little of practical religion, and Bertie very seldom said anything like the foregoing, so that I felt for the moment surprised, and did not reply.

She lay quite still, and I thought that she was asleep; but presently she began again—

"I fancy, from something Mrs. Bourne said the last time I saw her, that John is coming home again very soon. I wonder why he went away as he did? He is a very proud man, don't you consider, Marian? Very different from Frank."

"Very different," I returned, in a low tone.

"Don't go to sleep just yet, Marian. I suppose he will marry Augusta Groves when he does come. That is a settled thing, isn't it?"

"I don't know, dear," I answered, a little coldly now. "His mother wishes it, that is very evident; but it does not necessarily follow that he will wish it also."

"No; but Augusta is rich, and he is a cold-hearted man, who would never think of marrying for love's sake alone. O Marian, after all I have been saying about money, I do think that it would be perfectly horrid to *marry* for money! Do you know," she went on, finding that I made no reply, "I used to think that John Bourne liked you, dear; but of course it was only my imagination. He was not half so nice and pleasant, just at the last, was he? Frank and everybody said so."

"I had better not risk an answer, dear; I shall be sure to say something foolish. I am getting dreadfully sleepy."

"Oh, and so am I! I hope I shall dream of independence. We have talked to-night, we will *work* to-morrow. One thing more, dear Marian, and then I have done. You must let me take all the care I like off you till you are strong and well. Sometimes I shall allow you to work, and sometimes I shall make you take your easy-chair, and rest and do nothing for an hour or two. You used to be so hearty and happy, and you had such a bright fresh colour, I remember, and now you are always dull and quiet, and your colour is all gone, and your cheeks are thin, and you never, never seem quite well. O dear, darling sister!" And a sudden terror came into the dear little tired voice. "What should I do if you were to be ill, and die?"

I drew her nearer—folded her closely in my arms.

"Nonsense, darling! Don't be so ready to take nervous fancies into your busy little brain. Your brave plans have sent my hopes up, up, ever so high, to-night. I am beginning already to feel quite like my old self; and I shall be delighted to do all the work you like to set me."

"But," she interrupted, "what made you so different—what made you ill in the first place, Marian? I want to know. I should not feel nervous about you, perhaps, if I only knew that."

I deliberated.

"Very well, then," I said, at length, "I will answer your question, Bertie, and then you will get nothing more out of me, remember. You must make what you can of the one answer I shall give you."

"Yes?" she returned, expectantly.

And I continued—

"When I was little older than you are, dear, my heart ran away with my judgment, and the consequences have followed me till now."

She was quiet, as if pondering my reply; and in a very little while I knew, from her regular breathing, that she was asleep. And I tried to sleep also. But my drowsiness had passed away entirely; hour after hour went by, and I did not even lose recollection once. I had told Bertie that she had sent my hopes up; but I had not added that by a few words she had brought them all down again.

CHAPTER III.—SMALL BEGINNINGS.

I SAT at the breakfast-table, waiting for Bertie.

"Nine o'clock!" she exclaims, entering at last. "How late! And what a shocking beginning!" And her voice takes a funny little doleful tone, as she adds—"Oh, dear! I am quite ashamed and disheartened already, Marian!"

"You were so wide awake, and so full of excitement last night, dear, you see. Nature knows what is best. If you had risen early, I dare say you would not have lasted the day out."

Breakfast being over, and the cloth removed, she drew up her chair, so as to be near me, and brought out the little pocket-book again.

"And now to begin!" said she. "You are not tired of the thought of it all, I hope, Marian? You are as much in earnest as you were last night?"

"Oh! quite, dear! Pray go on. I am all attention."

"We must not try to do too much," said Miss Wisdom, "or it will be sure to end in our doing just nothing at all. 'A step at a time' shall be another of our mottoes. And see! this is a second note-book, I bought them both last evening—one for notes, and the other for *steps*."

And, spreading it open on the table, she now began to write—

Dec. 5th, 18—.
STEPS TO INDEPENDENCE.

Then she paused.

"And what shall be the first step?" inquired she, musingly. "Oh, I know!" And she was all life again in an instant. "We must tell Mrs. Robins that we wish to keep a school here in her parlour."

"If we can get any scholars," I put in.

"Of course! And of course we shall get them! Why not? And we must ask if she has any objection." And she wrote in her pocket-book, adding the next minute, "And now, shall I take this first step, or will you, Marian?"

I smiled; her earnestness amused and pleased me.

"I will take it, Bertie, as the school is to be mine, you know." And I rose. "I will go and talk to Mrs. Robins about it at once."

Returning to the parlour—having been absent perhaps half an hour, I found Bertie in my chair, with a bright spot of colour on either cheek, still busily writing. She sprang up as I entered.

"I have put down a second step, dear. And *I* have taken it! And now will you put on your things, and go with me to the printer's? A little walk, on a beautiful fresh morning like this, will do you good."

"I will go anywhere in reason with you, dear; but what have you done? Mrs. Robins is quite agreeable."

"Oh, that is right! But I knew that she would be. I have made out a circular—there it is—find as much fault as you like with it. I know it is very meagre; but things are all so highflown nowadays, and promise such wonders, and so I just thought that our second step should be in an opposite direction. Nothing attracts like singularity. We will promise little, but do much; will we not, Marian?"

I finished reading the circular.

"This is very good, Bertie," I said, looking no doubt, as I felt, both surprised and pleased; for she had written out the neatest little prospectus imaginable, simply giving our address, and the notice of a "mixed day-school," with times of attendance, terms, and a few particulars as to the subjects we intended to teach. We had talked it all over the evening before—just enough, and not too much, I considered she had said.

"Is there anything you would like altered, dear Marian?" she asked, appearing pleased at my commendation.

"Nothing whatever," I answered. "You have done it beautifully, dear, and forgotten nothing."

Her eyes shone.

"I'll run and fetch your hat and jacket."

In less than a minute she had returned.

"And when the circulars are ready," said she, as she helped me on with my jacket, "we will take them round ourselves; there is nothing like doing one's own work; and we will not take them to *too* many houses, for we must not be over-run with scholars to begin with!"

I laughed.

"I wish you were not *quite* so sanguine, dear Bertie."

"Oh, but I do not, though! We are ready now, are we not? If I were not sanguine, I should do nothing! It is just because I am so, that I can rush along without a doubt, while everything I do is a pleasure to me!"

And now we set out for the printer's.

The business of circulars attended to, I returned home, to practise music for an hour or two. I had greatly neglected it lately. But Bertie stayed out.

What she did I do not know—at least I never knew particulars; but when we met at dinner her mood had signally changed. I felt tired after my long practice, and not altogether inclined to talk; and to my surprise, instead of, as usual, saying enough for both, she was silent also.

"The world is a stupid place," she remarked at length, angrily and unconsciously crumbling her bread as she spoke, "and cold, and selfish, and narrow-minded, and everything else that is bad."

Silence for a moment, and then—

"I have been quite to the other end of the town, Marian, where no one knows us."

"Have you, dear?"

"Yes; but never mind what I did—only that it was all so much time wasted."

"I do not think so, Bertie; for I can see that you have gained a little new experience, and no time is wasted which gives us that—if we profit by it, that is."

She went on eating her dinner in silence.

"How foolish I am!" she recommenced, as we moved away from the table; and I felt relieved at the returning cheerfulness of her tone. "I am expecting all success, and at once; and without even the shadow of a failure. What could be more unreasonable? Why can't I simply take what comes, as I said I would, and just go on working at it as if it were the best thing in the world for me to do? And I will! I saw some very pretty drawings in a shop-window this morning, and I went in to look at them. The person who kept the shop said that she sold a great many, and that she sometimes could not get them fast enough. I asked her if she would allow me to do a few for her, and she said yes. But she will give me very little for them. However, I suppose that drawing must be the next step."

"I suppose so too, Bertie; and I think that that was success enough for the first morning. I do not know what you expected."

She laughed, a little shortly—

"Oh, twenty times as much, of course!"

We made ourselves neat for the afternoon, and then, returning to the parlour, sat in profound silence—Bertie sketching a lovely little bit of country scenery from memory—she was especially fond of drawing—I studying, in preparation for school-keeping.

The hour I had allotted myself had nearly expired, when there came a loud double knock at the street door, and in a moment Mrs. Robins had, with an air of great respect, ushered in Miss Augusta Groves—Mr. Bourne's young cousin and ward.

I gave her my chair, Bertie pushed aside her drawing, and soon we were conversing easily and amicably enough. Not that we cared particularly for Miss Groves, for we did not, but it was pleasant to have some one to talk to; for Bertie and I had seen little society for some time. Once we had gone

almost daily to Colneside, as the home of the Bournes was called; but since Frank's departure and Miss Augusta's arrival, Mrs. Bourne had ceased to take any special notice of us.

Bertie and I told her something of our plans; not that we expected her to show interest or sympathy, however; yet she seemed, I thought, to do so; and as to Bertie's drawing, she pronounced it "beautiful," and

"She had been singing to Mr. Murray."—*p* 41.

Augusta Groves was a young lady of three or four and twenty, good-looking, but not altogether good-tempered; her manners also were cold, and occasionally not a little supercilious.

Presently she looked at Bertie's drawing, and while she did so I looked at her. Yes, her face was certainly even beautiful, but spoilt by its expression.

wished that she could draw as well; and the next moment, without preface or circumlocution, she inquired whether Bertie would give her lessons.

"Another step!" And Bertie looked at me with delighted eyes, and clapped her hands gleefully.

"Of course I will, Miss Groves, with a great deal of pleasure."

Miss Groves thanked her, and smiled a little, and then, turning to me, stated the object of her visit.

"I bring a message from Mrs. Bourne," she said, her usual cold manner returning. "Her love, and can you and Miss Bertha come to tea this evening? Mr. Bourne is away, but you will meet Mr. Murray, the new vicar."

Both Bertie and I had taken a great liking to Mr. Murray, though we had seen next to nothing of him as yet.

Soon Miss Groves departed, leaving us even brighter than she had found us. We watched her disappear in the early winter twilight, and then went back to our warm cosy sitting-room, and Bertie made haste to put away her drawing materials.

"And so work brings work," I said, as I stood half-absently regarding her. "Bit by bit it will come, darling, as it always does to the industrious, until—I foretell—you will have quite as much as you know how to manage, and, perhaps, a little more."

Her eyes glistened with pleasure, and now she danced to my side, as I stood before the fire, and linked her arm in mine.

"Thank you, dear sister. And I foretell for you that when the new year has fairly begun, you will have—shall I say half a dozen pupils?—I know you do not feel comfortable when I am extravagant in my ideas, or I would say a dozen at once. But can't you very well see the half-dozen coming in through the January snows at that little gate, and stopping to pick Mrs. Robins' snowberries, the naughty little things?"

I smiled.

"I shall see them, dear, I have no doubt, when they are to be seen. But now, if we are to spend evenings in company again, we must give a little thought to dress. What do you say, Bertie?"

"Only that I always do give it a little thought," rejoined she, coolly; "and that I do not mean to give it any more yet. But only think, Marian"—and her face was all enthusiasm again—"of teaching Miss Groves drawing! I wonder she was not too proud to ask me'"

CHAPTER IV.—NEW FRIENDS.

"How lovely Miss Groves looks!" whispered Bertie, as, tea over, we sat together, listening to Augusta's music.

Mrs. Bourne heard the whisper, and appeared gratified. She was sitting near our sofa, holding her tiny boy, only two years old, on her lap.

She was a handsome woman, approaching middle age; tall, inclined to stoutness, with fresh colour, light blue eyes, and black hair.

But she had not a pleasant countenance; there was too much self-importance in it; her voice and manner also always seemed warning one to keep at a respectful distance.

Augusta Groves was at the piano; she had been singing to Mr. Murray. He was bending over her now, and talking quietly. But then, as I had already learnt, he always did talk quietly.

He was not a young clergyman—five-and-thirty at least he must have been. He was of middle height, thin, with brown straight hair, good features, a rather sad expression, and dark eyes, full, as Bertie said, "of sweetness and goodness."

Bertie's admiration of Augusta was not misplaced. There was not a shadow of fretfulness on her face this evening, and her usual look of hauteur had also mysteriously vanished. She was looking up at Mr. Murray now, her cheeks glowing, her dark eyes sparkling, and the parted crimson lips just showing teeth like pearls beneath. She wore a crimson rose in her hair, and another at her breast. Her dress of shining amber silk with costly lace trimmings swept around her; and as her left hand fell by her side, I saw gleaming on its third finger a diamond ring.

I started, and forgot to notice what other ornaments she wore, and for a moment the few quiet voices in the room mingled in an indistinct murmur; and then I heard Mrs. Bourne saying to Bertie—

"Yes, I think John may well be proud of her. They met in town a short time ago, did you not know? Business" (he was an architect) "will keep him close for some time yet; but I suppose he will run down for Christmas, and I think we may expect the wedding in the spring."

Bertie appeared greatly interested, and asked many questions; and her fair little face was wreathed with smiles. Ah! I knew of whom she was thinking, and presently she got the information she wanted, namely, that it was quite possible that Frank might be at home for the wedding.

And then what a happy light shone in the soft violet eyes, and their owner bent and caressed Mrs. Bourne's little boy, as if to conceal her pleasure.

My dear little Bertie! I hoped all would go smoothly with her, but I doubted it; and that cold woman had fixed her keen glance on her, and was already considering how she could spoil her joy, I knew.

And I sat still, making no observations. Whether Mrs. Bourne had noticed my silence or not I do not know; but as she seemed still busily thinking what next to say to Bertie, and as Augusta had begun another song, perhaps she had not.

"We were thinking of getting up some entertainment as an amusement for Christmas," she continued. "And we thought that you and your sister might be good enough to help us?"

This was the beginning of a rather lengthened discussion, in which I was obliged to take part. And soon she contrived to bring Frank's name in again, as I had expected, and said that in thinking of John she must not forget his brother, and that she hoped and believed that she had already thought of a young lady who would be all that he, Frank, could desire—a Miss Katherine Pearson, a friend of Augusta's.

"I feel sure that Frank will take to her," she continued, and I saw Bertie's lip curl, half in merriment, half in disdain. "She is a pleasant, pretty young lady—and a great heiress too. Augusta has invited her to be bridesmaid. But you will see her at Christmas, I hope. I wish to do the part of a mother by Frank. Sailors have not much time to give to their own interests in these matters, and I dare say he will be willing to trust to me; he and I were always good friends. I should be vexed indeed if I thought he could be against it. And, do you see, if it all came about as I wish, he need not go to sea again, unless he particularly desired it; the lady would have enough for both."

Bertie's eyes twinkled now, somewhat angrily, I thought, and she made no reply. But just then Augusta turned, and said something to Mrs. Bourne, who crossed over to her, her little boy clinging to her dress, and then Bertie looked up to me—a pout on her pretty lips.

"Do you think for a moment—— Why, Marian, what is the matter, dear? You look quite pale."

"Do I? The room is rather warm, and I am tired of sitting, and I have no liking for Mrs. Bourne's conversation besides."

Her attention was turned at once.

"Liking for it! I should think not! As if Frank would submit to be ruled by her in that way! I should never have a grain of respect for him again, if he listened to her for a moment! But I suppose that we must believe what she says of John and Augusta."

"I suppose we must, dear."

At this juncture the door opened, and the servant announced—

"Mr. Kaye."

He was a tall stout man, with very pompous air, small blue eyes, florid complexion, and sandy hair, and thin beard of the same hue.

He had called to see Mr. Bourne on a matter of business, not knowing that he was away, but he did not appear averse to making one of our party for an hour or two, at Mrs. Bourne's special invitation.

He was a stranger in the place, she whispered to me, presently; and—most important piece of information—he was a millionaire!

He was talking to Augusta now; but it appeared to be a very stiff conversation on both sides.

And Mr. Murray was talking to Bertie; and her face was, as Augusta's had been when he was beside her, all life and brightness.

And Mrs. Bourne was anxiously endeavouring meanwhile to instil into my mind the propriety of discountenancing any "boy-and-girl" fancy which Frank and Bertie "might have for each other." But I replied that in such a matter I should not think of interfering, and that it would be better to allow affairs to take their own course.

And now there was another movement, and the conversation became general for awhile, after which the stranger, Mr. Kaye, sat by me, and talked very pleasantly for the remainder of the evening.

* * * * * *

Bertie and I were on our way home, arm-in-arm, through the clear December starlight.

"Oh, Marian, I do like Mr. Murray so much. What do you think he was talking about almost all the time? Religion—but as I never heard any one talk about it before. Oh, I wish we could see a good deal of him! I can quite imagine a religion like his making any one happy. I told him all you and I wished to do; and he said such kind things; that he should look on us both with double respect; and that he would sometimes call, if we would allow him to do so; and then he quoted from that bit of Fanny Fern's which we both like so much, 'That is a brave and skilful oarsman who rows up stream against the current, with adverse winds, and no cheering voice to bid him "God-speed."' You remember it, Marian? And, oh, do you know what I thought, dear? I wonder if I shall quite shock you? But it was after what that disagreeable Mrs. Bourne had been saying about Frank—and when I saw how interested you and Mr. Kaye seemed in each other——"

"Did we, dear? But go on."

"Well, you must forgive me, mind, if you don't like what I say. I thought, Now, if we belonged to that easy class of persons who accommodate themselves to circumstances, instead of looking about for circumstances to accommodate them, we should probably give up all old and obstinate ideas, and take to these kind pleasant gentlemen, who appear to be taking to us, and——"

She paused, doubtfully. I laughed.

"Yes, you may stop, Bertie. I can very well imagine the rest. But now shall I tell you *my* idea as to our future?"

"Oh, do!"

"I shall most probably open school—and keep on with it—be an old maid, you know. But you will marry, and be happy."

She made no answer. The sound of our footsteps rang lightly on the frosty road, and through the clear air. It was a cold but beautiful night.

As we reached Mrs. Robins' gate, I asked—

"Shall we take any part in the amusements as Mrs. Bourne proposes?"

"Oh, yes! I wonder what Miss Pearson is like, Marian?"

(To be continued.)

LIFE-PICTURES OF MEN WE HAVE MET.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.

THERE is quite a little family of characters who come under this description. And, just as with other families, the members of it may bear a strong family likeness, and yet be very dissimilar in other respects, so men may be said to have known too much in a very different sense and for widely different reasons.

Of course, in the abstract, it is impossible that any one can know too much of what is *good*. The Wise Man seems, indeed, to deny this when he says, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." But, in point of fact, he makes this statement for the very reason that he is not speaking of things in the abstract, but of things as they are in a fallen world, where good is everywhere traversed by evil. If all were still very good, as God first made it, then it would be impossible for any one to know too much.

And this introduces us to the first and worst of the family—the man who knew too much *of evil*. What a mystery there is in the attractiveness of that bait, "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." And when our first parents had taken the bait, and knew evil, with what awful emphasis may it be said that they knew *too much!* But the bait is still attractive. Men still reverse the apostle's saying, and want to be wise unto that which is evil, and simple concerning good. *Every* sinner knows too much of evil; but there is a knowledge of it of an abnormal and excessive kind—a knowledge from the contamination of actual experience, a sort of precocity of evil development, which is knowing too much indeed. And the peculiar feature in the particular character we are describing is that such knowledge is not only acquired, but actually gloried in. The man is proud of it, thinks himself a very clever fellow, pities those who are not so knowing as himself, and fascinates the young and inexperienced by the knowledge he displays of what, after all, are no better than "the depths of Satan." Many a man has thus known too much, and afterwards, by the grace of God, learned to lament and abhor it, and, better still, to turn it to the only good account, by making use of it for the warning and rescue of others. Peter's fall was thus made use of to "strengthen his brethren." The famous preacher, Dr. Donne, whose thrilling eloquence cared for no other theme than the power to cleanse from guilt of the blood of Christ, was in his early days a reprobate, and, being forgiven much, loved much. But better far not know too much of evil; and better be simplicity itself than make a boast of it.

This is the only black sheep of the family and we are glad to get rid of him, and turn to another member of it, whom we will call the mischievous one. There is not much to be said about him, but he is a character we have sometimes met with—the man who knew too much to be agreeable. We remember a certain individual of our acquaintance who was an enthusiastic student of English history, and had it all at his fingers' ends, making himself highly disagreeable, out of pure mischief, to one of the vergers of Westminster Abbey, as he hurriedly gave out his scanty dole of information to the visitors. Amused at the man's pompous shallowness, he kept up a constant fire of correction, subtraction, and addition, until the worthy guide, nettled at such unwonted (and we must add, unjustifiable) interference with his brief authority, fairly turned on his tormentor, and threatened, if he did not hold his tongue, to have him "put out." Our mischievous friend knew too much for him. And this may illustrate the way in which the sort of character we speak of goes through the world. He knows more of some particular subject, or, perhaps, of many subjects, than most people, or (which is the more common case) he knows what he would not be *expected* to know, and the consequence is, that he comes in contact with the shallownesses and shams and pretences of the world, and the result often is—sometimes from mischief, sometimes from bounden duty—that he causes unpleasant surprises. He knows too much for people. The surprise, however, is not always unpleasant, as must have been the case with the hospital surgeons in the old German story. They wanted to make an experiment of a very dangerous character. At last they found a subject for it. It was a poor miserable man, whose life could only be saved by this desperate operation. As the surgeons stood around the bed, one of them said, in Latin, that the patient might not understand him, "Let us make the experiment on this worthless body." "Not so worthless," rejoined the sufferer, to their amazement, "since Christ did not disdain to die for it." Though poor and broken in health and fortune, he was a scholar, and, best of all, a Christian.

Another member of this family of characters may be called the heavy one. He is the man who is possessed of a large amount of knowledge, whose head is packed with, it may be, a vast accumulation of facts, but it is *so* packed that there is no getting at his knowledge. He knows too much to communicate it. It is a well-known fact, that a carpet bag, or a portmanteau may be stuffed so full, as for a time to defy all ordinary efforts to get at anything you want. You have to turn almost everything out before you

can find it. So is it sometimes with the man who is full to repletion of learning. He is gorged with it, so that, like one who has partaken too largely of wholesome food, he can only sit still and do nothing. Very likely there is a key that would unlock the brimming storehouse, there is a method of beginning by which the carpet-bag might be ransacked—a tap that, inserted in the right place, would cause the stream of knowledge to flow to the benefit of others, but neither key, nor method, nor tap is generally known; or, if known, is not always within reach. Such a person is like a library of valuable books—a treasure-house of thought and information, which is seldom or never entered by the student, but its full volumes kept unlent, unused, and grimed with dust. Boswell relates, if we remember rightly, how Dr. Johnson and he were travelling inside a coach with a man who never said a word to either of them but once throughout the journey. That once was when Boswell and the Doctor were discussing which of the Wartons it was that had written something. "It was Thomas," said the silent man, and relapsed into taciturnity. And Johnson afterwards observed to Boswell that that one remark showed him to be "a well-read man;" and, if so, then the well-read man who could be *tête-à-tête* with Johnson for hours without being brought out more than that, must certainly have had some sort of congestion of the brain, and have been one of the men who, in this particular sense, knew too much.

A fourth member of the family may be called the unpractical one. He has a very strong resemblance to the brother we have just been speaking of, and yet marked features of his own. For, like him, he really does know a good deal—perhaps a very great deal indeed—but then he knows too much to be practical. Unlike the other, his knowledge is accessible to others, but it is misapplied and misdirected; and the worst of it is, he does not know it, or, if he knows it, he can hardly help it. The fault is not in the quantity of the knowledge, but in the character of the mind that has to utilise the knowledge. It is not a practical mind, and so he fails more or less to make a sensible application of what he knows; nay, the more unpractical the mind, and the greater the knowledge, the more conspicuous often will be the inability to apply such knowledge to the common affairs of life. There was once a high Wrangler who, devoting himself to the work of the ministry in a cheese-making district, was immediately confronted with a difficulty. Dairy work kept many of his people from God's house. He made a problem of the difficulty, and worked it out, and this was the solution he triumphantly announced to his amazed parishioners: "Milk your cows," said he, "the last thing on Saturday night and the first thing on Monday morning." It was an extreme case of knowing too much to be practical. And we see frequently the same phenomenon in cases where clever and even wise men, who are practical enough in a general way, are from some cause or other made unpractical on a particular occasion. For instance, many a skilful doctor knows too much to doctor himself well; and there have been striking instances where eminent lawyers (even Lord Chancellors) have made nothing but an elaborate mess of their wills. We have grave doubts indeed whether ladies who qualified themselves for Wranglers and first-class classics would not be found to know too much to be practical help-meets and comforters to ordinary men. Whether men or women, they whose knowledge is accompanied by or tends to the unpractical, are like one deeply versed in the theory of music, but who has no voice; or like one who has such an exquisite ear that all but the highest order of music is simply torture to him.

There is one more character we must notice—the youngest in the family, and the conceited one. It may seem to be an illogical way of putting it, but we can nevertheless accurately describe him as the man who knew too much because he knew too little. We remember being very much amused once with a forward boy who was helping with several others to send up a fire-balloon at a school feast. That boy knew everything, and (as we say) a little more. He rattled on so with all the wonderful things that *he* had done and *he* had seen in reference to balloons, that at last we asked him quietly, and in a natural sort of way, whether he had ever seen a fire-balloon after it was out of sight. "Yes," was the instantaneous reply of the lively lad. But the shout of laughter that burst forth around awoke him to the fact that for once he knew too much. Now the boy is father to the man, and this boy is a fair representative of the character we are speaking of. How often we have met with him! The Bible portrays him when it says, "If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." A Sir Isaac Newton, who knew so much, could see that the further he advanced in the field of knowledge, the more there was to know, and so (as he said) he was the child throwing pebbles into the sea, whilst the vast ocean of knowledge lay stretched before him. He did not know too much, for he *knew* how little it was. But our forward friend knows more than he does know. He is too clever by half, as we say. Has he a smattering of geological knowledge? then the Mosaic account of the creation is incredible or to be explained away. Has he read "Buckle?" then all the old-fashioned doctrines of religion are no longer sufficient for men of intelligence and culture. Has he been a few months in an architect's office? not even Sir Christopher Wren would escape his criticisms. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing when we think too much of it. It is the reason why no one makes more business for the lawyers than those who draw up wills for others in would-be legal phraseology, and why no one is more likely to poison himself or others than he who has a little knowledge of medicine, but very little common sense to mix it up with. Indeed, this undue estimate of our own knowledge is the foundation of all religious scepticism, even in the

case of those who are not shallow retailers, but really profound thinkers. It is the fact that lies at the root of all their unbelief—they know too little, and so they know too much. Did they know less, they would not doubt; did they know more, their doubts would be set at rest. And so it always has been with sceptics. The Sadducees were the sceptics of our Lord's time. And what was it that made them so? The Master Himself tells us it was because they "knew not the Scriptures, neither the power of God." Of course, as men of education, they knew their own Scriptures—possibly they were well read in them; and as observant thoughtful men, they knew theoretically that God could do all things. Nevertheless, they knew neither the one nor the other. There was a radical defect in their knowledge. It wanted enlargement, expansion, improvement in quality. It was the weakness, not the strength of their knowledge that made them doubt, just as it was because the disciples "knew not the Scriptures" with that enlarged conception they afterwards had, that they doubted even what they would have *liked* to believe. They knew too much because they did not know enough.

Our study of this particular family of characters forces, then, the reflection upon us, that in knowledge, as in everything else, quality is almost everything. He knows *most* who knows *best*. There are two ingredients which, mixed with our knowledge, will greatly improve the quality and tend to make it serviceable. One is common sense, the oil that makes the mental machine work with effect, and not grind to no purpose. The other is a modest estimate of ourselves, which is the restraining eye and hand that save the machine from running wild and doing "too much." This as to earthly things. In regard to heavenly, the two ingredients, if we may so put it, are combined, or rather, *contained*, in the gift of the Holy Spirit. We know nothing as we ought to know till we are taught of God, and then we possess the very highest of common sense, and know ourselves too well to be self-satisfied. Nay, even in earthly matters (why should we doubt it?) it is the same good Spirit of our God who can give us both common sense and sweet humility.

One reverent look let us take, in conclusion, at that one character which is perfection, and which is set before us as our exemplar. How much He knew, for He knew "all things;" and yet He never knew "too much" even for the weakest of the erring sons of men. He could indeed have staggered the mightiest intellect with His knowledge, if He had spoken that He did know, and testified that He had seen, if He had told them of "heavenly things." But instead of dazing and overwhelming men's minds with His divine knowledge, "never man spake like this Man," so that "the common people heard Him gladly." And if there is one thing more than another that proves the Gospel narrative to be inspired, it is the fact that there He who has all knowledge and all power, is made to speak and teach so that a little child can understand Him. How marvellous, that we may as believers look up to this selfsame Jesus, and say, "Lord, thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL: THE POETESS OF THE CONSECRATED LIFE.

ENTIRE consecration to the Master's service was the key-note of the music of Miss Havergal's life. That music found expression in lines which echo and re-echo through Christian hearts in every land; and though the voice of the singer be mute and silent now for us, we will not willingly forget her strains. Again and again we sing, with pleading earnestness of purpose—

> Take my life, and let it be
> Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
> Take my hands, and let them move
> As the impulse of Thy love.
> Take my feet, and let them be
> Swift and beautiful for Thee.
> Take my silver and my gold;
> Not a mite would I withhold.
> Take my voice, and let me sing
> Always, only for my King.
> Take my intellect, and use
> Every power as Thou shalt choose.
> Take myself, and I will be
> *Ever*, ONLY, ALL for Thee.

And as we sing, we dwell lovingly upon the memory of the poetess whose harp and intellect were so manifestly "sanctified, and made meet for the Master's use."

Frances Ridley Havergal was born on December 14th, 1836, at Astley, in Worcestershire. She appears to have been, according to the testimony of her father and elder sisters, "a sweet baby," and "a charming little pupil," giving some promise in her vivacity and fluency of expression, of the talent which was to make her later life famous. It was easy for her to learn; French and music came more as recreations than as tasks, more especially the latter, inherited as it was from her father; for Canon Havergal possessed a rich genius for musical composition, and laboured much in this field of usefulness, devoting always the profits of his works to the service of the Lord. It is also recorded of Frances that she acquired German through hearing the professor give lessons in that language to another pupil. She commenced writing rhymes and simple stories when about seven years of age, thus presaging forth the future bent of her mind; and a charming piece of autobiography, embracing

her young girlhood and womanhood, gives us to see how slowly and surely she was led into her own peculiar path of usefulness by means of a long and somewhat weary experience in seeking rest. She appears to have been a most thoughtful child, pondering over religious matters until her brain grew bewildered, and her mind beclouded, in presence of the solemn mysteries of the future life. She speaks of "a course of weary seeking, inconstant and variable; often departed from, but as often renewed, and by God's grace never entirely given up; brightened from time to time with a gleam of hope; sweetened from time to time with a drop, though but a drop, of the still fountain of heavenly peace; yet, as a rule, passed in the cold mists of doubt, and the chilly storms of temptation and inward strife, and the dim twilight of miserable and even disappointed longing." But after this long dark season there came a period, in the commencement of the year 1851, when the girl of fifteen could say, "I was very happy at last. I could commit my soul to Jesus. I did not, and need not, fear His coming. I could trust Him with my all for eternity. Earth and heaven seemed bright from that moment."

The early teachings of her mother were fragrant memories now, for that mother had recently passed away to join the general assembly and Church of the Firstborn; but a genial Christian step-mother, and happy school influences assisted in deepening and fostering all the impressions for good which had found lodgment in the young girl's mind for so long a time. In November, 1852, she accompanied her parents to Germany, and commenced attending school at Düsseldorf, during the time that her father was seeking medical advice for incipient cataract. At the "Louisenschule" Frances won the highest honours; and it is pleasing to know that although exposed to much enmity and unkindness among her German school-fellows, on account of her profession of Christianity, she found the moral atmosphere "very bracing," and maintained her Christian character. Says one of her tutors, speaking of this time, "What imprinted the stamp of nobility upon her whole being, and influenced all her opinions, was her true piety, and the deep reverence she had for her Lord and Saviour."

After her return home she diligently maintained her studies in German and French, and learned Greek, under her father, in order to read the New Testament in the original. She also studied Hebrew sufficiently to instruct an invalid in that language, as a pastime, through long and weary hours of suffering. But the Bible was her daily treasury, and "the man of her counsel."

Her biographer mentions that Frances "knew the whole of the Gospels, Epistles, Revelation, the Psalms, and Isaiah by heart, while she learnt the minor prophets in later years." Her private exercises in prayer were very deep, comprehensive, and searching; and she strove to attain a high standard in religion. And with it all she was an ardent devotee of music and poetry. It is recorded that her musical memory was so strong that she could play through Handel's oratorios, and many of the works of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, without notes. But although encouraged to enter on a course of musical training, which should win for herself fame and applause, she chose rather to consecrate her song to the glory of her "King." At every turn in her life's pathway, some interposition or leading of Providence came as a token, guiding her and proving unmistakably that she was being "kept for the Master's use." Her poetical talent was dedicated to the Lord's service, in the "Ministry of Song," while upon the whole of her possessions was written the motto, "All for Jesus."

Indeed, one feels astonished at the amount of work which she performed—each portion of it being part and parcel of her plan of *entire* consecration. Bible-readings, Young Women's Christian Associations, Missionary Societies, the Jews' Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Bible Society, and many others were valued and assisted. Writing to a friend, she says: "I want very much to give singing lessons for the Church Missionary Society, and German lessons for the Irish Society; this would be clear gain." Not content with this, we find that on one occasion she gave up her jewellery as a contribution to the Church Missionary Society; and on another occasion she sacrificed a beautiful pianoforte for the same purpose, thus literally carrying out her own thrilling words—

> Take my silver and my gold;
> Not a mite would I withhold.

She also devoted the proceeds of her first cheque for literary contributions to one magazine, amounting to £10 17s. 6d., to benevolent purposes, besides competing for and winning prizes for the express purpose of assisting the funds of various missions. So, daily and hourly, by real self-sacrifice, she devoted herself and all her powers to the Master's service.

During the rejoicing Eastertide of 1870, the venerable Canon Havergal passed away to join the angel-choir. His musical gifts had been of great service to Miss Havergal; and she, being his youngest child, had probably passed most time with him during his later years of semi-blindness and physical weakness, thus imbibing many precious lessons of faith and trust. Canon Havergal was one of those souls who, passing through things temporal so as not to lose sight of things eternal, keep a listening ear for "the melodies of the everlasting chime." His mantle partly descended upon her; for she says, writing soon after, "*Literal* singing for Jesus is to me, somehow, the most personal and direct commission I hold from my beloved Master."

In 1871 Miss Havergal, in company with a dear friend, spent some weeks in Switzerland, striving here, as everywhere, to do work for Christ. Her health seemed to be greatly established during this tour, but soon after her return, ill-health asserted

its sway. She seemed to be kept much of her time in shadow, and *waiting*, because of her inability to do the work which her heart longed so earnestly to perform. She says of such a time as this :—"Did you ever hear of any one being very much used for Christ, who did not have some *special waiting time?* Some complete upset of all his or her plans first? . . My own case is far less severe, but the same in principle, that when I thought the door was flung open to me to go with a bound into literary work, it is opposed, and the doctor steps in and says, simply, '*Never*. She must choose between writing and living; she can't do both.' That was in 1860. Then I came out of the shell with 'Ministry of Song' in 1869, and saw the evident wisdom of having been kept nine years waiting in the shade." Yet, amidst all the interruptions caused by feeble health, she was ever seeking to be about her Father's business; and was ever instant, in season and out of season, in trying to win sinners to Christ, or in building up and comforting God's own tried, afflicted, loving people. Bible-classes, sick-visiting, cottage visiting, and mission work of one kind and another filled up her days.

The winter of 1874-5 was one of prolonged and painful illness, but through this long "waiting" season, her Christian character grew brighter and fairer. The sick-chamber was the brightest room in the house, while to all those who so lovingly ministered to her she manifested the same tender solicitous spirit. Daily, too, she was growing wiser and more submissive, as it regarded the *mysteries* of God's dealings. And, as with others who have strung the consecrated lyre, "she learnt in suffering what she taught in song." In the midst of her after labours she had to record many a "turned lesson." She lost the manuscript of a whole musical edition of a new work, in 1876, by the conflagration at a music-printing establishment, and had, patiently and laboriously, to write every chord over again.

In 1876, Miss Havergal, together with her sister, again visited Switzerland; and, while seeking physical health and strength, strove to benefit spiritually all who came within the sphere of her influence—whether tourists, invalids, or natives. Many who met the happy Christian poetess, learnt to remember the sweet singer, who sang "always, ever" for her "King;" and some were led, by gracious help from Heaven, to turn over "new and bright pages" in their lives. On this tour she first met the Baroness Helga von Cramm, who afterwards illustrated Miss Havergal's poems with beautiful Alpine sketches. Yet illness came again and again during that autumn, causing the pen to fall from the eager fingers; but, notwithstanding, the sweet little book, "My King," was written, and published for the following Christmas.

The year 1877 was passed at home, mostly in quiet work, as far as health permitted. Her correspondence, literary work, poems, musical compositions, weekly Bible readings, and classes, to say nothing of her private ministrations to those who needed her help; all this formed together a blessed ministry, which might well have weighed down a stronger frame. It seemed as if she *could not* be still while a chance remained of doing Christian work. Every day was like a sacramental season, witnessing deeper consecration, and fuller experience of God's love; while all the time she was teaching others to sing the same lofty trusting strains as herself—

And now I find Thy promise true,
Of perfect peace and rest,
I cannot sigh; I can but sing,
While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
Whose ways are always best.
I never thought it could be thus—
Month after month, to know
The river of Thy peace, without
One ripple in its flow;
Without one flicker in the trust,
One flicker in its glow.

This trusting loyal faith was greatly needed just at this juncture; for the loving step-mother passed away in May, 1878, and very quickly the cosy home at Leamington was broken up. That year was, however, full of Christian and literary work. She had a large and increasing circle of readers beyond the broad Atlantic; and she ministered to these as lovingly as to her English circle. Her sister mentions that Miss Havergal's habits in her study were very methodical; and that not only did she refrain from late hours at night, but also from frivolous conversation and sloth, as being calculated to lower the tone of both mind and body. In the quiet lodgings on the coast of Swansea Bay, much good and earnest work went on, all imbued with the one idea—*love for the Master*. It was just at the close of this year that she prayed—when laid up by temporary illness, most probably induced by overwork, "O Lord, prepare me for all Thou art preparing for me." Her constant intense longing was to be *at home*, "present with the Lord." Full of this desire, she sang sweetly, little dreaming how soon her song was to become reality—

For He hath met my longing
With word of golden tone,
That I shall serve for ever
Himself, Himself alone.
Shall serve Him, and for ever,
Oh, hope most sure, most fair!
The perfect love outpouring
In perfect service there.

Once, however, when the weariness of mind and body seemed intolerable, she said, playfully, "I do hope the angels will have orders to let me alone a bit, when I first get to heaven." None but those who have suffered from intense mental weariness, and who know the strain which literary work imposes, can appreciate or understand the feeling which prompted this expression. At another time, she said, "It is a great mercy the sunshine of heaven is veiled from our sight, or we should be just unfit for earthly duties."

Her motto for 1879, the year of her "home-coming," was the text—"He crowneth the year with His goodness;" and, carrying out the idea daily, she kept a "Journal of Mercies." The idea was indicative of her spirit of constant thankfulness; and the entries of one week alone will serve to show that she conscientiously strove to make this journal what it purported to be. We quote the entries for one week only, but the reader will be able to gather the tone of her mind—

Jan. 1st. Able to come down-stairs for the first time. 2nd. Sleep. 3rd. Maria, and all her care for me. 4th. Opportunities of speaking about Christ. 5th. Rest and leisure to-day. 6th Warmth and comfort. 7th. Spirit of prayer in answer to prayer.

Every day had its special subjects for prayer, as well as intercession for others, who were all remembered by name; and not content with all her manifold labours for the Church universal, she strove specially to do good work in that little corner of it situated near her new home.

In March of that year, Miss Havergal re-wrote her little book "Kept for the Master's Use," and to those who have read it, the sweet words of loving constraint, pressing the duty of full consecration home on the heart, will recur again and again with vivid earnestness. It seems like a message from the portals of the palace—a loving clarion-note to duty, from one whose life-work was about to be swallowed up in praise. Yet she found time to carry out good work, both temperance and Christian, among the men and boys of the village in which her home was located; besides conducting the operations of the "Bruey" collectors for Irish missions, and so winning hundreds of pounds for that society. But the end was very near.

THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

On May 21st she spoke, as arranged, to some village men and lads, who hung with delight on her words, but rain coming on, she took cold, and went home chilled. Next day she went out again, being Ascension Day, to attend the communion service in the village church, but was compelled to drive back, from sheer weakness. Quite a procession of boys gathered around her as she went home, to listen to her words, full of "sweet messages" for her Master; and in the evening, not weary of doing good, she spoke earnest, faithful, loving words to those who lived in the house. Next day, and the day after, the feverishness and debility increased so much that she had to remain in bed, but, summoning up her strength, she corrected her *last* proof, that of "Morning Stars." Still growing worse, she seemed to have a settled conviction that her end was approaching, and somewhat startled those around her by her quiet intimations to that effect. On the 29th, symptoms of peritonitis supervened, but she literally seemed to rejoice in this intimation that her course was almost over, saying, "It 's home the faster!" "God's will is *delicious!* He makes no mistakes." Then, as the sickness grew more distressing, and the danger more apparent, her joy found vent in expressions like these, "Beautiful! too good to be true!" "*Splendid, to be so near the gates of heaven!*" On the morning of Whit Tuesday, June 3rd, 1879, the transition came—from the kingdom of grace into the kingdom of glory. She sang, faintly but clearly to her own tune, *Hermas*, the beautiful verse—

Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou hast made me whole.
There is none in heaven,
Or on earth like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.

Then she passed away into the celestial city, to sing more nobly, more sweetly and everlastingly, the song she had begun here on earth. Her death was a loss to the whole Church militant; thousands of her readers—not only in England, but in far-off lands—as they read the announcement of her death, felt that a personal friend was gone. But our loss was her gain. She had taken the step of which she had sung:—

The one grand step beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendour, shadowless and broad—
Into the everlasting joy and light.

The full memoir of Miss Havergal, written by her sister, is a volume of great beauty and power. It is to that volume we are indebted for the facts contained in this brief sketch.

EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF SEEING CHRIST.

(St. Luke x. 23–24.)

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART, STRETFORD, MANCHESTER.

TO be "content with such things as we have" is a condition to which few of us have attained. Our circumstances are never so favourable as to beget a feeling of perfect satisfaction, or to leave us without anything further to desire. It is a pleasant thing to indulge in day-dreams, and to picture our lot in brighter colours than it now wears. The present does not answer our ideal, and so we give the reins to our imagination, and call up before our mind visions of a golden age which is past, or of a millennium to come. We are not yet "blessed," but if such and such things were altered, we think we might be, and our lives, instead of being cast in some bleak wilderness, or on some barren soil, would flourish on a sunny slope where the choicest fruits abound, or in a luxuriant garden adorned with the richest beauty.

This tendency to "look before and after, and sigh for what is not," is one against which we all need to be on our guard, and it is therefore a good thing for us to be occasionally reminded of our privileges. To the disadvantages of our position, we are, as a rule, fully alive. There is no need that any one should point them out to us, or lend us a magnifying glass through which we may look at them. It would be a truer service to turn our eyes away from them, and fix them on the elements of good we so often cast into the shade. In our folly and short-sightedness, we imagine that *other* people are more highly favoured than we, that they have sources of happiness and nobleness and strength to which we are strangers, and that it is useless for us to expect better things. We are unwilling to allow that the fault is in ourselves rather than in our circumstances—in the weakness, the inconstancy, or the unfaithfulness of our hearts, rather than in the conditions around us. Providence, we virtually assert, is more to blame than we are. This self-complacency is so congenial that we cherish it even to our own detriment, and it—more, perhaps, than anything else—is the reason why in so many respects we suffer loss. "None are so blind as they that will not see," and if we are resolved to be dissatisfied and querulous, we shall have no difficulty in carrying out our resolve, although it is a far loftier and a by no means impossible thing to "give thanks in all things, as this is the will of God concerning us."

The first disciples of Christ seem in this respect to have been very much like ourselves. Even in the presence of their Divine Master they were not uniformly trustful and happy. They doubtless loved Him with sincere affection. They had felt the marvellous attractions of His grace, and for His sake had broken loose from their old associations, given up their worldly pursuits, and followed Him in His path of humiliation. They saw in Christ a glory which they could discern in no other; they clung to Him as to a teacher whom they profoundly revered, and a master to whose service they were loyally pledged. But they did not as yet fully understand Christ; for they, like the rest of the Jews, had been led away by dreams of a political Messiah, who was to appear in all the splendour of royalty—the leader of powerful armies, and the conqueror of every hostile state. "The Kingdom of Heaven" which was said to be at hand, awakened in them the belief that the Roman invader was to be driven from the sacred soil, and that all the kingdoms of the world should be subjected to their Messiah's sway. He was—as they thought of Him—to inaugurate an era of unexampled prosperity, to bid the sea yield up its pearls, and lay its treasures at their feet, and the sky rain down sweeter manna than their fathers had known in the wilderness. The idea of a spiritual kingdom, having its seat and centre in the soul, aiming to remedy the evils without by first of all removing those within, and relying for its extension on the weapons of truth and justice, meekness, sympathy, and love, they could not comprehend. The procedure of Christ was a mystery to them. Why did He not openly proclaim Himself King, and secure the allegiance of the people by an overwhelming display of force? The prospects of His reign must often have appeared very doubtful to them, and we should scarcely be surprised if we knew that the disciples sometimes thought regretfully of the pursuits they had forsaken. Much as they revered and loved their Lord, they probably wished that He would act in the spirit of Moses or Elias; for then the golden days of the monarchy would be surpassed, and the visions of their seers fulfilled. But this was not to be. Even the Christ whom they loved, though He were a Being of transcendent greatness, would not restore the kingdom to Israel in the manner that they desired.

Nor was this to be regretted, for Christ gave to them something immeasurably better. They had in their knowledge of Him and of the mission which He came to accomplish, that which was infinitely more conducive to their life and happiness, as well as to the progress and happiness of the world, than the false glory and the material

splendours on which their hearts were set. So far from the past being better than the present, the reverse was the case. "Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see: for I tell you that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

What then were some of the things which the first disciples saw and heard, the blessedness of which we also share with them?

1. They had in Christ a free and unreserved declaration of spiritual truth—the truth by which the soul lives. For in addition to other things, our Lord was a great Teacher, whose mission it was to reveal "the things of God." He was the Light of the World, following whom men could not walk in darkness.

We may, no doubt, learn much of God from *Nature*. Its manifold wonders, in the heavens above, and on the earth around us, are an expression of His thought, the product of His creative word, and a proof of His eternal power. His presence may be felt in the green field dotted with flowers; in the silence of the solemn desert; amid the solitude of the mountains, and the boom of the waves on the shore. The fresh budding life of spring, the exuberance and glory of summer, the sombre tints of autumn, and the snows of winter are all a part of His ways; and blind indeed are they who can contemplate the marvels of Nature and say, "There is no God."

But the knowledge we derive from this source is too limited in its range, and too contradictory in its character, to satisfy our needs. It sets before us the natural—to some extent also the moral—attributes of God; but leaves the deepest questions of the spirit unanswered; and if we have awakened to the true significance of life, Nature will not still the cry—"Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"

In the Old Testament we have a distinct anticipation of the New. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The precepts of the lawgiver, the teachings of psalmists, the rapt utterances of prophets rose high above the loftiest flights of uninspired thought, and brought God very near. To a devout Jew He no longer seemed afar off, shrouded in inaccessible gloom, but "besetting him behind and before." But the level of the Old Testament teaching had not been maintained. The light which shone from heaven had been obscured by earth-born mists and vapours. Those who should have transmitted it to others raised dense columns of dust and smoke, amid which God was but dimly seen. "His commandments were made of none effect by the traditions of men."

Religion degenerated into a lifeless creed and an unmeaning ritual. The power which God intended to be an incentive in our languor, a support in our weakness, a solace in our sorrows, became a heavy and grievous burden which men could not bear. The people were as sheep without a shepherd. Their teachers fed them with chaff and not with wheat. The poor and simple were despised, and regarded as incapable of knowing the law.

Christ came, and not only reiterated the forgotten truths of the former Testament, but made them more luminous than of old. He uttered no conjectures of reason, but the sure word of the Most High. He rose on the world as the Sun of Righteousness, and the dim twilight of earlier days in which men had to strain their eyes to see the outline of objects they could not understand, merged into the glory of noontide. The gloomy shades which rested on whole continents of truth melted away, and were lost in the surrounding brightness.

Christ proclaimed to the people "the good news of the Kingdom." He taught them that God was their Father, not dwelling in isolation or restricted by local limitations, but nigh to all His creatures, longing to save and bless them. He loves and pities the bad, as well as approves the good. He commands every outcast to repent, and every wanderer to return, that they may receive the forgiveness of their sins, and take their place among the children of His love. For in the soul of the worst and lowest there are hidden boundless capacities of good, wants and aspirations which connect them with another world than this, remnants of the defaced image of God.

Christ further taught men that this Father is the ruler of their lives, and the supreme Governor of the world. All things are under His control, and nothing can take place without Him. They who trust in Him need fear no evil. Sin, and sin alone is their enemy. The service of God should be our highest aim, and all other things will be added to us. Our distracting anxieties are useless; our covetous ambitions are wrong. In our eager restlessness, Christ bids us think of the birds which fly across the face of the heaven, the grass which mantles the earth, and the flowers that border the banks of the stream. It is God that feeds the birds, clothes the grass with splendour, and adorns and beautifies the flowers; and are not we of much more value than they?

The religion He imposes on us is no burdensome round of ceremonies or ascetic mortifications, but a life of love and trust, the offering of a broken and contrite heart, the avoidance of all that is mean and sinful, the pursuit of all that is good. The benedictions of Christ were pronounced not on the wise, the wealthy, or the victorious, but on the poor in spirit, the pure in heart, the meek, the merciful, the forgiving.

His teaching was as simple as it was sublime,

intended not merely for the enlightened few, or a select circle of the learned, but for all men, without distinction. His words are no dainty luxuries for the rich, but the bread of life for the world. The golden grains of truth He would not close up in the courts of the temple, or in the schools of the philosophers, but brought them into the market-place of humanity and offered them freely to the throng. There are no secret doctrines for the initiated. The Sun of Righteousness shines not only on the lofty mountain-tops, but down into the recesses of the valley. It floods the whole landscape with glory, and quickens into life every separate tree and every lowly flower, so that there is "nothing hid from the heat thereof." Blessed indeed are the eyes that see the things that ye see," for we behold in Christ "the Light of the World."

II. There was in Christ a perfect manifestation of the nature of God, an embodiment of all that was divine. Truth in itself, however elevated its range, is but a cold abstraction until we can connect it with One of whose nature it is a transcript; and law is stern and forbidding until we recognise in it the expression of a personal will. Our hearts, in their weakness and weariness and fear, cry out for God, even the living God.

To this cry Christ responds, for He was God manifest in the flesh, "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person." It is this fact which gives a supreme worth to His revelation, and vindicates the greatness of His claims. We shall never understand Christ simply by placing His words side by side with the words of other teachers. The philosophers of Greece and the sages of the visionary East, had glimpses of "the first fair and the first good." The utterances of the inspired seers of Judæa may contain the germ of much which Christ afterwards made luminous with new light. But in allowing this we detract nothing from His glory. All who were before Him had but the disjointed fragments of truth, from which they could not develop its perfect form. He took the fragments which were scattered abroad—the hand, the arm, the head—placed them in their proper relations, and presented them in their perfection. He breathed into every truth the breath of life, and was Himself its highest embodiment. He revealed God not so much by what He said as by what He did, by His life rather than by His words. He lived what others only taught, and in this way He declared unto the world that God whom otherwise no man had seen.

The character of Christ was perfect. In the serene purity of His nature, in His tender and generous sympathy, in His unwearied patience and persistent love, we see as in a glass the glory of the Lord. His very presence made men ashamed of their sins, and yet filled them with the inspiration of hope. He saw, in the lost and abandoned, possibilities of restoration, and led them by a sure path to a recovered home of righteousness and peace. He so identified Himself with our race as to bear our sicknesses and carry our infirmities. There was no sorrow which He did not console, no misery which He did not relieve. The very sins and ingratitude which opposed Him, brought into stronger light the disinterestedness and magnitude of His love. Pure, sinless, and unselfish, He was yet grossly misunderstood and cruelly persecuted, but when "He was reviled, He reviled not again." He harboured in his mind no resentment, despised not His bitterest enemies, but forgave and welcomed all.

The miracles of Christ, in which He asserted His lordship over nature, were all miracles of mercy. They were never wrought to gratify an idle curiosity, or to create a feeling of astonishment, but are the natural outcome of Christ's almightiness in view of the world's needs. Luther has said that Christ did with miracles as parents do with apples and pears—threw them before their weary children to tempt them home. There is in them a wonderful attractiveness. The boundless powers which Christ possessed He exercised only for the good of others—never to supply His own needs or to further His own ends. Even His enemies felt themselves safe in His presence. He could with a word have swept them from the earth, but nothing could arouse Him to vindictiveness. The most ungenerous criticism and venomous hostility did not quench His love or turn Him aside from His gracious purpose. Although men knew Him to be possessed of such terrible powers, they were bold and defiant, for they also knew that He would not destroy them. This unique greatness, this marvellous patience, is a conclusive proof of the Deity of Christ. A career such as this is, in the strictest sense, divine. As every word of this great Teacher breathed the inspiration of truth, so His every act had on it the impress of righteousness. He moved among men as one who was not of them, and as we see the mingled purity and power, the gentleness and might, the holiness and the compassion, which, in Him, were never estranged, we voluntarily exclaim, "Surely God is here"—"My Lord and my God."

Even the bitterest foe to truth can scarcely fail to see in the Saviour's life an irresistible charm—an attraction which is not of earth. It needs no critical acumen to detect an unwonted tenderness in His relief of human suffering, His cleansing of the leper, His restoration of sight to the blind. The love that stopped the bier, and restored to the widow of Nain her only son, the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus, the surrender of His life for the salvation of the world, the self-forgetfulness which

even in the agony of death led him to pray for His enemies, and to welcome the penitent thief as His companion to paradise; these we can plainly see to be of God. And as multitudes appreciate a great painting who understand nothing of the laws of art, or of the process by which it has been produced, as men of ordinary mould can revel in the glory of mountain scenery who have thought nothing of its geological structure, so, though they be ignorant of "scientific criticism," they can see the combined majesty and gentleness of Him of whose character all human worth is "but a pale image and a faint reflection." The vision of suffering atoning love ravishes their hearts, appeals to all that is deepest and most abiding in their nature, and becomes a possession of which they can never be deprived. "Blessed," therefore, "are the eyes that see the things which ye see."

III. We see in Christ a power which insures the perfection and happiness of men—the power to confer eternal life.

To see the life of God as the type and pattern of our own is much, to share that life is more, and it is this greater thing which Christ secures for us. He brings us into actual fellowship with God, makes us in our deepest nature "one with Him," and gives us the right to be for ever with, as we shall also be made fully like, Him. On the ground of His vicarious sacrifice for sin, He confers on us the boon of pardon, and removes the barrier created by our guilt, and no longer do the flaming seraphim guard the way to the tree of life. He binds our hearts to Himself, and makes our love to Him "the master-light of all our seeing," and the motive-power of all our deeds, so that for "His sake" we attempt and accomplish what we dare not otherwise think of. He implants in our hearts the grace of the Holy Spirit, whereby our evil tendencies are overcome, and our weakness is supplemented with strength. If we cleave firmly and faithfully to our Lord, we may each say, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." So close is the relation between us that death itself cannot sever it. Another life, purer, nobler, and more blessed than this is our inheritance. The summons comes as *His* message—

> We bow our heads at going out,
> We think and enter straight
> Another golden chamber of the King's,
> Larger than this, and lovelier.

Heaven itself, the abode of God, is our home for ever.

Such, then, are some of the things we see, and may for ourselves possess, in Christ. That image of Divine and perfect beauty which is revealed in every page of the Gospels cannot be set aside, and though centuries have passed away since He trod our earth, He is with us still. We may know Him as intimately as did His disciples of old; yea, we have proof, wh.ch they could not have, of the power of His Gospel to renew and bless the world. We can see, as they could not see, how it has subdued the hearts of the obdurate and sinful, cleansed the impure, solaced the suffering, nerved myriads with the heroism of martyrs, and sustained the dying, through the power of an unconquerable faith. We see—shall we not also believe? This powerful, this gracious, this ever-helpful Christ will dwell in our hearts by faith, and we shall never more be forsaken and desolate. Our eyes shall see the King in His beauty, and our ears listen to strains which reach us from the land that is far off, and we shall find that—

> Still the heavens lie open as of old
> To the entrancèd gaze, ay, nearer far
> And brighter than of yore; and might is there,
> And infinite purity is there, and high
> Eternal wisdom, and the calm clear face
> Of duty, and a higher stronger love
> And light in one; and a new reverend Name
> Greater than any, and combining all.

THROUGH STORM AND SUNSHINE:

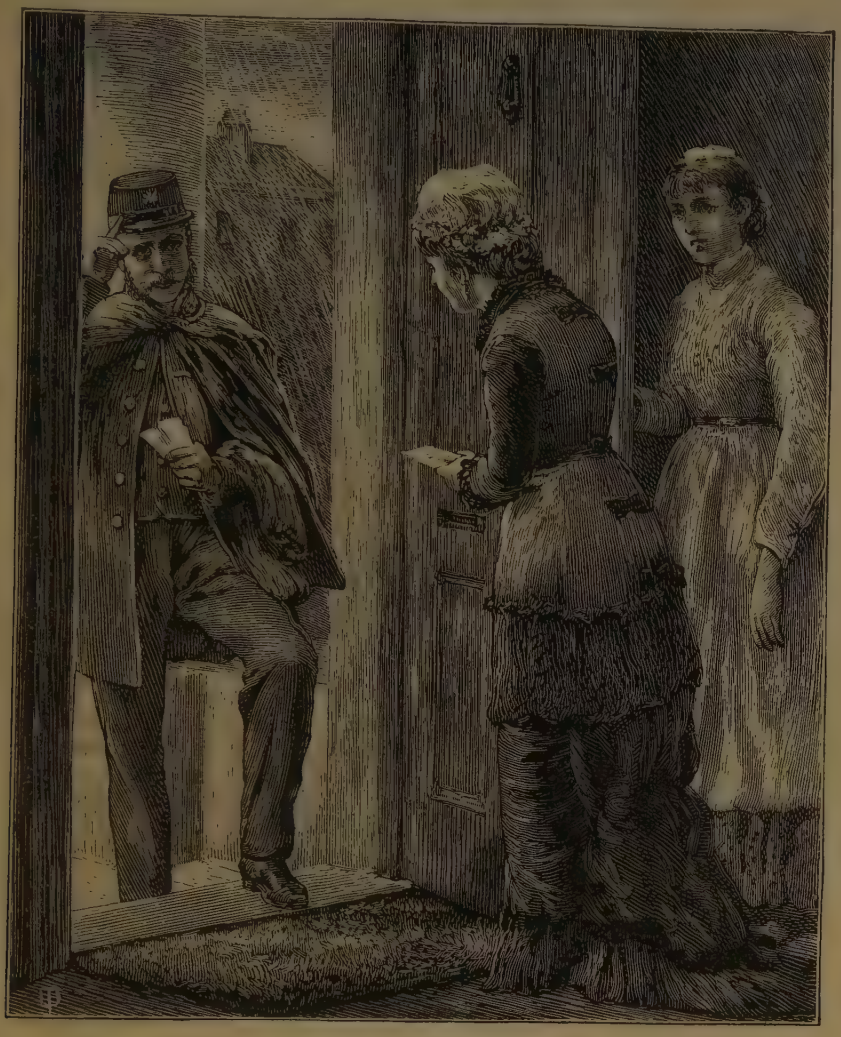
THE LONDON LETTER-CARRIER.

"THE postman says, may he speak to you, ma'am?" said a servant to me one morning, just after the well-known rat-tat had sounded at our door.

I went out into the hall. "I hope you'll forgive my taking such a liberty," said the man, whose face I knew well, for he had passed our window at breakfast-time every morning for years; "but I was told you could perhaps put me in the way of getting a letter for Brompton Hospital for my wife; she's very bad;" and the poor fellow ended with a sob.

Most heartily glad was I to be able to procure him the letter in question, and afterwards to make acquaintance with his ailing wife; and this incident stirred in me the thought, how little we sometimes know of the lives and homes of those who from hour to hour, from year to year, knock at our doors. Yet surely the letter-carrier has a very special claim on our interest—may I not even say on our gratitude? Are there any of us who do not owe to his arduous incessant service, through storm and sunshine, very much of the interest, the pleasure, often the usefulness of our lives? In many a case his knock at our door is

associated with events most nearly, powerfully affecting us and those we love. A young letter-carrier was lately convicted of having failed from day to day for several weeks, through indolence, to deliver his whole bagful in the district in which I live, and time would fail to tell of the disappointments, embarrassments, distresses, thus occasioned. Of the 300 letters found in his possession several were to a gentleman whose last hours had been saddened by their non-arrival; such an incident speaks eloquently—by the force of contrast—of what we owe to the industry and punctuality of our postmen.



"I went out into the hall."—*p.* 52.

Great, then, was my satisfaction in hearing lately of patient, loving, and Christian labour bestowed on these hard-working public servants, in connection with the London City Mission.

"For seven years," said one of the three missionaries thus engaged, "I have been at work among the London letter-carriers, and with much encouragement. These men sorely want such help as we are sent to give them. Their temptations are many and great; when one considers that 260,000,000 letters were last year delivered in London alone—many containing money and articles of great value, as often as not unregistered—that bank-notes are often sent between the leaves of books and papers—small wonder is it that our men, especially the young among them, sometimes betray their trust. The wonder is that cases of dishonesty are not much more frequent. I can truly say, that in many instances the men are kept faithful by high Christian principle, the only real safeguard from sin. Our work for God among them has been greatly blessed. Four postal districts, including the half of London—

East, East-Central, North, North-West—are in my charge. In twenty post-offices we have a monthly Bible reading, and some of the men who have joined these classes are always on the look-out for new-comers, whom they earnestly invite to attend. Touching it is to hear the prayers of these Christian men, who often plead at our meetings, 'Lord, bless the words I tried to speak for Thee, to such and such an one, to-day.' One young man from out the ranks of our Christian letter-carriers is now studying for the ministry, and, on his leaving the Post Office, his Bible-class friends gave him a handsome present of useful books.

"It may be asked, How do you manage to get hold of such busy men? Well, of course much management is required; and I am thankful to say not one complaint has ever been made of our interfering with their work. All the overseers show us kindness. We watch our opportunity. Very early in the morning we await outside the offices the arrival of the mail-carts; then, when all inside is business and bustle, we speak to the drivers in charge of the carts, and give them tracts and papers. The letter-carriers gone, we converse with the officials, and are always met with friendliness. We have many a chat with the men in the kitchens, which they frequent for their meals, and thus gain an opportunity of leading their thoughts to heavenly things."

Mr. P., another of the missionaries, labours exclusively among the boy messengers and assistant sorters. He told us how in past years the great snare for these lads was impure literature; again and again they were brought up before the inspectors for reading immoral books. Now such a thing is unknown among them. This evil has been swept away by the circulation in the post-offices of good magazines and other wholesome reading, partly furnished by the London City Mission, partly by the liberality of the present Secretary to the Post Office, whose sympathy and active help in their Christian labours is a tower of strength to these humble missionaries.

"I have in my care," said Mr. P., "4,581 boys from fourteen to seventeen years old. I've held sixty-five meetings with them this year—real Bible-readings, not the tea-and-cake business; though we're glad enough when any kind friend enables us to give them a tea-party."

The missionary had evidently gained the confidence and affection of many of his somewhat wild crew. With the inspector's leave, he had dealt with one bright little fellow about to be dismissed for irrepressible love of mischief; and a little quiet talk, during which the boy promised to pray daily to his Heavenly Father—and kept his promise—so subdued him as to avert his threatened disgrace. The Christianity of some of these young lads is almost quaintly practical. One of our Bible-class boys voluntcered to travel with the night mails.

"You'll get your neck broken," said some of his companions, who were in the habit of "pecking at him"—to use his own language—for his religion.

"Well, even if I do," he replied, "my soul's saved, and my life's insured; and if my neck is broken, I shall go to heaven, and my mother will get the insurance."

"My friendship with these boys opens the way to my visiting them in sickness. One of them fell into rapid decline some time after he had passed out of my department. My superintendent, a gentleman connected with the Post Office, asked me to visit him, saying—

"'You will have to feel your way. It's even possible he will not admit you. I used to find him disinclined for religious subjects.'

"Great was my surprise to receive a hearty welcome, and to find this young man of twenty-three fearless of death, quite at peace in his Saviour.

"'What made you turn from Mr. S.?' I inquired. 'Were you under the influence of bad books or infidel lectures?'

"'No, sir, but I always carried in my pocket a low sporting paper, and I knew it wouldn't go with the Bible. When I gave that up, the difficulty was gone.'

"He soon passed away, and I learned from his sister that his mother had found life in Christ through the happy death of her Christian son."

And cheering instances there are where the reality of such turning to God under the chastisement of sickness is proved not by a happy death but by a changed life.

"A short time since," one of the missionaries tells us, "an overseer, speaking of a man who had been ill, said, 'I don't know whether it was what you said to him during his illness, but he has been quite an altered man ever since he resumed his duty.'"

"We have now," went on the boys' missionary, "through the influence of the Chief Secretary, a room available for religious meetings in every post-office in the City; whereas, in the first years of our work, we often paid 8s. 6d., sometimes 30s., for the use of such a room. Our first tea-meeting on post-office premises was in the new Fleet Street building. Twenty-five lads were present, concerning whom we learned that seven were Sunday scholars, eighteen regular church-goers, eight teetotalers, sixteen in the habit of daily prayer."

Some time ago a tea was given by the Postmaster, to which all the telegraph boys of the City were invited, and where, after tea, good words were spoken to them, and rewards given for industry and punctuality.

Not long ago an overseer sent a request that a certain stranger would call on him.

"Have you lost anything to-day, sir?" the gentleman was asked.

"No."

"Not any money?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Then I must say, sir, you deserve to do so. Do

you know this?" And he produced a pocket-book containing bank-notes to the amount of £640.

"One of our boy messengers picked this up in the street," said the overseer, "and brought it straight to me; and we found your name and address inside."

Equally startled and delighted, the owner of the pocket-book made the honest little finder a suitable present.

All the statements of that day were fully confirmed, and the cause of Christian ministry in the post-offices earnestly pleaded, by one well acquainted with the circumstances of the letter-carriers, and the labours of these missionaries among them. As the Chief Secretary to the Post Office told us how ten thousand men, half of them at the central office, are now employed as sorters and letter-carriers for London, and reminded us how only a special agency can reach these toiling men, absent from their homes in our service long before daybreak and till late at night, we wondered not to hear him add that there is room for ten times three missionaries in this wide field. And then, as he went on to show how many of the sore temptations to which these men are constantly exposed arise from the thoughtlessness of the public whom they serve, and spoke of the encouragement already received in this Post Office mission, the readiness to listen to the Word of Life, the striking fact that, since the beginning of this work, 2,136 men from our London offices have been added to the Church as communicants, we felt that a stronger claim on the Christians of London there could hardly be than for support and increase of a work already costly out of proportion to the hard-strained resources of those who carry it on.

A. J. T.

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.

MEMORIALS OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS AMONG SOLDIERS.

"CAPTAIN VICARS'S COLOURS.'

IN all ages of the world the Lord Jesus Christ has had His witnesses. The old prophets bore witness of Him, of His sufferings, and the glory that should follow. And after His Ascension, the Apostles gave witness of His Resurrection; and from that time onward He has had those who, by lip and life, by word and deed, have borne witness to His resurrection power, His saving grace and love. These have been found in all ranks of society; men and women who, devoted to Christ and faithful to their heavenly calling, have nevertheless left their mark on the world's history, have made their lives sublime, and have left examples worth imitating, of diligence, energy, courage, perseverance, and all those elements of character which insure success. Men of this stamp have been found in all the learned professions, in the realms of literature, in the walks of science, in the fields of nature, in the regions of poetry and the arts, in the centres of business enterprise, in the senate, at the bar, on the bench, in the ranks of naval commanders, and among those who have become illustrious as military leaders.

The profession of arms is not in itself favourable to the development of a life of earnest practical godliness. There are connected with military life many mighty temptations to evil, and at best many serious drawbacks to walking with God in holiness and righteousness. And yet not a few have been found to whom may be applied, with strictness and emphasis, in reference to both earthly duties and heavenly claims, the grand encomium of the Roman veteran, "Called, chosen, and faithful."

The passing generation has heard little, perhaps, and the rising generation still less, of Colonel Gardiner, who for several years was the attached friend of his eminent biographer, Dr. Doddridge. A century and a half ago he was in the height of his distinguished career; and when the British army was in a very different condition as to religion and morals from what it is at the present time, he stood forth as a faithful witness for Christ, when such were much fewer in the army than now, exerting a considerable influence for good upon his brother officers and among the rank and file of his own regiment.

He entered the army, as ensign in a Scotch regiment, at the early age of fourteen, and served in Holland. He bore a conspicuous part in the war with France, under the Duke of Marlborough, specially in the battle of Ramillies, when, leading the Forlorn Hope, he was severely wounded, a shot entering his mouth, passing through his neck, and coming out on the left side of the vertebræ. It was two days before his wound was dressed, and then by unskilled hands, so that he ever regarded it as a

merciful providence that his life was spared; for at that time, notwithstanding the religious training he had received, he lived without God, and without hope in the world. His conversion was as remarkable as it was sudden and complete. Returning from a gay party late one Sunday evening, and having an hour to wait to meet an appointment of a shameful character, he took up a book which his mother or his aunt had secretly placed in his portmanteau. The title, "The Christian Soldier; or, Heaven taken by Storm," by Watson, the great Puritan, attracted his attention, and, thinking he should find something in it to divert him, he read, and read on, though taking no particular interest in what he read. With the book still in his hand, he had a kind of vision of the Saviour on the cross, and heard in the depths of his soul, as it were a voice speaking to him—"Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?" He rose, and walked to and fro in his room, overcome with astonishment and agony, and appearing to himself a very monster of iniquity, and as if he had been all his life crucifying Christ afresh by his sins. This was followed by such a view of the goodness and majesty of God that he was broken down, and loathed and abhorred himself as one of the vilest of sinners.

He made no secret of the change that had been wrought in his views and principles, though the circumstances were not divulged. "He told his most intimate companions freely that he had reflected on the course of life in which he had so long joined them, and found it to be folly and madness, unworthy a rational creature, and much more unworthy persons calling themselves Christians." Indeed, he set up his standard on all occasions against principles of infidelity and a life of sin, as determinately and as boldly as when engaged in the various battles in which he had fought. In Paris, at the Court, and at such a time, this was no small achievement, and required no little courage and grace. His godly mother had warned him of the trials he would have to meet; and, in a letter to her, he says:—"I have already met with them, and am obliged to fight and to dispute every inch of ground; but, all thanks and praise to the great Captain of my Salvation, He fights for me, and then it is no wonder that I come off more than conqueror."

From 1745, when Colonel Gardiner died, to 1795, when Sir Henry Havelock was born, was a long and important interval in the annals of military history, and though the witnesses for Christ were few and far between, He was not left without a witness. Our purpose, however, will allow of reference only to the more distinguished names.

Havelock was born at Bishop Wearmouth, near Sunderland. While he was yet a boy, the family removed to Ingress, a beautiful residence on the banks of the Thames, at Greenhithe, Kent. His early school-days were spent at Dartford, from whence he proceeded to the Charterhouse in 1804, having for his school companions several boys who have since made their mark in the world.

The mother of Havelock was an earnest Christian woman, and was in the habit of assembling her children together in her own room for prayer and study of the Holy Scriptures. Serious impressions were thus made on the mind of Henry, and these had so grown and developed, that when at the Charterhouse he was accustomed to assemble privately with several other boys for reading the Bible and sermons, and for conversation on religious topics. This practice and his general demeanour exposed him to scorn and derision among the more thoughtless of his school-fellows, who called him "Methodist," and "canting hypocrite." Thus early he learned to endure hardness.

In compliance with the wishes of his relatives, he began to study for the Bar, but at the age of twenty-five years, after the death of his mother, he renounced the law, and entered the army as an officer in the Rifle Brigade. After about eight years of service at home, he joined the 13th Light Infantry, and embarked for India, on board the *General Kyd*. It was during this voyage that his religious character became fixed, and his decision to follow Christ was taken. There was in the 13th a Lieutenant Gardner, and this worthy man was made useful in leading Havelock to a public avowal of his attachment to the cause of Christ. "For years," says his biographer, the late Dr. Brock, "he had known what it was to be anxious about his soul, and also about the performance of the Divine will. Life, he felt, had not been given to him to be spent exactly as he pleased. The Scriptures had not been put into his possession to be set at nought or disregarded. The Son of God had not died for him in sacrifice for sin, without having the strongest claim upon him for the most grateful and responsive love. All this had been at work upon him for years, with more or less activity and power; and it was at work upon him when he set sail for India. His condition seems to have been that of feeling after God, if haply he might find Him." He was a devout man, and one that prayed to God always; but he needed more instruction about the perfect freeness of salvation, and a clearer perception of his own welcome to an immediate participation of the blessings procured by the death of Jesus. But now, the way of God being more perfectly made known to him, and the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit imparted, he found peace with God through Jesus Christ by the simple exercise of faith, accepting a present salvation, and believing with the heart unto righteousness. With the full consent of his will, the complete concurrence of his understanding, and the entire acquiescence of all the powers of his soul, he yielded himself to God through Christ, and he became the Lord's.

He at once showed the courage of his convictions, and to those who were willing to converse with him he urged the claims of Christ, alleging that never were men more mistaken than when they

imagined that they must sacrifice their manhood in order to become followers of Jesus. But the most convincing argument was the example of his life day by day; this told upon some of his associates; and the ignorance of foolish men was put to silence when they saw him faithful in all his duties, kind and courteous to all, ready to converse on literary, scientific, and other branches of learning, and, all the more for his faith in Christ, a pleasant companion, a disciplined thinker, a trustworthy friend, a perfect soldier, a high-minded and estimable man.

"Havelock was a Christian," writes one of his biographers, "not as men now usually are, according to a faint belief in the doctrines taught in childhood, but a man of the true old Puritan stamp, a man who really believed, and who, seeing the path of duty, held consequences as light as air. His piety underlaid his entire character."

This kind of man was Lieutenant Havelock when he entered India in 1823.

The Indian army has furnished many excellent men; both among the officers and private soldiers there have been not a few remarkably intelligent and earnest disciples of the Lord Jesus. To mention no others, there were the Lawrences, Nicholson, Edwardes, and Montgomery; and Havelock was destined to shine among these stars.

In Calcutta, his chosen and attached friends were men of Christian faith and blameless life, who let their light shine, and he himself determined from the first to devote his time and attention to the spiritual welfare of his men. Following out this plan, he embraced opportunities to assemble them together for reading the Scriptures and prayer, and to this was added those earnest and practical addresses which wrought such happy results among the soldiers, and in his own regiment specially.

When the Burmese war broke out, in 1824, he was appointed to the staff of Sir Archibald Campbell, as Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, and proceeded to Rangoon, taking an important part in the actions there. After the peace he met with the celebrated Dr. Judson and his heroic wife, to whose earnest persuasion it was largely due that the Burmans consented to sue for peace.

In Rangoon is a famous Buddhist temple, known as "The Magnificent Shirey Dagoon" pagoda. Of one of the apartments in this building Havelock obtained possession for his own use. All around the place were small images of Boodh, in the usual position, sitting with the legs gathered up and crossed, and the hands resting on the lap, in symbol of repose. It was announced that this chamber would be used for Christian worship, and it was so employed.

The good effects of Havelock's labours among his men were apparent on many important occasions. Once in particular, whilst in Burmah, Sir A. Campbell sent in great haste to order the men of a certain corps to occupy a post of imminent danger. So many of the men were intoxicated that the order was useless. "Then," said the general, "call out Havelock's saints; they are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready." The bugle sounded, the men were ready, the enemy was repulsed, and the general's purpose gained.

But this brief notice can give but a faint idea of the excellence of the man, the courage and skill of the soldier, the faith and devotion of the Christian. The true courage he had shown in the brief war with Persia rose to heroism in the fearful struggles of the Indian mutiny. The capture of Cawnpore and Bithoor, the victories of Unano and Busserut Gunge were crowned by the relief of Lucknow, and there, loaded with honours, full of joy and thankfulness for the triumphs achieved, and giving to the God of battles the glory due to His name, he sank from over-fatigue and exhaustion. Before the plaudits of his grateful countrymen had reached his ears, far from his family, but nursed by his eldest son, the present Sir Henry, himself suffering from a second wound, his spirit passed away, his intellect and all his mental powers calm and clear to the last.

To Sir James Outram, his illustrious companion in arms, he said, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." To another he said, "I am not in the least afraid. To die is gain." While to his son he addressed the parting words, "Come, my son, and see how a Christian can die."

In the history of the relief of Lucknow, the name of Sir James Outram will always be associated with that of Havelock. An instance of his magnanimity and self-sacrifice ought to be noticed here.

According to seniority of rank, Sir James should have commanded the expedition, but in gratitude for what Havelock and his troops had already achieved through the blessing of God, and in admiration of his character as well as his brilliant exploits, he announced in an order of the day that he thankfully waived his rank on the occasion, and would accompany the force in his capacity of Chief Commissioner of Oude, rendering his military service to General Havelock as a volunteer.

The name of Captain Hedley Vicars has become almost a "household word." Partly from his youth, partly from the excellency of his character, partly from his earnest work and his lamented death, and partly also from the well-executed "Memorials" by the gifted author of the "Life of Dr. Marsh," he has become familiar to persons of all classes and ages.

He, too, was blessed with a godly mother, and a father who set an example of piety, and whose dying hand had been placed upon his head when twelve years of age, with the prayer, "That he might be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight manfully under His banner as to glorify His holy name."

In 1843 he received a commission in the line, and early the following spring joined his regiment in the Isle of Wight. In the autumn his regiment was ordered to Corfu, and in 1848 to Jamaica.

While in Corfu he broke through the restraints of education and home example, and sowed the seeds of much sorrow in after years by yielding to the temptations which surrounded him, and indulging in some of those pursuits which too often stain the life of military officers. He was, however, not without convictions of sin, and generally found that the end of such mirth is heaviness.

While at Jamaica, he sought again and again to break off his sins by righteousness, but he had not yet learned in Whom to seek strength for the unequal conflict, and he found his own strength perfect weakness.

In June, 1851, the 97th left Jamaica for Halifax, Nova Scotia. In the autumn he visited the Falls of Niagara, and was deeply impressed with the sight as a display of the majestic power of God. It filled him, he said, with sublime and awful joy. He now began to realise with greater force the sinfulness of wasting life in a search after pleasure, and the immense importance of having a fixed aim of sufficient strength to be a lever to his life. Hitherto he had been the subject of the awakening power of the Spirit, but he was not converted to God. He had made many anxious efforts in the right direction, but they had all proved failures. Now he came to know the life and the love of Christ. While waiting in his room for a brother officer, and idly turning over the leaves of a Bible which lay on his table, his eye caught the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." The word was with power; and, closing the book, he said, "If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ." The night was spent wakefully and prayerfully, and in the morning he was enabled to believe that the message of salvation was *true for him*. "The past, then," he said, "is blotted out. What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with His own blood."

That very morning he bought a large Bible, and placed it open on the table of his sitting-room, determined that an open Bible, for the future, should be "his colours." "It was to speak for me," he said, "before I was strong enough to speak for myself."

In 1853 the regiment returned to England; and, wherever he went, there was the same testimony for God, the same living to Christ, the same work for Him. Beckenham was a scene of much interest to him, and his addresses to the navvies were much appreciated and blessed.

The following year the regiment was sent to the Piræus, and there he found congenial work. Four thousand French were quartered there, and there was no chaplain of any kind, so that the field was open to him, and in the hospital, among the fever and cholera patients, he laboured assiduously, seeking always to turn the poor sick and dying soldiers to Jesus.

He met with several very fine specimens of Christian men in the army, among the non-commissioned officers and privates. The death of Corporal Craney, 42nd Highlanders, at Halifax, was a touching scene. Shortly before he breathed his last, he asked Dr. Twining to read Romans viii. to him. As he read, the dying man's breath became shorter, and his face brighter; and as the last words fell upon his ear, "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," he said, "Thank you, sir, *that will do*," and died.

In a letter dated November 2nd, 1854, he recounts a pleasing incident in connection with guard-room duty, the previous night. He had addressed to the men his usual warning against bad words, and had distributed tracts among them, which they read with interest. "I could see them poring over them," says he, "and, about nine o'clock in the evening, Sergeant Stephens, drawing his chair (an empty cask turned upside down) near the fire, proposed to read aloud, to which a general assent was at once given, and he read a tract called "The Young Naval Officer" to a most attentive audience. "I cannot tell you how happy I felt as I heard him recounting the history of a soul brought to Jesus by the power of the Holy Spirit, and earnestly did I pray that some of these poor fellows might also be led to behold that same Saviour bleeding for them on the cross."

The following five months were filled up with hard service, not a little suffering, and many privations, and, on the other hand, with earnest work for Christ, much prayer, and Christian communion, and frequent correspondence with the loved ones at home. The night of March 22nd was dark and dreary, and the wind came down in stormy gusts; the armies on both sides were, as it were, hushed in sleep—and it was a calm before a storm. Soon after ten o'clock a force of 15,000 Russians sallied forth and entered the French lines before their movement was known. The 97th were to the front, their captain leading them on—"Men of the 97th, follow me." The moon shone forth on his sword as he waved it with his last cheer for his men—"This way, 97th"—and the next moment his arm hung powerless at his side. Borne from the field of victory, his spirit passed to the land of peace, to see the King in His beauty.

Ensign Marcus Cheek, of Evesham, was one of the victims of the Indian Mutiny. He had joined his regiment at Allahabad only a few weeks before the fiendish outbreak, being then only seventeen years old. He was cut down and severely wounded by a Sepoy, and in his weak and exhausted state concealed himself by a stream near the Ganges for four days and nights. On the fifth day he was discovered, and dragged by some Sepoys before their leader. There he found a native Christian catechist, whom the Mohammedans were seeking to bring back to his old faith. The young ensign cheered him in his resolve to cleave to the Saviour. "Padre sahib," said he, "hold on to your faith; do not give it up.

Oh! my friend, come what may, don't deny the Lord Jesus." The catechist and another disciple were delivered by the seasonable appearance of Colonel Niel with his Madras Fusiliers, but young Cheek fell into the hands of a Zemendar, who almost starved him, and persecuted him with efforts to win him to the Mussulman faith, but in vain. "Anything," said the brave youth, "anything but resign my faith and hope in my Redeemer."

The end came soon. His wounds, his sufferings, his want of food, and his exposure to the sun, soon did their work. He died in peace, his last request being that the tidings of his death should be sent to his mother.

Of these noble men, and of hundreds like-minded, who have been found in the English army, and have finished their course with joy, it may be said, "These all died in faith;" and also, "Being dead, they yet speak;" and whatever may be said of the immorality of war, and the incompatibility of the profession of arms with the religion of Jesus Christ, Britain and the world have to be thankful for such men, and to bless God for His grace bestowed on them. Till wars shall cease, there must be soldiers; and while soldiers are necessary, may we have Christian soldiers. Meanwhile, may the whole Christian Church cultivate a spirit of earnest sympathy with our brave soldiers, labouring that they may all become soldiers of Christ, and partakers of the Gospel and the power of God; praying also with all prayer and supplication that He who came to bring peace to a distracted world, may soon so assert His sovereign authority, and so extend His beneficent sway, that all the nations of the earth, whom God hath made of one blood, may dwell in peace and unity, all yielding to Him allegiance due, all knowing and serving Him, and all acknowledging each other as friends and brethren.

We have space to cite only one living witness.

Colonel —— was won to Christ when in India. He had felt the wretchedness of being under the power of sin, and had striven hard against it, but in vain. One day an officer—the most profane officer of the regiment—received a small book, called "The True Cross," by Cæsar Malan, sent from the other side of India.

"What does the man mean by sending me such a book as this?" said he; "just as if I should read it! There is young ——; he is trying to be religious, I will give it to him." The book was the message of mercy, of life, of love, and power to his soul. He became a faithful disciple, and for more than twenty years he has been a witness for Christ, and an active worker in the vineyard.

He was in the Abyssinian war, was made a Companion of the Bath, and an A.D.C. to the Queen.

While on the March to Magdala, it was his custom during a halt to retire to a rock, or some such place, with some of the Christian soldiers, and unite in prayer for the success of their enterprise and the liberation of the prisoners.

For more than twenty years he prayed for the salvation of the ungodly officer who handed him Dr. Malan's book, and at length, in a most remarkable manner, God answered his prayer in his conversion.

There is, it may safely be affirmed, an increasing number of earnest Christians in the British army, both among the officers and the men.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

THERE are some persons with fair abilities, sufficient general education, and sincere purpose, who undertake the conduct and instruction of a class in a Sunday-school, and are conscious of not meeting with such success as they expected when they began. It is not that they fail utterly, but they can hardly be said to succeed. Thus they grow disheartened, their original zeal cools, and occasionally the work is given up in despair.

Now this failure, partial or complete, generally arises from the neglect of some considerations, which look simple enough, but are of prime importance. The teacher is neither incapable nor indifferent, but he leaves something out, the omission of which mars his whole work.

It is necessary for him to bear in mind that it is by no means easy to teach a Sunday-school class well. The work is not beyond the power of those with a right mind and average intelligence and education, but it cannot be done aright by any one without pains. It must be remembered that the children who attend a Sunday-school are conscious of a sort of relief or escape from the ordinary discipline and constraint which is associated with week-day instruction; and yet they have to be instructed, and to be instructed after an orderly fashion. Thus the Sunday-school teacher needs some qualification or power beyond that which he would require if he were to take a class on a week-day when the children are influenced by the air of authority and subordination inevitably found in a well-conducted day-school. The sentiment of relaxation from this on Sunday makes his task the more difficult, and involves the necessity for special pains on his part.

In the first place, he should not teach without careful preparation of his lesson. The week-day master has passed through a course of training and instruction in what he has to do. It has been his business to be well prepared in the sub-

ject which he has to teach. As each familiar lesson arrives he brings to bear upon it the study and experience of years. He is primed with a store of professional scholastic knowledge, and thus he is not under the imperative necessity of reviewing each lesson which he has to give. When the time for giving it arrives he draws upon his standing stock of information. But the Sunday-school teacher generally has no such accumulated material to help himself from. He is perhaps engaged in some business or calling which does not assist him when he sits down before his class, and thus from week to week he has to turn his attention to the lesson which he proposes to give. It does not come to him, so to speak, as a matter of course. It needs careful preparation, and the shifting of his thoughts and attention into a fresh channel, different from that in which his mind is most generally engaged, and which has chiefly occupied him during the week.

It is, however, easy enough to say that a Sunday-school teacher should carefully prepare the lesson he intends to give. When thus minded, the real difficulty comes. How shall he equip himself for the task? Suppose that he has to explain and apply one of our Lord's parables. It is not enough for him to ascertain the meaning of difficult or obsolete words, or to gather store of parallel passages. He may do this carefully, and yet produce a pointless and rambling result. Let him rather realise one point towards which the whole lesson shall converge. Let him handle one nail which has to be driven in. Let him keep to the main line, and not be tempted into sidings. Children are choked when half a dozen applications are made of a single passage. Let the teacher eschew these lateral thrusts, and keep to some chief and central use of the matter before him. Then his lesson will be a fabric; pointed and clear. Such rays of light as he can bring to bear upon it will be drawn to a focus, and the children will carry away with them one definite impression. Now will any one say that such preparation on the part of a teacher is easy? By no means. It needs patient pains and practice. But unless these pains are taken, and this practice steadily pursued, the teacher will, Sunday after Sunday, leave his scholars' minds in a muddle.

Again, if the lesson involves some scene or event, the teacher will seek to set this before his class as graphically as he can. The power of vivid description is a gift, but even when slenderly possessed it is capable of improvement. Let the teacher seek to realise the scene himself, and not be afraid of—so to speak—modernising it to some extent. Let him not treat it as a fossil, but as a living fact. Let him connect and illustrate it with present life. The preparatory doing of this in his own mind will kindle his own interest in the narrative, and enable him to set it freshly before his scholars. Thus the Bible records are brought home to him and them, and lifted out of the dim and unreal atmosphere of a distant world.

Another point. The good teacher is shy of rules. There must be some, but the fewer the better. There is a mischievous deceptive charm in a neat code of regulations. A rule is worse than impotent unless it be observed. Once laid down, children are provokingly sharp in detecting its infraction by a fellow, and the teacher who comes to his class with a catalogue of bye-laws and regulations which, when reviewed in his own mind, or set down upon paper, seem capable of hedging out many phases of disobedience, will probably soon find himself hopelessly entangled in his own elaborate machinery. Let the conduct of his class be as elastic as possible, and while he knows what he intends to do for the maintenance of order and obedience, let him be in no hurry to confide his mode of procedure to the children.

Again, let him studiously avoid threats, and the announcement of hasty resolutions. I remember once—I was teaching a week-day class at about eleven o'clock in the morning—saying to a girl, "I will wait here till you answer me." The answer was a perfectly simple one, and withheld from sheer obstinacy. That sturdy fat-faced child kept me waiting for three hours.

Again, a Sunday-school teacher will discourage that keen competitive spirit created by the children "taking one another down" in class. Such a procedure may, indeed, keep them alive now and then, but it surely dissipates the tone of reverence which should accompany a religious lesson. The same mischief follows a constant announcement and contrast of "marks," or allusions to the probability of obtaining or losing a "prize." "Marks" are a guide to the formation of a teacher's estimate of a child's character during a certain period of instruction, rather than a frequent incentive to good behaviour; and "prizes" too often foster mere conceit. When they form part of the machinery of a Sunday-school they should be eventually given with fairness, rather than competed for. Competition in a Sunday-school develops more smartness than worth.

Again, a good teacher will seek to follow his scholars into their own homes. He will not, however, present himself there like a mere official whipping up truants. Sometimes, perhaps, he will find occasion to confer with a parent about the character of a child, but he will carefully avoid an official tone, which generally carries an air of repulsiveness with it, and shuts the door which he desires to see opened.

Again, a teacher who desires to be effective will not be merely punctual, so as to be in his place before the clock strikes, but he will be there some minutes sooner, so as to welcome at least

most of his class as they drop in. He will so realise the importance of his work as often to put himself to pains in order to do this. Few things tend more to the steadiness and good tone of a class than this readiness on the part of a teacher. It is just one of those things which children silently appreciate and respect.

Again, a good teacher will study the varied characters of the human items which make up his class. He will not merely, after a kindly and hearty fashion, try to make friends with the children who compose it, but he will seek to learn and remember the tone and temper of each. This will bring not a mere chorus of answers, but those responsive looks which show that a child feels that he or she is understood. Thus a powerful and silent bond will exist between the teacher and each individual in his class, and such order will arise in and influence descend upon it as no mere methodical teaching and general interest in the work to be done could ever possibly create.

Reproof, moreover, should as much as possible be private. A smart rebuke before a class hardens many a child whose heart would be accessible to a few kindly plain words spoken after school hours. Sometimes, of course, a scholar has to be checked or reproved openly, but the rebuke in these cases should have none of that severity which stings. A grave fault, while it cannot be passed over without immediate notice, may in most cases be best and finally treated some little time afterwards, when the heat of its commission has passed away. I need hardly say that "corporal punishment" is sorely out of place in a Sunday-school. A teacher who is led into "rappings," and "boxing of ears," and the like, is more than inefficient. Such procedure not only disturbs the school, but destroys the class. It is utterly subversive of the only influence which the teacher is there to exercise. Very often troublesome scholars may be touched and turned by being employed. Probably they suffer from intense vitality, and these eager fidgety little people are just those who frequently might be best employed when a message has to be sent to a superintendent, or a parcel of books to be fetched from the school shelf. It is hard for children to be branded as "naughty" when they are simply filled with superabundant spirits. There is often more hope of them, when properly managed, than of the goody phlegmatic ones who always sit still and never "give any trouble."

Above all, the teacher will be patient, and not expect too much. He will always come to his work with the consciousness that he has honestly asked God for the right spirit in which that work should be done, and he will think more of sowing than of reaping. He will seek to do his best, and ever try to do better still; but he will leave results in the hand of the Great Father and Teacher of all.

Harry Jones, M.A.

SHORT ARROWS.

COMPLETION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT IN JAPANESE.

THIS is an event specially deserving of notice, and we may venture to give it some prominence in our monthly record. The labours of the committee have at length been brought to a very satisfactory termination. It appears that in 1872 a translation committee was appointed, and the existing translations of the Gospels were carefully revised. By degrees, all the portions of the New Testament were added, till it has now at length been completed. The style is "popular," and so purposely, in order that the Word may come within the comprehension of the least learned. The result is that more than one hundred thousand "portions" of the Japanese New Testament have already been put into circulation, and an increase is expected. With reference to the foregoing, we have been put in possession of some statistics of the work done in Japan, which show us that the total membership of our churches last year was 2,701, an increase during one year and a half of 1,084. Besides the three Bible societies, there are now 16 missionary societies, 10 of which are American, the rest British, supporting 140 and 43 missionaries respectively. Out of the 80 provinces of the Japanese Empire, 38 are in the enjoyment of continual and we hope permanent blessings from missionary work.

IN LAPLAND.

From this far out-of-the-way territory we hear but little of the progress made by Christianity, and we fancy but very few people give a thought to the spiritual welfare of the wandering Lapland race. But they are not uncared-for, for we learn from the far north, that the Princess Eugènie, the sister of the King of Sweden, has interested herself deeply in the spiritual welfare of the Lapps. This lady is, we understand, very anxious to form an association of ladies who will be willing to support a mission to Lapland. That this will require no ordinary effort can well be imagined when the habits of the people, and the features of their country, are considered. The country is indeed divided into parishes, but the fixed population is almost *nil*. The inhabitants are continually moving about, and to traverse a space of 120 miles to attend a church service is an ordinary case. The barns

doing duty for churches are tens of miles apart, and those who die after the few services remain unburied till the pastor again visits his parish—a period perhaps of three or four months. When these circumstances are considered, we can appreciate the good work now being carried out by the Princess Eugènie, and we may wonder that no helping hand has ere this been extended to the poor nomadic race with whom we have been familiar from childhood, and while giving our sympathy to the reindeer, have too often forgotten the spiritual welfare of the wandering tribes whose necessities are now pressing upon us, and in whose hearts are longings for light from above.

GOOD NEWS FROM GREECE.

The observance of Sunday in Greece is, we are happy to state, becoming more general. The Governor of Patras has lately issued an order prohibiting the villagers bringing wares for sale on Sundays, and has also endeavoured to prevent the Sunday trading which has hitherto been so common. It is understood that this order has emanated from high official quarters, as a decree has already gone forth ordering the teaching of the New Testament in all the national schools. Let us trust that such laudable endeavours may be blessed with success.

TEMPERANCE WORK IN SWEDEN.

We spoke in a preceding paragraph of the good work being done in Lapland through the influence of the Princess of Sweden; and it is satisfactory to find that while distant people are not neglected, those at home are also attended to. At a time too when the Sunday closing of public-houses in England is occupying attention, the success of the experiment in Sweden must have an interest for us. The temperance cause has become quite a prominent question, and, taken up in conjunction with Gospel teaching, has been very successful. The people attend in numbers to hear the services, and the Town Council of Iön Köping, a town with 16,000 inhabitants, have set the example, and resolved to close the public-houses on Sundays and fair-days, and on Saturday evenings at six o'clock. The result is reported as most satisfactory—a difference in the appearance of the streets and a decrease in crime. The meetings are now better attended, and though the question is a difficult one, and much perseverance and tact are necessary in dealing with the masses, good workers have been raised up, and, in spite of all difficulties, the blessings of temperance and of the Gospel are making themselves felt in the Swedish towns where such influence formerly was almost unknown. Various useful institutions are being founded—a hospital for children, and a town mission at Wilhelmsro. A bazaar was arranged, lectures given, and numerous Bible-classes have regular attendants, so that the good cause is making way among the people.

CHRISTIANITY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Those of our readers who are interested in the progress of the missionary work in Caffraria will do well to procure and peruse a pamphlet written by Miss Bond, who has laboured for many years in South Africa. In that little book the writer gives us the history of the mission at Newlands, where her useful work has been carried on, and the results obtained are most satisfactory. Some of the natives who have been educated at the mission establishment are now engaged in teaching, and some have been ordained to the ministry. Others, we learn, are filling important situations, and bringing up their families in the fear of the Lord, and in virtue and godliness of living. In the schools connected with the mission native children are taught, and kept free from all contaminating influences. Thus the good work set on foot a few years ago is already bearing much fruit, and will doubtless continue to flourish. Copies of the pamphlet referred to may be procured, we believe, at 32, Cheapside, London.

TEACHING THE ZULUS.

Germane to the foregoing good work is the mission to our quondam foes, the Zulu Caffres, and though, not unnaturally, the natives are slow in giving their entire confidence to the preachers, they are beginning to show a decided interest in the work going on, and do not regard their teachers with animosity. The plan pursued amongst the Zulus appears to us to be a good one. The teachers go to the village or encamp near it, and there remain for a while, waiting until, by works of charity and kindness, the confidence of the natives has been gained. By conversing with individuals the good seed of the Word is sprinkled amongst them, and it takes root after the ground has been carefully prepared. By degrees, the people assemble, and then the preacher can address them collectively, and follow up his first success. The great want, apparently, is the establishment of proper schools within reasonable distance. Money for these is needed, and no doubt money will be forthcoming as soon as the want is made known. There are openings for ten out-stations, and £30 a year for each station would support the school for the teaching in which native evangelists can be obtained. The progress already made amongst the Zulu Caffres warrants the hope that a still greater success is in store for those labouring so disinterestedly in the good cause we all have at heart.

A USEFUL LIFE.

There is a touching interest added to the facts narrated in the paper entitled "An Hour with some Daisies," which appeared in the August number of THE QUIVER. The life closed in June last, of the Founder of the Home which has been so blessed in its tender ministrations to the outcast and the thief. He had enjoyed a life singularly free from illness,

or from even small ailments. Ordinary aches and pains of humanity had passed him by, until, at the close of last year, an unusually severe attack of bronchitis tried his strength. He rallied sufficiently to leave his room, but at eighty years of age, recuperative power is small. Some of those whom his efforts had saved from ruin—one especially, married and settled at some distance, travelled just to see him "once more;" but his strength did not permit of many interviews, and he gradually failed. Quietly as he had lived, so he quietly and peacefully died, and, according to his own request, had an unadorned and most unostentatious funeral; but as a token of respect to his memory, some of his leading fellow-townsmen formed themselves into a little procession, and accompanied the coffin—borne on a plain hearse, without even the slight covering of a pall—to its resting place in the adjacent cemetery.

"He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

Within a fortnight of the death of the Founder, even whilst the preceding lines were being penned, the Home has sustained another blow in the death of her who for many years has been its active, loving, energetic matron, and its inmates are doubly orphaned. The garden and the daisies survive, but who will tend them now the gardeners have been themselves transplanted? But God will not fail them.

GOD'S WORD IN SAVAGE ISLAND.

We cull the following from an interesting speech on the spread of God's Word throughout the world:—

"What has the Word of God done for Savage Island? It has brought life and immortality to light. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. Out of 5,000 people on that island there are now 1,670 communicants, members of Christ's Church, men and women who have a clear perception of the great central truths of Christianity. The reality of their faith is seen in their changed lives, and one of the greatest characteristics of this is their love of sacred Scripture. It has given a light in the hour of death. An old man who had grey hairs upon him before he heard the name of Christ, and who had patiently learned to read in our schools, was, a few years ago, brought suddenly near to death. He failed to recognise his dearest nearest relatives. His wife he knew not. Soon after he was asked if he knew Christ. 'Know Jesus?' he said, 'Oh, yes, I know Him. I learnt of Him years ago, and all my hope and trust is in Jesus now;' and soon after he passed away, as we believe, into the presence of that Lord whom he had learned to love, and whose name had come to occupy so dear a place in his affections. 'And at eventide there shall be light.' The Word of God has laid the foundation of social order; law and government have been established, and in their native Parliaments the Word of God is always the book of appeal. Recently Her Majesty's High Commissioner for Polynesia, Sir Arthur Gordon, visited the island and strengthened the hands of the native legislators by entering into a sort of treaty with them that their law against the introduction of spirits should not be repealed without consulting Her Majesty's representative. The Word of God is the source and foundation of education. 'The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.' The foundations of their literature were laid in the Word of God, and on Savage Island to-day there is perhaps a larger proportion of those who can read and write in relation to the whole population than in any other part of the civilised world. The Word of God established commercial relations with the big outside world. No sooner does Christianity come in than new wants are created, and that leads to development of industry and of character. While formerly Savage Island was dreaded by the navigator, now many vessels visit its shores, regularly carrying away the native produce, and giving in return the trade of the civilised world. Homes of comfort are now to be found on this barren rock, peace and plenty have taken the place of war and famine, and all this blessed change the people attribute to the Word of God."

NEWS FROM NORWAY.

In connection with the preceding paragraphs on the subject of Lapland and Sweden, we have noticed some extracts from a letter respecting the progress being made also in Norway. Notwithstanding some police opposition to open-air gatherings, the energetic Mr. Radcliffe obtained leave from the officer commanding in Bergen, who granted the use of the parade ground for a Sunday service. There an immense congregation assembled, and the glad tidings of the Gospel was preached to them through a willing interpreter. Nor did the work stop here. At other places, by means of tracts and other open-air services—though there is much opposition to any but the State Church—the people have been reached, and the good seed sown in their hearts. That there are difficulties and many serious obstructions to be overcome no one will doubt, but the power of prayer has opened out a way, and the barriers are being broken down in many places.

IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES.

Far away in the North-West territory a great movement is going on, and from Manitoba cheering accounts of the growing influence of Gospel truth continue to reach us. In Winnipeg alone there are nine Protestant churches, and there is scarcely a settlement in the province in which—in one way or another—the Word is not proclaimed. In addition to these a Christian Association has been established, there are Bible classes and prayer-meetings; services are conducted in the gaols and hospitals, and even the newly arrived immigrants are not left without spiritual care. These great advantages speak highly in favour of the energy and practical character of

the missionaries of the North-West, which have conduced to the descent of so many blessings upon their exertions in the cause of Christianity.

MISS WHATELY IN EGYPT.

For no less than twenty years the gifted daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin has been toiling amongst the poor of Egypt. The success of Miss Whately's mission can hardly be over-estimated. From various sources we learn that the Medical Mission, established under a qualified practitioner, has in one year alone relieved upwards of 2,000 patients. Nor is her school less deserving of attention. This is attended daily by more than five hundred Copts and Moslems anxious for instruction. In the noble efforts made by this lady she has expended health and resources, and when we consider the great influence for good which her labours have exercised, the bodily and spiritual relief which poor suffering souls have so often experienced at her hands, we feel sure that the appeals already made through the public press have not been made in vain. Travellers in Egypt testify to the great good which she has been sustained in doing, and Christians at home will do well to ponder upon the great blessings which have ensued, and which they can help to increase, and so extend the Gospel in Egypt, and into even more distant provinces of the African continent.

SYRIAN SCHOOLS.

A subject germane to the foregoing has been brought to our notice—namely, the successful establishment of the schools at Jaffa—the far-famed Joppa. This ancient city is built on a sloping ground, and from the summit of the hill the prospect is beautiful and extensive. Here the schools have been established, overlooking the fragrant orange-groves of Sharon, and more than fifty girls are now resident in the school-house. But Jaffa is not alone in this good position. At Beyrout is another "colony of schools," and here is the training-school whence pupils are passed out, after a competitive examination, to other establishments in the Lebanon. All sects are under tuition, and even should no other benefit arise from the teaching, the youth of the various tribes are led to a better feeling of toleration, and such terrible scenes as have occurred are not likely to be repeated, for the old animosity will give way to peace. At Damascus again even Jewesses are being taught the Word of Christ; and the Protestant form of worship appears to be preferred by the children, whose education in Christian truths is countenanced by their parents. At Hasheza (Baal-gad), and at Nazareth, many praiseworthy and successful efforts are also being made, and will we trust (notwithstanding some animosity on the part of sheikhs) continue to flourish.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

1. In what way did Saul recruit his army from time to time?

2. How long were persons obliged to stay in the cities of refuge?

3. What are the three equal divisions of time from Abraham to the birth of Christ?

4. In what way does the prophecy of Jeremiah, "Rachel weeping for her children," apply to the slaughter of the Innocents?

5. Mention some passage in which John the Baptist speaks of God as able to turn stones into men.

6. What means were taken to prevent the spread of false doctrine in the cities of Israel?

7. It is said of Christ, "He shall be called a Nazarene," that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets. How can this be called a prophecy?

8. What was given to the Levites as their inheritance in place of a share in the land?

9. What people are mentioned as being very rich in golden ornaments?

10. What women were allowed a share in the distribution of land under Joshua?

11. What district was given to Caleb as his special portion?

12. Where was the altar Ed situated, and for what purpose was it built?

13. What information have we of the brethren of Gideon?

14. What man was expelled from his home, and afterwards brought back to be ruler of the country?

15. What foolish vow was made by Jephthah?

16. What people were punished by death for looking into the ark?

17. What was the name of the grandson of Ruth?

18. What tribe of Israel was all destroyed except six hundred, from whom descended one of the kings of Israel?

19. In whose memory were four days of each year kept as days of mourning?

20. At whose prayer did God send an angel the second time to deliver a message?

21. Did either of the sons of Saul reign over Israel?

22. On two occasions our Blessed Lord spoke of death as being a sleep. Mention them.

23. From whose writings did our Lord quote the words, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice?"

24. In what words does Jesus tell us that little acts of mercy done for His sake are known and remembered by God?

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.

MEMORIALS OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS AMONG SAILORS.

IT might be expected that "they that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," seeing as they do "the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep," would be, as a rule, praying and God-fearing men. Such, however, is not commonly the case. Our sailors are hearty, brave, and in many respects noble fellows, but as a class, they are not remarkable for piety. Notable exceptions have been found, however, and are still found, both among the commanders, and among the petty officers and men, and great results have followed Christian efforts for their good.

Without doubt, England has produced some of the finest sailors, and some of the ablest captains that have ever sailed the seas. Among these may be ranked the Drakes, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, all Devonshire men. What British commerce and civilisation owe to these men, and to others who have followed in their train, no ordinary pen could describe. Sir Walter Raleigh, "the father of English colonisation," as he has been fitly called, is one of the most conspicuous among these illustrious men, and one whose character shines out as strongly as any with the light of true faith, and other marks of genuine discipleship.

Part of the old manor-house of Hayes, near Budleigh, East Devon, where Sir Walter was born in 1552, is still standing, and is used as a farmhouse. When he left Oxford, without a degree, at the age of seventeen, he joined a band of gentlemen volunteers and went to France, where he fought in many battles on the side of the Huguenots against their papal oppressors and persecutors. His Protestantism was decided and emphatic, and his hatred of Spain and popery only equalled his love for his country and her religious and material interests. The ground thus early taken was held to the end of his life, and his religious principles and faith became only more strong and mature as years and many changes passed over him, and as trials, sufferings, and unjust treatment marked his path.

Of Sir Walter's maritime researches, of his colonisation schemes, of the important part he took on land and on sea in repelling the Spanish Armada, of his introduction of the potato plant into Europe, of his figure as a politician and as a courtier, and of the many aspects of his many-sided character, and the startling incidents of his remarkable life, we have not now to write. We have to do with him as a Christian sailor and commander who, in an age far less favourable than the present for the development of such a character, was conspicuous for his piety, and, notwithstanding some weaknesses, for his manly courage, for his Christian fortitude and fidelity, and for a faithful witness borne to the truth. His writings on various subjects, and especially his poems and letters, bespeak him a man of faith and prayer, and simple trust in the merits of Jesus Christ. His efforts for the good order of the ships under his command, and the discipline of the men, were exceptional in those days. In every ship there was to be divine service every morning and evening; all swearing was to be punished, gambling was forbidden, obedience to superiors was enforced, while a conduct of forbearance, kindness, and courtesy was to be shown to the Indians.

His trial upon a charge of high treason was a gross blunder, and his condemnation as great an injustice, and his execution fifteen years after, during thirteen of which he had suffered imprisonment in the Tower, was a judicial murder, a disgraceful consummation of a foul and malicious proceeding on the part of his enemies.

Picture the worthy patriot, passing down the Thames from Westminster to the Tower in a barge, and writing by lamplight words that are touching in their antique simplicity :—

> From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
> Where no corrupted voices brawl,
> No conscience molten into gold,
> No forged accuser bought or sold,
> No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey;
> For Christ is there, the King's Attorney.
> And when the grand twelve-million jury
> Of our sins, with direful fury,
> 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
> Christ pleads His death, and then we live.
> Be Thou my Speaker, taintless Pleader,
> Unblotted Lawyer, true Proceeder.
> Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms,
> Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms:
> This, then, is my eternal plea
> To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea.

Such a man could afford to say to the executioner, as he felt the edge of the axe, "'T is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all woes." And his reply to that

functionary, when he asked how he would like to place his head for the fatal stroke, may be taken as one of the lessons of his eventful life:—"So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."

The name of the Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, is familiar to many as an eminent minister of the Gospel, a valuable writer, especially of devotional letters, and a hymnist—in this last character being associated with his friend, the poet Cowper. A large portion of his earlier life was spent as a sailor, both before his conversion and afterwards. This was his sphere, until, like Peter of old, he heard the call, "From henceforth thou shalt catch men!" In his excellent hymns are several of great interest, in which he utilises his knowledge of the sea, and his experience as a sailor, to illustrate the trials and privileges of Christians.

Another, who spent his early days at sea, but who afterwards became a popular preacher and a useful hymn-writer, was the Rev. S. Medley, of Liverpool. For many years he drew large congregations, and by making use of his nautical knowledge, and frequently employing maritime phrases in his discourses, he drew around him many sea-going people, and thus indirectly made his influence felt for good among the sailors of that port. A wound he received in the action off Cape Lagos troubled him the whole of his life. Among his last words were, "I am now a poor shattered bark, just about to gain the blissful harbour; and, oh, how sweet will be the port after the storm! But a point or two more, and I shall be at my Heavenly Father's house."

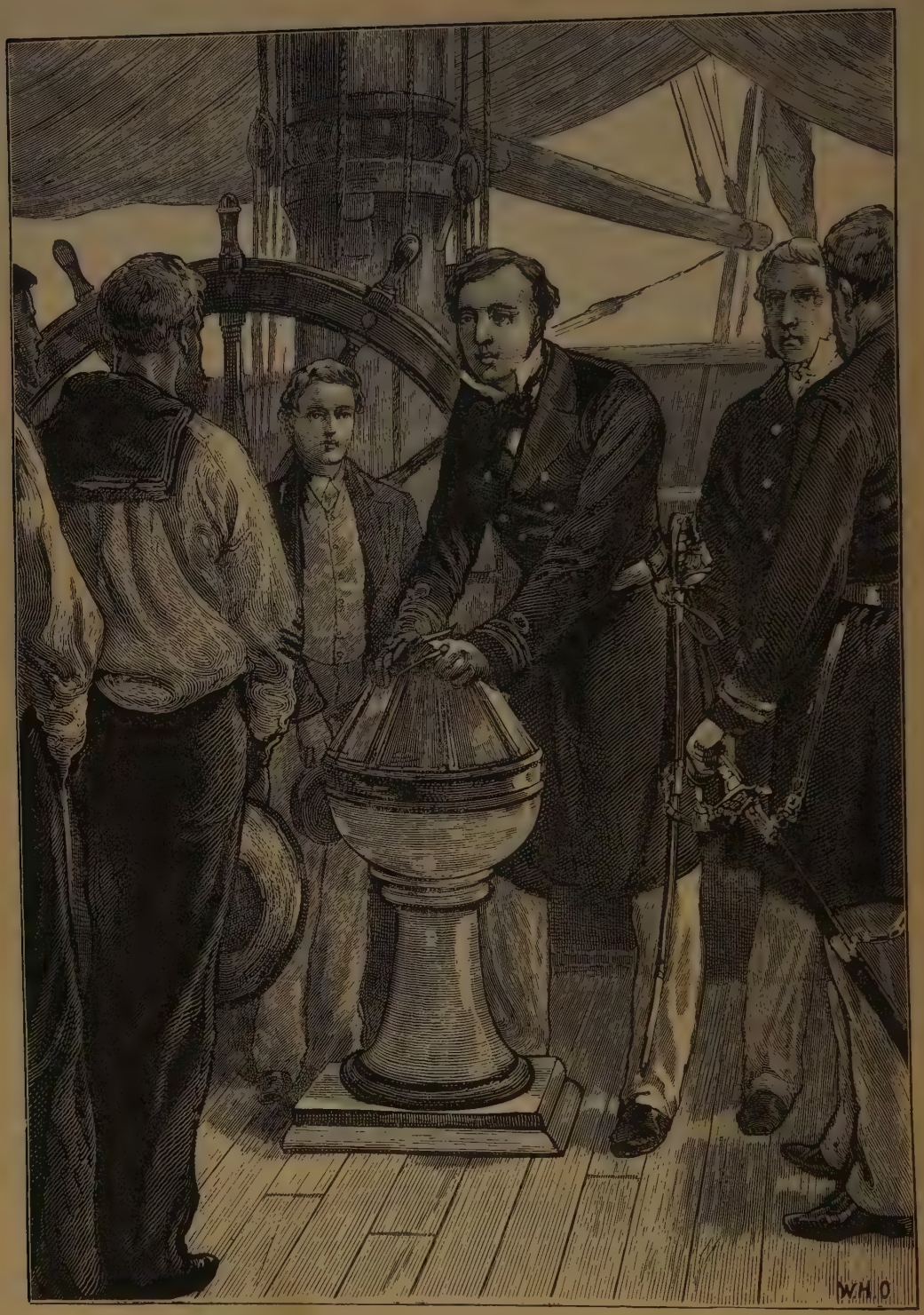
Scotland was the scene of a considerable revival of religion about the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, through the labours of the brothers R. and J. A. Haldane. They were gentlemen of good property, and were connected with some of the first families in Scotland. Many names occur in their memoirs which are well known in connection with both the army and navy, and with various religious and philanthropic movements. Both these men were sailors in the commencement of their career; the elder one, Robert, occupying a good position under his uncle, Admiral Duncan. Robert was first engaged on board the *Monarch*, and when transferred to the *Foudroyant*, under Lord St. Vincent, was in the action with the *Pegase*. He displayed equal zeal and bravery, and was seen at one time holding a lantern to direct the proper elevation of a gun. When reminded of his danger as a ready mark for the enemy, he said that in the discharge of duty he should disdain to think of personal danger. His commander's approval was indicated by his being appointed to be one of the officers to take possession of the *Pegase* and bring back its commander.

After the action, Sir John Jervis wrote to his uncle congratulating him on the determined spirit and ability of his nephew, and predicting that Robert Haldane would one day be an ornament to his country. This prediction was fulfilled, but in a way far different from what the hero of St. Vincent imagined.

But, beyond the applause of the great officer under whom he served, there was one circumstance, the recollection of which interested his mind during the very last days of his life, though sixty years had elapsed. He mentioned that on going into action with the *Pegase*, when his heart beat high with ardent zeal, he breathed out an earnest prayer to God that he might now be strengthened to discharge his duty as a British sailor in defence of his country. He had made, he said, no open profession of religion, and in his heart there was much pride, worldliness, and ambition. Yet, beneath this heap of rubbish, there was fermenting in his soul the incorruptible seed, planted, under God, by a mother's hand, and watered by a mother's prayers. It was while his ship was lying with the rest of the fleet at Gosport that he witnessed the loss of the *Royal George*. While watching, by means of a telescope, the operation of heeling over of the ship, on a sudden it overset, filled, and sank; and, in charge of a boat from the *Foudroyant*, he was one of the most active in picking up and saving the drowning crew. At least twelve hundred souls were on board, and not more than three hundred were saved.

After the expedition for the relief of Gibraltar under Lord Howe, and taking part in one or two minor actions, Robert Haldane quitted the service, the establishment of peace rendering devotion to the interests of his country in that particular form no longer necessary. To the last day of his life, however, he took a deep interest in all that pertained to the spiritual and material interests of the navy. Possessing an ample fortune and fine estates, his energy discovered itself in various ways, all tending to the improvement of the material interests of his native land. Later on, he became a profound theologian, and his works have been an immense blessing to the Christian Church. While on a protracted visit to Geneva, he was the means of much good to a number of students and ministers. Among others who were enlightened or converted through his instrumentality may be mentioned Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, and Dr. Cæsar Malan. This latter was the means of the enlightenment and instruction in the faith of the Gospel of the author of "Just as I am, without one plea"—Charlotte Elliott, whose saintly life and priceless hymns have been an inestimable blessing to the world. Thus the young praying midshipman became a means of vast benedictions to his age and the generations to come. He lived to an advanced age, and died with the grand utterance of Christian hope trembling on his lips—"For ever with the Lord! For ever! For ever!"

The Haldane family had the chief interest in one of the East India Company's ships, and James A. Haldane, at the age of seventeen, entered that service as midshipman in the *Duke of Montrose*, and afterwards he became captain of the *Melville Castle*. He



"Captain Bate conducted service on Sundays, and preached to the men."

made several voyages to India and China, but retired to his estates after his marriage. During his first voyage, he narrowly escaped being murdered by some natives at an island where they took in water; and not long after, he was mercifully delivered from a watery grave, having fallen overboard from a boat. At this time, however, he had no more of religion than the form, though leading a moral and outwardly blameless life, in the midst of a ship's company, not one of whom, so far as he knew, made any pretension to religion, even so much as to use a form of prayer or read the Bible.

As captain of the *Melville Castle*, he resolved to adopt a course which was then unusual—to have divine worship on board, and thus seek to exercise a beneficial influence on the men befitting his station. While his ship was detained, from various causes, at Portsmouth with the rest of the fleet, the intrepidity and firmness of his character, as well as his tact, received an illustration—one of many that might be mentioned—which won him high commendation.

The crew of the *Dutton* were in a state of mutiny. The men had some cause of complaint, but their proceedings were in a high degree criminal. They armed themselves, and made a determined attack on the quarter-deck. The officers were powerless, and a scene of confusion prevailed. At this juncture, Captain Haldane appeared at the ship's side. The shouts of the officers, "Come on board! come on board!" were nearly drowned by the cries of the mutineers, "Keep off, or we'll sink you!" Ordering his men to veer round to the stern, in a few moments Captain Haldane was on the quarter-deck. First restoring composure and presence of mind to the officers, and peremptorily refusing to head an attack on the mutineers, he stood, cutlass in hand, calmly reasoning with the men, and the quarter-deck was soon cleared. Still perceiving that there was much confusion, and finding that the chief danger lay at the powder-magazine, he was down in a moment at the spot. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more daring than the rest, were at the door, threatening with horrid oaths what they would do, one actually wrenching off the iron bars, and the other with a shovelful of live coals ready to throw in. Captain Haldane, putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he would shoot him. He then called for the irons of the ship, and they were placed on both the culprits; the rest of the ringleaders were then secured, and the remainder were quieted.

"Had any one," says the Rev. Christopher Anderson, "then foretold that the daring captain of the *Melville Castle* would ere long become a minister of Christ, the pastor of a large Christian church and a larger congregation, and that the surgeon of the *Dutton*, well known afterwards as Dr. James Anderson, of Edinburgh, would, after returning home, one day join that Church—nothing would have appeared so incredible."

On board H.M.S. *Blenheim*, in 1841, were a few Christian officers, who, every night for eight months, assembled together to pray and read, and study the Scriptures. In the ship this little company went by the name of "The Blue Lights," but the name, though opprobrious, did not alarm them; they bore the cross, faithfully witnessed for Jesus, and did their best to possess their souls in patience. One of this band of Christian disciples was a special trophy of divine grace. He had been a wild swearing fellow, and could scarcely speak without an oath. One morning, when he had been uttering some most awful imprecations, a young officer spoke to him in a tone of tenderness, and repeated the command of Scripture, "Swear not at all." It was the message of God to the sinner's soul. He was brought to repentance; he ceased to swear, and began to pray; he was led to Christ, and found joy and peace in believing, while his soul gathered knowledge and strength in fellowship with the band of faithful ones.

Another of these "Blue Lights" was William Thornton Bate, then mate of the *Blenheim*. He was then about twenty-one years of age, having been born on the island of Ascension, of which his father was governor, in 1820. His father's death led to his conversion to God, and he found in a young officer one who helped him by his counsel and his prayers.

When Bate joined the *Blenheim*, she was in the Chinese seas, as England was at war with China. When a lieutenant on board the flag-ship of Admiral Warren, cruising in the Bight of Benin, he had saved a man from drowning by leaping overboard to his rescue, keeping him from sinking until a boat came to their relief; and in face of the enemy he was not less brave. On one occasion he scaled a wall alone, his sudden appearance sending trepidation into the Chinese troops so that in their alarm they fled, and he went round and opened the gates to the British troops. Once, he entered a fort alone, and the Chinese, thinking him to be the leader of a party, abandoned their position in hot haste, and left him, to the no small astonishment of himself and the ship's company, master of the situation.

When peace was established, no reward came to Bate, and at his own request he was appointed to assist in surveying the Chinese waters. In 1846, his ship was ordered home, and he spent two years in close naval studies at Portsmouth. In 1849 he was made commander, and was appointed to resume the survey of the Chinese waters. For five years he was engaged in this work, supplying a great deficiency in the navigation of those seas, which now swarm with British and other European besides American vessels. Bate was well prepared for the work, and he did it well.

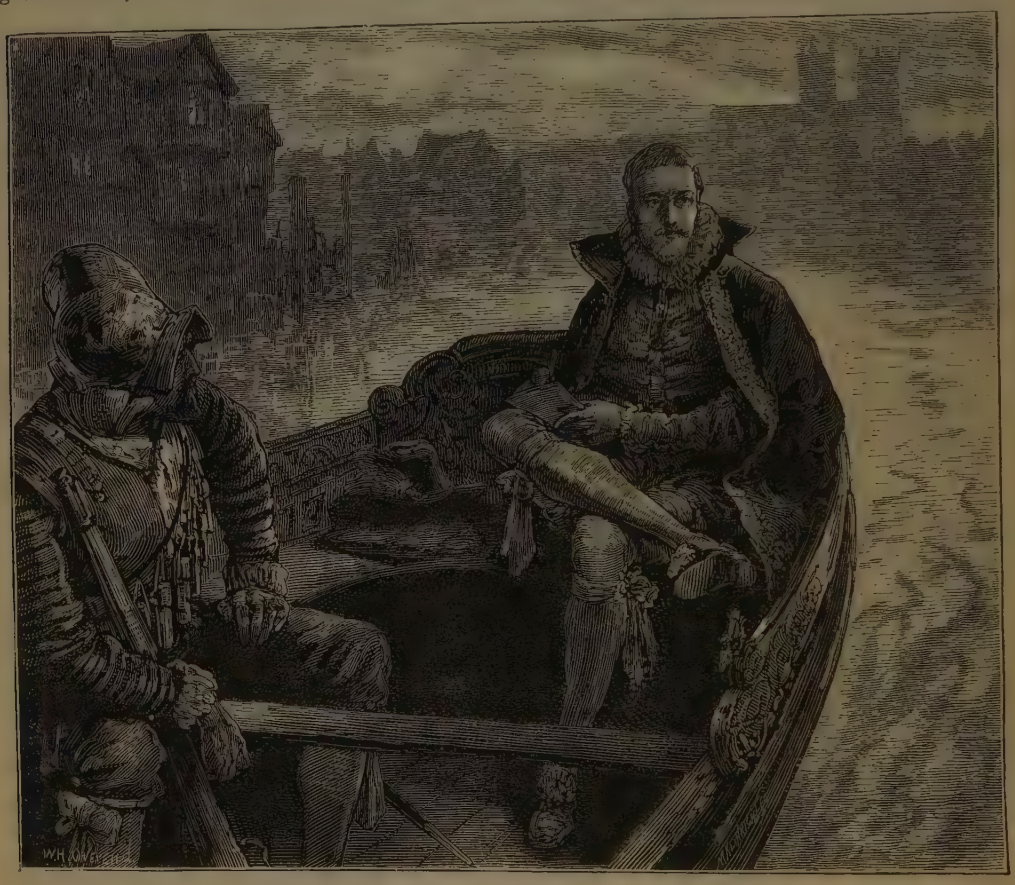
But while he was diligent in the duties of his calling, daring in enterprise, brave in battle, and faithful in command, he was also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Walking with God himself, and seeking to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God, he was attentive to the spiritual welfare of his men. He conducted service on Sundays, and

preached to the men, and by other means eagerly sought their salvation. His treatment of the natives of the different islands where he touched or stayed was such that on his return to resume the work of the survey, they gladly welcomed him. By such conduct he left good impressions on their minds.

The same noble and self-sacrificing spirit which led him to attempt the rescue of a man overboard from the peril of the water and the sharks in the Bight of Benin, led him to even a nobler display of devotion at Hong-Kong. In the spring of 1852, small-pox seized one of his men—the clerk. Captain Bate had him removed to his own cabin. When he was recovering, the captain himself was seized. He desired to be removed ashore to the hospital, and was borne to the boat and conveyed thither, amid the tears of the rough and hardy sailors. A passage from a letter will show the effects of this affliction:—

"I feel," said he, writing to a young friend in England, "my sickness has been a great blessing to me, and I would not have been without it for worlds. I trust it has made me a better man, and led me to consider more seriously how little we are profited if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls; for what is there in the *world* which we could barter our souls for? Let me entreat you to 'remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' and not to put it off, as many do, till a more convenient season."

One of Captain Bate's most attached friends was the late Sir Edward Parry, himself a distinguished navigator and an excellent Christian. A passage of a letter from him will show the man, his spirit, character, and aims:—



SIR WALTER RALEIGH PASSING DOWN THE THAMES.—*p.* 65.

"Although the current of life, and its necessary business, go so fast as to allow us little time for correspondence, we [he wrote from Haslar] beg you to believe that we ever and very often think of you with sentiments of affection and esteem. As time goes on and eternity is nearer at hand, we cling more closely to the 'little flock,' the 'household of faith,' the faithful followers of a crucified and risen Redeemer. May the Lord be ever with you to bless and keep you."

This brief extract from an ordinary letter to a Christian friend, shows us what sort of a man Sir Edward was, how humble, spiritually minded, and fervent in spirit, and yet how active and diligent in

his responsible position. It shows us, too, what an estimate he had of Captain Bate, and of the value of his testimony for Christ.

Sir Edward suggested to him the plan of a "proposed Union for Prayer for the Promotion of Religion in Her Majesty's Navy." The plan suggested, "That every Sunday morning between seven and eleven the spiritual wants of the navy should be brought before the Throne of Grace; that all orders of men in the naval service, from the highest to the lowest, might be led to a serious concern for their souls, and for the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men; and in particular that officers might entertain a just sense of their high responsibility as regards the spiritual as well as temporal interests of those over whom they are placed, exercising a spirit of wisdom, justice, love, and a sound mind."

Captain Bate entered heartily into this proposal, and acted upon it, publicly and privately.

He chose a motto for his conduct, and this he wrote on the fly-leaf of his journals:—

> And is this all? Can reason do no more
> Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
> Sweet moralist! Afloat on life's rough sea,
> The Christian has an art unknown to thee:
> He holds no party with unmanly fears;
> Where Duty bids, he confidently steers—
> Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
> And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

He returned to England in 1854, but was ordered out again when hostilities commenced at Canton. Here he was the same man as before—decided in his own heart to follow Christ everywhere. In choice of companions he was equally true to his profession, seeking alone that society in which Christ was recognised, and yet so conducting himself in spirit and words as not to alienate any.

His part in the war was conspicuous, and so arduous that for four months he did not take off his clothes and turn into bed; yet, besides seasons of private devotion, he instituted daily prayer, and conducted worship, and thus several had to bless God for his faithful witness of Christ.

It was only a few months after he received his captain's commission that, while taking the distance from the ground to the top of the wall with his sextant, a shot from a gingal struck him in the breast, and he never spoke again.

Captain William Cook will long be remembered in connection with the narrative of the loss of the *Kent*, East Indiaman. Of his heroic deeds this paper affords no room to speak. They may be found in full detail in the above "narration," in "The *Kent* and the *Cambria*," and, in briefer form, in a recent tract. His courage and firmness, his lion-like spirit and energy, were only excelled by his humanity. And while he was fêted by the approving and grateful public he was all unconscious that he had done more than simply what was his duty. "I was but a poor instrument," he used to say, "in the hand of Providence. He could easily have found another."

Space forbids us to do more than mention, in conclusion, the incident of the heroic rescue of a drowning Finn during a dreadful storm in Plymouth Sound, by the Captain's coxswain of Her Majesty's ship *Elk*.

When every other bold seaman shuddered at the thought of hazarding his life in such a hopeless adventure, this man, with steadfast confidence in Jesus, flung himself into the boiling deep, and saved his poor drowning fellow-creature. "Why did you volunteer for such a dangerous service?" he was asked. "Because" said he, "a fellow-creature was drowning; I knew that Jesus was with me, and I was not afraid to die."

WHAT IS TIME?

WHEN God decreed that man should be
The chieftain of the earth,
He gave him power to mark the flight
Of time, and weigh its worth.

His horologe is in the sky,
With stars to mark its lines,
And man alone can read aright
The ever-passing signs.

Man, only, contemplates the Past,
Its vast and dim profound,
And thus the Present cannot hold
Him pinioned to the ground.

But, from the Past, evolving thought
Of future worlds and skies,
He travels up Life's Alp to see
The sun of heaven arise.

By toil and trouble tried and trained
To climb the dizzy height,
He stands at last upon that peak
Where Faith is merged in light.

And when the weary bleeding feet
Need just a little rest,
Death brings him wings and strength to soar
To regions of the blest.

WILLIAM A. GIBBS.

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE GRANGE KITCHEN.

KYTHE'S glance around her was hasty but comprehensive. It embraced the broad cavernous fire-place on the one hand, the dresser, rich in old china and brilliant with polished tins and coppers, on the other, and in the centre the long table with the persons seated there. At the further end, a little removed from the rough labourers with the clay of the fields on their garments, and the ruddy bare-armed women servants, whom her entrance had transfixed with astonishment, two persons were seated, whose dress and demeanour distinguished them from the rest, but neither of them came forward to accost her. This was left to the stout tall female in coarse bibbed apron and holland sleeves, who had been hewing off huge slices of salt pork with careful but generous hand, taking good care that an equal share of pudding was given to each diner, but administering at the same time sundry lectures to the well-fed and yet too often discontented hinds on the sinfulness of waste and gluttony. Her eyes had followed the direction of the rest, and she took a step towards the intruder, with the carving-knife and fork still uplifted.

It was embarrassing to be obliged to introduce herself, and under such circumstances. Like many more sensitive people, Kythe often veiled her nervousness under an assumption of hauteur, and when Miss Mia demanded, in what were meant to be encouraging tones, "Well, my lass, and what will you be wanting?" her answer was not only curt, but ungracious.

"My name is Anstey. Where is your master? Will some one tell him I am here?"

Miss Mia opened her mouth to reply, then closed it again, and stood silently surveying the speaker. She could scarcely have told why she felt so disappointed that she had not a word of greeting ready. It might have been because the delicate child she had proposed to cosset and care for—and, if the mother made no objection, keep for her very own—had vanished, and this slim maiden, with her head held erect in such stately fashion, was not the creature she had dreamed of; or it might have been because Kythe's attire offended her notions of what was proper and decent for the young.

Miss Mia looked grim disapproval of the beaded trimmings on her hat, the feather curling over the brim, the fringe of wavy hair across the forehead—a fashion so detestable in Miss Mia's sight that she had summarily dismissed a dairymaid for adopting it; the cheap kid gloves—expensive articles of attire that ought not to be donned except on fine Sundays and high-day visits to the market-town—and the spotted veil Kythe had thrown back as she came into the room.

"We don't want a fine flirty London lady here!" was Miss Mia's unspoken thought, as she took note of all these things; but when her eyes fell on the wrap the young girl was carrying on her arm it softened. How well she remembered that grey plaidie! Age, and use, and many washings had faded it, and robbed it of its warmth; but still she knew it again. Had she not chosen it herself, as a wedding-gift for Hester on her bridal, selecting the best in the shop lest the censorious should say she gave it grudgingly?

In a somewhat similar mood she now accosted her guest.

"And so you 'll be Hester Anstey's daughter? My word! I don't know how to believe it. Come here, Noel, will you? I did not know how old I 'd grown till you told me who you were. This is the master, and my brother," she explained, as Mr. Raynor came leisurely forward, wondering why he was sent for to interview the stranger. "This is the sick girl I spoke of to you, Noel—my cousin Hester's; you 'll remember—she that we bid her send here to be nursed up. She 's none such a little lass, after all."

"You do not seem to have expected me," observed Kythe, colouring high, and resenting Noel's want of good manners. He had neither bowed as to a stranger, nor offered his hand as to a relative.

"Ou ay! we did, though," responded Miss Mia, with surprise. "Hadn't I written to say you were to come?"

"But my mother would not have sent me if she had known that I should be left to find my way to the Grange as best I could," Kythe retorted, too much aggrieved to resist this opportunity of saying so. "She did not think I should be so unkindly treated."

"I don't understand you!" exclaimed Noel Raynor, his deep tones stern and ominous. No one had ever affronted him or his with impunity. "Go on; if any mischief-loving person has dared to send you out of your way——"

"There was no one to put me in it," she interposed. "When I reached Bickley, the night before last, I could find no guide but a half-witted old man, who deserted me near a deep pool, in which I should have perished if some good Samaritans had not heard my cries and carried me to their cottage."

"A half-witted man," mused Noel. "That must have been Corrie. He shall have a taste of my whip the next time I ride into Bickley, to teach him not to play these tricks on me."

"I wouldn't have believed a body could have got into such trouble just betwixt Bickley and here," commented Miss Mia. "Some more responsible person than poor old Corrie should have been there to meet the coach if you 'd ha' let us know; but you folks from the south aren't over and above sharp."

"My mother wrote to you. She will be excessively annoyed when she hears that the letter miscarried."

"Oh, that 's safe enough," was the careless response. "We 'll not lose it. It 'll be lying at the post-office, no doubt, ready for fetching. We 'll get it when Tam rides over by-and-by to fetch me some groceries. No, no, I have never heard of a letter being lost hereabouts. Our folks are all honest enough."

"They must be unpardonably careless," retorted Kythe, who could not forget how nearly her life had been lost through the delay. "The postman deserves to be reported. In London he would be directly, and suspended."

"Eh! but we 're none so hard upon one another here," said Miss Mia, drily. "And we 're none so fond of London ways neither. We don't see the good of wasting a man's time and shoe-leather, running from door to door with a tip-tap that goes through your head and stuns you, just to carry every bit of gossip from one old wife to another. Your mother should have writ sooner; she knows our ways; that 's to say if she hasn't forgotten them, poor soul, pent up as she 's been at the other end [of England] all these years."

Miss Mia's harsh features were relaxing again, as they always did when she reminded herself of Mrs. Anstey's sorrows, and she laid aside the knife and fork to put her hand on Kythe's shoulder, the nearest approach she ever made to a caress.

"Well, well, we 're glad you 've got here, lassie, trouble or no trouble. You 'll tell us more about it by-and-by. Come and speak to Mog. Does your mother know what a poor weakly thing she 's been of late?"

Kythe briefly acknowledged the introduction, thinking the while that plump, rosy, self-satisfied Mrs. Robins must be affected with an internal ailment, for there were no outward signs of disease to be seen about her. As the so-called invalid had not been in any haste to welcome her, she was rather surprised to be drawn down on a three-legged stool at her knee, kissed, hugged, and wept over.

"It must be because she loved my mother, and I resemble her," thought Kythe, as she submitted to these attentions, and suffered her cheeks and hands to be stroked and patted, with looks of concern and heavy sighs; but her pride revolted when she learnt to what she really owed them. Mrs. Robins had come to the conclusion that nothing but positive starvation could have brought her to such a fleshless condition, and had not the tact to conceal it.

"Eh! but it 's sad to see a young thing so wasted!" she exclaimed. "You 'll have to try what mutton suet boiled in milk will do for her, Mia! I have often heard that London is a terrible place, but I never had it brought before me in this way till now."

"I have been ill, that is all," Kythe hurried to explain. Great though her mother's poverty had been ever since she became a widow, it was not a thing to be spoken of, but carefully hidden from every eye, and the shifts and privations it entailed endured heroically and in secret. It was not as a beggar, to be alternately pitied and despised, that the young girl had come to Hartswood Grange, and Mrs. Robins was annoying her all the more because the obtuse matron meant it so kindly.

"I have been teaching in a school, and working so hard for the coming examinations that my health failed, but I am better already—much better. Mother was over-anxious, or I should not have accepted your—your kind invitation."

"I 'm that thankful it was sent in time!" said Mrs. Robins, folding her hands solemnly. "You 'll try goats' milk, won't you, Mia? it 's wonderfully fattening. I couldn't have slept in my bed the little I do if I 'd known poor Hester's child was pining away for want of food!"

"Can I go to my room?" asked Kythe, impatient to put an end to the discussion on her condition.

"You 'll first eat your dinner, or we 'll have you famished outright. Put your hat and jacket just anywhere till by-and-by; and sit you down, and be at home," cried Miss Mia, all her hospitable instincts aroused, as she bustled about, giving orders to her maids and then executing them herself.

While she was thus engaged, Kythe, not caring to risk any more of Mrs. Robins' demonstrations, walked to the double casements that nearly filled up the further end of the room, and, at set of sun, flooded it with golden glory.

Mr. Raynor was there, jotting some calculations in his pocket-book, and she divided her attention between him and the landscape.

"I think I shall like him a little," she thought, as a kitten, that had been lying in the broad window-seat, jumped up to rub its head against his arm, and was softly patted. "I 'm sure I shall not like him at all," she said, the next minute, as she caught sight of the knitted brows that gave him such a stern aspect. He was no gentleman, as witness his careless reception of herself, his heavy boots, and the grey

clothes, made for comfort rather than elegance, and roughened with exposure to many weathers; and Kythe, vain of her own good looks and graceful figure, was just at the age to set an undue value on the personal appearance of others.

Noel Raynor was a much younger man than she had expected to find him. In spite of his set frame and grave mien, he looked more like the son of Mrs. Robins, than the brother of Miss Mia, whose scanty locks unadorned by cap or ribbon, were turning grey, though his were as brown and wavy as Kythe's own; while his short carefully-trimmed beard was almost golden in its hue. But in spite of his chestnut locks, he had not Jock Beacham's Saxon physique and length of limb. He was tall certainly, but more squarely built; and the contour of his features—calm, keen, and slightly aggressive—reminded Kythe of an effigy she had seen in a cathedral of one of the Danish kings.

She was trying to compute how many years he must be the junior of his sister, when the book was closed with a snap, the pencil slipped into its place, and the steady grey eyes—that were too cold and penetrating to be altogether pleasant in their scrutiny—travelled to the other end of the casement, and rested on the young girl who had seated herself there.

"You have no view of the sea from this window," she observed, finding it easier to rush into conversation than to stand to be looked at.

"Nor from any other," he answered, promptly.

"But you are not far from the coast?"

"Indeed, we are. Our dale would not be so fertile if it were not sheltered from the sea breezes by the range of hills you see yonder."

Kythe did not attempt to hide her disappointment.

"I thought—that is, I hoped—you were near Scarborough. I have heard so much of the beauty of Scarborough."

"It 's a fine gay place, no doubt," Noel responded, carelessly. "If you want to get a glimpse of the sea, you must climb to the top of the crag at the back of the house."

"I shall never do that; I don't care about such distant views, and I'm not fond of climbing," said Kythe, sullenly.

"You will be when you 're used to it," he annoyed her by predicting, with provoking indifference to her ill-humour.

"Are there no roads from here to anywhere?" she queried, with a forlorn glance at the wide expanse of copse and meadow the casement commanded.

"Plenty; for when we want one, we make one," said Mr. Raynor, slightly raising his eyebrows.

"And get lost in the mists and stumble into ponds! Luckily, such things cannot happen in London."

"But you have accidents there, don't you?" Mr. Raynor asked, as he lounged against the window-frame, gazing down upon her with looks in which she could not descry any of the open honest admiration Jock Beacham's eyes had conveyed.

"Unavoidable ones, yes; and a large city has its disadvantages, perhaps; but I could not bear to live away from it long."

"You prefer bricks and mortar to the hills and the dales, the moors and the fells?"

"A thousand times!" cried Kythe, enthusiastically. "But perhaps you will think me ungracious to say so."

"By no means," he answered, in the same careless tones that had already stung her into saying more than she meant. "You may change your mind by-and-by. I *have* known women—especially very young ones—do so; if not, we can agree to differ."

And with a nod and a slight smile, he went his way.

CHAPTER VI.

INSIGHTS.

By the time Kythe had done justice to Miss Mia's excellent cooking, she began to feel ashamed of her pettishness, and to understand that it was the spinster's nature to be unceremonious and brusque. Beneath her quick sharp manner there was a fund of generosity and unselfishness that always came to the surface when it was really needed; and even her maids knew that, if Miss Mia was hard to please, she was also reliable.

Still Kythe did not think she should ever feel at home at the Grange. She did not like the chamber into which she was ushered, with a promise that Tam should take the big cart when he went to Bickley and bring back her luggage. The room was too large to be cosy, and the immense four-post bedstead did not find favour with her, even when Miss Mia had explained that the faded silk hangings and chair-covers, formed of minute hexagons in patchwork, were the handiwork of her grandmother. The pictureless panels, the carpetless floor, the high chests of drawers on either side of the fireplace, were all of oak, black with age, and might have been considered beautiful by a collector; but Kythe's tastes were uneducated—she would have preferred something more modern; and shivered so audibly as she looked about her, that she was told she must have taken a chill, and hurried back to the ingle nook and the society of Mrs. Robins, who woke up to welcome her.

"So you have been staying with old Anne Beacham," she observed, when she had failed to induce Kythe to don either of the half-dozen shawls and capes always lying on the back of her chair ready for use. "You did not happen to hear her say whether young nettle-tops made a good drink for a spring cough, did you? If she did, I 'm thinking I 'll take some."

"I 'm thinking you 'll not," said her sister. "You 've no cough, Mog."

"But I might have, in this catching weather, and

May to win through," Mrs. Robins plaintively reminded her. "Besides, you know, Mia, it 's always well to be prepared."

"Not with an old wife's potions," was the disdainful retort. "If you want doctoring, there 's a new man at the market town; you can have him. I 'll have no dealings with a woman that sets herself up to be better than the rest of us."

paper that you 're safe here, and Tam will take it to post in his pocket when he goes to Bickley, or we shall have your poor mother fretting her teeth out about ye."

Kythe's brief note ended in a promise to make herself as happy as she could at the Grange, a resolution she determined to act upon, for her health's sake. Not till she was really well and strong would she

"'But you 'll come and see me, Miss Anstey?'"—*p.* 78.

"Mrs. Beacham struck me as being one of the gentlest meekest persons I ever met with," said Kythe, warmly.

"Ou ay! that 's the taking way she has; haven't I just said that she sets herself up with her humility and her preaching and praying? Not that there 's any real harm in her," Miss Mia's sense of justice impelled her to add; "and I 'm bound to say she 's made some fine cures with those salves of hers."

"Who is she?" Kythe inquired.

"Who would she be but just old Anne Beacham? She wasn't born in these parts, if that 's what you mean, but was maid in her young days to some great lady somewhere down south; and eh, lassie! now ye 've come to that, you 'll set down on a bit of

be permitted to return to the home for which, in spite of its poverty, she found herself already yearning, as she counted on her fingers the hours that had elapsed since she bade her mother farewell at the railway station.

Fatigued with her walk from the cottage of the Beachams, she lay so quiet on the corner of the settle Miss Mia had filled with cushions for her, that she was supposed to be sleeping. At this she rejoiced, for it enabled her to escape the obligation of putting her hand into Mrs. Robins' every five minutes, and seeing it examined with looks of concern; and it disturbed no one else. Miss Mia neither lowered her voice, nor softened her heavy footsteps, but went in and out, up and down, rating her maids, stirring

her cream, feeding her poultry; and, when everything else was "sided up," coming to the hearth to make pikelets—or crumpets, as they are called in the south—for tea. Her energies never flagged; for, whether she sat or stood still for a short interval, her knitting-pins always came into use, and a stout woollen stocking was seen growing into shape under them.

"Do you always sit here?" asked Kythe, speaking for the first time when Mr. Raynor came in from the fields at twilight. His drawing an arm-chair to the hearth—on which he stretched his muscular limbs with the satisfaction of a man whose day's work is done, and well done—was always the signal to get ready the evening meal; and Nanny and Lois were clattering and whisking about the table with a din that the guest thought intolerable, but no one else seemed to hear.

"Why, where else would we sit?" queried Miss Mia. "There's the big parlour on the other side of the house, but that's for funerals, and dinners, and such-like. You wouldn't have us use that in common?"

"I think *I* should use it, if it is a pleasant room."

"But nothing can be pleasanter than the house-place, nor warmer in winter, nor more cheerful in summer," said Miss Raynor, her eyes travelling round it with satisfaction.

"But you never seem to have it to yourselves," objected Kythe, with a curl of her lip that must have had an irritating effect on Mr. Raynor, for he frowned slightly, and answered—

"Why should we? I am not ashamed to eat at the same board or sit at the same table with the men who work for me."

"Of course you're not," said Miss Mia, "and there's room enough for all. We can always put the lads into the chimney-nooks out of the way, and we don't have to sit nose and knees together over three bars of iron and a shovelful of dirty smoky coal; we can throw on a log that lasts till bed-time, and sit and watch it kindle and crackle, and smell the fresh sweet smell of the peat, such as you'll never get in your big city."

"Ay, the poor lassie must have hard times of it there," sighed Mrs. Robins, *apropos* of nothing. "No wonder she looks as if she'd been clemmed [starved]."

"A contented mind is a continual feast," quoted Kythe, "and home is home, be it ever so homely. I would not exchange mine for another, even though it is in the great city it seems the fashion here to abuse."

"Wouldn't you?" said Mr. Raynor, yawning lazily, "Then you'll have to find excuses for us for inviting you to a spot where there are no roads, no sea view, and no gas."

"I am not ungrateful for your kindness," Kythe began, in some confusion, for she knew that she had been rude and flippant.

"No? Only very much shocked and disgusted to find us in such a barbarous condition? With such an unpleasant state of affairs indoors, and no temptations to go out, I'm afraid you'll find it very dull here."

"I can always amuse myself with reading," she responded, scarcely knowing whether he was speaking satirically or not, so quiet and passionless was the tone he was employing. "Have you many books, Miss Raynor?"

"Nay, child, my brother keeps all the accounts," she answered, in the intervals of buttering and cutting her hot cakes. "If it's story-books you mean, there's two or three about the house that Noel brought home from school, rewards for his lessons. There's good reading in them, no doubt, and I have often made up my mind to take a turn at them; but as soon as I sit down, I'm safe to remember something or other that wants doing."

"But how do you amuse yourself?"

Miss Mia stopped short on her way to the fireplace to answer, with dilating eyes.

"What can any woman want with amusement that's got the work of such a farm as this on her hands?"

"Worse and worse, isn't it?" queried Mr. Raynor, looking full at Kythe as he passed her to take his seat at the table. "This seems to astonish you more than all the rest! A woman, and yet content to do the work that falls to her share, and mind her own business!"

"If Miss Mia is satisfied with such a life——" Kythe began, then stopped and shrugged her shoulders significantly.

Mr. Raynor, with his keen looks and sneering speeches, was detestable; and she was too much provoked to care whether she offended him. She had heard or read of the bluntness of Yorkshiremen, but was none the more ready to excuse it when addressed to herself, and forgot that her own want of courtesy to her host had winged the first shaft.

"At least, you have friends and neighbours somewhere?" was her next observation.

"A few; you'll see them to-morrow at church."

"Then you do go to church?"

"Did you think we were heathens?" demanded Miss Mia, scandalised by the remark; but when it was explained to her that Kythe merely intended it as an inquiry whether her relatives attended church or chapel, she was mollified.

"We go where our fathers and mothers went before us, and where there's our own kith and kin buried in a goodly row, beside the path in the churchyard, from the lych-gate to the south porch.

"Are those the friends of whom you were speaking?"

"Nay, lassie; there's folks live in and about the dale as well as we. There's young folk at two or three of the farms, but they're mostly giddy flighty lasses that I wouldn't care to have ye acquainted with; and a little nearer there's Captain Harwin's family——"

"The less she sees of them the better," interposed Mr. Raynor, authoritatively. "Don't encourage any intimacy in that quarter."

Kythe bent over her plate to hide her burning cheeks. Was he going to arrogate an authority over her to which she would never submit? Was she to be pent up in this secluded farm-house with such persons as his sisters, and forbidden more congenial society? Naturally self-willed, and rarely thwarted by her mother, who idolised her for her beauty, Kythe had never conned the lesson of submission. Nor did she dream how many sharper ones she would soon have to learn, when she wept herself to sleep that first night she spent in the dwelling of the Raynors.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AT HARTSWOOD.

THERE was none of the pleasant hush at the Grange that proclaims in so many houses how another day of rest has dawned upon the busy weary world. Miss Mia could be heard rating her maids more sharply than ever for their laziness in lying in bed later than usual, and threatening them with all kinds of pains and penalties if they were not in their seats at church as soon as she was.

By dint of much hurrying and driving, the necessary, and a great deal of unnecessary work was accomplished by ten o'clock; and when Kythe came down-stairs, her Bible in her hand, Mr. Raynor was standing at the door looking awkward and unlike himself in his suit of black; and Miss Mia, hot and uncomfortable in a Paisley shawl, and a brown silk dress so stiff and rustling that the slightest movement she made was audible.

Kythe came tripping towards them very well satisfied with her own appearance, till she saw grave disapproval in the critical glances that surveyed her from head to foot. By dint of much self-denial, and many sacrifices, Mrs. Anstey had contrived to purchase a few additions to her daughter's wardrobe before she sent her into Yorkshire, and a new dress and jacket were amongst them. The material was flimsy enough, but it was new and pretty—how long it was since Kythe had had anything but the cast-offs of a lady's wardrobe, purchased chiefly from her maid! and the tint, two shades of dove-colour, and the style, had been the subject of long and serious consultations. Mrs. Anstey was so proud of her pretty daughter, so eager to set off her beauty to the best advantage, that her own needs and those of Alessie—poor blind uninteresting 'Lessie—were often set aside, and might have been forgotten altogether if Kythe's sense of justice had not interposed to prevent it.

She could never recall without a pang the worn face of her mother as she had last seen it, sallow and heavy-eyed with the fatigue of sitting up at night to work at the kiltings and puffings and fullings heaped on the new dress to make it of the latest fashion; and yet she had shaken out its folds that morning with girlish delight in her new possessions, that lasted till Miss Mia's questions gave her vanity a rude shock.

"Can't you smooth your hair off your forehead decently, and pin up that long tail before any one sees it?"

Mr. Raynor turned to listen for Kythe's reply, which was given with assumed carelessness.

"I wear my hair as other girls do; and I shall hold up my train as soon as we leave the house. Have we far to go?"

"Well, it 's what we were not allowed to do when we were young," Miss Mia observed, in the same dissatisfied tones. "My mother liked to have everything decent and orderly. She wouldn't have gone outside the door—let alone to a place of worship—with one of us flounced and furbelowed like a May-day mawkin; but if Noel doesn't mind——"

"Is Mr. Raynor to decide what I am or am not to wear?" asked the indignant Kythe, who could have borne Miss Mia's strictures far more patiently than this appeal to her brother. "I decline to be dictated to by him; I would rather be left at home."

"Than be seen without your finery?" Mr. Raynor inquired, with a barely perceptible raising of his eyebrows.

Kythe was quick to see and resent this.

"Will you tell me what there is in my appearance of which any reasonable person can complain?" she demanded, stepping nearer to him and challenging his inspection.

Noel Raynor bit his lip and felt his colour rise. Kythe's prettiness was undeniable, and though a minute before he had agreed with his sister, now he found himself inclined to think that the young girl's attire was graceful and becoming. So he evaded a direct reply, and brusquely asked if that was a proper time or day for such discussions.

Miss Mia bowed to the rebuke; and having said good-bye to Mrs. Robins, whose delicacy of health was supposed to excuse her from attending the service, and twice turned back to shriek some last injunction to the maiden left in charge, led the way along the field-path—there was no other—to the church that stood about a mile further up the dale.

It was not one of those fine old edifices so often to be found in obscure corners of a county richer, perhaps, than any other in remains of monastic architecture. It was simply a plain stone erection, rudely built and as rudely fitted up, at some far-distant period, to meet the spiritual needs of the dwellers in the district. From the outlying farms and from cottages on the hill-sides—often invisible to the careless observer but for the wreaths of smoke ascending from the chimneys—groups of people were being summoned by the clang of the bell. Hoary old men were sitting on the tombstones resting after a long walk, and chatting with acquaintances seldom seen at any other time, and Mr. Raynor was drawn aside by a brother farmer, with whom he discussed some topic interesting only to themselves till the bell

stoppe.., and he followed his sister and Kythe into the pew appropriated to the Raynor family—an oblong box half filled up by a table monument to one of their ancestors, a memorial in execrably bad taste, and embellished with a long Latin epitaph, which no one at Hartswood could decipher.

dressed with military precision, whose very red face and bushy grey moustache gave him quite a fierce aspect, marched up the aisle, and into the adjoining pew. This he occupied alone till the clergyman was half-way through the second lesson; then he was joined by a girl about Kythe's age, half leading half

"The first primroses she had ever seen."—*p.* 79.

Miss Mia never missed a response, and sat rigidly erect during the sermon, in which she was imitated by her brother; but Kythe found her eyes and her thoughts straying more than once. She caught sight of Anne Beacham sitting between her husband and grandson, tiny and old and fragile, yet with a look on her face that shamed the gazer for awhile into attending to her own devotions.

It was not, however, very easy to do this. Just before the service commenced, an elderly gentleman, dragging with her a sullen lad of twelve, while four or five younger children came, jostling each other and whispering together, in the rear.

They were all rosy pretty little creatures, but dishevelled and untidy, even the elder sister's seal-skin jacket betraying a rent or two, while the trimmings of her skirt were held together with pins. It was some time before the new-comers were settled in their places; for the sullen boy resisted all efforts to send him to the farther end of the pew, remaining

near the entrance with his feet stretched out, till one of the little girls fell over them, and had to be hushed and soothed, to prevent her disturbing the congregation by weeping aloud. Nor was quiet established when she had fallen asleep in her sister's lap; the restless children stood when they should have been seated—exchanged remarks, in spite of the admonitory finger held up—struggled for the possession of a favourite hymn-book, and kept up such an incessant fidgeting that Miss Mia shook her head at them into one of the evergreens to tease her. This morning it was Martin who kept us. He thinks that as the elder boys go where they like, he ought to be allowed to do the same."

"Tiresome little rascal! You must be firm with him, my dear; be firm, pray!"

"Yes, papa," she assented, doubtfully; "but don't you think that if you were to speak to Rupert, and point out what a bad example he is setting to the younger ones——"

"She could get a tolerably extensive view of the wide treeless moors."—*p.* 79.

severely. Kythe marvelled how the stern-looking paterfamilias could appear so unconscious of what was passing before his eyes; and the elder sister cast a glance at her that seemed to invoke her sympathy.

As Mr. Raynor and Miss Mia were seized upon by acquaintances as soon as they left the church, Kythe sauntered down the path behind this father and daughter, and unintentionally overheard what they were saying.

"You were very late Lucilla; dis—gracefully so, dis—gracefully, my dear," the gentleman mildly observed.

"Yes, papa," she assented; "isn't it odd that something always happens to detain us? Last Sunday morning it was Nettie's hat that couldn't be found anywhere till Willie remembered throwing it

The old gentleman winced.

"Hum, ha! as to that, Lucilla, the children are under *your* charge, and you must not let them disobey you."

"But it looks so bad," urged Lucilla, "to see a couple of young men lounging about the fields to-day with their dogs."

This argument was immediately successful.

"Bad!" he repeated, in blustering tones, and with a savage pull of the long grey moustaches—"Bad! of course it does. It looks shameful! I'll not permit it, Lucilla. I'll not be made the talk of my neighbours. I shall have them saying that I cannot control my own family, and don't bring them up in a respectable manner! I'm afraid it's partly your fault, my dear," he added, with an aggrieved air. "You know how I have depended on you, and never

interfered with any of your arrangements. All *I* want, now I have quitted active service, is to spend my days in comfort, with my children about me."

"I do my best, papa," his daughter answered, tearfully; and, at sight of her moistened eyelashes, his wrath subsided.

"Of course you do; of course you do. I 'll speak to the boys, and to Martin and his sisters. Where are they? We 'll have an alteration; they *shall* behave better!"

He marshalled his refractory offspring into line, and began to reprove them, but stopped short when he found that they were more interested in a butterfly hovering over their heads. Martin rudely said that papa often talked of punishing them, but he never did it; and the elder girl, who also seemed to think the threatened lecture of no importance, on catching sight of Kythe, impelled her father towards the spot where she was standing waiting for her relatives to join her.

"Papa, I am sure this is the young lady those naughty brothers of mine frightened the other day in the copses. She is staying with the Raynors; and, as they are too busy to introduce us, let us do it ourselves."

Before Noel came up to exchange stiff bows with the father and daughter, and then drop behind, as if determined not to be drawn into any social intercourse, Kythe had learned that their name was Harwin; and, as their routes lay together for the first mile, she continued to walk beside the pleasant placid Lucilla, not, however, without wishing she could be as comfortably indifferent to the behaviour of the romping little ones. Captain Harwin had caught sight of his elder sons, lounging beside a stile at some distance, and marched off to join them, leaving his daughter to manage her young charges as best she could. Miss Mia remarked aloud for their benefit that in *her* childhood she had been taught to respect the Sabbath, and Kythe, scandalised by the noise, coaxed the two younger girls to walk with her; but Miss Harwin merely observed, with smiling indulgence, that they were naughtier than usual, but added that they were dear little things in spite of it.

Did she like the neighbourhood? Oh, yes, because there was plenty of shooting and fishing for papa and the boys, and such a wide range for the children. They did frighten her sometimes by getting lost, but some one or other always brought them safe home. Was she never dull? Well, no; there was always so much to do for a large family, that it was quite a treat sometimes to be alone and quiet.

"But you 'll come and see me, Miss Anstey, won't you?" she exclaimed, cordially. "There has been no one of my own age that I could associate with, and it will be delightful to have you. Come to-morrow, or the next day; come as soon and stay as long as you like. I must run away now, or they will take Cis over the brook, and her feet will be wet. But, remember, I shall expect you."

Shaking hands with Kythe, and nodding to Miss Mia, whose features were as rigidly set as her brother's, she ran away; and when they caught their last glimpse of her, she was toiling up a steep path with her youngest sister in her arms and the rest clinging about her.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

"I HOPE it 's quite understood that Kythe is not to accept any further civilities from those Harwins," said Mr. Raynor, brusquely.

"The young woman is nice enough," Miss Mia observed. "If any sensible body could put her in the way of managing those troublesome bairns, it would be a blessing for them all."

"I doubt it; they are a family without a backbone; the father is self-indulgent, the sons unprincipled, and the rest are already copying their elders. It 'll be a good thing for Hartswood when we are rid of them; gentlemen poachers who laugh at a trespass, and think it good fun to net your fish, or break down your hedges, do more harm, and are worse neighbours in every respect, than men who openly set the laws at defiance, and can be punished for it."

"'Deed, though, they 're pleasant-spoken lads, those young Harwins," said Miss Mia. "I couldn't help thinking so the last time they looked in at the door to ask me for a cup of milk."

"And let Sampson, the red bull, out of the field as they went back! Don't talk to me of their pleasant looks. As for Miss Harwin——"

"I like her much," interposed Kythe, in tones as decided as his own. "Her only fault appears to be her indulgence to her motherless brothers and sisters. I don't care for *very* good people myself."

"Gently, lassie," cried Miss Mia, reprovingly. "You've gotten a way of speaking to my brother that doesn't sound respectful to a man of his years and standing. Have ye never been taught to reverence your elders?"

"But he 's not so very much older than I am myself," Kythe hotly objected; a remark that made Noel start and flush; "and, old or young, how can I be silent when I hear one of my own relatives unjust to a girl who should be pitied more than blamed?"

"As if it were any affair of yours!" cried Miss Mia. "Besides, I 've never gainsayed Noel myself; and I can't have you talking to him in this way."

Kythe curled her lip with a saucy toss of her head. She was Noel Raynor's guest, not his dependent; and was about to hint this when he interfered, with a short unpleasant laugh—

"Chut! let her say what she likes. Do you think it signifies to me?"

In silence the trio entered the house, and scarcely a word was spoken during dinner. As soon as it was cleared away, Mrs. Robins went to sleep. Miss Mia opened the family Bible, sitting rigidly erect, with

her forefinger drawn along the verses she was reading, but her ears on the alert for every sound in the farmyard; while Mr. Raynor took out his account-books, and absorbed himself in those.

Kythe watched him awhile with sorrowful surprise, then wandered away down the meadows to the side of the beck or stream. It was now she missed the dear ones at home, as well as the class of which she had been an energetic if not very useful teacher, and the sympathy with her own thoughts and feelings they were not likely to obtain here; and she was wondering with a sigh how they were spending the quiet Sunday afternoon which she found so insufferably tedious, when she came upon old Anne Beacham sitting on a fallen tree beside the stream.

There were two or three aged couples, she told Kythe, who either could not or would not attend divine service, but they had consented to let her read to them, and she was on her way to the cottage at which they met, intending to proceed as soon as she was sufficiently rested.

"Take me with you," said Kythe, eagerly. "If I am of no other use, I can give you the help of my arm."

"Nay, for the matter of that, Jock is here," said his grandam; and Jock, who had been lying on a bed of dry ling or heather, raised himself, his ruddy face ruddier still when he caught sight of Kythe. "My boy will not let me go across the wood alone; but if you 'll come too, missie, we shall be glad to have you."

Kythe felt half offended by the free and easy manners of the old folks assembled for the reading, so freely did they comment on her bonny face and "braw claes" (clothes); and so unceremoniously question her respecting her mother, "Daunce's Hester," whom an old shepherd could well remember—but the walk thither had been a delightful one. Though Jock was almost as silent as before, it was not the silence of stupidity. Ever and anon he would pause, and, deftly parting the boughs, enable his companions to see where some beautiful little nest was just finished, and the spotted eggs laid in it; or the startled eyes of a mother bird looked up at them as they peered at her callow offspring. He led Kythe on tiptoe to a tiny glade in which the rabbits were gambolling unawares of being observed, and from beneath a mass of dead leaves plucked the first primroses she had ever seen growing in their native earth. There was a solemn beauty in these woods that she was beginning to feel. Hitherto her thoughts had never gone beyond the surface, and the words of the Psalmist old Anne read aloud in her sweet tremulous voice, had not seemed more than mere words to her till now—

"'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.'"

Sitting beside the cottage window, watching the shadows creep up the high crags beyond the Grange, she began to grasp the meaning of the verse; to have a dim conception of the eternal light that lies beyond, and a restless yearning to know how it was to be attained, and an awe fell upon her awakened spirit the while.

When Anne Beacham closed her Bible, and the old shepherd had offered a few words of simple and devout prayer, there was a pause, and then some one began to sing. The voice was a tenor, exquisitely sweet and mellow, and the intonation was so at variance with the burr of all others she had heard in Yorkshire, that Kythe looked round to see who it was singing.

It was Jock. He was standing by the door, leaning against it, gazing at the landscape, while he sang, "The Lord my pasture shall prepare;" his features no longer impassive, but glowing and brightening while he sang on—sometimes with a pathos, sometimes with an earnestness that held his hearers spell-bound, and transformed him from the rough awkward boy of an hour ago.

The old shepherd drew the back of his hand across his eyes when the singer paused, and some one else urged him to go on, which he did untiringly, till the deepening twilight warned his grandam that she must be gone, and with brief but hearty good-byes, the little party separated.

No one asked Kythe where she had been when she ran into the kitchen, for Miss Mia was scolding one of her maidens, who had outstayed her time by nearly an hour; and, as the girl was insolent in her manner, and returned saucy answers, the storm lasted till Noel Raynor was moved by Kythe's disgusted looks to interpose his authority, and insist that there should be no more said.

In spite of her assertion that she did not like climbing, the first really sunny morning tempted Kythe to pick her way by the safest path she could find to a spot from whence she could get a tolerably extensive view of the wide treeless moors that stretched along the upper slopes of the hills. But she was not yet imbued with the fascination they exercise over many of us. So weird and desolate a scene depressed instead of pleasing her, and she came back shivering and dissatisfied to listen with an incredulous smile when Miss Mia declared that there was no place like the East Riding for gaining health and strength, whether it was when the broom was in flower, or the bilberries ripening, or the whole country-side purple with heather.

"The keen winds pierce me to my very bones," said Kythe, "and, look which way I will, I see nothing but huge grim rocks, or boulders as I believe you call them. Far away in one direction these stones seem to rise to a great height."

"It is the castle, the ruins of Hartswood Castle," Miss Mia told her.

Kythe's interest suddenly awoke.

"A ruined castle! I have never seen one before; how interesting! Tell me all about it!

"Hoot, lass! there's nothing to tell. There's high walls, and a look-out at the top, but it's all going to decay, and the old pair that had the care of it were

frightened away years ago by the strange noises they heard whenever the wind was high. My grannie used to know the whole history of the lairds that lived there, and how they fought with the Scots and Oliver Cromwell, but my head won't carry such tales nowadays."

"Then it is a very ancient building? To whom does it belong? Is there a drawbridge, and a portcullis, and slits for the arrows, and a place where the defenders used to pour melted lead down on the besiegers?"

"My word!" exclaimed Miss Mia, peevishly, "am I a bookworm, to be worried with all these questions? If you want to know so much about a tumble-down house that 's not fit for any one to live in, go and see for yourself."

"No," said Mr. Raynor, peremptorily, "I will not have you send her there."

It was the first time he had evinced any interest in Kythe's proceedings since the previous Sunday, and she did not thank him for it now. Why should he interfere to mar her enjoyment? What could be more delightful than to explore such a castle as Front-de-Bœuf had dwelt in, with Rebecca and Ivanhoe for his prisoners? Walter Scott's historical tales had been read but languidly in the heart of London, but now that they could be recalled in the midst of such scenes as the author vividly described, Kythe was all eagerness to see for herself the turret chambers, the battlements, the dungeons, and the great hall, which she could people with his creations.

As soon as she quitted the dinner-table, she climbed once more to the point from which she had caught sight of the ruins. She could discern them more clearly now, for the sun was shining on a tower that stood in sharp relief against the blue sky. The distance was not so very great, after all, and she determined to visit Hartswood Castle at once.

Mr. Raynor's prohibition was not forgotten, but she had heard it with a tacit resolve to set him at defiance. This was the second time that, without sufficient cause, he had laid his commands upon her as if she were bound to obey him. To a polite intimation of his wishes she would have considered herself bound to defer both as his relative and his guest, but he was rude and churlish, sarcastic and arrogant, and, like the wilful child she was, she experienced a secret delight in proving to him that she would not brook such treatment.

It was a lonely walk; not a creature crossed her path. Once she thought she saw figures moving along a distant track, and recollected to have heard Lois say there was a party of gipsies camped near a circle of stones known as the Witches' Ring. This recollection made her uneasy and half-inclined to turn back, but the figures disappeared, and with a little hesitation she resumed her journey.

After all, it was doubtful whether it paid her for her trouble. The grey stone tower—it was nothing more—did not look as inviting, on closer inspection, as it would have done in a picture. The walls were stained with damp, and there was a large heap of rubbish to surmount before she could enter the door. The lower rooms were dark, ill-smelling vaults, and the stone steps leading to the upper storeys so worn and broken as to scarcely afford footing.

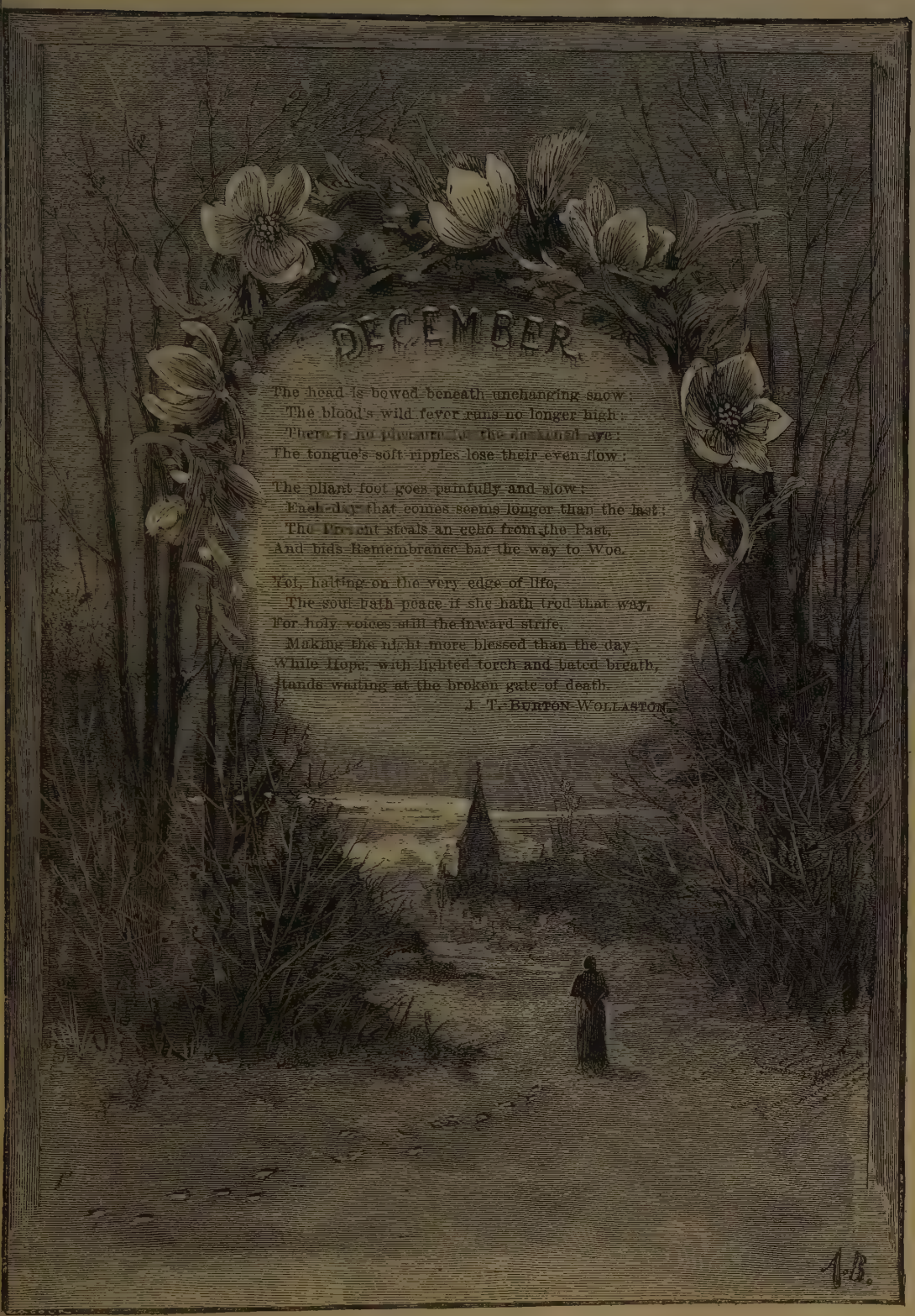
Still it was a castle, and Kythe felt bound to be enthusiastic and persevere. Besides, she was tired and much too warm with her long walk for it to be prudent to rest on the moor with a north-easterly wind swooping down upon her, and so she climbed on.

With an intelligent companion this visit to a remnant of the feudal times might have been pleasant enough, but Kythe did not know the difference between Roman and Norman architecture, and was too fully occupied in guarding herself from a fall to look about her much till she reached the summit of the building. The wind blew in such fierce gusts that she could not enjoy the landscape, over which a blue haze was settling, and she went back to the small square chamber below, slipping down several steps as she did so, and bruising her arm so much as to make her dread the still longer descent that lay before her.

A dead bird lay on the floor, and Kythe stooped to examine it. As she did so, a fierce gust of wind struck the tower, whirling up the dust and not only making the crumbling fabric totter, but hurling to the stout oaken door by which she had just entered the room.

A sense of insecurity made her anxious to hasten away, and hurrying to the door, she essayed to open it; but it was fast, and defied her. Again and again she tried to insert her fingers in the crevices, and shake it free, but to no purpose. Kythe was a prisoner in the topmost chamber of Hartswood Castle, and who was to release her?

(To be continued.)


DECEMBER.
The head is bowed beneath unchanging snow;
The blood's wild fever runs no longer high;
There is no pleasure in the natural eye;
The tongue's soft ripples lose their even flow;
The pliant foot goes painfully and slow;
Each day that comes seems longer than the last;
The Present steals an echo from the Past,
And bids Remembrance bar the way to Woe.
Yet, halting on the very edge of life,
The soul hath peace if she hath trod that way,
For holy voices still the inward strife,
Making the night more blessed than the day,
While Hope, with lighted torch and bated breath,
Stands waiting at the broken gate of death.
J. T. Burton-Wollaston.
J.B.

THE FOOD OF THE SOUL.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him."—ST. JOHN vi. 56.

RUINS OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.

THE discourse to which these words belong was delivered in the synagogue at Capernaum, and probably in the hearing of a deputation of Jerusalem Jews. The Saviour had just wrought a stupendous miracle on the shores of the Lake of Galilee; He had fed five thousand men with a handful of food, and then, after dispersing the multitude, a task which He accomplished with considerable difficulty, had retired to the top of a mountain to pray. His prayer ended, He crossed the waters of the lake about the fourth watch of the night, and mingled on the following morning with the crowd as they pressed in the direction of the synagogue. Immediately He was assailed on every side with questions. When had He come? How had He got there? By what means had He crossed the lake?—for the people had noticed that although the disciples set off from the shore in a boat, their Master had not accompanied them, but had remained on the eastern side alone. The questions our Lord declined to answer. They were beside the purpose, and were dictated by mere curiosity. But He directed the thoughts of His questioners to the motives which lay underneath their apparent interest in Him and His ministry. They sought Him, he said, not for the sake of receiving instruction in the things pertaining to the Kingdom of Heaven, but because they considered it would be to their worldly advantage to be associated with One who could wield such power over the forces of nature. "Ye seek Me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." And then, starting from this point, He proceeded to speak at some length about Himself as "the Bread of Life."

The discourse, as you will remember, produced a very profound but a very varied impression upon the people who heard it. Probably it was the first time that the Saviour had entered so fully into the mysterious subject of His relation to His people. But whether this were so or not, all His hearers were startled by the statements He made, even the disciples themselves; and not a few who had hitherto attached themselves to His person, and reckoned themselves amongst His followers, gave up their allegiance in disgust. "They went back, and walked no more with Him."

I. Now, in considering the subject thus suggested to us, let us begin by inquiring what it was in our Lord's teaching on this particular occasion which gave so much offence.

That there was a great variety of opinion amongst His contemporaries about Jesus of Nazareth, is obvious enough. But I suppose we may venture to assume that the majority of the people regarded Him as at least a prophet sent from God, and that many, even of those who were not numbered amongst His disciples, suspected Him to be the Messiah. Some of the more bitter and bigoted of the ecclesiastical party may, indeed, have honestly believed Him to be in collusion with Satan; they thought, or professed to think, that His miraculous powers were derived from beneath, and did not descend upon Him from above. These people, however, were the exception. Among the multitudes who witnessed the wonder-working power of Jesus—who saw Him cleanse the leper, and heal the lame, and give sight to the blind, and raise the dead—the general feeling was that expressed at a very early stage by Nicodemus the Pharisee—"No man can do these miracles that Thou doest except God be with him." At the same time we are bound to remember that the popular estimate of the Saviour did not rise above the level which we have just indicated. His contemporaries were willing to allow that He was a man of mighty endowments, charged with a mission from Heaven, but that He was more than a man, it had probably never entered into their minds to conceive. He was to them, after all, "Jesus the son of Joseph." They were acquainted with His father and mother; they knew His antecedents; He had been born, as they thought, among them; He had been brought up at the village school; He had been met with year after year—in the synagogue, in the haunts of business, in the chief places of concourse, and, until of late, there had been little or nothing to distinguish Him from the great mass of fellow-beings by whom He was surrounded. So long, then, as He was contented with merely playing the part of a Teacher sent from God, they were fairly well satisfied. He was like what they supposed an ancient prophet

o be; and many of them even listened with de-ight whilst He pointed out the path of duty, or spoke of the things concerning the Kingdom of God.

Now, however, all of a sudden His tone seems to be changed. He puts *Himself* forward in a very singular way; He makes *Himself* the central object of His teachiug. He tells them that He is the Bread of Life, which came down from Heaven to give life to the world. What does it all mean? In what sense can Jesus of Nazareth be said to have come down from Heaven? And when He talks about giving His flesh for the life of the world, what possible interpretation can be put upon such extravagant statements? They cannot tell what He saith. We know, then, where the difficulty lay. These Jews were perfectly capable of comprehending figurative language, and had no idea of taking the Saviour's words literally when He spoke of eating His flesh and drinking His blood. They understood Him to mean what He did mean—that a personal union with Himself was the one sole and indispensable condition upon which eternal life could be obtained. But it was just this meaning which offended them. A teacher Jesus might be, a messenger sent from Heaven, a man gifted with miraculous powers. All this they were willing—at least very many of them were willing—to concede; but when He advanced beyond this point, and represented Himself as the link which connected them with the invisible God, as the source and origin of eternal life in their souls, then they felt called upon, in the interest both of common sense and of religion, to resist such extraordinary and hitherto unheard-of demands, and to separate themselves altogether from the man who could make them.

II. We proceed, in the second place, to consider some of the leading points of the Saviour's discourse. All spiritual life comes from the invisible God. "I live by the Father," says Christ. But it has been so ordered that Christ should be the medium, the channel of the communication of this life to man. He is the living Bread that came down from Heaven, and just as bread, when taken into the bodily system, sustains and nourishes it, so the Saviour, in His humanity, is the supplier of spiritual, of eternal life, to the human soul. This seems to be the primary thought. Life, which flows, of course, from the great centre and source of life in the invisible God, comes to man through the humanity of Jesus Christ.

But it is not the humanity in itself which is capable of producing this effect of sustaining the soul of man; it is the humanity when separated into two component parts of flesh and blood. In other words, the Saviour, in order to be available as the Bread of Life, must be Himself subjected to a process of death. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink the blood, ye have no life in you."

And now emerges an important question: Here am I, on the one side, needing eternal life. There is Christ on the other, containing in Himself this eternal life of which I stand in need. How are we two to come into contact? How am I to receive the blessing which Christ, on His part, is ready to bestow? The question is answered in the Saviour's discourse. I must "come to Christ," I must "believe in Christ," I must "eat His flesh and drink His blood."

Let us try to understand this remarkable language.

That there must be a movement of the soul towards the Saviour seems obvious enough. There are persons in the world who stand altogether aloof from Christ, from a feeling of absolute indifference about Him; occupied with other, and, as they consider, more important matters—with business, or pleasure, or the pursuits of ambition — they have no leisure to let their thoughts wander in the direction of religion. The subject may, indeed, be forced upon them by the importunity of an acquaintance, or by an unexpected combination of circumstances, but they soon get rid of it, as of something uncongenial and unwelcome, and resume with all expedition their former attitude of listless unconcern. And there are other people who cannot, indeed, be said to be altogether indifferent about Christ (for He occupies a considerable space in their life), but who regard Him simply as an object of curious contemplation. They have no intention whatever of entering into personal relations with Him. To give their hearts to Him, to submit to His rule, to realise their dependence upon Him, is the very last thing that would find its way into their thoughts. Christ is to them not what He is to us, the great Being who has claims upon our souls and a right to demand our deepest truest allegiance, but a personage whose influence upon human history is too remarkable to be passed over without notice; and they amuse themselves with investigating the origin and spread of the Saviour's religion, the various theories that have been held and maintained about His character and pretensions, the effect of the Christian faith upon our modern civilisation, the probable issue of it in the ages to come, and other questions of the kind, which seem capable of being discussed in a dispassionate and philosophical spirit. And yet again, there are those who stand aloof from Christ, in a position of open undisguised hostility. Like the Pharisees of old, they have taken the measure of Him whom they feel to be their spiritual antagonist. They quite comprehend the nature of His claims, they know that those claims admit of no exception, of no concession, of no compromise, and they are pre-

pared to resist them to the uttermost. In addition to this, their whole nature rises in revolt against the meekness and purity of the incarnate Son of God. They cannot away with One who is gentle, and forgiving, and compassionate, and holy, in whose heart there is neither pride nor self-assertion, nothing but absolute submission to the will of the Father which is in Heaven; and the consequence is that they avowedly, without making any secret of their intentions, direct their most strenuous efforts to the destruction of the Saviour's influence, and to the overthrow of that Kingdom which He has established among men.

Now, it is perfectly clear that in such cases as these—in the case of indifference, in the case of mere curiosity, in the case of open and avowed antagonism—there can be no personal contact with Christ, and therefore no receiving of the blessings which He bestows, because there is no inclination towards Him; because, indeed, there is a repulsion, which, as long as it lasts, keeps the two—the man and the Saviour—most widely apart from each other. The first thing, then, that is necessary, is the removal of this repulsion, and the substitution in its place of a feeling of inquiry, of interest, of expectation, which will cause the soul to gravitate, as it were, in the direction of Christ. This feeling may not amount to much at first; it may be faint, and feeble, and inadequate. Still, it is important as far as it goes; it is *very* important. It is the beginning of better things; and the Saviour assures us that He regards it with favour, and that He will, as it were, step out of His place to meet it. "Him that cometh unto Me," He says—more accurately, Him that *is coming* unto Me—"I will in nowise cast out." Observe the encouragement contained in the words. The man may be supposed to have turned towards Christ, and to be advancing towards Him, nothing more! At present it is little else than a look and a step. Attracted by something—by a word that he has heard, or it may be by the belief that in the Saviour He will find what he has been unable to find elsewhere, he has quitted his attitude of indifference or opposition, and moved in the direction of Christ. He moves slowly, and awkwardly, and with hesitation, as one who doubts in his own mind the reception he is likely to meet with. Occasionally he stops, and seems half inclined to retrace his steps; then he goes on again. Well, it is inadequate, if you like, but yet it is a coming to Christ, although it is not a coming up to Him; and the Saviour, you will observe, encourages the advance, assures the hesitating one that the difficulties, the hindrances, the obstacles, the unwillingnesses, are all on his side; does everything, in fact, that He can, that is consistent with His own dignity and the Divine purposes, to bring about that perfect confidence, that entire self-surrender, upon which the welfare of the human soul depends.

But there is a second step in the process. The moving in the direction of Christ, the coming towards Him, must develop into the "belief" of which the Saviour speaks, into the acceptance of His person and His work, into the appropriation of them to ourselves; and, again, lest it should be thought that this belief is a mental or spiritual act once done, and then done with, there must be that continuous process, which is called by the Saviour "eating His flesh and drinking His blood." I am not quite sure that we are at liberty to assign a distinct meaning to each of these two expressions; but if we are, the latter probably refers to our continual resting on the atonement of Christ for the cleansing of our souls and for our acceptance with God, and the former to the dependence of our life upon the Saviour's distinct resurrection-life in Heaven.

Let us, however, consider the two things for a moment, on the supposition that they refer to attitudes of Christian thought.

When, through the teaching of the Spirit, we become conscious of the evil, of the burden, of the defilement of sin—when we know what it is to be a sinner in the sight of God—what is our resource? We have but one. We flee for refuge to the cross of Christ; we seek for cleansing to His blood. God being what He is, holy as well as good, just as well as merciful; we have no other hope; we have nothing to rest upon but that sacrifice by which Christ Jesus hath put away, and put away for ever, the sin of all those who trust in Him. But this application to the blood is a continuous act, carried on throughout the remainder of our lives. Who is there amongst us that is not aware at times of the taint of sin upon our souls? Sin—in the depths of our hearts—crushed, but not eradicated, is perpetually bubbling up in its foulness to the surface and polluting us. Evil thoughts, vain imaginations, wandering in prayer, pride, unreality, self-seeking in some one of its multiform varieties—few of us, I should think, if any, are free from these disturbances of our peace; and perhaps those who are most anxious about perfect purity, who hunger and thirst most after righteousness, are, more than others, painfully conscious of the trouble of indwelling sin. Under such circumstances we can only do what we did at first—go for cleansing to the Fountain opened for all sin and uncleanness. The application, then, is an act perpetually repeated; again and again we seek forgiveness for the sake of Him who died; we have no other hope, no second plea. In other words, we Christians habitually draw the mysterious atonement of Christ into the very texture and fibre of our being, and this is, we suppose, what is meant by "drinking" the Saviour's blood.

And yet again, we stand in need of spiritual life. That life we derive from Christ in the first instance, and that life is sustained by the continual presence of Christ in our hearts through His Spirit. But what do we want that life for? In order that we may perform the functions of the spiritual life. To simulate the performance of these functions is easy enough; but it is a totally different matter to do these things as those who are alive with God; and it is for this that we require to be living Christians. And the power to be living Christians is derived from the resurrection-life, the life in Heaven, of the Lord Jesus Christ. And this life-principle, contained in the person of Christ, is to pass through and through our moral frame, like the blood which traverses the body, hidden from sight, but flowing from the central heart to every portion of the frame.

To Christ, then, in His resurrection-life, we have perpetual recourse. What is it we want? Is it strength to resist temptation, or to lay hold of a promise, or to rise above the world? Is it power to realise unseen things? Is it peace, and joy, and rest, and repose of soul? All come from the same source; and thus to make our application, our continuous application to the resurrection-life of Christ in heaven is, we suppose, "to eat His flesh."

With two thoughts I conclude. First, the subject teaches us that our first requirement is not obedience (that comes afterwards), but a communicated life. We must believe in Christ before we can follow Christ, and those who believe in Him He makes capable, through His imparted Spirit, of following Him, and becoming like to Him.

Secondly, the subject teaches us that when Christ explains Himself, His explanation produces a very diverse effect upon those to whom it is made. As it was in the former time, so is it now. There are men, in the pride of man's wisdom, rejecting Christ, because He does not fulfil their idea of what the Messiah ought to be. There are men of the Nicodemus type, half believing, but held back by some doubt, or fear, or scruple. There are men of the Judas type, traitors among the disciples. There are men who hate, and consciously assume an antagonistic position to Him. And again, there are men of humble heart, who find in Christ the satisfaction of their spiritual cravings, and believe Him to be indeed the Holy One, the Son of the Father, the Son of God, the Bread of Life which cometh down from heaven to give life to the world. May our portion be with the last class! Difficulties we may have to encounter, but should they arise, may we be enabled to say, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!"

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE HOUSE.

IN the course of years the Bristo family numbered five children. Dora had been succeeded by Philip—and Philip by Elizabeth, Arthur, and Alfred.

Mrs. Bristo had no occasion to be nervous on their account, when two friends wrote proposing a visit to her. The children knew how good Miss Fildes, their mother's old governess, had been to her, and how particular and fastidious she was. And they also knew all about mamma's old schoolfellow, Miss Caroline Bonar, who wrote pamphlets, and had even spoken at one or two meetings. They did not need any special instructions to prepare for the guests.

Aunt Mary was invited to meet the other ladies, whom she had known intimately in by-gone years, and observant young eyes were on the party of elders all day. What shrewd questions Miss Fildes asked about their books, and the work they did! Miss Fildes gave no praise. The girls felt conscious even of some disapproval. As for the boys, Miss Fildes took no notice of them, beyond once or twice disconcerting Philip, by addressing him as "young gentleman," and "sir."

It was quite otherwise with Miss Bonar. She walked about with girlish activity, made and found fun, and "drew out" Philip and romped with the two younger boys.

But when the last good-night had been said and the door had closed behind Dora, Miss Fildes drew herself up, and thus spoke her mind—

"Charming children, dear Mrs. Bristo. But how could you allow Elizabeth to drop the study of music? There is nothing which makes a young lady so acceptable in society."

"Elizabeth has no taste for music," said Mrs. Bristo; "its study was to her sheer drudgery."

"No gift, possibly," returned Miss Fildes. "Few people have gifts. But with good teaching and painstaking, she might at least have played accompaniments, and that is always so agreeable and attractive."

"To a possible husband," said Miss Bonar.

"Elizabeth has so little taste that she could only have acquired even such proficiency by three or four hours of distasteful daily labour for years," put in Mr.

Bristo. "And I think that would be a cruel waste of time, mental energy, and moral determination."

"I fear you yield to a child's idleness and want of inclination" said Miss Fildes. "When she is grown up, she will not thank you for such indulgence."

"I don't think Elizabeth is idle," observed Mrs. Bristo; "she is inclined to work hard at her books and drawing."

"You expected too much, *I* believe," said Miss Fildes. "And there's Dora again! From the neatness of that child's sewing, she might do some beautiful needlework. Before I was her age I had worked a screen and a set of chair-covers which were universally praised."

"Dora is a capital sempstress," said Mrs. Bristo. "She can cut out, too, and darns neatly on very delicate fabrics. She has often practised stitches of embroidery in her holidays, and in years to come, I don't think she will find time hang heavily on her hands. A taste for needlework is a blessing to a woman."

"But Dora has done nothing that she can show," remarked Miss Fildes. And thereon Miss Bonar uttered an unmistakable groan, while the other lady went on—"One can't hang nightcaps to one's mantlepiece, or spread one's table with shirt-wristbands. But if a young lady can display tangible proofs of her industry, people naturally take the rest for granted. You have the future of your girls to think of. That is why I am so sorry about Elizabeth's music. Many people do not think of these things in time, and it leads to much disappointment and unhappiness."

"Which means that you must educate them to get husbands," broke forth Miss Bonar, "and in case young men don't know the genuine article when they see it, you must give it a little veneer to catch their fancy, as husbands must be got, since marriage is the end and crown of woman's existence!"

"No, no," said Mr. Bristo: "be fair. I know that is how it is often put, and I don't wonder that true women revolt from such a half-statement. Marriage is the crown of all existence. To own the truth, it would actually pain me much more to think of my sons as old bachelors than of my daughters as spinsters."

"I don't think they need much pity," answered Miss Bonar; "they generally develop into selfish creatures, wasting on their own pampered existence those means which might have blessed a household. Old bachelors always know how to take care of themselves."

"Therefore I pity them," said Mr. Bristo, "for that is not the duty of man, nor any part of his happiness."

"Therefore either spinster or bachelor, who is so from duty to others, or from devotion to a vanished love, needs no one's pity," observed Aunt Mary, quietly. "In one great sacrifice may be learned as high a lesson as can be taught by the daily crosses and self-abnegations of married life. Marriage is nature's provision for the founding of homes and the training of humanity. Marriage is itself a means to that end. It is not necessarily the end itself, as too many unhappy marriages show. And as, though plants grow most easily and luxuriantly in their native soils, and yet by care and skill, may flourish elsewhere, so may all the domestic virtues thrive beneath unringed fingers and in imperfectly constituted households. And these virtues are really the end and crown, not of woman only, but of humanity, even as a great poet has declared—

> "To make a happy fireside clime
> Is the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

"But that is a very different thing from rearing girls for marriage as for a profession," said Miss Bonar.

"Certainly it is," answered Aunt Mary; "but as all well-brought-up boys of every rank are in due time taught something by which an income can be earned, so I think every girl should be perfectly trained in home-keeping, or the best way in which that income may be laid out. That prepares her either for her ordinary lot, as wife and mother, or for happily and usefully spending a life which misses it."

"But what is to become of her if she has her living to get, like so many women nowadays?" asked Miss Bonar. "I think girls, as well as boys, should be put in possession of some means of earning money. We have made a step forward in these ways lately, with female telegraphists and book-keepers, and the sooner we press onward the better."

"I persist in thinking that the true answer to many of the vexed questions which agitate the feminine future, is to be found less in the discovery of fresh employments for woman, than in regarding her time-honoured occupations in a new light, and lifting them to a higher level," said Aunt Mary. "One hears of thousands of poor ladies struggling on the brink of starvation, or only saved from it by a miserable dependence on others. Scores of kind people are letting down their cups of advice and aid to empty this ocean of misery. The wildest suggestions are made in their behalf. In a paper published in their interest, one correspondent suggests that some might find employment in darning the socks and linen of bachelors living in lodgings, while another hints that they might obtain remuneration by acting as guides to foreign visitors in our great cities."

"As regards the first proposal," said Miss Bonar, "I think the grand difficulty would be to bring the supply and the demand together in the first instance. It might work marvellously well afterwards."

"And imagine women going about with strangers!" cried Miss Fildes. "Things are indeed changing for the worse."

"But apart from any special absurdity in these two ideas," said Aunt Mary, "what do such kinds of work entail? Precarious living in lonely garrets, apart from all human interests and duties, a wasting of womanliness—an unfriended old age. So much for this picture; now let us turn to another. In every newspaper I take up, I find scores of advertisements for servants—in other words, for women who will aid in maintaining

the cleanliness, comfort, and well-being of homes. In many instances, announcements of high wages, with enumerations of special comforts and privileges, do not bring a single applicant—nay, are almost certain not to do so, if coupled with a proviso that one year's thoroughly good character is expected. I go to a popular registry office with a young married friend, and what do I find? Rooms full of mistresses, who are wasting hours in interviewing gaudy young women, who ask if they are expected to wash the kitchen towels, and who have been only three months in their last place."

"You are not exaggerating," said Mrs. Bristo; "I have not been unfortunate in my servants, yet I have felt a perpetual heart-ache under their general untrustworthiness. A day's illness has left me nervously thinking of the muddle I should find on the morrow. One cannot persuade a girl to heed one's directions, or 'get into one's ways' while she is in a fever of restlessness, with opportunities of supposed 'bettering herself' constantly before her eyes. I have known sad stories among my neighbours. One invalid was sacrificed to the drunkenness of a cook, through which, at a crisis, the supply of nourishment failed at midnight. I know of an idiot child, who became so through the carelessness of a nurse who left him in the heat of the sun."

"But what would you do?" asked Miss Bonar. "I see the two pictures you present to us. What relation have they to each other? You cannot expect well-bred women to undertake domestic service, with its menial duties, even for bread."

"I know the idea strikes one as Quixotic," said Aunt Mary, quietly, "but let us remember what has happened in the last quarter of a century. Care of the sick has always been a womanly duty, yet where it was done for love, it was often done in a flurried helpless way, like much of our amateur housekeeping; and where it required to be done for hire, it was allowed to fall into the ignorant hands of the coarse, the unprincipled, and the drunken. At last, ladies of rank and genius, with special gifts for nursing—for these matters (ay, even housekeeping) have their specially-gifted as much as art and literature—came forward, devoted themselves to the work, and organised facilities for the training and experience of any women of any rank, having a natural turn in this direction. And, lo, Sarah Gamp is gone, and her place is supplied by those who are well taught and decent, and often highly educated and devoted."

"Ah, but the power of religion was brought in to effect that change," observed Mr. Bristo. "These nurses take hire that they may live to do their work, but they are taught to see in every sufferer a representative of the Master, and to read above every sick-bed the declaration, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the very least of these, ye did it unto Me.'"

"Very true," said Miss Fildes, "and I can imagine no task nearer that of an angel than to sit by dying beds, whispering words of consolation."

Miss Bonar gave a short laugh.

"I have been behind the scene of nursing life," she remarked, "and Miss Fildes' sweet vision is a very little corner of the whole truth. But I won't frighten her by a few facts of a nurse's working day. I never join in the cry that the hard discipline in the kitchens and dormitories of such places as Kaiserworth is unnecessary for those who are to engage in 'higher work.' A nurse may well have an angel within her, but it must live in a very able body, not squeamish in the five senses, nor nastily nice in mind. So it is well to have a test which shall turn back the unsuitable at the outset. I always go in for severe preliminary examinations for every profession."

"And why should not the power of religion be brought to bear on household service?" asked Aunt Mary. "I think that as education advances, and women grow more enlightened, they will recognise that as prevention is better than cure, so preventive work must take precedence of remedial. Are not devoted parents and hopeful young folk as much Christ's own as the poor sufferers in hospitals, so many of whom lie there as a direct consequence of their own evil habits, or carelessness? If any woman gave herself to a life which should preserve the means and the nerves, and, one may say, the invaluable lives of the elder people, and the morals, happiness, and health of the young folk, might not she, too, hear that whisper, 'Ye are doing it unto Me'?"

"It will not work," said Miss Bonar; "it has been tried in the lady-help scheme, and—it failed."

"My idea has never been tried," observed Aunt Mary, "because it is not a plan for women to start under a new name, to pick and choose their duties and their privileges, but for a woman to simply take a servant's place, and do whatever came to her hand, having faith in God that her light shall not be hid under a bushel, and taking for the motto of her order, 'Whosoever of you will be chiefest, let him be servant of all.' I would not object to any of the means which lighten such a departure from accustomed ways. Such women might work in free association as a society of Martha and Mary. The pretty prints, plain stuffs, and dainty caps of a uniform order, would be just the proper thing for domestic life, and might help to explain the wearer and her position.*

"What a surrender of liberty!" said Miss Bonar.

"Not one whit greater than a sick-nurse makes," rejoined Aunt Mary. "Good servants have leisurely evenings, and stated seasons for fresh air and recreation. Remember, too, that where educated women were working together, mistress and maid, the leisure of both would increase. Many an extra outing could be obtained if the servant could be trusted not to be demoralised by indulgence. Much of the repulsiveness that meets us in domestic service would disappear. There need be no frowsy cupboards nor stuffy servants' rooms. Mistresses would

* An association somewhat on this plan has been lately organised by the Rev. L. R. Henslow, of Zeals Rectory, near Bath.

no longer be haunted by a compunction regarding the lonely girl seated before the kitchen fire, turning over her finery, or spelling out a penny dreadful."

"It is not an unpleasing dream," observed Miss Bonar. "But then there are women with special gifts, who also require to earn bread: what are you going to do with them? Would not the world have lost something if Rosa Bonheur had been kept peeling potatoes, or Mrs. Browning, had she been poor, had given up her life to dusting rooms?"

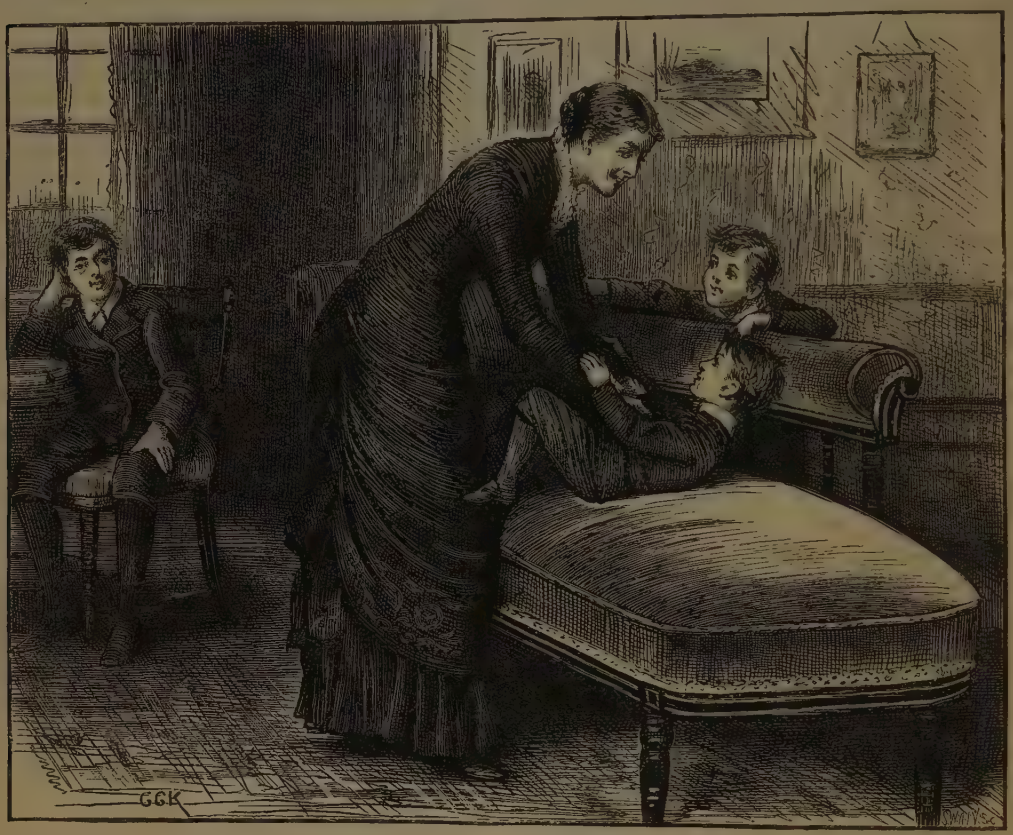
"Ah!" said Aunt Mary, "you misunderstand me. I would throw the highest education of every kind open to women, but I would caution them against crowding up for it out of the merest vanity and affectation. All men are not Senior Wranglers, nor professors, nor schoolmasters, nor authors, nor artists, nor clergymen, lawyers, or doctors. All women cannot be so. And yet most men, and many ungifted women, have to earn money. We must have a broad safe opening for our average girl, just as we have for our average boy."

"And the average man and woman make the foundation of society," said Mr. Bristo. "Woe be to learning and genius when that is not sound and sweet!"

"But what would become of the class whence we get our servants now?" asked Mrs. Bristo. "I often think it is not all their own fault that they are what they are."

"Where is Sairey Gamp?" asked Aunt Mary. "She has probably been taken up in her youth, and disciplined and encouraged into being an admirable nurse. It would be the same with our present servants."

"They shall not be abolished, they shall be polished," said Miss Bonar.



"She romped with the two younger boys."—*p.* 85.

"They would soon find that a new element had entered into their order. They would have an ideal presented to them. They would feel a dignity within their reach. And presently educated and uneducated women would mix as they do in hospitals, each finding her level, with no fear that mother-wit and physical strength would not keep a balance. Nobody would be in danger of being, as Caroline says, 'abolished,' except those whose loss of moral purity and rectitude certainly entitles them to the care of Christian philanthropy, but as certainly unfits them for unsuspected freedom in our homes, among our growing sons and daughters."

"Well," said Mrs. Bristo, "where have we not wandered in our little discussion about the best sort of teaching for Dora and Lizzie?"

"We have not wandered very far," rejoined her

husband. "If we can find what are the true lines of woman's life, we begin to see the lines on which she should be educated."

"And are you to take up with the latest fashion of unlimited classes for cookery, clear-starching, and plain needlework?" cried Miss Bonar. "I suppose it is a highly virtuous and excellent movement, but something in it jars me terribly, nevertheless."

"My dear," said Aunt Mary, "these are good remedial measures. They are intended to supply as they best can what daily household teaching should give. I know exactly what you mean; I know what a terrible creature a matron is, whose talk is of pickles and preserves, of shirts and of minute shifts of economy. I do not think the notable matron is the model home-keeper, any more than the physician or the merchant who is always talking 'shop,' is likely to be the best of his kind. A girl who has been thoroughly trained in household duties is the girl who is least a slave to household work. I speak from experience. I had no mother, and was brought up in a household of old servants, who kept everything going like clockwork, but never dreamed of showing me the machinery. The consequence was, that the first years of my married life were a terrible drudgery—I had to learn and teach at the same time. The milk boiled over while I referred to the cookery-book. My mornings were wasted in anxiety about dinner. An unexpected friend was a terror. My dear husband was helpful and hopeful, and did not even make fun of me; but I feel, that under less propitious circumstances, the trials of nerve and temper which I underwent might have been sufficient to wreck our health and happiness.

"The best household education a girl can get is in her mother's kitchen; and the best mental cultivation is not that which enables her to air a few scientific phrases, or to criticise genius with the imbecile assurance of crass ignorance, but that which gives her broad sympathies, ever stretching themselves towards all she sees and hears, and that deep and intelligent reverence for all she does not know, which is almost always felt by those who know something thoroughly, and so can realise what intense labour has gone to the doing of any good work or the acquisition of any great power. A well-educated woman is not a woman who merely knows what men know. Indeed, if she has such knowledge without any real use for it in her life, she may be said to be an ill-educated woman. A naval captain is not ill-educated because he cannot translate Greek epigrams. He has given his time and mental energy to other things. In reality, true education is rather an enlargement of the power of learning than any learning itself. Everybody is ignorant of something, and he is the wisest man—and she the wisest woman—whose knowledge is best fitted to its sphere, yet who is not utterly excluded from any sphere for want of knowledge.

"Home-making and home-keeping will remain the world's work. The ideal we should set before our daughters is neither the notable housekeeper to whom cleanliness is more than godliness, and cooking more than charity, nor yet the female professor of the 'ologies; but rather such womanhood as the American poet describes—

"Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
The hard stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 3. ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

Chapters to be read—1 *Kings xviii, xix. (parts of).*

INTRODUCTION. We left Elijah triumphant over the priests of Baal on top of Mount Carmel—what had he been doing?

What did he tell Ahab to do? (xviii. 41.) Why to make this haste? The people had returned to God—had put away for the time idolatry—therefore the punishment removed—rain would come now.

I. ELIJAH'S PRAYER. (Read xviii. 42—46.) Elijah now alone with his servant—all the excitement over—what does he do? Had told Ahab would be rain—still prays for it. God has heard one prayer—has turned people's hearts back; He will now hear this new prayer. What does he bid his servant do? Watch for first signs of rain. Does it come at once? But is Elijah impatient? He can trust God—so he patiently waits seven disappointments. What is the news at last? Now must Ahab hasten to finish his meal and ride home to Jezreel. Notice about Elijah's prayer—(*a*) *A sense of need*, without which prayer is mere form; (*b*) *Faith* in God to hear and answer, a mark of all true prayer (Mark xi. 24); (*c*) *Perseverance* to continue instant in prayer. See parable of importunate widow (Luke xviii. 7). May test our prayers by these marks. So Elijah is called the Praying Prophet (James v. 17).

II. ELIJAH'S JOURNEY. (Read xix. 1—8.) Where did Elijah go from Carmel? Perhaps thought that Ahab and Jezebel would receive him graciously—their hearts softened too. But was it so? What message did Jezebel send to him? What did he do at once? Who had protected him at Carmel? Could not God protect him still? Follow his journey on a

map—right down to the south—to the furthest city of Judah—even then does not feel safe—where does he go beyond? This the desert of Shur. Picture him resting under a tree—by the side of a well—in an oasis. What is he doing? Praying again—but what is his prayer this time? That he may die! Thinks his life all in vain—he can do nothing really—nobody wants him, and he longs for death. Perhaps had been unduly elated at Carmel—perhaps been neglecting some duty—at any rate, his trust in God seems gone for the time. But what happens? Is he awake or dreaming? What does he see? Now refreshed he sleeps again. Once more the angel bids him eat, and then sends him on his journey. Where is he sent to? He knows all that has happened there—how God spoke to Moses out of the burning bush (Exod. iii. 1)—how there the Commandments were given and the people sanctified to God (Exod. xix. 21, 22). So here he tarries in a cave to wait for God's message. What may we learn from his journey? (1) *Humility.* This prophet so strong in faith—so bold among all the prophets of Baal—now afraid of an angry woman. Of whom does he remind us—bold in promise, then a coward before the High Priest's servant? (See John xiii. 37; xviii. 17.) How often so with us—make great professions, and then give way to cowardice—therefore be not high-minded. (2) *God's omnipresence.* Was watched by God's eye—fed by God's messenger—led by God's guiding. So God's eye always on us—spies out all our ways—never leaves us alone. He can and will preserve both bodies and souls of His people (Ps. xxxiv. 22).

III. ELIJAH'S REBUKE. (Read 9, 18.) How long had he been on his journey? Just as Moses fasted forty days, and Christ also (Matt. iv. 2). Now the voice of God speaks. What does God say? What is Elijah's answer? Was all this true? Yes—he has been faithful—had been left alone—persecuted, and was in fear for his life. What then? He must see God's power once more. What does he see? Try and picture the scene—the howling of the wind—the rocks broken in pieces—huge boulders tumbling down the mountain side—then the earthquake—the ground shaking—the earth yawning in cracks—the sheets of scorching lightning. What a fearful storm! Suddenly all is still, and God's voice is once more heard. Once more the same question and same answer. But what does God bid him do? He must return—be no longer afraid—go back to his work—anoint new Kings of Syria and Israel and a new prophet to succeed himself. Is that all? No; God cheers him. What does He tell him? There are some faithful ones left—he will find friends—only let him be of good cheer. Once more what may we learn?—(1) *God's power in nature.* He controls all forces—storm, earthquake, fire, etc. What a great King he must be!—therefore requires all homage and obedience. (2) *God's power over man's will.* He knew all about these 7,000—they been kept by His grace from idolatry. So He can change Jezebel's heart as he did Esau's (Gen. xxxiii. 4). He will protect His servant. (3) *Boldness in duty.* Must never leave duty through fear—must return—do it—and trust in God's power to protect. (4) *God's mode of speaking.* How does He make Himself known to us?—

> By soft, meek, tender ways, He loves to draw
> The sinner startled by His ways of awe.

So speaks still by conscience—His holy word—His daily providences—the leadings of His Spirit. Let us listen to His voice, and not harden our hearts (Ps. xlv. 8).

Questions to be answered.

1. What was Elijah's prayer, and how was it answered?
2. What did his prayer include?
3. Where did he journey, and why?
4. What provisions for the way had he?
5. What may we learn from his journey?
6. Describe God's appearance to him at Sinai.
7. What lessons may we learn?

No. 4. NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

Chapter to be read—1 *Kings xxi.*

INTRODUCTION. Our last lesson was about Elijah at Mount Carmel. Whom was he to anoint as king over Israel? (Chap. xix. 16.) To-day shall hear of the manner of his death.

I. THE VINEYARD COVETED. (Read vers. 1—4.) Where would kings generally live? Why in chief city? But when business over would like a country place to go to. Where was Ahab's country seat? Who was his next neighbour? Ahab would often look out on Naboth's vineyard—think what a pity it could not be added to his—got to long for it. Then made overtures for it. What did he offer in exchange? So far, all right. Made a fair offer in fair spirit. What was the answer? Why would not Naboth let him have it? (Refer to Num. xxxvi. to show that the family inheritance was to be kept.) Therefore Naboth did right to refuse. How did Ahab take the disappointment? Can understand his being vexed—but fancy a king refusing to eat because he could not have all he wanted! May notice two things about him. He was (1) *Covetous.* Not contented with what he had—longed for more. Which Commandment did he break? Also was (2) *Sullen.* Became morose and ill-tempered because could not have all he wanted. See how discontent leads on to worse.

II. THE VINEYARD GAINED. (Read vers. 5—16.) Who comes on the scene now? What ought Jezebel to have done? Might have influenced him to think no more about it—reminded him of all he *had*, and sin of being discontented over what he *had not.* But what does she say to him? Did he govern Israel? Yes—but a king should reign in righteousness—should set example of obeying laws, not of breaking them. Now what does Jezebel do? Almost incredible to believe such wickedness. See the

different stages—(1) *Hypocrisy.* What is to be proclaimed? As if some dreadful sin had been committed—to be atoned for by public fast and solemn prayers. (2) *False witness*—what charge was to be made against Naboth? Had Ahab been noted for the service of God? Still blasphemy against God one of the worst crimes (Lev. xxiv.15), and was to be punished with death. (3) *Murder.* So Naboth was put to death. Picture the scene. The letter to the magistrate with Ahab's seal—officers sent to Naboth's house—his indignant denials of the charge—the court hastily assembled—the prisoner produced—false witnesses coming forward—two witnesses confirming each other—the sentence pronounced—the prisoner carried out of the city—committing his cause to God—his stoning and death—the message sent to the queen. What did she and Ahab do at once? Picture their feelings as they entered the vineyard and tasted the grapes. Now see Jezebel's conduct. She was (1) *Blasphemous* in the way she went to work—pretending zeal for God and religion while plotting Naboth's death (see St. Matt. vii. 21, 22); (2) *Cruel*—thought not of Naboth's rights, or interests, or feelings—trampled them under—crushed him for her husband's good. Let children see how all this wickedness arose from covetousness—love of gain—not being contented—and warn against a similar spirit. Remind how similar spirit led Judas to betray Christ for money (Matt. xxvi. 15), and read what St. Paul says about it (1 Tim. vi. 6—10).

III. THE PUNISHMENT. (Read vers. 17—29.) Perhaps when read such a story, ask, "Does God see?" "Can God know?" "Why does God allow it?" (Ps. lxxiii. 11.) Here have the answer—God does see—know—will punish—but chooses His own time. Who was sent to Ahab? Now picture Elijah going once more to meet Ahab—finds him in possession of vineyard—perhaps walking about leafy grove—gathering and eating grapes—enjoying his new possession. King must have been startled at seeing the prophet. What does he call him? Was he his enemy? Rather his best friend, because told him the truth. What was the punishment to be? His house destroyed—his wife to be buried in a ditch—God's curse to fall upon him. What a terrible fate! But what brought it upon him? Sin greater than any one else—urged on by his wife. What a sad picture! What effect did the prophet's words have upon him? (1) *He believed them.* Do not hear now of his seeking to kill him. His conscience told him they were true. He felt that his sin would bring punishment. (2) *He repented.* His repentance not very deep. Still did last a little while. He acknowledged God by using outward signs of sorrow for sin, and so humbled himself. What was the result? How merciful is God—the punishment shall not come just yet. Will give him a chance to show that his repentance is sincere. Teacher must caution children not to provoke God by sinning and then trusting to God's mercy. Ahab did not really repent, and was finally cut off. The great lesson is—beware of covetousness, "for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth" (Luke xii. 15).

Questions to be answered.

1. Why did Naboth refuse to sell his vineyard?
2. What disposition did Ahab show?
3. How did Ahab gain the vineyard?
4. What sins did Jezebel commit?
5. What character did she exhibit?
6. What was Ahab's punishment to be?
7. What effect did this have upon him?

A HOME OF HEALTH FOR CHILDREN.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY," ETC.

"AIR, water, light, and food, are our restoratives. These the poor children cannot get at home," said Dr. Blumberg, originator and honorary physician of the Children's Sanatorium at Southport, Lancashire.

And the air of this Brighton or Montpelier of the North, as Southport has been variously called, is singularly salubrious, travelling, as it does, straight from the sea over a mile of sand, and bearing with it more ozone than it wafts to any other English watering-place. If the tides are fluctuating and far, the sands are safe and near, and always ready either for pedestrian or equestrian. The clearness of the atmosphere may be gauged by the Italian hue of the sky and marvellous glory of the sunsets, which, at times, rival the cloudless heavens of the South, or even of the eastern hemisphere.

There must be "health on the breeze," or Southport would not have sprung out of the sands, like a city in a mirage, only more substantial, almost as in a fairy tale. Some eighty years ago a solitary log hut, built from the timbers of a wrecked vessel, and known as "Duke's Folly," stood in the centre of a wilderness of sand-hills, where this monument of industry yclept Southport now stands. Some of the sand-hills still bide their time in the distance, and form a not unpicturesque boundary to a place where nature has done nothing, art all; but most of them have been levelled to form the substratum of the town. It is not "a house built on the sand," but a city con-

structed on stone and soil every inch of which has been brought from a distance to overlay the sands. A stranger, hearing this for the first time, is lost in amazement as he gazes on miles of well-paved streets, flanked by houses surrounded by gardens, the flowers and turf of which are unusually brilliant of hue. He recals Paris as he walks down Lord Street, a mile in length, which is a boulevard, with trees, alleys, and seats on either side, and shops containing all that eye or heart could desire. He views the public buildings, with their ornamental fountains and tasteful parterres with astonishment; and as to the churches and chapels, he fails to count them.

And all the buildings are of red brick. Here and there a stuccoed house relieves the monotony, but bricks can be fashioned within reasonable distance; stones must be brought from afar.

The innumerable establishments for the restoration of health, whether allopathic, hydropathic, or homœopathic, all rejoice in this coating of scarlet, and amongst them stands bravely forth the Children's Sanatorium, one of the last erections of the enterprising and philanthropic inhabitants of the North of England.

Here we have an inkling of what Southport once was, for it is well-nigh surrounded by sand, as yet unlet for building. The playground is of sand, where the children aid in their own cure by digging and burying one another to their hearts' content; while a plot of sand lies fallow on one side, waiting to be moulded into the foundation for a new wing when patients and funds increase. Just twenty years ago the first invalid child was received in a small cottage—now we have this handsome house; and so rapid are the strides of progress in Southport that doubtless the billowy heaps of sand in the plot aforesaid will, in the course of a few years, be made smooth and level.

They must, when people fully realise that children suffering from various diseases are brought to this health-giving place ill, and leave it well. Indeed, the Lady Superintendent declares that she is almost tired of repeating this synopsis of the cases she has to chronicle. But let the Sanatorium ring its own praises. The large hall is surrounded by rooms, through the ever-open doors and windows of which stream sunshine and air—the dormitories are equally blessed by those good gifts of God to man—the bath-rooms are supplied with water, the larder with food; and one of the best of curatives, new milk, flows profusely. There seems to be all the juvenile heart could wish, and nothing at the sight of which it could quail, for there is apparently no surgery, no medicine. Dame Nature is head nurse, and her attendants obey her orders. In and out of the rooms the little patients wander at will, some on crutches, it is true, but all wonderfully bright.

"They cry to come, and cry to go away," says a kindly nurse.

And no wonder, for they come in pain and weariness from the poor dwellings and close atmosphere of the manufacturing districts, to airy rooms and sunshiny skies. They come, besides, to a picture-gallery, which is open to their astonished gaze both on week-days and Sundays. Some ladies, interested in the Sanatorium, conceived the novel idea of an illustrated dado, and with praiseworthy industry and perseverance, surrounded the hall and staircase with coloured prints. The rooms are similarly adorned in "black and white." The work is artistically done, and, being varnished, will last. Thus the children have endless amusement within reach, and whether standing or seated on the floor, can examine this pictured dado, which, like a kaleidoscope, never reproduces its combinations of colour or form. They have much to thank the ladies for, not only in this source of pleasure, but many another. One energetic lady worker has undertaken the difficult task of honorary secretary—others form a committee, others visit the institution, all unite in getting up an annual bazaar, the proceeds of which provide them with a "reserve fund," which they use at will to increase the comfort and happiness of their charge. Yes, "happiness," for the freedom from needless restraint makes them happy, and one is surprised to hear laughter and see bright faces where pain and depression are expected. Sadness and silence are the exceptions.

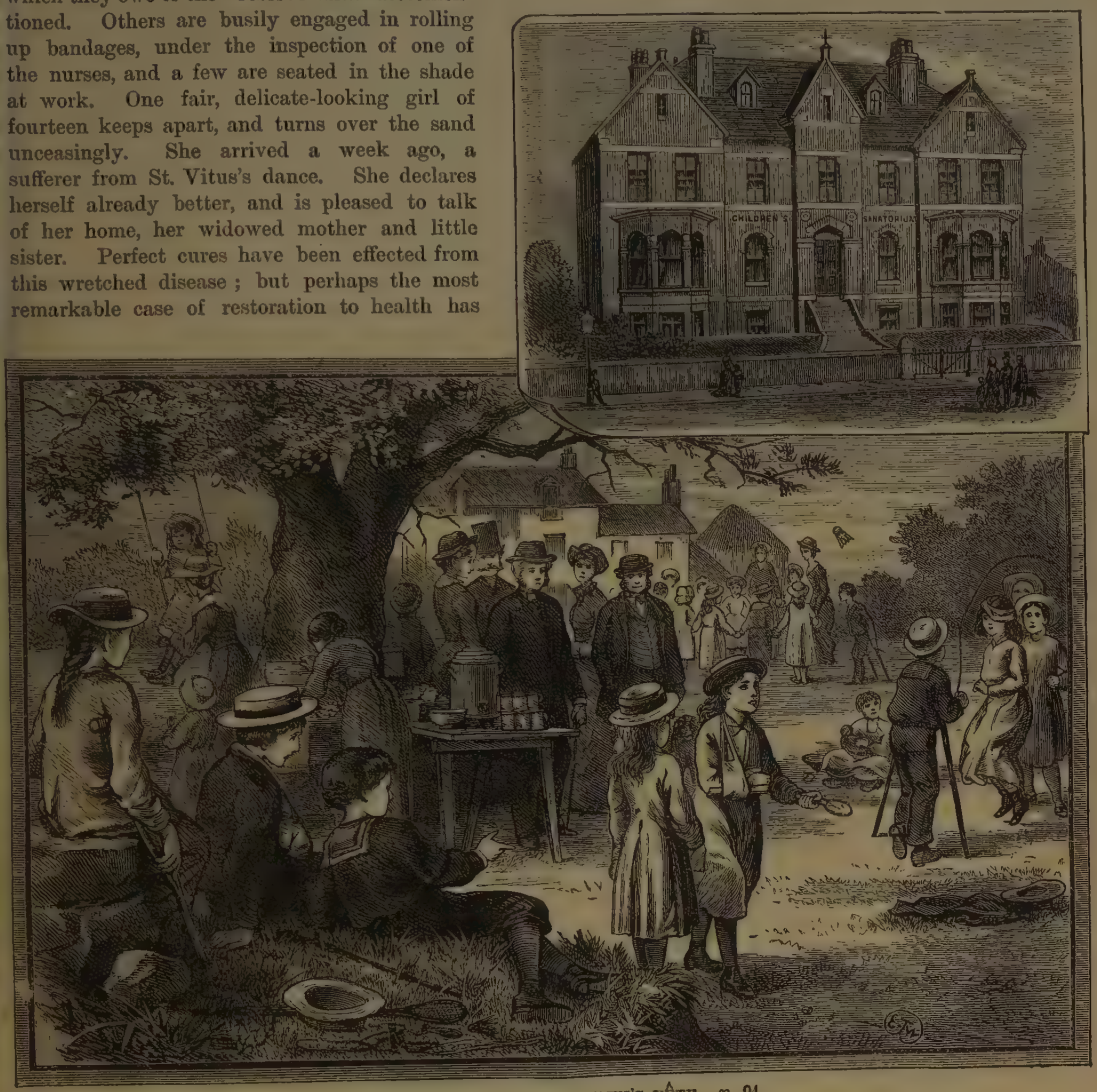
There are at this moment some thirty-three patients in the house; it will take in sixty, and, at a pinch, sixty-five beds can be made up. That it is not full to overflowing is the one complaint of all connected with it. It is "open to all England," on the payment of the small sum of six shillings a week per child—a sum that will be lessened as inmates and donations increase. And increase they doubtless will, since the cures effected seem all but miraculous.

Here is the "baby" of the establishment. Lady Superintendent, nurses, visitors, and children, all like to have a baby in the house. A few weeks ago this infant of two or three years old was brought to the Sanatorium, paralysed in every limb. He could neither move hand nor foot, and seemed to have no life in him. We are not recounting a fable, but what we see with our eyes. Now he cannot find outlet enough for his long-suppressed energies. His little face beams with smiles, his hands and arms are in perpetual motion, he stands against the window-sill, he even walks, with the aid of two fingers, and crawls about the floor at will. The imprisonment of the perambulator is irksome, and he strives to release himself from it. It would be hard to find a more vivacious boy. And it would be difficult to see a prettier picture than that presented by a six-year-old girl, on a crutch, pushing the said perambulator vigorously into the playground. She, too, is on the road to a cure. There are several boys with crutches who will, it is predicted, soon cast them off. One, who is deaf and dumb, has already done so, though he limps slightly. Efforts are being made to get him into an asylum; and we venture to suggest that he may be brought up a baker, since his very soul is in his eyes as he watches, with one or two others, the

making of dough for bread cakes, to be demolished at a treat in prospect.

Only a passage from larder to playground, where some of the whilom sick are rejoicing in a swing, which they owe to the "reserve fund" aforementioned. Others are busily engaged in rolling up bandages, under the inspection of one of the nurses, and a few are seated in the shade at work. One fair, delicate-looking girl of fourteen keeps apart, and turns over the sand unceasingly. She arrived a week ago, a sufferer from St. Vitus's dance. She declares herself already better, and is pleased to talk of her home, her widowed mother and little sister. Perfect cures have been effected from this wretched disease; but perhaps the most remarkable case of restoration to health has been that of a child suffering from epilepsy, generally reckoned incurable. To use the words of the physician, "Epilepsy is a natural disease, which sometimes gets better by natural means, and we are happy to say that one severe and long-standing case has been cured within these walls, cured completely and efficiently." He also cites cures of spinal complaints, incipient consumption, and other diseases, adding the emphatic words, "We could multiply the instances of boys and girls who come here pictures of disease and misery, and go home in the enjoyment of health." And this is what we hear on all sides, though there is, of course, a reverse to the picture, and all cannot be cured who come to this Sanatorium of the north.

In front of the house, or on his couch in the sunshine, lies a youth who is, alas! incurable, and must be removed, as such, to some other institution. Yet he looks cheerful in his red dressing-jacket, and under his quilt of many colours. Up-stairs lies a child in hopeless consumption, whom yet the ladies keep awhile, dreading to return her to the miserable haunt whence she came. She was brought hither more than half-starved, her limbs emaciated from want. Yet what a sweet face she has, and how divinely patient she seems! Her black eyelashes are unnaturally long, as is so often the case in consumption, and her face is white. We think she has never



THE CONVALESCENT CHILDREN'S FÊTE.—*p.* 94.

smiled, and hope that she may soon learn that happy art in her Heavenly Father's kingdom. When asked if she is better, her quiet answer is "Yes, please."

> "For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
> And we cannot run and leap;
> If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
> To drop down in them and sleep."

Thus wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her soul-stirring poem, "The Cry of the Children," and with her we would appeal to all Christendom to aid those who sicken or are injured in mine, factory, or elsewhere, to recover health and youthful elasticity. For—

> The young, young children, O my brothers!
> They are weeping bitterly!
> They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
> In the country of the free.

Yes, England is a free country, yet are numbers of her sons bound in the chains of toil from morning till night. This is as it should be, for in labour alone is happiness; but let us not over-task the young. Above all, when they are laid low from work, want, or wretchedness, let us help them to rise. Their parents have probably ministered to our necessities and, maybe, our luxuries, at the loom or the wheel; let us aid their too often unwillingly-neglected offspring to develop into capable men and women. It may be done. A few years ago a tender Southport lady bore in her arms into the Sanatorium that preceded the one we are now considering, a boy so helpless as to be reckoned hopeless. Let that last word be expunged from the Christian's vocabulary.

"He had not a straight limb in his body. He seemed but a skeleton hung together," she said "We kept him on and on, month after month, year after year, for he was not deemed incurable, and we could not turn him adrift. Now, you shall see him."

But not on his couch in the Sanatorium. We must walk through the clean streets to the fine market, and visit the flower and fruit portion of it. There, deftly fashioning "button-holes" for the gentlemen, stands a young man, to all appearance hale and well-to-do. This *was* the boy aforesaid. Air, light, and food, together with judicious treatment, have so far restored him as not only to enable him to earn his own living at his own flower-stall, but to support a wife and child. So much for the salubrity of Southport.

On our way from the market, we fall in with a contingent of the present inmates of the Sanatorium, going for a walk. One lad, reclining in some sort of invalid carriage, is propelled by others in various stages of recovery. We follow them to the Hesketh Park. Here they abandon themselves to the enjoyment of feeding or watching the swans on the lake, and their merry voices echo amid the various alcoves, shady walks, and verdant eminences. It is refreshing to see anything like an acclivity in this huge pancake of a town. The hillocks of the park were once sand-hills, like the rest of it; but Lancashire energy has overlaid them with soil, planted them with shrubs and trees, and introduced romantic alleys amongst them. But what has it not done? for here are fountains, Japanese and moss gardens, roseries, and flowers of exceeding brilliancy. Indeed, this park, the Botanical Gardens, and the Winter Gardens, may rival those of any city or town, at home or abroad.

We return with the little patients to the Sanatorium, listening to their eager talk about the morrow's "treat;" and wondering somewhat how they, "the lame, the halt, and the blind," will be fêted. Thanks to that widow's cruse of a Reserve Fund, the ladies are resolved to manage it.

And manage it they do. The morrow comes, and we find ourselves jolting over the paved streets and roads of Southport towards what is called the country. A long farewell to the sand-hills and brick, and there is a green field at last—a field somewhat rough and uneven, but green, lent by the good clerk of the parish of Church Town, who is farmer as well as sexton. Here the children first dine, then disport themselves, then have tea, together with their Lady Superintendent, their honorary secretary, their nurses, many guests, the generous clerk and his worthy vicar. It is a suggestive, if somewhat pathetic party; for it does go to the heart to see the young dancing on crutches, or basking on the sunny bank with bandaged arms or eyes. Yet are these supremely happy, and we lament over those less favoured ones compelled to remain at home; and we see in vision the "baby," the little consumptive, the boy in spinal complaint, and one or two others, of necessity left behind.

None is more joyous or vigorous than the lame deaf-and-dumb boy, and none hops about more quickly than the little girl on her crutch who constituted herself charioteer of the paralysed infant.

There are many lookers-on, for the village children, in their picturesque sun-bonnets, stand or sit about at a respectful distance from the revellers. At tea-time, especially, they range themselves on a neighbouring bank to survey with interest, and perhaps envy, the plates of cake and bread and butter, and baskets of strawberries, in course of distribution. "All comes to those who can wait," and in due time the little spectators are made happy by receiving each a piece of the superabundant cake. Meanwhile, the children of the Sanatorium sing one or two pretty songs very sweetly, after which the vicar of Church Town requests his juvenile parishioners to sing. They obey, seated on their high bank beneath the hedgerow. Their voices are so melodious, and blend so harmoniously, that a Sanatorium girl exclaims magnanimously to a neighbour, "They sing better than we do."

Unquestionably the voices of these North-country children are sweeter in song than those of the South, though, in speech, the Lancashire brogue is strong enough, and many words are incomprehensible to "ears polite." No one enjoys both song and scene more

than the parson and his clerk. The latter appears, however, in his capacity of farmer, in his work-a-day clothes, and with spade and hoe over his shoulder. He boasts of forty-seven grandchildren, and his hale and youthful face speaks well for the farm in which he has spent his life. The children give him three hearty chears in token of their gratitude for the use of his field, which testify to the soundness of their lungs, in spite of their unstable limbs.

While contemplating their flushed, sunburnt faces, we think of the tens of thousands of their fellows who might be benefited by a visit to the Children's Sanatorium at Southport. A philanthropist could scarcely do better work than to send some wan and wretched child from the dense smoky city to the pure atmosphere of this happy home. Let them not wait for the young worker, crushed in a machine or otherwise disabled—these are sent readily enough—but let them give a holiday to the poor things, just on the borderland of disease, to whom a month of sea-air is elysium. It is something to brace up one little sinking frame, to see one eye brighten with renewed health, to hear one voice expand into merriment. Much is being done in these our days, but oh! how much more there is to do. Therefore should no bed in the Sanatorium remain unoccupied, no available space be unfilled. Since the first patient was admitted into the small cottage, in 1860, some 1,240 children have been more or less benefited, and a large majority of them cured; now those numbers may be multiplied *ad infinitum* if only the rich and benevolent would investigate the matter and lend a helping hand.

Back to the Sanatorium again, just to bid the wearied children good-night. We wander through the dormitories where all are safe in bed—those who have enjoyed the outing and those who were unable to enjoy it. The little ones are asleep, and we are thankful to see the long fringes resting on the pale cheeks of the consumptive, and slumber bringing oblivion of her pains. The elder children are wide awake.

"I shouted all the way home, and I am quite hoarse," exclaims one.

"Oh! we did enjoy it," another.

"Miss Mathews! Miss Mathews!" cry a dozen voices, to the tired lady who has had all the work and but little of the play, and who goes in and out of the three-and-thirty beds to assure herself that no harm has come from the "outing."

It is truly a cause of thankfulness that, whether in bed or up, these our young brothers and sisters feel at home and fearless; though there are occasionally cases of children so mischievous and refractory as to be almost unmanageable, which are, however, the exception. Still, it is always right to consider what a weight of anxiety and responsibility must rest on all who have the supervision of institutions such as this. Therefore we will hope that, while the town of Southport increases in size and fame, its various convalescent homes may increase with it, and this our Children's Sanatorium most especially. The receipts from patients have nearly doubled during the past year, since the erection of the new building, while subscriptions have also increased. If this advance continue, the additional thirty beds in the now vacant dormitory will soon be occupied, and the hearts of the ladies be happy. These same hearts are not indifferent to the spiritual as well as temporal state of the children. If we glance over night's barrier into to-morrow, which will be Sunday, we shall see such as are able going to church in the sailor jackets and scarlet capes fashioned for them by these their friends—for they too often come ragged as well as forlorn—and in the afternoon attending a Bible-class, held for their benefit by one of them.

As we leave the airy dormitory and its recumbent inmates, let us breathe a prayer that "Our Father" may bless the means used for their recovery, and move the souls of their brethren to aid in raising His now sickly and suffering little ones into healthful, useful, and religious men and women.

The Lord My Shepherd.

Words by the Rev. Cecil Moore, M.A. *Music by the* Rev. Frederick Peel, B. Mus.

1. I can - not want if Thou, my Shep - herd King,
2. Oft as I faint, so oft by Thee re - stored,
Dost call me forth by name to fol - low Thee;
My feet are led in paths of righ - teous - ness;
Still'd is my heart be - side the wa - ter - spring,
To crown Thy Name with glo - ry thus, dear Lord.
Calm'd in green pas - tures, where Thou lead - - est me.
Dost Thou have pi - ty on my way - - ward - ness.

3 How could I know such love as Thine and fear?
E'en though my soul death's shadow'd valley wends;
I have my comfort, and my path is clear,
Thy staff supports me, and Thy rod defends.

4 Thou, in the mocking presence of my foes,
Dost like some powerful Host prepare my meat;
My whole life's cup with mercy overflows,
And heaven-sent ointment shields from noontide heat.

BERTIE AND I.

A HOME STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEEP ON SOWING," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—A LESSON.

"I THINK he need not have refused me," said Bertie, with a pout and a frown. "I see no reason why he should not read it—such pains as we have taken to please him, too. I am not sure that I shall like him so well after this."

She was sitting between the table and the fire, her feet resting comfortably upon a hassock, and her fingers very busily engaged upon quite an original antimacassar in Berlin wools of all colours. Here was a circlet of bright browns, mixed with a lovely-shaded green; adjoining it, one of crimson, purple, and pale primrose; then one of pale blue, washed-out brown, and pinky-grey. There were no two rounds alike, and the general effect was really very striking and handsome, though it may seem nothing remarkable in description.

And I was busy also; and my work was an exact copy of Bertie's. I had no originality, but it was pleasant and agreeable to me to sit and quietly follow out my pattern.

We had arranged to do these antimacassars to fill up odd moments, as well as to make the most of our time when we might perhaps feel inclined for a little extra conversation—as this afternoon, for instance.

"These will be lovely when they are finished, Bertie," I said, "especially if you edge them with that variegated fringe you were speaking of."

And I held up a circlet which I had completed.

But she continued her complaint without regarding me.

"We did everything just as he told us; and fitted ourselves into the story so nicely; and I am sure that it would have sounded well; and now to think that we have seen the last of it, till it has all been cut up and re-written, and altered entirely, so that we shall not know ourselves! But you are very unkind, Marian. I do not believe that you care for my disappointment in the least."

"For your disappointment, dear, I do; but as for the story—I did not wish to hear it. Mr. Saunderson is welcome to do as he pleases with it, as far as I am concerned; and I feel sure that his chief intention in getting it together in that whimsical manner was in some way to be of use to us. But the idea was never pleasant to me; though, as you seemed so delighted, I did not care to say anything against it."

But as I glanced at Bertie, I saw that her thoughts had wandered from the subject. Her lovely little face was perplexed, almost sad in its expression.

"This evening——" she began; and then appearing to recollect herself suddenly, the sad expression changed in a moment to one of merriment, and even mischief, I thought; and she went on talking about Mr. Saunderson's story.

Mr. Saunderson was one of the masters at an old established collegiate school near. Mrs. Bourne had invited him to be her master of the ceremonies in the coming Christmas festivities, which, however Mr. Bourne had decided were not to include theatricals.

Mr. Saunderson had told us a short time before—one evening when we were at Colneside—that he wished to write a tale. This in itself was nothing remarkable; but, oddly enough, Bertie and I thought, he next asked for *our* help in writing it. We were to hunt up characters, and to find suitable names for them—so we found that he had arranged in his own mind; we were also to be sure to put ourselves into this wonderful story, which, by the way, was to make all our fortunes, at which idea even Bertie laughed heartily. And we were, moreover, to write full and finished sketches of the chapters which concerned ourselves. And then Mr. Saunderson was to take the fragments and piece them all together, and rewrite the whole, and finally despatch it to a publisher. He was very persistent, and after a while we had agreed to do as he wished. We had spent many hours late and early in writing our sketches; he had rapidly finished his, and had also allowed us to see it; and then he had taken away all (his and ours), declaring that we should see nothing more of our work until the book came out.

In the first interest and novelty of the thing I had written far more freely than I should have done if I had had more time for thought; consequently, I was relieved when I found that Mr. Saunderson declined reading the whole story aloud for general amusement, one evening at Colneside, as Bertie, seconded by Augusta, had proposed.

"But what a fuss I am making about a trifle," said Bertie at length; "when I ought to be thinking—not of amusement at all, but of work and independence. Of course, Mr. Saunderson, dear, simple-

minded man though he is, naturally did not wish the story to be publicly criticised while it was, as he said, in such an unripe and unfinished condition. But, just imagine, Marian! *we* are to share in the profits! Not that I believe in them, though I daresay my hopes will rise in time. But Mr. Saunderson is one of those persons whose minds seem crowded with ideas, and good ones too! Yet they never make anything of them. They are always beginning, but never finishing."

"Poor Mr. Saunderson! We must take care not to follow in his footsteps then, Bertie."

"Yes, though I am a little bit in danger of doing so, I know. I wonder whether he ever wrote a story before in such a curious way? and whether he made money by it? For, of course, he may have done so. I think that I shall write just one, Marian! Or, let us write it together, as a trial of our powers, do you see? It might prove an easy way of adding to our income, which promises to be somewhat precarious."

"I think it would be safer and better to keep on with the drawing, dear."

She gave me a lively wilful look, and then suddenly turned thoughtful again.

"Why did you not wish to hear the story read, Marian? Oh, and what did Augusta mean the other day, when she was talking about reading faces, and when she said that yours had a secret in it—which would be sure to come out in your part of the story, for that writers, in one way or another, always contrived to betray their secrets to the public? You have no secret, have you, Marian? Let me look at your face. I ought to be able to read it."

She was leaning forward now—the bone hook and pretty wool resting for the moment—and her dear bright loving eyes were gazing full into mine.

I strove to look unconscious and unconcerned. But, spite of my endeavour, my answering gaze must have told much more than I wished, for in an instant I saw a gentle pitying gleam come into the soft violet orbs that were the chief beauty of my little sister's face, and then they fell upon the woolwork again, and she was silent.

But her fingers moved slowly, and presently she put her work on one side, and came and sat down by me, hiding her face on my knee.

"You told me that your heart once ran away with your judgment, Marian? Was *that* what you meant? I did not altogether understand at the time. And have you a secret, then? Poor Marian!"

I allowed her to caress me, but said nothing. She had risen, and was standing by my side now.

"Never mind, Marian darling; it will all come right in the end. You are so patient that I feel sure it will! But"—and she returned to her work again—"whatever your secret may be, you did *not* put it into the story, did you?—for your part in it was almost all about jealousy!—very quiet and patient, like you, but still jealousy! And I do not suppose that you were ever jealous in your life, were you, Marian?"

"Do not ask me any questions, there's a dear good little sister. It was very stupid of me to tell you what I did—since a little knowledge is a dangerous thing!" And I smiled as I met her puzzled glance.

Many others beside Mr. Saunderson had been invited to Colneside for Christmas, and among them two young men from the collegiate school—young brothers of some of those whom John and Frank Bourne had known in years gone by. The names of these youths were James Reardon and Harry Johnstone. Bertie began presently to talk of them—

"I like Harry," she said. "I like his eyes. They are honest eyes. He will make a good and sensible man, don't you think? When Mrs. Bourne and Mr. Saunderson were talking over the amusements last week, did you notice how cleverly and modestly he put in a word now and then?"

"Yes; but I am afraid for him," I answered. "James Reardon seems to have such an influence over him; and as he is a year or two older than Harry, and as young men are so terribly weak, and so easily led into evil——"

"Why *will* Mrs. Bourne invite James Reardon, I wonder?" said Bertie, with a frown, and totally unconscious in her earnestness that she had interrupted me. "One look at his face is quite enough for me. There is something so low and mean in its expression. And then he is always throwing out such cowardly insinuations—doing his best to make you suspect every one. I heard Mr. Saunderson tell him once that persons who were worth anything were not so ready to suspect others."

"My wonder is," I rejoined, "that Mr. Saunderson appears to see no great harm in him."

"Mr. Saunderson!" repeated Bertie. "He sees harm in no one. He is worth all those put together whom we have met at the Bournes—except, perhaps, Mr. Murray. And every one else says the same. I could not help thinking the other evening, as I watched his tall thin stooping figure moving so quickly here and there and everywhere, doing first one kindness, and then another, while his plain grave face was full of care for the comfort of every one but himself, how little, after all, good looks have to do with the love we win."

"Strangely little, indeed," I returned.

"His part of the story seemed to intimate that his life was not always so quiet and uneventful as now," continued Bertie. "Fancy his putting himself in as hero! He said he would. And is it not amusing to think of *him*, even in a story, as in love with one young lady while another is breaking her heart for him! And then—don't you think that he might have contrived a better ending? It is very lame, I think. Why even his heroine comes to grief at last, and almost owns that she made a mistake in marrying him. And then he calls himself a 'blighted being' for a little while, but finally goes to his wife, and quotes Miss Mulock."

And half mockingly she repeated the following:—

"Lift up thankful eyes, my sweet!
Count equal, loss and gain;
Because, as long as the world lasts,
Green leaves will come again!"

(Ah, Bertie, the day came when you did not mock at this, but took it for your comfort!)

"And that is all," she went on, "as the children say. And what becomes of the poor girl who was breaking her heart, nobody knows. But perhaps the story, when it is finished, will hint to all concerned that—'Green leaves will come again!'"

"The ground-work of the story is very good, my dear," I said, "and very clever, and I will not hear it spoken against. We must wait till we see it in print before we venture to find fault—except with our own parts of it."

"Until we see it in print," laughed Bertie. "I wonder when that will be!"

Only a short time had passed, but we had not been idle. Bertie had finished a set of lovely little drawings, worth ten times what she had received for them. But she had been very delighted with the first money she had ever earned, and had not appeared to think of complaining. The circulars had arrived, and we had thought them very good, and neat and pretty, and, as Bertie had arranged, we had taken them out ourselves—fifty to begin with—and had then stayed at home, hoping to receive calls. We were not disappointed, and as a result we were promised two scholars at the beginning of the new year. Then we had taken out more circulars—a hundred this time—and had obtained the promise of two more scholars.

Bertie was overjoyed; for, though she generally expected great things, she was often quite contented and thankful at receiving a very little.

The drawing-lessons with Miss Groves had also been begun, and regularly continued for an hour and a half each day.

All things considered, we had surely not made a bad beginning.

The clock struck three. We put away our work, and went out to leave more circulars, and also Bertie had one beautiful little drawing which she wished to take to Mrs. Rush's shop.

"Only one," said she, as we stepped into the street. It was a clear cold winter afternoon. "I must not allow the little woman to suppose that I am so *over* anxious to work for her. She would undervalue my performances at once. I must do something else for a change. There is nothing like a change."

And a curious little mischievous, as well as questioning, smile curled her lips as she glanced up at me, and then joined her other hand to the one already on my arm.

I did not understand that almost delighted smile, as it seemed to me; and, after a moment's pause, I inquired as to what it might mean.

"Did I smile?" And she smiled again. "But perhaps I did, for I feel very bright and hopeful this afternoon."

I did not wish to tease her, and, finding that she did not appear inclined to satisfy my curiosity, I said no more. Nevertheless, I felt just a tiny bit anxious, and still more so when she presently seemed bent upon sending me on with the circulars, while she went into the shop with her drawing alone.

"And then, won't you go home, dear Marian? It will be getting late. Please do not wait for me. I may stay and talk for a little while with Mrs. Rush."

I would not pretend to notice her evident wish to get rid of me, but simply delivered as many circulars as I thought proper, and then went home.

It was quite dark. Tea had stood on the table an hour, but Bertie had not returned. I was tired, and full of exaggerated fears—fears I never would have confessed to Bertie. I wished to trust her, as I knew she would have trusted to me, and to leave her entirely free. She was older and far wiser than her years, yet with it all as simple as a child, and I dreaded making some terrible blunder (if I attempted to interfere when her little wilful doings did not exactly please me), and perhaps destroying the full sisterly sympathy that now existed between us, opposite in almost every respect though we were.

I was growing more and more anxious, when there came a gentle knock at the street door, and Mr. Murray was ushered in. He had called two or three times since the evening we had first met him at Colneside.

What a pleasant face he had! It was quite a relief to see him sitting there, and listening with such evident interest whenever I said a word of Bertie. It diverted my mind from my watchfulness.

He seemed to wonder that she was not present, but I did not tell him that I probably wondered more than he did.

"I came, rather hoping to see her," he said, listening, apparently, to every passing footstep as he spoke, while his eyes, half-smiling, half-thoughtful, were fixed upon the little old piano, and upon the music which Bertie had left open on the stand. "She reminds me"—and his voice grew tender—"of one whom I knew many years ago. The same bright happy manner, that is, yet so gentle; the same fearless ease and grace and independence. Dear child! I could almost imagine, when I look at your sister, Miss Lynne, that death had given *her* back to me again—my——"

He paused; he seemed to forget my presence. I spoke. It was a new and pleasant experience to talk to one like him.

"It is very hard," I said, answering thoughts rather than words, "that in this life we should almost invariably be denied the one thing of all others which would make us happy."

"Which *we think* would make us happy," he corrected, still speaking in the same low far-away tones. "If our God saw that the realisation of our wishes would be really good for us, we should not have to wait; all our dreams would be turned into living present joys

this very day. But the Lord our God sees not with the narrow short-sighted vision of a man. He gives us, one by one, precious gifts for our everlasting good. Sometimes these gifts do not appear as blessings, but thing that happens. Nothing that concerns us is beneath the notice of our Heavenly Father. It is the same God, and the Psalmist tells us so in the same breath, who numbers the stars, and calls them

"He seemed to wonder that she was not present."—*p.* 99.

rather the reverse. What does that signify? They are what they are, no matter what they may appear."

"If I had had any one to talk to me as you are talking now," I thought, "from my childhood upwards, I can see that I should have been a far happier woman than I am to-night."

"There is a providence," he went on presently, in answer to something I had said, "in the smallest all by their names, and who stoops to bind up the wounds of the broken in heart."

Much more he said, and to all I listened attentively. "Life," says some one, "looks very impressive as one casts upon it a backward glance." So looked my life now; and I wished anew that in early youth I had been taught these great truths by one who loved them. But I knew not what to reply,

for I had never been used to talking upon religion. I made some commonplace remark, and Mr. Murray, continued, speaking, I think, rather to himself than to me; and among other things I remembered that he said—

"We never know what to hope, or on the other hand, what to fear; but the true Christian strives daily to leave all to his God. He sees the sunshine, he blesses God for it. The rain falls, he blesses God for it also. Some seemingly untoward circumstance hinders him from doing the thing he would, he submits, and blesses his God again. These hindrances once more are providences, whose end he may or may not see in this world; but for them, one and all, in the world to come, he knows that he will fall low before the Throne in adoration and thanksgiving. This person, or the other, will not do as he wishes; but instead of growing heated or angry as he would have done once, he is enabled to say, 'The Lord, for some good reason, will not allow him to do it.' Perhaps he longs for the love of a fellow-creature, and longs in vain; but instead of wearing out his heart with sorrow and regret, he says, 'His love, the love of his heart, is not in his own keeping. God can give it me, but he cannot; I will wait on the Lord, then, and in His word will I hope.'"

"But," I said, "all this sounds like a peace and perfection very far beyond anything we can attain here, does it not?"

"Yes, and no," he answered, with a little look of sadness in his eyes; "for the Christian never attains it perfectly here: yet so far that often and often it puts an end to all his care—and it is care, not blessed work, that kills—and leads him day by day to look ever more constantly above second causes up to the 'Great First Cause,' whose unerring hand guides every moment of our lives with a love that can never fail."

CHAPTER VI.—CHRISTMAS TIME.

"GOOD times, and bad times, and all times pass over," says the proverb. I smiled now as I remembered the evening on which I had waited so long for Bertie. That anxiety had faded long ago—that is, the time had seemed long to me, though I could easily have counted the days—and had been succeeded by another, and yet another, and another; for the most part trifling, however—but we will have our anxieties.

My little darling had only been her own brave little self, after all, and had gone, with Mrs. Rush as chaperon, to sing and play, as well as to help in superintending amusements generally, at a juvenile entertainment.

The entertainment had been given by a Mrs. Manfred, who, according to Mrs. Rush, was a very grand personage, and also a somewhat eccentric one. She was a resident in the next town, but had once or twice chanced to find her way into Mrs. Rush's little shop, and had then greatly admired Bertie's drawings, and finally Bertie herself, who had happened to enter just as she was leaving.

As Bertie said, she had her head always full of mercenary ideas nowadays, and, as I said, she always had an eye on every occasion to her motto—*independence.* There had followed a long conversation, the result of which had been that my little Bertie had been to a party with Mrs. Rush to sing and play—for money! Was it pride that made me so angry, even yet, whenever I thought of it? Bertie declared that it was.

She had kept the whole thing a close secret from me, because, as she said, *I* could also be "wilful enough when I chose," and she had been afraid of my preventing her in some way from keeping her engagement, even at the last moment. She had scarcely expected me to be really anxious, thinking that I might imagine her to be taking tea with Mrs. Rush—and, indeed, the thought had crossed me.

She had been triumphant at earning the money, and had put it at once into the Post-office Savings' Bank.

"As the foundation of our fortune, Marian darling," she had said, with coaxing voice and sparkling eyes. "We shall not want it; and what a pleasure it will be to add to it as often as ever we can! And now do not look serious any more, dear; but help me to write the story I talked of. It will be such fun to write it together."

And, in time, we wrote it, snatching up our slips of scribbling paper at every chance, and the fancy-work had to endure a little neglect. It was very pleasant work while it lasted, and we spent many hours of amusing conversation over it. But in a comparatively short time its sun had risen and set, and we spoke of it no more. It was finished, sent, and returned. Publishers had doubtless seen countless faults in it; and Bertie and I, both greatly disappointed, never again tried our hands at story-writing.

And while I think over some of these things (though not the ill-fortune of the story, for on the evening of which I am writing it had yet to be sent), and while I marvel to see how regularly each little period of time brings the well-known round—each day or two its own small array of hopes and fears, cloud and cold and dulness and grief, and warmth and light and brightness and joy; and as I muse over the fact that "green leaves" are certainly constantly "coming again," I am sitting, with Mr. Kaye beside me, in Mrs. Bourne's drawing-room.

Mr. Kaye is politely talking to me, but I am afraid I hear very little that he says. I am striving to recall what kind Mr. Murray said about looking above second causes. He gave me a lesson in real practical religion that evening which I shall not soon forget.

Christmas has arrived, and all the invited guests are present. The rooms are lightly and tastefully decked with evergreens and holly, with abundance of gleaming scarlet berries; lamps are lighted and fires are glowing; there is a gentle pleasant hum of many

voices; everybody is well dressed, and everybody, at the first glance, at any rate, looks bright and satisfied and happy, except perhaps myself.

Outside—for I drew aside the heavy curtain near me and looked just now—everything is shrouded in pure fresh-fallen snow, and bathed in clear cold moonlight. The wind is still, not a breath of keen air stirs the withered branches of the trees, scarce a dead leaf is left to rustle. Bertie and I will walk home through it all presently, and I am already looking forward to the time.

I say "already," for we have been here but an hour. But evening after evening, seeing the same people, and doing the same things, one soon grows weary: two evenings so spent had been quite enough for me, and each one since had seemed made up of pain and tediousness.

I longed for the time when the people would all be gone again, and we back in Mrs. Robins' little sitting-room, beginning new antimacassars, or whatever else might take Bertie's fancy next, or practising, or sewing, or studying, or, better than all, beginning the real steady work of school-keeping.

But again and again I recall Mr. Murray's words—there is a Providence in everything I see, and in every word I hear. "There is a divinity in everything that happens, and in everything that does not happen." If I can but keep the sense of these words ever fresh in my mind, I may perhaps save myself from by-and-by looking back upon these evenings as some of the saddest I ever spent.

"You are looking very tired, Miss Lynne," says Mr. Kaye now. "Perhaps you would find this sofa more comfortable?"

"No, thank you," I reply. "I will keep my chair. I like to sit where I can see my sister."

"You are very fond of your sister," he rejoins, the very slightest touch of jealousy and regret in his voice.

"She is all I have to be fond of," and quite forgetting myself, I give one small sigh. Then I see him looking at me keenly for an instant, and, vexed, I resolved for the future to be more on my guard. What am I afraid of? Do not ask, reader; you must discover for yourself. I do not care to tell.

Mr. Kaye is a much pleasanter person than I had expected he would be. His pompousness is almost entirely manner, and he is quite free from the pride and conceit which, at the first glance, most persons would imagine as forming a large part of his character. He presently sees that I would rather not talk, and at length leaves me in peace and goes over to little Miss Pearson, who in her simple yet lady-like dress—almost as simple as Bertie's it is, though she is so rich—is sitting by Mrs. Bourne, who is looking really handsome to-night in a rich violet silk.

And Katherine Pearson's manners are as simple and unassuming as her dress; no one would take her for an heiress. She is apparently about twenty, a little graceful figure, with a rather freckled face, brown hair, large bright and expressive grey eyes, and the most perfectly musical voice I ever heard. She is not a pretty girl, though Mrs. Bourne asserts the contrary, but wherever she went she would always be a favourite, heiress or not.

She is about to sing now, and with Bertie; and I prepare to listen most attentively. The two voices, one a pure sweet soprano, bright and fresh as a child's; the other, a rich yet soft contralto, made delightful music. Augusta Groves played for them, and I saw more than one gentleman's eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the pretty group—Augusta, in her costly dress of deep purple and pale primrose in broad stripes, and with her haughty and yet beautiful Southern face; Katherine Pearson's graceful figure and pleasant countenance; my lovely little Bertie in her simple white muslin, with holly-berries in her fair hair, and with her bright face full of feeling.

They had chosen Eliza Cook's "Song of the Sailor Boy." I listened till the last notes had died away, and then watched Bertie to her seat; and I saw, while she appeared to be talking readily and cheerfully enough to her companions, that a sweet gentle seriousness had come into my darling's eyes, and I fancied that she was saying over again in her own heart the last verse she had sung—

"And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up! methinks I heard
A voice in the anchor-chain,
That whispered like a fairy bird,
"The bark will come again."
God bless thee, mother! Adieu! adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue."

And now Mr. Saunderson came over to me for a few moments. It was he who, according to previous agreement, arranged the order of each evening's amusement. And he was indefatigable, and our pastimes and pleasures were both numerous and varied.

I say "our," but, indeed, I scarcely noticed from one hour to another what the amusements were, except that I listened when a song pleased me, and took a deep interest in anything and everything that Bertie did.

Mr. Saunderson sat down by me, and talked a little. Mrs. Bourne persisted in considering me still an invalid, and I was not allowed either to play or sing. Mrs. Bourne, indeed, had been unusually kind lately to both Bertie and myself; instead of treating us loftily, she showed us a kind of covert respect, for which at first we were quite at a loss to account. The probable reason occurred to Bertie first, and made her laugh heartily.

"She thinks, don't you see, Marian, that all in good time we shall be grand ladies, and not poor and obscure governesses! Oh, dear, Mrs. Bourne, what a mistake you are making! Marian, I quite believe, is bent upon being an old maid; and I—

"I'm *still* the gallant middy!"

I thought of her words now; and presently I heard her singing the song that always seemed to say so much to her—"Frank's song," as she called it. And with what spirit she sang it to-night!—as if to combat the fears which the one before it had raised.

Mr. Saunderson had left me, and returned again. Was it a heart-religion, like Mr. Murray's, that made him always so busy and cheerful, I wondered? He had somehow got beyond ordinary people, and the trifles that hit them so hardly never appeared to affect him. He was alone: no love, no earthly hope, as I judge, cheered his path. Was he really happy? I tried presently to touch upon religion. I asked him some simple question, which, however, with all his learning—for he was learned—I found him unable to answer. He shook his head, and a shadow gathered upon his face. His joy was not founded upon a rock, then?—if, indeed, he had any heart-joy. A touch could shake it. What would he do when a storm came? For life would not flow on smoothly always, even with a man like him. What would he do in "the swelling of Jordan"?

We talked on, and I discovered, a good deal to my surprise, that *ambition* was his standpoint. This apparently quiet unpretending man had his eyes fixed, I found, upon unknown heights of this life, and was ever struggling to attain them.

But he never thought of the life to come, for he gave me to understand as much. It appeared to be beneath his attention. This seemed to me a very strange oversight and mistake, when I came to think of it; though, knowing so little, practically, of the matter myself, I deemed it wiser to say nothing.

Mr. Saunderson left me once more, to attend to his multifarious duties, and presently Mr. Murray came and took his place.

The two young men whom I have mentioned, James Reardon and Harry Johnstone, were very near us, and rather apart from the rest of the company—out of hearing of every one, I think they considered.

Mr. Murray was not in a talkative mood, and his eyes were following, as I saw plainly, Bertie's every movement, and often resting upon her face, and learning to read it in its rapid change from grave to gay, and from laughing carelessness back to a sweet pensiveness again. What would come of this? I began to fear for this good man, yet I dared not mention Frank in any way. My attention was diverted from the subject by James Reardon.

"It was in the afternoon," I heard him say, "I met Dent going to church."

There was a sound of ridicule in the tone.

"To church?" repeated the other.

"Yes, oh, yes!" returned James Reardon. And then, having paused a moment, he added, "It pays, it pays in the long run! These fellows know what they are about. They go to schools, and services, and all that, and get all the best wives, and we are left out in the cold!" And then he laughed a little, and I caught myself smiling.

Mr. Murray I found had heard also.

"Testimony, unconscious and unbiased, to the value of religion in this life," he remarked, in a low tone. And he smiled, but more than half sadly. And then he turned to the young men, and spoke a few words in a kind gentle way that it was difficult to believe could offend any one; and he ended with the text, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

They moved away as soon as they conveniently could, but he had sown the seed, nevertheless, and he would reap the fruit in the time to come, either here or hereafter.

Mrs. Bourne came to speak to Mr. Murray now, and he got up and moved away with her; and Augusta Groves and Bertie came next to me. Augusta seemed to have grown fond of Bertie lately. They sat down, and began to tell me of some new arrangement they had made as to the drawing-lessons.

"Bertie's drawing is evidently her particular talent," said Augusta, "otherwise I should feel ashamed of taking lessons of such a child as she is." And here she gave Bertie a little smile. "It is wonderful what difference a strong liking for a thing will make, and how far it will carry one. If I were your sister, Miss Lynne, I should make drawing my profession at once, and give up everything for it."

"Bertie is determined not to confine herself to any profession in particular," I returned. "Music, singing, drawing, teaching, plain or fancy needlework, nothing, she thinks, should come amiss to her."

"She will never do anything so." And Augusta wisely shook her head.

I saw Bertie's eyes grow thoughtful.

"I am only trying all sorts of things, and taking whatever comes, to begin with," she rejoined. "I daresay it would be better to keep to one thing; but I have not lighted upon my speciality yet."

"Allow me to point it out to you, then," returned Augusta. "It is drawing, of course."

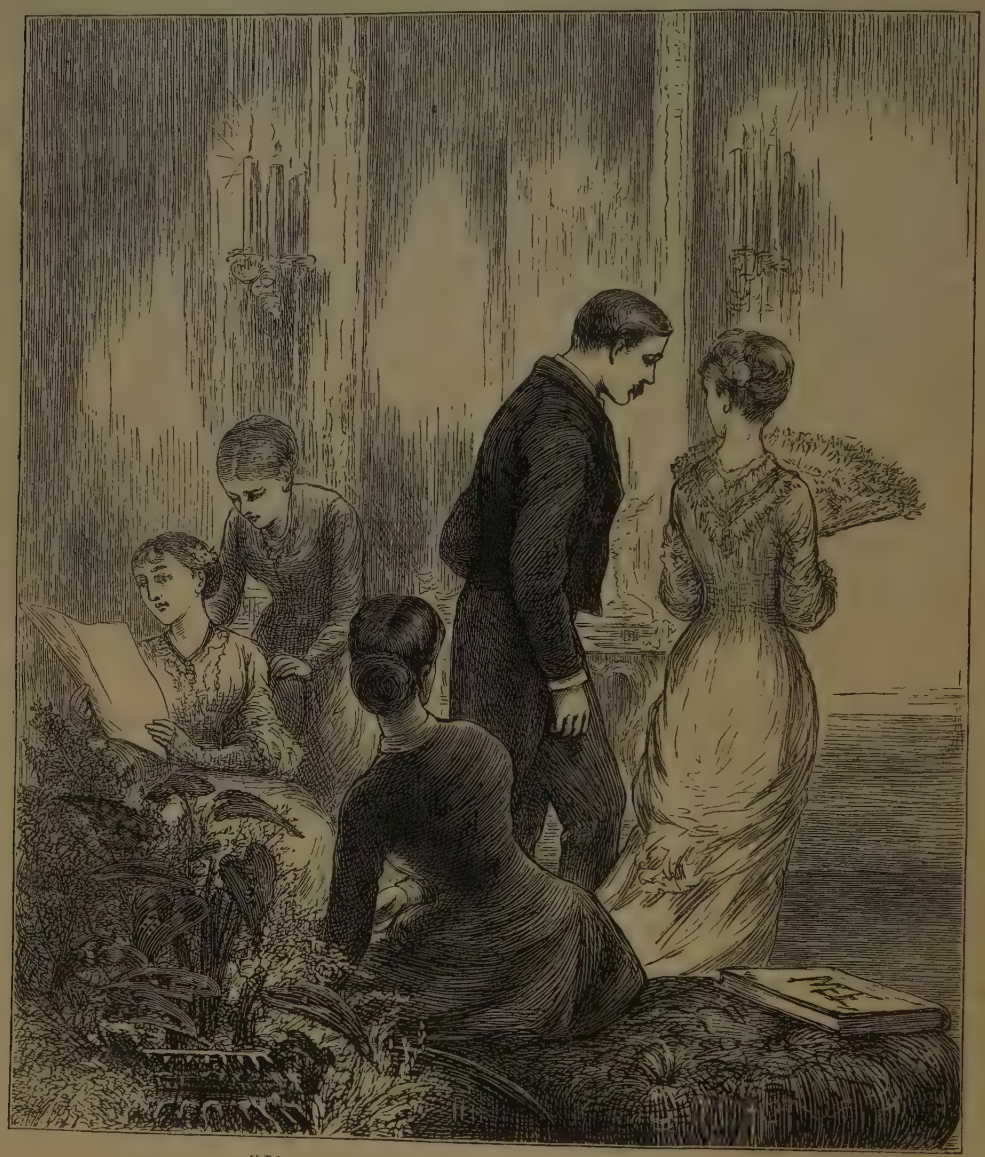
"I know one thing," resumed Bertie. "I shall never be contented with going on from day to day, and from week to week, earning just enough to live. I must do more than that."

"A speciality would in time, doubtless, give you the opportunity of doing more," answered Augusta.

Mr. Bourne entered the room now—a tall thin studious-looking man. He avoided his ward's numerous visitors as a rule, however, sometimes not appearing the whole evening. His eldest son, who had been temporarily absent from the room, had re-entered with him; and I saw that Augusta observed his entrance instantly, and became restless and absent from that moment. But though I watched, I did not see that his eye once sought hers.

I have not, I think, described John Bourne. He was, very many said, extremely handsome, with his dark hair and eyes, and pale clear-cut features. He was below middle height, however, and somewhat stout for so young a man, and the expression of his face was cold, almost to sternness.

He had known me well in years gone by; before my dear father's death he had been, in his own way, as free and friendly with me as Frank was with Bertie now. I had seen plainly within the last week or two that he had never loved me notwithstanding. Since his return his manner had been reserved and distant. My study was to appear entirely unconcerned.



"My eyes followed the two as they walked away."

He came up now, and claimed Augusta, who had looked as bright and happy lately as I had ever seen her; and Bertie and I were left alone.

My eyes followed the two as they walked away. Scarcely a word or look had he given me. All his smiles were for her, and all his studiously polite and pleasant speeches. Augusta was quick: did she ask no more of the man she loved? It appeared not. She did not seem to see that though he paid her every attention she had a right to expect as his betrothed wife, he was heart-whole yet.

"Are you tired, Bertie darling?" I asked.

"No. Are you?"

"Yes. I cannot stand much more of this. I shall be glad when play is over, and we go to work again, Bertie."

"We work now, I think—all day, that is. We only spend our evenings here. Surely we may have

that much of amusement?—at Christmas-time, too! And I can't think what you mean, dear. Mr. Kaye is wonderfully polite and attentive to you! And he is quite a grand-looking man!" And the mischievous little creature laughed. "People will soon have to congratulate you, I am sure! I believe Mrs. Bourne is getting up a little speech in her own mind already!"

"Nonsense, dear!"

"Oh, I dare say! But I repeat, I do not understand you. I walk over here, expecting to find you lost in dreams of future bliss, and looking highly flattered and delighted. Mr. Kaye's eyes have been upon you the whole evening. And instead I find you the picture of forlornness, and talking of being tired, and wishing to be away from all the fun, and back at stupid dull work again!"

"Do not talk so, dear. You know that I do not care a straw for Mr. Kaye."

"No, but you might. Do, dear! I am sure you might if you tried. Do try!" And the beautiful eyes beamed with pretended coaxing persuasion. "Think of the difference it would make in our lives at once. No more work then! I know I am getting terribly mercenary. I wish Frank would come home; he would soon laugh and talk me out of it. And yet—may I go on, Marian?"

"If you will say what you really mean, dear."

"Very well, then. Seriously, if you did love some one a long time ago, Marian, and if you think that there is no chance of his ever coming to you, why should you not try——"

"Oh! you may stop there, Bertie," I interrupted, a little pettishly. "Love never comes with trying."

"I am not so sure of that. But I cannot think *who* could have made you remember him in this way, Marian. We have never known any young men well, except John and Frank Bourne"—how she lingered on the latter name, as if she loved to utter it—"and as for its being John Bourne, my Marian is worth some one far above him! Why, if you married a man like that dear, you would soon break your heart!"

"But, as I am not likely to marry him, Bertie, never mind speculations."

"No; and so much the better. I only wonder that Augusta is so blind to his faults. But she will open her eyes to them, I dare say, when it is too late, and then *he* won't find life so easy as he imagines. Oh, there is Miss Pearson looking for me! I must go! I like her, Marian! I wonder whether Frank will take to her, as his mother wishes?"

She was only in jest, I knew; but I answered her in earnest—

"He may, dear; there is never any saying how these things may turn out."

"Oh, Marian, don't talk in that way! You quite hurt me!" And she looked at me reproachfully.

"I do not wish to hurt you, darling, but I do wish to put you on your guard."

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT IS INSTINCT?

BY THE REV. W. HARRIS, M.A.

THE study of the animal world presents no subject more wonderful or more interesting than instinct. Leaving out of view instinctive *feelings*, such as maternal affection, so strong in many species as to overpower the love of life, or natural dread of hereditary enemies, as that which almost convulses the monkey at the sight of even a stuffed snake, we shall find enough to occupy our thoughts in those *mental* operations of animals which may be referred to instinct.

To a thoughtful mind the subject has a special interest and attractiveness, arising out of the very difficulties which surround it. Some persons are quite satisfied if they know the name for a thing. They do not care to go any deeper, and to acquire, what alone is really worth acquiring, knowledge of its nature. They think, for example, that they possess some real astronomical knowledge if they can point to a cluster of stars and say, "Those are the Pleiades;" or to another and say, "That is Orion;" or to the luminous streak across the midnight sky, and say, "That is the Milky Way." For aught they know, there may be something like milk up there. They know nothing about *nebulæ*, about worlds in course of formation, about wondrous star-depths.

Persons of this sort are easily satisfied when they can give a name to the power which directs the actions of animals. They call it instinct, or perhaps "blind instinct." One cannot help supposing that it is some kind of blind instinct which prompts the word that flows so glibly from their tongues. It cannot be the result of intelligence. Man, they say, has reason, and animals have instinct; and so the matter is for them cleared up. They know all about it when they can say the magic words, which after all represent only the cast-off idea of a past generation, as we shall see presently, and which they keep on repeating like parrots.

But the intelligent curiosity so widely existing in these days is not so easily satisfied. Many desire to know, as far as they have the opportunity, all that can be known about this wonderful world in which we have been placed. It is not necessary to say a word in defence of such a desire. Knowledge may, of

course, like every other good gift, be abused, but that is no reason why it should not be sought and prized as a good gift.

It was impossible to rest satisfied in an explanation of human and non-human actions which gave two different names for the same thing. If a human infant, for some time after being dosed with a disagreeable medicine from a spoon, shows a reluctance to admit the spoon into its mouth, the parents are pleased to observe a precocious display of reason. I have seen a dog, whose memory carried a similar unpleasant experience, drop his tail and turn away when a spoon was presented to him. This canine action would have been referred to instinct, in old days. But there is a mental process in both cases, and in both cases it is the same. There is here, in fact, a clear case of reasoning. In the case of any undisputed rational being, logicians would say, as I have seen truly asserted, the processes of "induction," and of "deduction," are both exhibited. First, there is the "induction," or reasoning from particulars, by which the general statement is reached: "All spoon meat is unpleasant." Then comes the minor premiss: "This is spoon meat." The conclusion follows in due logical form: "This is unpleasant."

By the old explanation, the highest seeming intelligence in animals was still instinct, not reason. There was a fixed barrier between the two faculties, which could not be passed. A very fine line, it was admitted, separated the one from the other; but, however close to reason instinct sometimes approached, it never passed the line. Hence, in a passage deservedly famous, the great poet of the last century exclaims—

> Far as Creation's ample range extends,
> The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
> Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
> From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
>
> * * * * * *
>
> How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
> Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
> 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier!
> For ever separate, yet for ever near!

But the question is not so simple, nor so easily disposed of as this time-worn explanation would make it out to be. Without entering into any deep philosophical discourse of the nature of reason itself, we may say at once that it is by no means easy to draw the line between it and instinct. They shade off into one another, like the colours of the rainbow, in the most puzzling manner; and, what is more tantalising still for persons who seek fixed lines and clear definitions, they overlap one another at many points, so that the line between them is nothing like a straight line, and does not correspond to any known curve. Instinct is not confined to the lower animals, but is shared by man. Man shows, indeed, less of mere instinct than any animal; yet there is no law of inverse proportion between instinct and intelligence, as was once supposed. It is not the case that intelligence increases as instinct diminishes. For some insects which have most wonderful instincts—bees, for example—show also most surprising intelligence; and a most intelligent species of Mammalia, the well-known Beavers, have also the most extraordinary instincts, as their architectural and engineering works testify.

Then, again, we may now say, on the other hand, that reason is not entirely confined to man. We learn from a great authority that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason, and the less to unlearnt instincts. The same authority quotes an account of a certain she-baboon in captivity, who satisfied her maternal instincts by rearing puppies and kittens. One day, to the astonishment of the affectionate foster-mother, one of her adopted children, a graceless kitten, ungratefully scratched her, whereupon "she immediately examined the kitten's feet, and, without more ado, bit off its claws." This surely was an act dictated by reason; for instinct can only provide for the ordinary circumstances of the race. It would be unreasonable to suppose that a baboon should *instinctively* know what to do when scratched by an adopted kitten, and should take the most effective measures to avoid a repetition of the offence, short of actually putting to death the offender.

But even when we are considering examples of undoubted instinct, it is only a partial answer that we can obtain to our question, What is instinct? The explanation, at best, will have to be based on what we know of reason in ourselves. There are many ingenious devices, practised not by an individual here and there, to meet particular circumstances, but by all the members of a species, and necessary for the continuance of the species. The individual cannot have learnt them, cannot have seen the necessity of acting as it does, and yet, with astonishing cleverness, does exactly the right thing. Nest-building by birds will generally be referred to this class; and certainly the notion entertained by White, that young birds may spend their leisure-time in studying the architecture of their nests, is rather fanciful.

The devices of many insects cannot possibly be explained as the results of education or of observation. The metamorphoses through which they pass are so complete, that it must be impossible for the fully-developed insect to be guided by memory in anticipating the wants of its offspring. Yet the perfect insect, which, before ranging the world on wings, has passed through such dissimilar states as those of egg, caterpillar, and chrysalis, knows exactly where to deposit its eggs—the hope of the future—so that, as soon as its tiny offspring shall begin its career in "the wide wide world," it shall find itself in the midst of a well-supplied larder.

It is possible in the case of meat-flies to explain in part the depositing of eggs in the meat, by the attraction which the juices there have for the adult proboscis. But the explanation is not quite satisfactory. The insect is guided to these juices by the

sense of smell when it is in quest of food, but, that it should select this spot in preference to all others as the receptacle of its eggs, must be the result of instinct. A singular proof that scent, however, *is* the guiding influence is found in the fact that the odour of the carrion-plant will induce the flesh-fly to lay its eggs mistakenly on it instead of on meat. What but instinct, too, in which its own knowledge and reasoning have no share, can direct the aphis-lion, or rather its winged parent, in the same operation? Every one must have seen this greyish fly hovering motionless, or darting on one side and immediately returning to the same spot, in front of a rose-tree infested by that plague of gardeners the green aphides. Suddenly the insect dashes into the midst of the busy tribe, and there deposits an egg, with the result that, when the formidably-armed infant maggot issues from the shell, it finds close at hand its appropriate food.

It is not necessary to multiply instances. Many examples of undoubted instinct might be given. There are also many cases in which instinct and reason seem to co-operate, as in the clever variations of the comb by bees to meet particular circumstances, and as in other well-known contrivances on the part of these models of industry.

And now, what is the nearest answer that we can make to the question which forms the title of this paper? Various answers have been attempted, but it is not necessary to state them all in detail. One thing seems perfectly clear. Instinct is not aimless. There is an evident purpose for every instinct, however blind. Rather there is a twofold purpose. There is in view the preservation or well-being of the species; but there is also in view the well-being of the creation as a whole. For an example we need go no further than to the aphis-lion just mentioned. The service to the species itself which instinct performs is too obvious to need comment; and any well-informed gardener would tell us how welcome is the assistance of the species in keeping down the enemies of his roses.

Now, how is this acting for a purpose to be accounted for? We are speaking, it must be remembered, of the instincts called "blind"—that is, of those in which it seems clear that the individual insect, or other animal, does not "perceive the end from the beginning," does not act with conscious purpose. Another instance will make our meaning clear. The instinct may go on working or causing its possessor to work after the manner of its tribe, even when there is no need of that particular labour. Hive-bees of course store up honey as a provision for the winter. This is the purpose to be served by their honey-gathering labour. But, unlike human beings, who too often relax their industry where nature will provide for their simplest wants in return for little toil, the hive-bee always makes honey, to whatever climate it is transported. In fact, we learn, on the best authority, that "many different species of bees store up honey in the hottest climates; and that there is no authentic record of the hive-bees altering in any age or climate their peculiar operations."

How, then, are we to account for such instincts? There is no doubt that some of them can be partly accounted for by the modern doctrine of "heredism." The peculiar practice of the pointer dog, so serviceable to the sportsman, may be accounted for by the fact that the habit of pointing is ingrained in the nature which he has received from his parents, a certain use of the canine faculties having been cultivated and developed by man. A race of dogs has, in fact, been bred with this faculty or art in view. The design here is man's.

But this explanation only takes us a very little way. "Heredism" itself can only be accounted for by the action of that Creative Power which at the first bade the earth and the water to bring forth the various living creatures after their various kinds. "After their kind" implies some transmission of special characters or qualities from one generation to another. When we come to think of it, the transmission of instincts, with little or no variation, during thousands of years and through so many generations, shows a marvellous fulfilment of those creative words.

It is to the same Power that we must directly refer all those instincts which are not the results of the intelligence with which the creature itself was originally endowed, or of the education of circumstances. And, lastly, if we try to realise more vividly what instinct is to the creature possessing it, the suggestion is a good one that it is like the action of a "dominant idea." It is a sort of stereotyped reason—that is to say, not that kind of mental activity which ranges from thought to thought, and is ever varying the method of effecting its purposes, but a kind of simple and fixed circle or series of very few thoughts, which guide the movements of the creature, and cause it satisfaction in fulfilling the purpose of its existence.

Your ever grateful friend,
James Holley.

A BRAVE SCHOLAR.

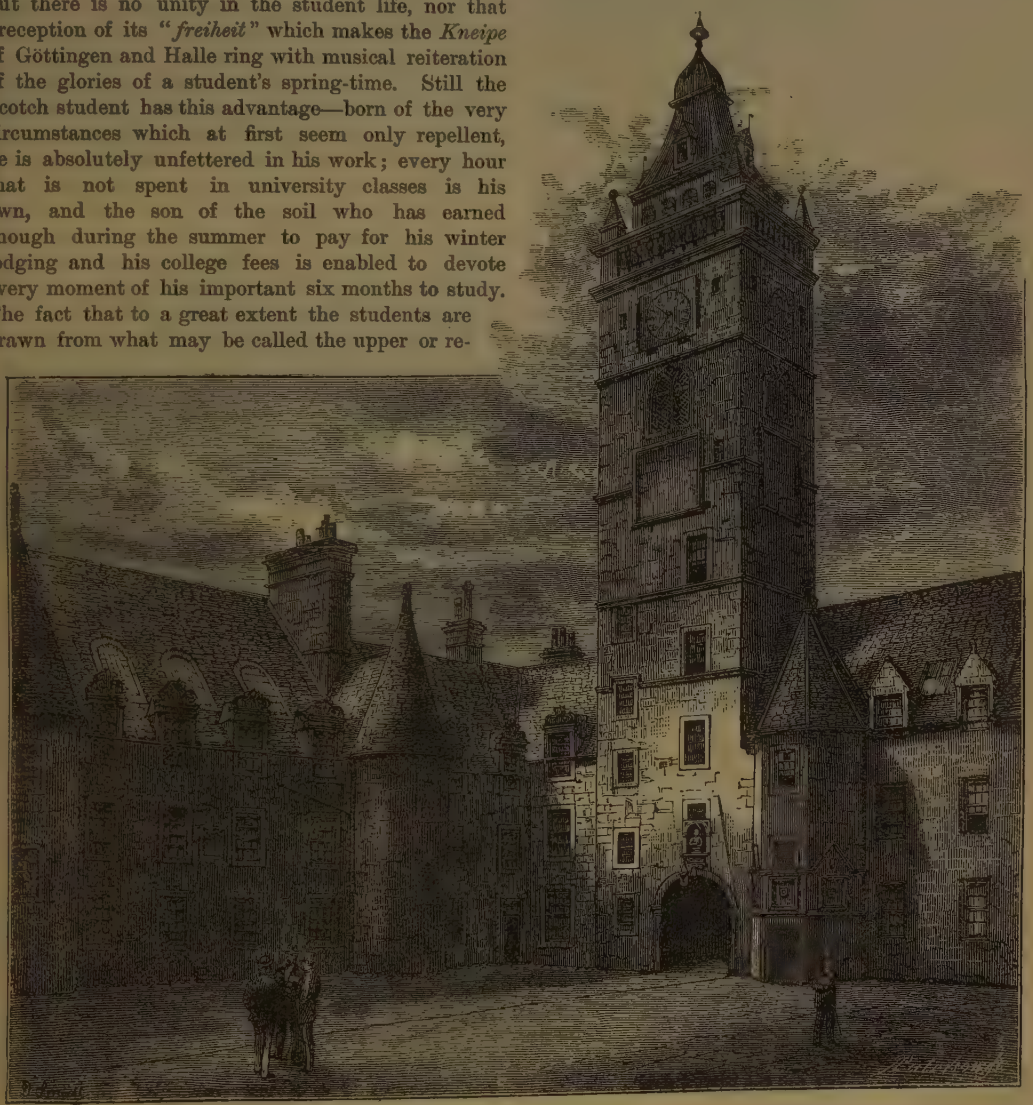
IF anywhere the trite maxim of Seneca, that a brave man struggling with adversity is a sight for the gods, is well exemplified, it is in the pursuit of knowledge which has distinguished so many men born in lowly positions. Confined to one country or one system of education they are not, and could not be; but it may be claimed for the universities of Scotland that, giving higher education as they do at a cost hardly elsewhere to be paralleled, they have provided the greatest facilities for the aspiring but humble student.

Amongst Scotch universities Glasgow holds a leading place, for, apart from the fortunate association of an ancient seat of learning with a comparatively new centre of trade, its professors and its students have alike been distinguished. Edinburgh can claim a pre-eminence in medical repute, and St. Andrews, perhaps, a more distinctive aroma of *belles lettres*, but Glasgow bears away the palm as a typical exposition of the educational tendencies of the Scotch. Its position in the greatest commercial city of the country has further given the foundation of Nicholas V., not only the opportunity for constantly feeling the intellectual pulse of the nation, but also that command of all its circulating ability which only such a position could insure, and the names of Mair (the teacher of John Knox and George Buchanan), Zachary Boyd, Adam Smith of the "Wealth of Nations," Reid the philosopher, Joseph Black the chemist, and Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford (not to speak of Principal Caird and Sir William Thomson in our own day), seem guarantees at once of the excellence and the catholicity of its teaching.

The system of university training, although lacking the culture which attaches to the sister system of England, and the fellowship which distinguishes that of Germany, has the merit of extreme simplicity. Graduation may be attained in four, or in some cases three years—that is, in four (or three) sessions of six months each. During those sessions the student must attend all the necessary classes,

and take part in the class examinations; but outside the College precincts he is entirely his own master—he need not even wear his scarlet gown beyond the gates. The result of this is, that the ties between Scotch students are extremely slight, and the want of some such connecting links as are supplied by the Chors and the Brotherhoods of Germany are but ill-supplied by one or two literary and athletic associations. It is true that the division of students according to their birth-places into "nations" might be made available for purposes of union, but the "nations" are, in fact, only known familiarly at the election of the Lord Rector, and then simply as regards voting. A Scotch student might, if he desired such isolation, attend four years any Scotch university and never exchange words with any other. Little cliques there naturally are, but there is no unity in the student life, nor that preception of its "*freiheit*" which makes the *Kneipe* of Göttingen and Halle ring with musical reiteration of the glories of a student's spring-time. Still the Scotch student has this advantage—born of the very circumstances which at first seem only repellent, he is absolutely unfettered in his work; every hour that is not spent in university classes is his own, and the son of the soil who has earned enough during the summer to pay for his winter lodging and his college fees is enabled to devote every moment of his important six months to study. The fact that to a great extent the students are drawn from what may be called the upper or respectable lower classes, who can afford but little to anything which is not strictly utilitarian, gives a distinctive air of earnestness to their work, and of stern reality to their plan of life. Of all this plentiful examples might be found in the lives of not a few distinguished *alumni*, but not least in the life of James Halley.

Scotch students begin their attendance at university classes at a very early age, and Halley was not thirteen when he joined the Latin and Greek classes in Glasgow College, the members of which latter class were known in earlier days as "Bejani," or "Yellow-nebs." It is not, therefore, surprising that in the first session he did not take a leading place. The following winter, that of 1827, he so distinguished himself in Greek (although, owing to a deplorable accident in the summer, he had totally lost the use of



THE OLD COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

one eye) as to call forth the special notice of the professor—Sir Daniel Sandford—a man whose peculiar talents made him not only distinguished as a scholar among scholars, but secured to him so thoroughly the esteem of every student, that to this day there are few surviving members of his classes who do not speak of his name with a warmth and veneration which only singular social talents could have made possible. In this year, and in the following year, Halley obtained the first prizes. It must be mentioned that during his entire college course Halley had to maintain himself. His parents belonged to a very low order of life, though known as honest, straightforward people, and Halley had, therefore, to devote four, and sometimes five hours a day to private tuition. A man who, in addition to such trying work as this, and attendance at his lectures, can give the few hours which still are his own to such higher points as would secure him the first places in every examination, must have had something in him which Scotland might later on have found to her distinction. In 1829, Halley began the study of philosophy, but continued to frequent Sir Daniel's classroom, where he had in this year as a fellow competitor the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then Mr. Archibald C. Tait.

In this session he obtained the first Blackstone Greek prize, in the examination for which the student sits in an antique chair with a bottom of some black stone, around which the traditions of centuries cling, and which still occupies a place in the Humanity (or Latin) class-room. The late Dr. James Hamilton thirty years ago described the scene of which he was a juvenile spectator. The great hall of the university lit up by the glare from a huge fire, intensified by the gloom of the December day: "Round the awful chair," he wrote, "with its sand-glass suspended in laurel, was congregated a huge ring of red-robed spectators, whom the every swing of the great college bell was constantly augmenting. Depositing their arms—vast piles of Greek books—the challengers took their places. We only recollect those who, in Hebrew phrase, would be called the 'three mighties;' and when, preceded by the macer, and followed by his learned colleagues, in his shining boots and rustling gown of Oxford silk, Professor Sandford took his place, it might be seen in the sparkle of his eye and the proud elasticity of his graceful movements, that a great contest was coming off." First came Archibald Smith, of Jordanhill, afterwards Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and next Mr. Archibald Campbell Tait, "and so fine and unfaltering was the demonstration made by each, that in common years either must have won the prize." But there was another to come, rather tall, and with a light step, pale-faced, and with hair almost red, one eyelid closed, but the other eye startlingly full of such animation and vigour as make the words of the *Tempest*—

> In dignity and for the liberal arts
> Without a parallel—

most fitting to express the extraordinary appreciation of his fellow scholars. Poetry and prose alike he rendered into rhythmic and accurate English; there was no confusion in his answers on syntax or archæology. "Examiners and onlookers alike felt it the *ne plus ultra* of scholarship," and the result was scarcely ever doubtful. Yet it should be said that so great was the impression made by the future archbishop's scholarship, that years afterwards, when Sir Daniel Sandford was introducing Halley to a scholar of eminence, he did so with the brief but much-expressing commendation that this was "*the man who beat Tait.*" The paths of the great competitors separated very shortly after they left the Blackstone examination together. Smith, who was possessed of considerable private means, went to Cambridge, where he was the first Scotch Senior Wrangler; Tait to Balliol; only Halley, in whom the boyish desire to "be a minister" had assumed a graver aspect, remained in the old college in Glasgow High Street, to prepare for his next year's classes and—to polish his Greek play; for he had found time in the midst of the private teaching and severe college work of this session to write a complete Greek play, extending to eight hundred lines, and modelled on the great tragedies! Halley at this time was sixteen years of age. At the next general meeting of the university it is scarcely surprising that the work of so young and so conscientious a scholar should be publicly extolled.

In the following session (1830-31) Halley attended the ethic and mathematical classes, and in each obtained the highest honours. He also took his B.A. degree, and won a prize offered by Lord Lansdowne, then Lord Rector of Glasgow University. During the fortnight preceding the examination for the Lansdowne prize, except on Saturday and Sunday, he sat up each night till four a.m., and rose again at six to resume his work. To one who could lightly undertake such toil might be truly said—

> Thy bones are brass, thy sinews iron.

After attending the Natural Philosophy class, in which he only obtained the second prize, Halley began his theological course, which lasted four years. In Hebrew, in Church History, and in Systematic Theology, he obtained the highest prizes in his first year; he also obtained on two occasions the university silver medal for theological exercises.

It was not only in his special line of work, however, that Halley distinguished himself. With the view of promoting healthy exercise, he joined the botany class, chiefly composed at that time of medical students, taught by Dr. (later Sir William) Hooker. A friend of the Professor's offered a gold medal for the best essay on the Natural History and Uses of the Potato. Halley handed in a paper of nearly two hundred pages, and, as he took pride in thinking, triumphantly "beat the medicals" on their own ground. Indeed he did more than this; he constituted

himself an authority on potato crops, as the author of the somewhat incomplete and unsatisfactory memoir gives us reason to know; for "one day," to quote Mr. Arnot's own words, "a stranger was ushered into his room, announcing himself as an Irish agriculturist, who had devoted considerable attention to the failure of the potato crop. Having heard that Mr. Halley had been studying the same subject, he had waited upon him to hear the result of his researches. Mr. Halley received his visitor with due politeness and gravity, laid aside his folios, and entered with all becoming solemnity into the comparative merits of late and early planting, of whole sets and single eyes; and, after a long consultation, dismissed his visitor, greatly delighted with the interview."

The great events of a Scotch student's life are the triennial rectorial contests. All matriculated students have a vote, and they are the only electors. The candidates for the honourable office of Lord Rector are selected and nominated by students directly, without outside contact or influence. Many efforts have been made by parties in the various colleges to direct the choice to those who have made themselves eminent by literature only, but without much success. The contest on nearly every occasion takes a political aspect; Liberal is pitted against Conservative, not one literary hero against another. Still the voters cannot be entirely free from academic feelings, and it is almost invariably the case that, however well organised the rival parties may be, if one of the candidates is a *littérateur* as well as a politician, victory will fall to him. To this the Glasgow students owe—and to Scottish students it is pre-eminently a piece of good fortune, cut off as they are from most other opportunities of culture—the occasional presence among them of Edmund Burke, of Lord Jeffrey, of Sir James Mackintosh, of Lord Brougham, of Sir Robert Peel, of Earl Russell, of Lord Macaulay, of Lord Lytton, of Lord Palmerston, of Lord Beaconsfield, and at present of Mr. Gladstone. In Halley's time these elections were every two years; now it is for three years that this essentially popular functionary of the university holds his office. Naturally Halley plunged into the strife, and to the election of Lord Stanley in 1834 he contributed his whole influence.

When he was twenty-two he made his first effort in literature, contributing to the *Presbyterian Review*, and a year afterwards removed from Glasgow to Edinburgh.

Here practically ends his life. For five years it was prolonged by residence in Madeira. Consumption had laid its hand, however, only too surely upon him. His letters are sometimes lively—full of such gossip as he thought would interest his *douce* Scotch friends—how the dogs and cats are generally to be seen *sans* tails and ears, by way of being made more beautiful, "in which case I am sure you will agree with me in thinking, the beauty is not in the object but in the mind;" how the blacksmiths work in white jackets; and how "the resident English, with true and characteristic patriotism, reckon their invalid countrymen just a part of the traffic of the port, and generally resolve to make the most of them." Generally they are of a graver turn, born of the solemn thoughts which the progress of his disease made every day more and more his inseparable companions. At last, with singular courage, when the days of his life were actually numbered, he returned home. His letter to his father announcing his determination is a remarkable one; he may live, he says, till October or November (he writes in June), but in that case his sister would have to return in winter, and that, after three summers in Madeira, might be dangerous, "and I do not think it right to endanger a good life in trying to prolong a bad one." Again, if he goes home at once he can calculate his expenses; if not, they must be more or less indefinite, and he cannot longer burden his friends, and so on. "The only reason opposed to these is, that I might live a short time longer here than in Scotland; but as I am now totally shut out from all usefulness, I think the simple love of life ought not to overbalance such powerful reasons on the other side." Two months after this he arrived at home; he lived through the winter, and died eight months later, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. Over his grave are the words, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not. One thing is needful." W. G. B.

A SPARKLING SPECIMEN.

HOW clear and bright it looked, as the sun's rays shone through the tangled ferns on its stony bed, and how the eyes of Kathleen sparkled as she snatched up the beautiful piece of glittering stone!

"Am I not a lucky girl!" she exclaimed. "I'm very sure none of the others will find anything like this. The ladies that are coming to the glen to-morrow will be certain to buy it. I wonder how much they will give me? and the best of it is, mother said I might have the money all for myself this time, for she can spare it well, now father's in work. Let me think what I'll get. It's a long while since I've had anything new."

Hastily rolling up the piece of spar in her apron, Kathleen ran off with her treasure, only taking time to pick up a few inferior specimens on the way home.

Shortly after her departure, the other girls, who had also been hunting in the neighbourhood of the mine for bright pieces of ore, began to disperse one by one.

"I have not found anything worth picking up," said little Ellen, sadly. "Poor mother's very ill, and I wanted to make some money for her. The ladies that are to come to-morrow won't buy these common-looking stones, and so I'll stay behind, and search awhile longer."

The sun had already set; yet Ellen remained by herself on that lonely mountain-side, carefully examining every nook and rocky crevice, in hopes of finding a few specimens likely to attract purchasers, until at length the increasing darkness rendered her task hopeless.

Tired and disheartened, the poor child returned to her home, and found her mother weak and suffering as usual, but full of anxiety at her prolonged absence.

"What kept you so late, dear? I was afraid you had met with some accident in those steep lonesome places, and I've been fretting about you."

"Oh, mother, I'm so sorry! but I stayed as long as I could see, trying to find pretty bright specimens to sell to the ladies to-morrow, because I want to buy something to make you strong."

"Well, don't vex yourself about it, my child; you did your best."

"But I can't help vexing myself, mother, for you

"'What's the matter? Is your mother worse?'"—*p.* 114.

"'Oh, Lilian! do come here.'"—*p.* 114.

have never got anything that was good for you since poor father was taken from us."

"God will give us whatever it is right for us to have, Ellen."

"Yes, that is what you always say. And do you remember how you told me the other day I might ask Him for whatever I wanted, and He would be sure to answer? Well, this evening, when I could not find anything nice, I went away from the other girls behind a rock, and prayed Him to send me a very sparkling specimen, and yet I got nothing but the dullest pieces ever since."

"Ellen dear, don't be discouraged, for all that; only trust Him, and He will answer you in His own way, and in His own good time."

"Mother, could He make ugly dull stones sparkle?"

"Of course, dear. God can do anything He pleases. He can do harder things than that, for He can make darkness light, and turn sorrow into joy."

Morning came, and the expected visitors arrived at the glen. The sun shone brightly, lighting up hill and valley, rock and mountain, with golden beams, and dancing on the dark waters of the lake. There were ruins to be explored, and a guide came forward, offering to display all the wonders of the place.

"Look at those little girls drawn up along the pathway, mamma," exclaimed Ethel, as she stepped from the carriage; "they have each got a saucer full of some bright stones. What can it mean?"

"I should think they wish to sell us some specimens of ore and spar."

"Oh! I should like a few pieces very much to put in our new cabinet that Aunt Matilda gave us—should not you, Lilian?"

"Well, my dear, you can both choose some pretty bits as relics of the place."

Immediately the two sisters commenced an eager examination of the contents of the various saucers offered for inspection.

"Please, miss, will you buy from me?" said a plaintive voice, as a thin hand held out a saucer half-full of common-looking stones, and a pair of sad eyes were raised pleadingly to Ethel's face.

"But you have not got anything at all pretty. No, I can't take yours; they're much too dull;" and the young lady turned carelessly away, without noticing the expression of mute entreaty or hearing the sigh of bitter disappointment as the poor child

left the group of busy buyers and sellers, and made her way unobserved along the rugged path leading to her home.

"Well, I knew how it would be," she muttered. "It 's something bright they want, and I can't give them that. But I mustn't go back to mother crying; 't would only make her worse, so I 'll sit here for awhile first."

Flinging her saucer of useless specimens among the heather, Ellen crouched down at the foot of a large lichen-covered rock, and, hiding her face in her hands, wept silently.

Very different was the happy hopeful expression on Kathleen's face as she came tripping along from her home among the mountains with light step and joyous heart. Suddenly catching sight of her companion, she stopped short—

"Oh, Ellen! I was afraid I was late. Haven't the ladies come yet, or are you waiting for them still?"

Then, drawing a little nearer, she observed the bowed head and dejected attitude.

"Why, what 's the matter? Is your mother worse?"

"Yes; she 's been very bad these last few days; and I won't be able to bring her home anything, for the ladies have come, and they won't look at my specimens."

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't a sparkling bit at all, though I searched longer than any one else; and I asked God to send me one."

By this time Kathleen, who seemed to have forgotten her haste, was seated on the heather by her friend's side.

"And did you really ask Him to send you a sparkling stone?" she exclaimed. "Was not that a very odd kind of prayer?"

"Oh, no, Katty; because, you know, it was for mother. I wanted to be able to get her some good food, to make her strong; and why shouldn't I ask God? for He could have made the dull stones sparkle if He had liked."

"Maybe He would do it yet."

"It 's too late now. All my hopes went when the young lady turned away and said I hadn't got anything pretty. Then I knew mother must only grow weaker and weaker every day. And what shall I do if she 's taken from me as father was?"

At this thought poor Ellen again covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

There was a struggle in Kathleen's heart. She wanted a great many things for herself, but might they not be done without? If her own dear mother was ill and had nothing to make her better, how dreadful that would be! A voice within seemed to urge her on. Quickly and silently she took the sparkling specimen from her saucer, and placed it in Ellen's as it lay beside her on the ground.

"Come on," she said, in a cheerful tone. "I 'm going to see if the ladies will buy something from me. Don't be discouraged by a first refusal; try again—maybe they 'd change their minds."

Ellen rose slowly and listlessly, took up her saucer of specimens without casting a look at the contents, and followed her companion, who had already rounded the rock and was in full pursuit of the party of tourists, just emerged from the ivy-covered archway of a ruined church, and now crossing the valley towards the lake.

"More specimens!" exclaimed Ethel. "Why, we have bought ever so many already. No, we can't take any from you," she continued glancing at Kathleen's collection. "You 've nothing wonderful; we 've got quite as good from the other girls." Then, as Ellen approached, holding out hers in a hopeless kind of manner, she suddenly cried, "Oh, Lilian! do come here and look at this lovely piece of diamond spar. I must have it, for it 's worth all the rest put together."

Ellen heard these words with astonishment, which became still greater when, raising her eyes, she beheld the beautiful clear stone in her saucer glistening in the rays of sunshine. Her first idea was that God had sent it from heaven in answer to her prayer, and her pale cheeks flushed, her sad eyes brightened with pleasure and thankfulness.

"Are not you the same little girl that met us when we first arrived?" asked Lilian. "You had nothing worth looking at then. How quickly you must have found this."

"I did not find it at all, miss; God gave it to me."

"What do you mean? Of course it is God who gives us everything."

"Yes, I suppose so, but not in the same way He gave me this stone;" and then Ellen told the wonderful story of how one of her dull specimens had been changed into this brilliant one while she sat under a rock crying.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ethel, "that can't be true, for there are no miracles now."

"I believe I can explain the mystery," said a lady, who just then joined the group. "While you were all exploring the ruins, I wandered by myself to the top of that height, to obtain a better view of the lake, and there, from my post of observation, I perceived two little girls seated among the heather at the foot of a rock, overheard part of their conversation, and saw one of them change a stone from her own saucer into that of the other."

Ellen looked up in still greater surprise. "It must have been you then, Katty," she said, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes," Kathleen answered; "but you were right all the same, about it 's being God who changed the stone. He made me do it for Him, by putting it into my heart. I never would have thought of it myself."

"Now we know all about it," said Ethel. "But remember I am to have the pretty stone. Papa, my money is spent—won't you buy it for me?"

The bargain was soon completed; Ethel became possessor of the piece of bright spar, which continued for a long time the chief ornament in her cabinet of curiosities, and Ellen was paid a sum of money far beyond her highest expectations, and went home with a light step and happy heart, planning all the comforts she would procure for her delicate mother.

Meantime the lady examined the contents of Kathleen's saucer, and, having chosen one of the pieces of ore, said—

"I shall buy this as a memorial of a kind unselfish little girl; and though rather dull in itself, it will seem to me even brighter than Ethel's sparkling specimen."

S. T. A. R.

THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

BY A FORMER MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

WHILST on the subject of the peculiar worship and discipline of the Quakers, I must not omit a few words about their marriages. The utmost care was taken that these should not be contracted without great vigilance and circumspection. The "Rules of Discipline" are very full on this point. Many of them are admirable. "Parents are tenderly advised not to make it their first and chief care to obtain for their children large portions, or settlements of marriage, but rather to be careful that their children be joined in marriage with persons of religious inclinations, suitable dispositions and tempers, sobriety in manners, and diligence in business, which are things essentially necessary to a comfortable life in a married state;" adding, "and carefully to guard against all mixed marriages, and unequal yoking of their children." Friends are also "advised against running into excessive, sumptuous, and costly entertainments at marriage dinners; a great part of the cost of which would be better employed in relieving the necessities of the poor." And the fourth rule is to the effect that "this meeting doth earnestly desire that Friends' children would consult and advise with their parents and guardians in that great and weighty point so essential to their happiness, *before they let out their minds, or entangle their affections;*" the constant observance of this rule being, I should imagine, doubtful!

It was by no means easy for any young man or woman to make an imprudent match within the Society. Very strict and formidable was the ordeal they had to pass through. In the first place, when the time of the intended marriage drew near, the young man and his "Friend" (such was the proper expression!), accompanied by the nearest relatives on both sides, attended the Monthly Meeting to which one or both belonged, and first proceeded into the women's meeting, all the members being already seated. After a pause, the young couple rose up together, and taking hold of each other's hand, the bridegroom elect announced his "intention of taking his Friend E. D. to be his wife, if the Lord permit," the lady in her turn repeating the same words. Then they sat down and there was another pause, when the parents signified their approval of the engagement, or if unavoidably absent a certificate to the same effect, duly witnessed and signed, was read by one of their friends. Then the whole party proceeded to the men's meeting, where a similar ceremony was gone through. Two men and two women Friends were then appointed to visit the contracting parties, to search and inquire into various particulars, especially as to "their clearness from other marriage engagements." This being satisfactorily accomplished, public notice of the intended union was given on the next "First Day" in the meeting for worship, with an intimation that any one who had any objection to make should give timely notice, much like the publication of banns. At a subsequent monthly meeting, notice had to be given and recorded in the "minutes" "that all these rules had been complied with," and "liberty" was then given for the marriage to be solemnised, and two or more Friends were appointed to attend it, to see that good order was observed, The marriage itself took place at the usual week-day meeting for worship, which was always held in the morning, and which any one, member or otherwise, was free to attend, and on such occasions it was generally crowded.

The bridal pair, with their relatives and friends, sat in the minister's gallery, facing the congregation. First of all, the assembly sat in silence "for a seasonable time"—a very *nervous* time it must generally have been to the poor bride, to say nothing of the bridegroom! Seated up there in wedding attire (for the toilettes, though of the orthodox make—of which *a veil* formed no part—were always of the freshest and most delicate tints), in front of the whole congregation, many of whom were not Friends, and who, having therefore come to gaze, did so! At last the couple arose—the bridegroom having usually made several little attempts to move before the bride could summon up courage—and taking each other by the hand, he said, "Friends, I take this my Friend E. D. to be my wife, promising, by Divine assistance, to be

unto her a loving and faithful husband, until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." The bride repeated the same simple and solemn words, and they were man and wife. A short pause ensued, broken in most cases, if a minister were present, by a few words of affectionate exhortation, encouragement, or prayer. Then the legal register was read aloud and signed by the immediate parties, and as many of the spectators as chose, and the wedding party retired to keep the rest of the day as a joyful, though calm and sober festival.

Amongst the peculiar institutions were the "Family visits." Every now and then some "Ministering Friend" would rise up in his or her monthly meeting, and declare in a solemn manner that they had "felt a concern" to visit another and perhaps distant Monthly Meeting, and "to sit" with each family composing it. After due deliberation, if "the concern" was "united with," the Friend was "set at liberty to proceed," and a certificate of the approval of his own meeting was given him. In many cases his expenses were paid until he reached his destination, and he was generally accompanied by an Elder or other approved Friend. When he arrived within the precincts of the meeting to which his "concern" led him, the usual warm hospitality was at once extended to him (his certificate having been previously read and approved), and he was lodged and boarded by one family after another for the whole time of his visit, the young men belonging to the meeting acting as his guides from place to place, and making all needful arrangements. Then an intimation was conveyed to each household in turn, that on such a day, at such an hour, if suitable, "our Friend So-and-so will sit with the family." At the appointed time, all the members of it—who were also members of the Society, none others being present—assembled in the principal sitting-room. When the minister arrived, accompanied by the Elder, there was a quiet interchange of kind greetings, and then all sat down and dropped into one of those indescribable silences. I remember how awful it used to feel to me as a girl, and how I firmly believed, as indeed did almost every one present, that some special insight into the character and conduct of each individual would be vouchsafed to the minister. After a time the latter would lift up his voice in that half-chanting tone peculiar to Friends, and deliver the message which he believed was especially given him to that particular household, frequently addressing himself to different states of mind which he "felt" were present, or giving a solemn warning against any tendency to depart from "our testimonies," which he might have reason to suspect. After another pause, he shook hands with the heads of the family, and the "religious opportunity" was over.

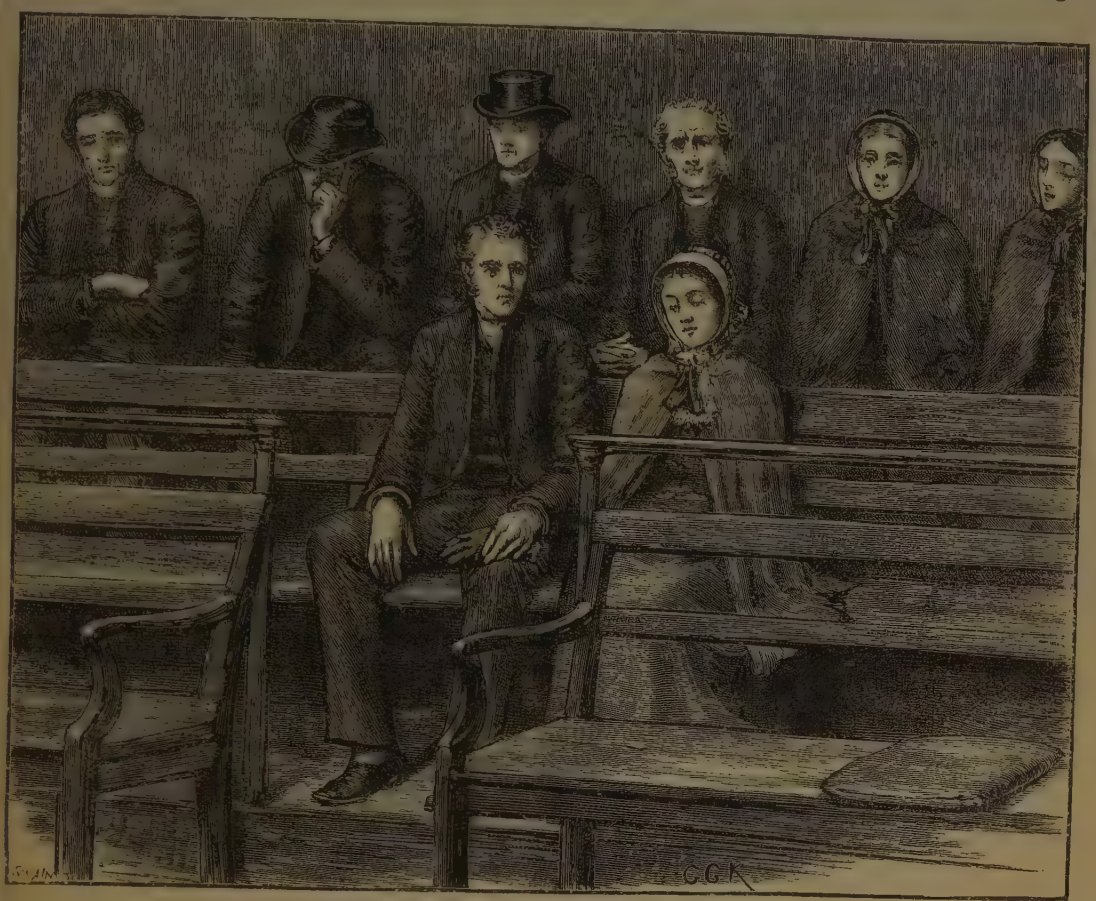
Occasionally a minister would lay before his or her meeting a "concern" of a much more extended nature; and religious visits to the Continent, to America, and to far-off islands of the seas were of no infrequent occurrence, and these often included interviews with those of other denominations as well as Friends. And here the entire absence of personal, political, or any other than religious motives, gave the ministers of the Society a facility of access to persons in power which was accorded to no other body that I am aware of; and many of the crowned heads of Europe received with amiable condescension and interest the spiritual messages with which the ministers of this peculiar people felt themselves entrusted. Amongst these, I may especially mention the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who not only listened with reverence and pleasure to the exhortations and prayers of William Allen, but afterwards kept up a correspondence with him, and visited him for religious communion when he came to England in 1814 with the other allied sovereigns. Many other kings and queens graciously received religious visits from both male and female ministers, and even the Pope admitted two "women Friends" to his presence.

Amongst the characteristics of the Quakers, their peculiar dress was one which most forcibly presented itself to the outside world, and indeed was felt by themselves to be one of their important "testimonies," a strong part of that "hedge" which separated them from "the world's people." When Quakerism first arose, although its founders dwelt much upon the necessity of simplicity and plainness of attire, and deprecated any following of "the vain fashions of the world," I do not suppose they intended to inculcate any special *singularity;* but as time rolled on, the dress, which at the beginning was only the most simple form of that worn at the period, gradually became marked and singular, and its shape and fashion became by degrees to be of as much importance as its simplicity. Indeed these, together with the peculiar mode of speech—"using the plain language" as it was commonly called—were considered as the great tests of orthodoxy, and in many cases, I fear, usurped the place of higher and more essential doctrines. "The taking up the cross" in the matter of apparel and in "plainness of speech" was constantly inculcated on the young, and a more than usually strict observance of these points was regarded as the promising evidence of religious conviction.

To a casual observer, a Friends' meeting would present an almost uniform appearance, but not so to its members. Minute they might be, but endless were the gradations which marked the difference between the orthodox "plain Friend," and the young maiden who might be tempted to depart from "the simplicity." The size of a bonnet, the number of plaits in its crown, the material of a collar, the depth of its hem, and the presence or absence of a narrow silk braid in its edge; the fact that the cord which drew together the cap was of silk instead of cotton, with a host of other equally minute particulars, were of the greatest significance to the initiated, and at once marked the difference in the characters of the wearers. Some materials were

never worn by an orthodox Friend at all; velvet was one of these; and although a satin bonnet might occasionally be seen, it was with a disapproving eye, whilst lace was utterly out of the question. Forty or fifty years ago, silk dresses were by no means regarded with favour, and the older and more orthodox, the "standard-bearers" as they were often termed, generally wore stuff or poplin. Some—but these were the very primitive—with the sleeves only coming to the elbow, with long leathern mittens to meet them. If the hair was obstinately inclined to curl—well—it could not be helped! But it was by no means thought an advantage by a well-regulated mind, and I have known much time and pains bestowed upon the washing and brushing of it, in the endeavour to make it straight, which of course only resulted in its curling still more.

Indeed, much time and trouble had often to be expended on bringing every thing in one's attire to that "plainness consistent with our Christian profession." It was difficult to buy a shawl without a fringe, and it was a weary business to cut this all off, and bind the garment with the proper narrow binding. The right shades of drabs and stone colour were not always easy to meet with, and some of the orthodox fabrics were only made by special manufacturers. There were very few *artistes* who could make a Friends' bonnet, and when the least variation was sure to be commented upon, there had to be frequent unpickings and remodellings of garments. And it was not merely the watchful Friend or neighbour who pounced upon the delinquent. The most eminent ministers and elders were quick to observe and ready to rebuke anything which savoured of "conformity to the world," and it was curious to see the narrowing effect which this elevation of trifles into importance exercised upon even the finest intellects. I well remember an instance in my own circle in the case of a minister who was not only amongst the heads of the Society from his preaching, his wealth, and his great benevolence, but was also well known to most of the distinguished scientific men in Europe, for his great philosophical attainments, which brought him into frequent contact and close intimacy with many of the leading philosophers of the day. I was present at a religious meeting in a



"Seated up there in wedding attire."—*p.* 115.

private house, during which it was evident that he was labouring under a great "weight" and depression, and at the close of it, he called out the mistress of the family to inform her that the "exercise of spirit" under which he had sat was caused by the dress of a little girl present, who, otherwise most plainly clad, had accidentally a *narrow band* at the top of her sleeve, which he felt was unnecessary, and which he affectionately trusted would be removed!

As I said before, the first outward sign of increased seriousness of thought was increased plainness—I may say *peculiarity*, of dress. Sometimes a Friend would feel it "laid upon her" that she must "give up" to wearing some article even more peculiar than the general attire. I remember two, if not more, leading ministers who felt it their duty to wear large felt hats, tied down under the chin, which no doubt had been the fashion—and a very becoming one!—in the days of George Fox; and I knew another very clever though somewhat eccentric woman, who had a similar "concern," against which she stood out for a length of time, until, feeling no comfort or peace, she "gave up to the leadings of truth," and went to the great Quaker hatter to order a similar headgear for herself, when, as she stood on the door-step, she suddenly felt that the will had been accepted for the deed, and the "concern" was removed. I also knew a young Friend, a member of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in the Society, who "came under convincement;" and from quite an unorthodox style of dress, went at once to the opposite extreme, wearing only the plainest of stuff gowns, with short sleeves, and leathern mittens, and a bonnet made of drab *cotton;* and who, having been noted for her graceful seat on horseback, now felt it her duty to sit as awkwardly and as much like a sack of corn as she could. Doubtless in many cases these eccentricities arose from a real conscientious desire to do right, and the motive and the self-denial involved demand our respect; but they show how any rule of conduct, exalted out of its proper place, may run into morbid imaginations and unauthorised excess.

The dress of the men did not, of course, admit of so many variations as that of the women. Beyond collarless coats, broad-brims, and in some cases knee-breeches and gaiters, it was not easy to go; but "the not taking off the hat" was here the great "testimony." In the early days of the Society, the "not uncovering the head" led to real suffering and persecution; but in less ceremonious days this offence very much ceased. Still, "plain Friends" bore their testimony by keeping on their hats in a place of worship, in all public assemblies, in the presence of Royalty (where it was always removed by some official), or of lesser dignities, and even in a private house. In the latter case, although most "men Friends" entered a room with their hats on their heads, they soon removed them for their own comfort; but I have known those more orthodox who kept them on altogether, even when sitting by their own firesides—at all events, in the presence of others. I remember being told by a relative of my own that she once dined with some Friends from America, who wore their hats the whole time, and, as it happened to be a very wet day, the rain had accumulated in the channels formed by the wide looped-up rims, and dropped slowly down on their plates during the whole of the meal!

In the furniture of their houses also there was an avoidance of bright colours and general ornamentation. The moreen hangings were of grave and sober tints, the furniture plain and solid, but all of the best possible quality; whilst paintings, etc., on the walls, unless it were an occasional print of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians, or some touching episode connected with the anti-slavery question, were rarely seen. I remember an old Friend walking into my grandmother's drawing-room, and, seeing some china figures on the chimney-piece, he pointed at them with a warning gesture, exclaiming, "Those are the lusts of the eye!"

Instances crowd upon me whilst I write of the extreme length to which the fear of any departure from "the simplicity of our ancient Friends" led many conscientious scrupulous minds. I remember that this relative alluded to above, and who was by no means a narrow-minded person, hesitated greatly about buying a pair of *stuff* shoes, at that time rather a novelty, because she did not know "what Friends might think." And I heard from a most trustworthy eye-witness and very strict Friend, of two "minutes" in the "Book of Advices," belonging to an Irish Monthly Meeting, one of which "advised that Friends should not have gay flower-beds in their gardens;" and the other, that "Friends should not wear button-holes which were *not* button-holes!"

RESTFUL THOUGHTS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A.

GOD'S WAY THE RIGHT WAY. (Psalm cvii. 7.)

THERE is need of much thought and much discipline before we can truly realise the providential care of God. This Psalm is the composition of one who has given this subject some attention. In it he celebrates the goodness of the Lord. All classes, from all quarters of the world, who have experienced His goodness, are invited to join in His praise, and bear witness to the patience of His mercy.

But His mercy is not the mercy lavished in indiscriminate prodigality. It is not goodness in the wholesale disproportionate way which marks too often human kindnesses. The mercies which are communicated by God are well-adjusted blessings, adapted with keen appreciativeness and unerring wisdom to the peculiar circumstances and wants of individuals. Hence it is that at the close of the Psalm the inspired writer calls for attention to the things he has recorded, and declares that by thus observing the dealings of God we shall be ultimately able not merely to acknowledge with cold formality, or from a dull sense of duty, but to *understand* the loving-kindness of the Lord.

The Psalm affords us pictures of various sufferers, which we may regard as types standing for all classes.

There are travellers by sea, beaten about upon the merciless ocean—their frail vessel trembling on the snowy summit of some mountain wave, now sliding swift down its watery sides into the vast sea-valley beneath, fearful lest these yawning jaws of the hungry ocean will close upon them—"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still" (verses 28, 29). There are the victims of some sore sickness, reduced to the brink of the grave, their natural appetites transformed by the power of the disease into violent antipathy to all food—the poor emaciated frame, rebelling against that which is its only human hope of existence, and then in the feebleness of prostration turning with the strong instincts of faith to the Lord, "who saveth them out of their distresses."

There are captives languishing in hard bondage under the sentence of death, worn out with bitter servitude, and fast bound in the heaviest fetters which the most relentless tyranny has forged. In the dark hour of their misery they cry to the ear of an ever-attentive mercy, and almighty love brings them forth from the gloom of their prison, breaks in sunder its giant bars, and bids them breathe the pure air of a nobler because a free life.

Such are some of the pictures of God's loving providence sketched for us by the hand of the Psalmist, and in them we perceive, not the operation of an inconsiderate benevolence, but the judicious and patient dealings of a wise and fatherly Providence, administering the affairs of the universe not by the indolent application of an unaccommodating wholesale rule, but with the minute thoughtfulness of an all-knowing and all-loving wisdom.

But it is from a fourth picture that the writer draws his words when he says, "He led them forth by the right way." The picture is well known: men are only pilgrims, and the world but a wilderness. One, speaking of the world, said, "We are not only passengers and sojourners, but absolute strangers at the first steps we make in it."

A wilderness, and we strangers in it! At all times the future stretches like a trackless unexplored waste before us, and the natural divisions of time, or the recurrence of its artificial divisions, recall us to the consciousness of the short space of our sojourn, and the great unknown plains through which we must pass.

Happy, thrice happy, are they who are content to be as pilgrims and strangers in such a wilderness. Happy, truly happy, if they can live as sojourners without becoming cynical, and as strangers without breaking forth into sour and morose speeches against the land through which God has called them to pass. Happy, if as wayfarers they can sing in strains of cheerful contentment God's songs in the house of their pilgrimage. And only they can do this who feel that they have a wise Guide lovingly leading them, and can trust that He is leading them forth by the right way. But they who so trust ought to go forward hopefully; nay, they *can* do so, if they make use of those privileges and means of grace which God has given them—if they accept as eternal and unfailing truths the exceeding great and precious promises of the Word of Life. To such the recorded facts of the past are but splendidly assured promises of the future. This is one—"He led them forth by the right way."

He led them forth. He led them forth out of the miserable place and plight in which they once were. A reference to the Psalm will show us what that state was. They were in the hand of the enemy, in an inhospitable region, bereft of all help, ignorant of any way of escape, or whither to flee even were they at liberty. They were homeless, starving, and sinking down in despair.

"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them."

This is the vivid picture of the state of some. It is not a description which is invented by the professors of creeds alone. It sometimes is the thought of men that the delineations of the miseries of the world belong to the very profession of the Christian teacher, and are to be looked upon as a professional description only. This is not the case. The truth is, that the sighs of mankind are tuned to the same note, the sad minor of discontent or broken-heartedness, or the famished longing for something satisfying. And from the pages of all writers and of all times we can hear the same melancholy lament. One in ancient times confessed that he was but a frail man, following probable conjectures. Another, who lived in one of the most splendid epochs of human history, and moved, himself a star, amid a circle of brilliant wits, declared that the world was a great wilderness, wherein mankind had wandered about from the creation.

We can well understand the cause of all these complaints. It is the sense of a vast solitude in the heart. They wandered in the wilderness. The combined efforts of mankind—the most strenuous and vigorous attempts to unriddle the mysteries about our race, left men in the position of mere wanderers in the wilderness. But this was not all. "They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way." Societies, combinations of varying interests, the astute measures of the leaders of human thought, failed to create a firm sense of companionship among men, for each felt that the adjustments of worldly corporations were only for a time—were only mutual arrangements for a brief unknown period, but that in spirit, in individuality, they were alone, wandering in the wilderness in a solitary way. Society did not save from solitude.

Moreover, desire is strong, and wanderers men must be as long as inclination is their guide. Men need a fixed principle of guidance, which would be sufficiently general for universal application, and sufficiently distinct to be a real power to each individual. Inclination varies with character. Prejudice depends upon local circumstances. Reason, however valuable and however supreme it must and ought to be, yet is almost universally coloured with natural or habitual prejudices and wishes. Reason, therefore, needs the infusion of some wider and fuller light from without, which would furnish it with the strength to step from the narrow platform of its prejudice of race or family to a broader standpoint of universal sympathy. Wanderers then men are and were, because led forward by passion, or interest, or a prejudiced judgment. But another feature renders the picture of their state yet more sad. They are not only wanderers, but wanderers who have known captivity, for they are described as those who are redeemed from the hand of the enemy. Our notion of the wanderer is naturally connected with the idea of a rude freedom. However miserable the plight of the pilgrim is, we yet think of him as of one who is walking at liberty. This thought seems to arise from either the ignoring of one patent fact of existence, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, from an incomplete notion of liberty. Liberty is not permission to do as we like, but ability to do right. In the framework of society freedom is the permission to each man to do as he pleases, limited by the necessities of those laws to which each member of the community has submitted himself. But all recognise a higher view of freedom than this. A free citizen is not necessarily a free man. We see that there is an individual slavery, which men, by the indulgence of their passions, impose upon themselves. The man over whom the lust of drink has imposed its sway is not free—he is the victim of a hideous tyranny. Common sense justifies the principle which the apostle laid down—he is the servant of sin. From this tyranny of evil inclinations, supported and enforced by the power and subtlety of a spiritual enemy, from the hopeless perplexity in which they were driven to and fro, they were led forth into the right way.

And what is this right way? From a consideration of the necessities of the wanderers we may gather a notion of the requirements which the way must supply before it can be deemed the right way. As they are wanderers in a wilderness they need the opening of a communication—a pathway leading to the city which they are seeking. As they are captive wanderers—wanderers impelled towards barren wastes by powers of evil, which they cannot single-handed resist, they need an emancipating influence which will enable them, give them freedom to walk in the right way. As their souls are fainting within them by reason of the hardships and privations of their wanderings, they need a reviving power within them. This, we believe, is supplied in the Christ of God. By Him the best way of communication, which the sins of men had overspread with the prodigal growth of transgressions, is opened up once more. The pathway which leads to God, man wilfully blocks by sin, and the sweet companionship of Eden is lost. But One has come to restore fellowship and freedom. By Him we have access through the Spirit unto the Father; we have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; a new and living way is opened through the veil; He is the Mediator of this new covenant; He is the Way, and through Him is bestowed the spiritual emancipation—the freedom to walk in the way thus opened. The bondage was bound about mankind by falsehoods. The first step in emancipation is conviction of the truth. He is the Truth, and it is the Truth which makes us free.

Through Him is given, to all who ask, that spirit of truth which will guide into all truth, and through this truth into the subjugation of all the tyrant lusts within. And to the fainting wanderers He is the Life. God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son; and all the means of life are vouchsafed through Him —the Bread of Life—the manna in the wilderness, the Water of Life, leaping fresh and free from that smitten Rock, which St. Paul tells us was Christ.

He is, then, in every sense the Way—the right way; and if there are yet waste and unreclaimed spots in the world, it is because we have not used our advantages, because we have drawn timidly and with niggard hand and with doubting heart on the promises of God; because we have done so little in developing the splendid resources which are given to us in Christ Jesus.

And this way is the right way.

It is not the most attractive way.

It is often through the great and terrible wilderness, and it seems cheerless. Bright flowers and blushing fruits bloom by the side of many an earthly pathway, and many a fair-spoken reason may be given for choosing the way which looks so bewitching—the way that seemeth right. The broad way shines more enticingly. Down that noble walk friends may link arm-and-arm, and travel onward together, the tall trees joining their abundant foliage overhead, and dropping their constant tribute at the feet of passers-by. But this is the narrow way, and they who walk it must walk it alone, sometimes feeling its solitude most keenly. Christian friends may hail you with a cheering word, but the pilgrimage of the heart is in most respects a pilgrimage alone.

It is not, then, the most attractive way, but it is the happiest. Narrow and unadorned though the pathway may appear, there is a sweet quietude and repose which is found in it. Pleasant are the ways and peaceful the paths of those who walk in this way; and this peace and joy are the greatest and highest. Though the path seem lonely, yet the best Friend walks with us; and He makes the way happy who said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

It is not the smoothest way.

There are the dangers of the wilderness besetting the pilgrims. Now they are harassed by the pursuit of their enemies; now they are opposed in their advance by hostile tribes; now the Bedouins of the desert, eager for spoil, make a raid upon them. At another time the scorpions of the wilderness try them. Now they have a battle to fight, then a city to capture. It is a warfare as well as a pilgrimage, and sometimes the afflicted one is constrained to cry, "Why go I thus heavily while the enemy oppresseth me?"

But the way, though beset with dangers and enemies, is still the safest way. He who walks with us is strong to deliver and ready to save. "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou be safe; His truth shall be my shield and buckler."

It is not the shortest way.

Like Israel, the pilgrim is often tempted to murmur because the way is long. It seems sometimes as though we were led by a crooked and needlessly circuitous route. Wearied out with the unceasing burdens of pilgrimage, we sigh for the end; we repine that we are kept waiting so long. But there are no short cuts to heaven. Many a time we are tempted to try and shorten and smooth the way by turning down some by-path meadow, but it always proves a cause of delay. For every compromise which the Church has made with the world, or the individual spirit with the lusts of sin, there will be a painful retracing of steps. Often has it appeared that the cause of Christ has gained greatly by making use of carnal weapons; but the gain has been material, not spiritual, and every material victory has proved a spiritual defeat; and in the case of the individual the same holds true. He thinks he may, without danger to himself, lower the standard of holiness, and accept, for expediency's sake, some doubtful principle; but he does so only to find, by bitter experience, that he has not only lost ground, but impaired his spiritual vigour. Perchance he may even go halting all his days.

But though the way is not the shortest, it is the quickest. God will not suffer our trials or our conflicts to be prolonged beyond the fitting time. He will lead us forth by the right, by the direct way. We may often wonder at God's delays, but they are the pauses of Almighty wisdom and love. It is kindness which keeps the pilgrim ship rocking so long and so monotonously outside the haven of rest. It is wisdom which bids the aged traveller bide awhile even on the very banks of the last river. These delays are needful for the spirit of the pilgrim. The fruit is softly ripening in the sunshine of a dawning heaven, and when the downy bloom of maturity appears it will be gathered. "When the fruit is brought forth, immediately He putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come" (St. Mark iv. 29).

Thus the way which Christians tread, though not the most attractive, nor the smoothest, nor the shortest, is proved to be the right way. Sometimes it is painful, and the child would "have fainted, but that he believed verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Often it is incomprehensible, for who has not exclaimed, "His ways are past finding out?" But it is always the right way.

LIFE-PICTURES OF MEN WE HAVE MET.

THE MAN WHO HAD NO TIME.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWN, B.A.

"ALLOW me to introduce my nephew to you," said a dry old Scotchman to a friend of ours; "he is a young man who has got nothing to do, and never has time to do it."

Whether the description was more caustic than just we cannot say, but it shall serve, at all events, to introduce to our consideration a character we have often met with in the world.

Not that he is always, or even generally, young, nor that he is to be found only amongst those who really have little or nothing to do. On the contrary, there are greybeards as well as youths, busy men as well as indolent ones, who, with more or less severity of application, may be described as "having no time."

It is a *chronic* complaint with them. There is no one, indeed, who does not have an occasional touch of it, or who, some time or other, has not wished, when under pressure of urgent demands upon his time, that, like Joshua, it were given him to make the day twice as long as usual; but in the character we speak of the complaint is not occasional, nor intermittent, nor spasmodic, but chronic. It is the plea that is ever on the lips as the sole and sufficient excuse for things of all sorts not being attempted, or done as they ought, or done at all.

Perhaps he is a shrewd man of business, sharp as a needle. He will tell you how much more rapid is the hurry of business, and how much more intense the strain now in these days of telegrams, than it used to be when he was a young man—more done in an hour sometimes now than could have been done in a week in those slow-coach days. He himself assimilates to a telegraphic instrument; his very words come out of his mouth with a sort of sharp click, like that machine when at work; there is a sententiousness in his remarks that reminds you of the restriction to "twenty words" in telegraphic communication. It is all a race with him. If you meet him in the street and threaten a chat, he will most likely wave you off with a "Can't stop—no time." If you happen to ask him whether he has read some book of the day—of course nothing uncommon or abstruse—he will shake his head instantaneously, as if it were touched by an electric current, and say, "No time for reading." Or if you try to get him to help you in some good work whose operations are not quoted in the share-list, he will tell you at once, and almost before you have said five words, that if you want a subscription you shall have it (and very likely it will be a handsome one), but as to giving any personal attention to the matter, it was simply out of the question, for he really had no time for such things.

Sometimes this character is to be met with among persons whose circumstances are the very opposite of those of the man engrossed in business. We will not say that he has absolutely nothing to do, though if such a man should be found, it is quite possible that he might be a victim of this complaint (to coin a word) of *achronism*, and fancy he had no time for anything. But what we say is that he has very little that he is obliged to do. He is the man who really has a good deal of leisure, and yet never has time for anything but what he likes. It is astonishing what an estimate he forms, and honestly too, of the large amount of occupation that falls to his share. To hear him you would suppose he was one of the busiest of men. Just as a Frenchman's characteristic is amiably to make much of a mere trifle, so his tendency is to view all he does in a pleasantly exaggerated light—under a microscope, as it were. He is generally, in fact, an easy-going good-tempered person. To him any proposals to attempt what is not set down in the day's very limited programme of doings appears almost ridiculously impossible, and is agreeably smiled away. "It is very nice, all very good; but how am I to find the time for it?" It is not altogether what you have to do, but, to a great extent, how you *look* at what you have to do, that makes one's time seem fully occupied.

And who has not met with this character among servants and others whom we engage to do work for us? They are not worse in this respect, but certainly not better, than others. It is one of the sure signs of something wrong, either with employers or employed, when excuses begin to be made for things not being done on the score of want of time. "No time" is a *danger* signal. It either means that too much is given to be done, which is sometimes the case; or that heart or will or method is wanting in the doing of it, which is much more frequently the case. We are concerned now with the latter only. But who has not met with it? You give an order, perhaps, that some particular thing is to be done. It is perfectly within the compass of any man of ordinary activity to do it; and yet you are almost sure to find it not done, and the excuse made, with varying degrees of glaring untruthfulness, that there was no time. We have known it the case where not one occasional direction, but almost all the daily duties were deranged in order and left half-done, on the same specious excuse. There was a general chronic irregularity and uncertainty of performance, a want of reliability as to anything being really done, like the disturbance caused by the presence of some unknown mass in the order and punctuality of the heavenly bodies. The man would protest that he did his best—perhaps even he thought he did; but the disease was strong upon him, and the invariable

reply to complaint was the solemn asseveration that he was always doing something, but really "had no time." Sometimes one who has for years been turning off his work with ease begins, though that work remains unchanged, to make the fatal excuse. When such is the case, we may look out; for the man himself is no longer what he used to be.

These are only specimens or shades of the character we are considering, and they are selected in order to show that it is to be met with amongst all sorts and degrees of men. Other specimens might be given, but we will rather proceed to inquire into some of the causes that produce this sort of character, of whatever type it may be.

And we will begin by being very plain. There can be no doubt that indolence, either constitutional or acquired by habit, has often a great deal to do with the production of this character. It may be safely claimed as an axiom in the science of life, that the more indolent a man is, the less time he will have. A gardener who was remarkable for having no time was found to be equally remarkable for taking naps during work-hours in a convenient barn. One of the most inveterate lions in the way of the slothful man is an ever-ready persuasion that there is no time. And just as the spendthrift who wastes his money has seldom or never any to devote to a good purpose, so he who wastes his time is often in want of it when he might best make use of it. And it is a singular anomaly that while the busy man is disposed to reckon his work by the number of things he is obliged to leave undone, the lazy man is inclined to measure it with satisfaction by the very small number of things he actually accomplishes. "I have made eight pounds!" exclaimed a man once with childish glee, who, had he not been incorrigibly idle, might have made as many hundreds, and thought nothing about it too.

But the cause which operates with the busy man and makes him have no time is the very opposite of this often. It is because he is too busy, and by this we mean not that he has too much to do, but rather that he is busy too exclusively on one sort of thing. There is often idolatry in business—in the work, that is, which brings us in our living. Men "sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag." They not only depend for success on their skill and capital, to the exclusion of God, and attribute their success when got to them rather than to Him; but more than this, they give up their very souls to their business, to the exclusion of almost everything else. No time to read, no time to enjoy life, no time for improvement of mind, no time for culture of the soul towards God (except, perhaps, a little on Sundays), no time for personal exertion in any of the countless schemes for remedying evil and doing good to men; but all—all for business. Many a man is thus consciously or unconsciously an idolater.

There is another cause why even busy men may sometimes be characterised as having no time. It is because they are too fussy. Fussiness and business are similar words, and are frequently mistaken for each other, but they are very different things. We have a vivid recollection of taking a letter of introduction once to an excellent old gentleman, a busy Cambridge don. "I can speak to you for *two* minutes," he said, laying emphasis on the word "two," and holding his watch in his hand. It was not the fact of his having no more time to bestow on us than two minutes, but the fussy manner of stating the fact, that struck us at the time. And this is the point to be always observed in cases of this kind, that there is full justification of the plea of want of time, only fussiness in the manner of urging it. Such fussiness gives often an unattractive and even repulsive aspect to a life of active and truly useful service, just as a sallow complexion spoils what would otherwise be a handsome face. But we would rather be a fussy worker than a placid idler, even as it is better to have good features with a bad complexion than a fair complexion with a repulsive face.

Once more: many people have no time because they have no method. They do not manage well. There is a want of system in their way of doing things. They have no idea of order. It may be their misfortune rather than their fault that it is so; though every one may cultivate method and order, and then they would assuredly find that they had more time. Few indeed, comparatively speaking, are naturally endowed with that wonderful power of grasping things, that marvellous capacity for business, which enables some men to throw off an amount of work that is as a mountain to a molehill contrasted with what most of us can do. But there is system in working, even with these giants, at least as a rule; and system will make the molehill a good deal larger. The man who does not work by rule must needs run short of time. It must be admitted, however, that this working by rule may be carried to a fantastic extent, and become almost a nuisance to both the worker himself and to all around him. It is possible to be too systematic, and to lay out every moment of the day with disagreeable minuteness, like a parish allotment-ground. "There is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven;" and so there is a time "to keep," and a time to "cast away"—a sort of liberty to cast rules aside at times, and really make the most of time by seizing opportunities, which is the highest order of method. It was the method of Him who "went about doing good," and whose life was a busy one infinitely beyond that of the ablest and busiest man that ever lived. His rule was that the work that came to hand was the work He had to do, and that the man who wanted to see Him was the man He wanted to see. "I will come and see him." "And Jesus went with him." Yet He found time so to work that it could be said of Him, with less of hyperbole than of any other worker, that if the things which Jesus did "should be written every one, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

But we must not omit to consider the character

in what after all is by far its most serious aspect. Thousands, we fear, answer to the character in this particular way who do not otherwise deserve it; and some add this above all to their having no time for the things of earth. We allude to that immense multitude of persons of whom it may be said now, and of whom (if they do not take heed) it will be said one day with hopeless retrospect, that they had no time to seek the salvation of their souls; that the way of salvation was open to them, but they had no time to be saved. A good many years ago, a young officer, who had more than tasted service in the great Peninsular war, was led by a sister's influence to become a soldier of Christ, and, knowing too well what the army then was—as irreligious as it was brave—thought it impossible to serve God in it, and so resolved to throw it up. He told his commanding officer his determination, who was very sorry. "We all like you," he said. "Why should you leave us like this?" The young man explained that it was because he had become religious, and feared he could not act it out in the army. "Oh, religious! that's it, is it?" said the colonel, quite relieved; "pray don't let such a thing as that make you give up; why, we all mean to be religious, you know, some day." He did *not* give up then, for the war broke out again; and at the battle of Waterloo the young officer helped to carry the poor colonel off the field, mortally wounded. He meant, but never had time, to be religious.

That man was like a host of others. The want of time is often nothing more than dilatoriness. They put off to some indefinite "convenient season" the great matter of salvation, not because they are so busy about earthly things, but simply because a heavy weight of indifference indisposes them to immediate effort about it. They are like travellers in alpine regions, who know they must exert themselves, or perish; but an overwhelming drowsiness inclines them to say, "Not now; a little sleep *first*," and so they lie down and die.

Yet it is not always apathy simply that makes men neglect their everlasting welfare. They are literally too busy, often, to pay attention to it. And they unblushingly avow it sometimes. They not only *are* too busy, but it must *needs* be so, they cannot help it. "I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it." This would be sad enough, and mad enough, if peace with God, and a hope beyond the grave, were uncertainties, dependent on a life-long course of painful weary service; but what is to be said of it when we know, to our joy, that peace is made, and heaven freely offered as a gift through the great atoning Sacrifice that has paid the price of both? When the Bible teaches us that though we *must* serve if we *are* saved, and though the way of life is a narrow way of conflict and self-denial, yet never is there more to do in the way of making peace than has been done on Calvary, and never more is the hope of heaven ours than when first we rest in humble penitence on Him who died there for us all.

Perhaps if they understood better that "all things are *now* ready," they would hearken more to the voice of warning, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time."

THE FISHER-GIRL'S SONG.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

FLY, my needle, through the drift-net, while love sings an evening song;
Love can lighten every burden, with love's aid no toil is long.

Far at sea 's my fisher-laddie, but there 's sunshine on the deep;
Love misgives, though, darksome night falls; in its arms care cannot sleep.

Grimly smiles the fort this evening; by its guns the sea-pinks bloom;
With the morning through grey mist-wreaths death in thund'rous foam may boom.

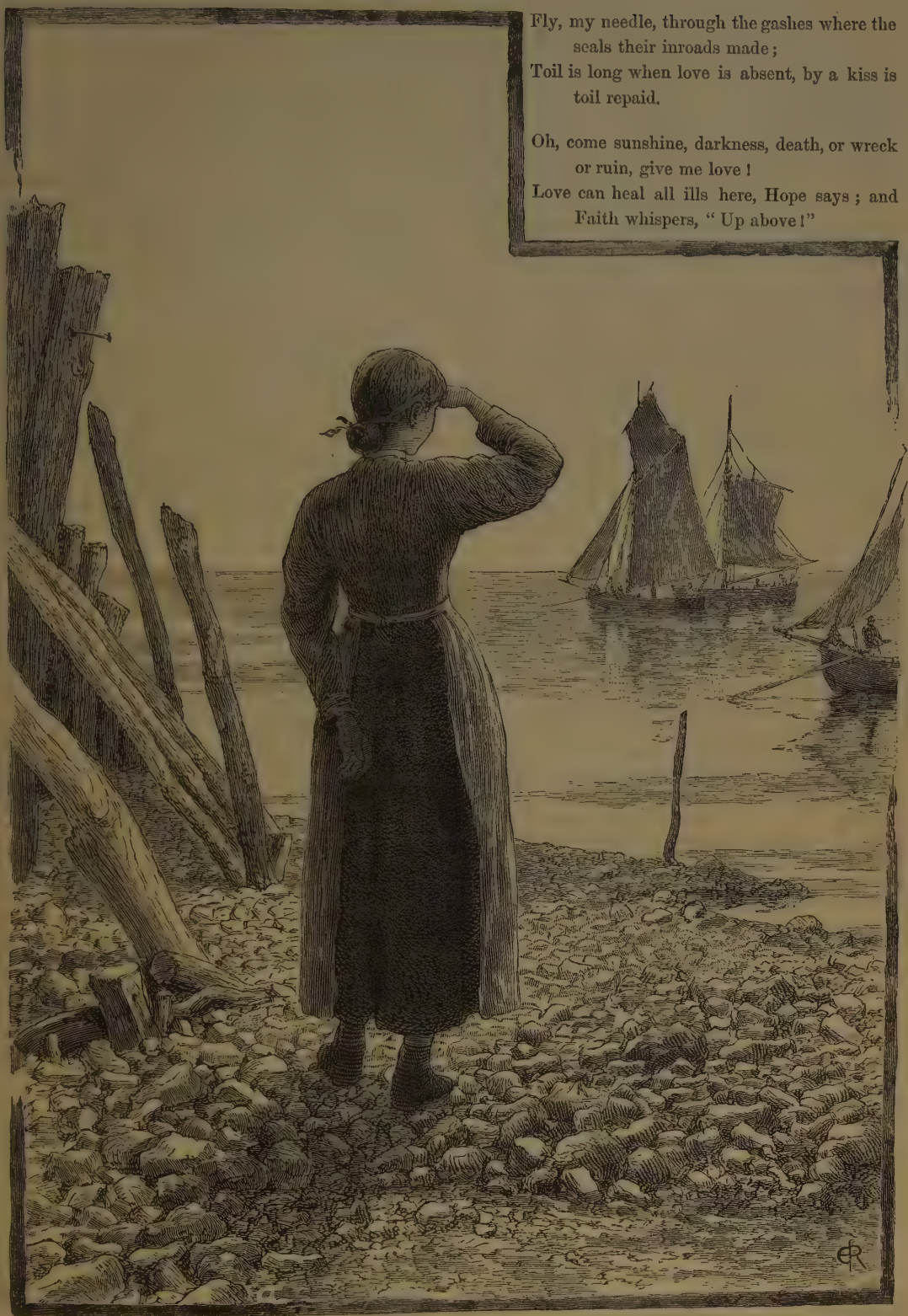
Many a gallant ship sails outward bound, and never home comes more,
Or, returning home in safety, goes to pieces on the shore.

Ocean's heart is deeply bosomed, but its face is seamed with scars;
Fair of promise, love's beginnings, sunken isles, then reefs and bars.

On the rocks rue's glory rests, and swaying weeds their sternness deck;
Cruel rocks aye in their strength; see! yonder by them lies a wreck.

Fly, my needle, through the gashes where the seals their inroads made;
Toil is long when love is absent, by a kiss is toil repaid.

Oh, come sunshine, darkness, death, or wreck or ruin, give me love!
Love can heal all ills here, Hope says; and Faith whispers, "Up above!"



SHORT ARROWS.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

THE opening and the dedication of the Palace Church at Antananarios, in Madagascar, is quite an event in the annals of the island. The foundation of this beautiful edifice was laid in July, 1869, and a few months ago it was completed. The congregation included the Queen and many high officials, and the account of the proceedings is most interesting to all of us. The very fact of the proclamation by the Prime Minister of the Queen's conversion, made a deep impression upon all present. Taking a copy of the Bible from a table before him, the Minister went on to show how, by means of that identical Bible, printed by our British and Foreign Bible Society, Her Majesty had been induced to believe. "Not by human instrumentality," he said, "but by the Holy Spirit and the influence of the Word of God, the Queen became a Christian." The result is remarkable; and while the palace sets such an example, we are less disposed to wonder at, but equally grateful to record, the success of the missionaries, even though in diminished numbers. That there are difficulties to contend against, no one will deny, but by perseverance and self-denial, there is every reason to believe that the whole of the people of that splendid island may yet be enrolled under the banner of the Gospel. We trust that this anticipation may be quickly fulfilled.

A HOME HOSPITAL.

A very excellent idea has been, to a certain extent. carried out by some gentlemen in Fitzroy Square, They have organised a middle-class hospital, and, so far as we can learn, the experiment has met with success. Here, in a well-furnished and well-arranged suite of rooms, the comfort of patients is assured, with the best obtainable medical attendance. The arrangements are all excellent. The apartment specially devoted to convalescents is in itself a coffee-room and drawing-room. The furniture and all the arrangements of the house are specially designed to promote the comfort and speedy recovery of the patient—we may almost say fortunate "patient"—who is received in this Home. Cupboards, presses, speaking-tubes, easy-chairs, comfortable beds, and handsome surroundings are some of the advantages insured to the inmates. To the smallest detail nothing appears to have escaped the comprehensive taste of the promoters, even to the selection of crockery and dinner services. The cooking is excellent, ventilation is specially considered, and the charge for all these home comforts is so small that we feel assured many sufferers would gladly undertake the expense.

A WELSH WELCOME FOR STRANGERS.

A very excellent Christian work is being done at some of the Welsh ports in the south—notably at Swansea and Cardiff. At these places the poor and friendless seamen are welcomed by clergymen, who have been specially appointed to board the incoming ships. When it is remembered that many of the crews of these vessels are Germans, Greeks, and Americans, the assistance rendered will be appreciated. The strangers are visited and induced to join the churches open for their reception, and an annual average of at least two thousand are received and benefited. Free, short, and hearty services are special features of this good work.

GIRLS IN AFRICA.

From a very interesting communication by Mr. Tyler from Natal, we glean some facts respecting the teaching of girls in that province. This letter shows us that the great want in all the missionary labour is the need of *educated natives* to co-operate in the good work, but we are happy to state that this want is being supplied. Training institutions are now established so that pupils from the primary mission schools can be instructed. In this direction the high school for Zulu boys is doing excellent work, as is evidenced by the co-operation of the Colonial Government, which grants a sum of £200 annually. More than one-third of the old scholars are church-members, and many are employed as preachers and teachers among their countrymen. Nor are the girls behindhand. Their seminary at Lindley is most flourishing. At that place nearly fifty intelligent Zulu females are qualifying for teachers of their heathen relatives and friends. The discipline is strict, and the moral and religious training has commanded the admiration and approbation even of persons sceptical of the results. Their teachers are Americans, and well they have worked to attain the end in view, and their reward in future. To appreciate the real good done, one must realise the condition of these Zulu people, boys and girls, even less than thirty years ago. Then a girl was kept for the "wife market," and prevented to attend at school—if one were within reach—for fear that she should imbibe notions contrary to the polygamous marriage in store for her. From this degrading influence many girls are now freed, and are qualified to become good obedient wives as well as teachers. There are other institutions or "Homes" in which native girls are housed, and the reports from the schools are most encouraging, and prove how mightily the Word of God prevails among the Zulu women at Natal.

JOTTINGS FROM JAPAN.

Private letters from residents in Japan bear testimony to the ever-increasing good wrought amongst the Japanese. Not only are the British and American missionaries working hard and successfully, but the

Scandinavian residents are also engaged in the good work among the sailors arriving at Yokohama and the people at the ports. A request has been received for a supply of Bibles, and Count Riddersbjelke, in a letter to a lady connected with the "Rest" in Ratcliffe—which has been published—speaks hopefully of the assistance he will be able to afford if Bibles in foreign languages can be procured and forwarded to him. A work is also beginning amongst the women of Japan, and steps are being taken for the instruction of the physically blind.

COFFEE-HOUSES AT BOMBAY.

For some few years a service has been conducted on board ship in Bombay harbour; and the success of this, and the interest taken in the Christian work, determined the Association to establish lecture and reading-rooms and coffee-houses. It is gratifying to be able to announce that the Government gave a capital site, and that nearly all the money required by the Association has been already collected. The benefits that the proposed extension of the Young Men's Christian Association work will confer upon the numerous new arrivals cannot be over-estimated. Temptations are very numerous; and any efforts that can be made should meet with ready encouragement. We are, therefore, induced to mention that the National Bank of India, Threadneedle Street, will take charge of any contributions for the Special Building Fund of the Association; and, though the difficulties may be great, by perseverance and faith they will doubtless be soon surmounted, and a blessing will rest upon the good work.

THE PALESTINE SURVEY.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the maps lately issued by the Palestine Exploration Society; for in these sheets we have the topography and correct nomenclature of many Biblical spots and interesting places fully shown. We can by these means trace the footsteps of Moses, of Joshua, and of Judas Maccabæus in their long marches, and find out the localities so familiar by name to our ears. We can at present scarcely appreciate the benefits such a series of maps will confer upon the student of the Bible, for there are about 10,000 names incorporated in this map, and now identification of old names with the present titles will be facilitated. The interest of this remarkable work is not confined only to the student of the Bible. The geographer will find that the boundaries and physical features of the various states are set forth in a clear and intelligible manner, and a careful study of the maps cannot fail to impress even the most superficial believer in the facts of Holy Scripture. Here will be found the origin of Christianity, and the ruins of the towns, and the names, which can be now easily identified with ancient places, will carry conviction to the most careless. Here we can find the holy sites and famous places of Palestine. This great work has been completed under the most adverse circumstances by Lieutenants Conder and Kitchener, and, considering the difficulties and personal danger they encountered, the marvel is they did it at all. That the survey is so perfect is really wonderful, and we all as Christians owe these energetic officers our warmest thanks. But the work is by no means finished. The survey to the east of the Jordan and the country of the Hittites still remains to be done, and the good work—for it is a good work—will no doubt prosper as heretofore.

A RIVER MISSION.

A quiet unostentatious but very effective good work is being performed at Gravesend by the respected agent of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. Day after day in his boat this indefatigable worker for Christ puts out and boards the vessels in our great river. Here he finds all conditions of men, of various nationalities, and with many of these foreigners the agent is able to converse, and to let them hear in their own tongues the wonderful works of God. Nor is this the only good effected—and that good is done we are assured—for on fitting occasions services are held on board ships, when all can unite in prayer and praise. The method employed to reach the individual sailor himself, not as a unit of a large body, but as the object of solicitude, is a very successful one, for the interest is at once awakened by direct and personal appeal. Suitable books and interesting literature are freely distributed; though the expenditure is small, assistance is welcome, and the result would be greater if funds were forthcoming.

BY THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

Behind the white down cliffs, in a well-sheltered position, and within hearing of the waves, stands an institution of great practical utility. We all know how a change to the sea-side braces up our weary hard-worked bodies, and how the contemplation of nature often carries conviction and rest to the weary soul. To meet such cases the Samaritan Society has established the Dover House for those who live in crowded London, and who have not the means to effect the desired change to the sea-side. All that care and attention can bestow upon the patients is here done for them. Airy rooms, facilities for bathing or reading, for taking exercise or for sitting in pleasant places to inhale the life-giving breeze, all are united in this House. Perfect rest, good food, and bracing air, with our spiritual needs affectionately cared for, are to be found there, so arranged that these benefits can be obtained at a low rate, and the poorest need not fear. This is a good work, and deserves the support it meets with and will doubtless continue to command.

Paul was long a persecutor before he was an apostle, and the bonnie butterflies begin the world in the shape of crawling kailworms.—*John Galt.*

How much more might we make of our family life, and of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed!—*Mrs. Beecher Stowe.*

Death is not a break in existence; it is but an intermediate circumstance, a transition from one form of our finite existence to another.—*Baron Humboldt.*

A fretful discontented spirit lies open to many temptations, and those that indulge it are in danger of doing evil.—*Matthew Henry.*

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

25. What judge is mentioned as going on circuit, year by year, to the large towns of Israel?

26. What riddle is given in the Bible, and who made it?

27. What body-guard of soldiers did Saul appoint for himself and his son Jonathan?

28. In what way did Christ fulfil the prophecy of Isaiah, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses"?

29. St. John the Baptist speaks of our Lord as the Bridegroom. Quote a passage in which our Lord applies the same term to Himself.

30. What was the subject of the preaching of our Lord's Apostles when sent out by Him two and two?

31. On what occasion did King Saul build his first altar to God?

32. What description was given to Saul of the character of David when at home?

33. What signs did Samuel give to Saul of his appointment as King of Israel?

34. To what country did David take his father and mother for safety from King Saul?

35. On what occasion did God specially intervene to save David from Saul?

36. What description did the enemies of Christ give of Him, and of John the Baptist?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 64.

1. Whenever he saw a strong man, or a valiant man, he took him unto him (1 Sam. xiv. 52).

2. Until the death of the then High Priest (Josh. xx. 6).

3. Fourteen generations from Abraham to David; fourteen generations from David to the captivity; and fourteen generations from the captivity unto Christ (Matt. i. 17).

4. The coasts of Bethlehem extended to the tomb of Rachel, situate in the tribe of Benjamin. Thus also it is said, "In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping," etc., because Ramah is the capital of Benjamin (Matt. ii. 18).

5. Speaking to the Pharisees and Sadduces, John says, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham" (Matt. iii. 9).

6. Any city in which false doctrines were openly taught was to be smitten with the edge of the sword, and burned (Deut. xiii. 15, 16).

7. Because the prophets generally speak of the Messiah as being of Nazareth, though there is no single quotation to that effect (Matt. ii. 23).

8. Certain cities in each division, and a portion of the sacrifices offered to God (Josh. xiii. 14).

9. The Ishmaelites; for it says, "They had golden earrings, because they were Ishmaelites" (Judges viii. 24).

10. The daughters of Zelophehad, of the tribe of Manasseh (Josh. xvii. 3—6).

11. The district of Hebron (Josh. xiv. 6—15).

12. It was situate on this side Jordan, and was built by the tribes of Reuben and Gad, as a memorial of their union with the tribes on the other side of Jordan (Josh. xxii. 31—34).

13. They were slain by Zebah and Zalmunna, the kings of Midian, at Tabor (Judges viii. 18, 19).

14. Jephthah the Gileadite (Judges xi. 7—12).

15. That he would offer up as a burnt offering to God whatever first came out of his house to meet him on his return from victory (Judges xi. 30, 31).

16. Fifty thousand threescore and ten men of Beth-shemesh (1 Sam. vi. 19).

17. Jesse, the father of King David (Ruth iv. 17).

18. The tribe of Benjamin, to which tribe Saul, king of Israel, belonged (Judges xx. 47).

19. The daughters of Israel mourned four days in each year in memory of the daughter of Jephthah (Judges xi. 40).

20. At the prayer of Manoah, the father of Samson (Judges xiii. 8).

21. Yes; Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, reigned two years (2 Sam. ii. 10).

22. Once in connection with the death of the ruler's daughter—"She is not dead, but sleepeth." And secondly concerning the death of Lazarus—"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth" (Matt. ix. 24; and John xi. 11).

23. From the writings of the prophet Hosea (Matt. ix. 13; and Hosea vi. 6).

24. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward" (Matt. x. 42).

A ROBIN DINNER IN GRAY'S YARD.

BY ANNE BEALE.

Amidst the freezing sleet and snow
The timid robin comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

ALTHOUGH "Robin Dinners" are becoming a "power in the land," not only in London, but in the provinces, there are still many people who have not even heard of them. They do not know that while feathered robins have been pecking their Christmas crumbs on window-sill or door-step, thousands of starving human robins have been fed by their instrumentality.

A pretty and poetic fancy started these Robin Dinners, and it is hoped and believed they will never come to an end, unless, indeed, all the hungry children in London and elsewhere should be miraculously fed. A clergyman some four years ago published a poem called "Robin's Carol," and appealed for crumbs in the shape of sixpences and shillings, by which thousands of poor children have fared sumptuously once in their lives at least. Let it be understood that sixpence will just give one such child a dinner, though ninepence is the estimated expense. Good works grow like sandhills, and already there is scarcely a ragged-school in London that has not been feasted. But benevolence has a large heart which pants to see a Robin Dinner in every parish. Even statistics fail to shut it up, and the fact that nearly half a million children from Board and voluntary schools crave an invitation, does not prevent it from welcoming as many as its sixpences will permit. Still it is depressing to be told that £12,000 would be needed to provide the whole of this youthful army with one Robin Dinner. Yet do we not despair of hearing that all are invited guests ere long, and that in addition to the treats to which the poor may now look forward, these dinners may be pre-eminent as the result of some pretty verses, which we will quote in full. Here is "Robin's Christmas Salutation"—

What a dear little bird, such a message to bring;
How I wish I could hear your sweet voice as you sing;
If I *could* have my wish, I would see to it too,
That my message should be, "Merry Christmas to you."

But I'll open your letter. Well, what have we here?
A receipt for plum-pudding and good Christmas fare?
Nay: a sermon on Christmas—the preacher a bird,
Why, I never had thought *you* could utter a word!

"I'm a poor little bird with a message from heaven,
To poorer than I a great gift has been given;
The Babe in the manger is God on His throne,
And peace and goodwill are in Jesus made known.

"Be merry, indeed, but be merry *and wise*,
This unspeakable gift is a gift you should prize;
Be thankful and grateful, and keep Christmas Day,
So that others may join in your carol and lay.

"You would give *me* some crumbs from your table, I know,
And guard *me* from cold when the stormy winds blow;
Deal your bread to the hungry, and then your rich fare
Will be sweeter than ever, for God will be near."

It is mainly due to these simple lines that last year some ten thousand poor children were fed. And any one who has not yet been present at a Robin Dinner may accompany us to that wonderful Institution, Gray's Yard Ragged Church and School, where a *diner d'invitation* is about to take place.

Gray's Yard, situated in James Street, Oxford Street, is a great place for feeding the hungry, but, as a rule, its lessees have to provide the funds. We have already breakfasted here with about a thousand casual paupers at the dawn of a new year, and we

have accompanied several hundreds of children from hence to their summer treat among country fields and commons, but on those occasions the secretaries were compelled to "hand round the hat" for the supplies. Now, happy men, they have not to count the cost. They have only had to issue invitation cards for a six-o'-clock dinner to between two and three hundred children, and to send in the account to Robin. We all know how the birds flock to the crumbs, strew them where you will. How the sparrows come even to the small suburban gardens, and how fortunate are the ones which arrive first, and how it rejoices bird-fanciers to feel that they have saved many a feathered friend from starvation during the hard winter weather. And only a few crumbs have done it.

So is it here. Only a few sixpences. Just as the birds flutter to the snow-covered branches that surround your windows, and sit there in shivering expectation before your own breakfast is ready, so do the children, on this cold frosty night, swarm into Gray's Yard long before the gong sounds six. But the ticket-holders are far too excited to shiver. Hope and expectation give them warmth, in spite of their rags. It is those on the outskirts, who have received no invitations, who shiver, and exclaim as we pass, "Give us a ticket, please teacher; we ain't had nothin' to eat to-day." Whether this statement be true or false, we know that they are hungry, and hope Robin may include them all in his invitation next time. The denizens of the Square hard by this Gray's Yard, who will soon, also, be going to dinner, little think, probably, of the scene enacting so near them.

It is delightful to see how kind the police are to the little ones, and how gently they deal even with the more obstreperous who would force their way to the front, with tickets or without. "I have children of my own," says one, almost apologetically.

The doors open at last, and the children troop upstairs out of the cold, and into the large warm room, used as Ragged Church generally, but now filled with long tables covered with white cloths and edged with plates. Notice was given on the cards of invitation that the guests were requested to bring knife, fork, and spoon, and as the joyous assemblage tumble into their seats, unmindful of the law of precedence, these utensils clatter down upon the crockery with great *éclat*.

"Teacher, what shall I do? I haven't brought no knife and fork!" cries a little girl in tones of agony, who yet resolutely holds by the seat she is about to take.

"You must go and fetch them," we reply.

"But please, teacher, I shall lose my place; and p'raps they won't give me no dinner because I didn't bring 'em."

"We'll see to that. Make haste."

The promise cannot be kept, for her coveted bit of the form is usurped before she is out of the room; but she returns in no time, and finds another seat.

Meanwhile we are induced to mutter, with Lady Macbeth, "There's blood upon that hand," for another child hustles against us with a wound just above her wrist, which is bleeding profusely. Nevertheless, she grasps her knife and fork bravely, and holds a little brother with the unmaimed hand. We make inquiries—

"That big boy, there, cut it with his knife. Please, teacher, I shall lose my place," she replies, unmindful of the deep gash, which must cause her pain, and lifting her brother upon the form.

We moralise upon the fact that appetite is stronger than suffering, and insist on binding up her arm. She produces a wretched morsel of a handkerchief, but has not patience to wait while we strive to staunch the blood, and close and cover the cut.

"There's the dinner! My! There's big j'ints!" she exclaims, breaking from us, and climbing the form, just as we have partly tied the rag. But we follow to complete our work, wondering more and more at this carelessness of bodily pain so common amongst the poor. In another moment she is laughing and shouting with the rest, as "the big j'ints" are borne by the waiters to the top of the room, to be carved and distributed by the indefatigable teachers; no carver more vigorous than Sir Robert Carden, whose sympathies and hopes are with the young.

"We may make something of the children, but nothing of your professional tramp and casual," he says, as he ladles out the gravy.

The superintendent is compelled to mount a chair to obtain a lull for grace, which the children sing with all their hearts. The uproar soon begins again as arms and voices are uplifted for the attainment of the first available plate of meat and potatoes. It is encouraging to note that actual ragged children are the exception at the dinner. All who possibly can, have put on the wedding garment, and there is a notable effort at smartness. Still, here and there are unkempt and shoeless boys, and tattered girls. Some of the former class have not brought knife, fork, or spoon, and one whispers that he possesses none; but their neighbours give them an occasional turn at theirs, and they manage somehow.

There appears to be an especial pleasure and benefit in fixing six o'clock as the hour for these dinners. Not only is it an "aristocratic," but a cheerful thing to dine in winter by gaslight. The day's work and schooling are over, and children and teachers have the evening before them. The dining-room is not only lighted, but heated by the gas, and the illuminated texts and other adornments of the walls appear brighter than in a daylight fog. The faded flowers and ribbons of hat or bonnet look almost fresh, and the tatters are less conspicuous. Robin's poor feathers that have been ruffled all day in the cold, grow smooth in the warmth, and the numbed limbs relax. This is partly why the night classes are well attended in the winter by voluntary pupils; for in summer even the close air of London streets is more tempting than the school. Ah! winter, and, above all, Christmas, is the season for the open-

handed liberality of the rich! Let us feed the robins, lest they perish.

We believe that Victor Hugo, in his home in Guernsey, originated the dinners to poor children some years ago. He was resolved to see whether a good meal once a week at least would not help to brace the bodies and stimulate the minds of the arabs by whom he was surrounded. His generous plan succeeded well, and we are following his good example. There are now frequent dinners for the little ones, either free or at nominal prices, and certainly the faces of the juvenile multitude are less pinched by want than they used to be. Let us multiply them in town and country; let us respond to the appeal for co-operation, by soliciting the authorities in every parish to pay a part of the cost. This would be a capital *co-operative store*, members of which would gain a grand percentage on their outlay, and no one would grumble at the monopoly.

We are startled from our reflections by a shout of "The puddens! the puddens! There's big uns!" as the second course appears. They certainly are "big uns," and make us think of the ball of St. Paul's. Although we dine at the aristocratic evening hour, our manners are not yet perfect. The uproar is ungenteel, the preparations for the reception of the puddings unfashionable. "Put it in your pocket," cries one; "Lick up the gravy," suggests another; and these and other means are resorted to in order to be ready for the second instalment of the feast; for we have no footmen to slip our plates away before we have emptied them. One poor ragged urchin, who has been using those "fingers made before forks" in default of steel, obeys both injunctions, and holds up his plate to us imploringly. We soon get it filled, and succeed in borrowing a spoon, which he yet scarcely knows how to use.

"Here's my plate, teacher; I've got a spoon;" says a girl, with an air of superiority.

The hubbub is great till all are served, and has scarcely subsided before the plates are again outstretched with a cry of "More! more!" Like the ocean, our Robins will not be satisfied.

But the pathos surpasses the amusement. Human love is not instinct. Parent birds may feed and bring up their young, but family ties end there. Here, brothers and sisters are parents to the little ones, and give them food before taking their own. "She is not well—she can't eat," remarks a big girl of her tiny sister, who languidly rejects the pudding. Then she takes her on her lap and hushes her to sleep, forgetting for the moment her own appetite.

All things come to an end; so does this particular Robin dinner; but the evening does not end with it. We are to have a transformation scene. This is initiated by a distribution of oranges, and a literal "turning of tables," for while the riotous children suck their fruit the tables vanish, and the forms that were lengthwise are placed crosswise in the room. As the apartment gradually darkens, the noise increases. The order to "take your seats" is not obeyed, except it be obedience to climb upon them to survey the scene. But a threat that all who are not seated shall be expelled takes effect, and the uproarious crew subside by degrees. The vivaciousnes of your juvenile London citizen is inexhaustible. Knock him down, and he rebounds like an india-rubber ball; lecture him, and he will give you word for word. The withdrawal of a curtain which has previously excited great curiosity, and the announcement that dissolving views are about to commence, are followed by vociferous cheering. This is repeated at intervals, as some specially amusing picture is presented by the showman and explained with that voice and manner adopted by your professional artist. Indeed, the laughter and varied exclamations call forth protests from the exhibitor, who declares that if the audience are not quiet, he shall be compelled to discontinue his "interesting histories."

"Here is one, of a good boy, who——" Cheers and interruptions, while the pictorial history of the pattern youth continues.

"The naughty boy who comes to a bad end" is not more politely received; and be it "the Prince of Wales" or "The Prodigal Son," the remarks are equally audible. But when the portrait of the "noble lord, the Earl of Shaftesbury," appears on the canvas, not all the authority of the City Police could restrain the enthusiam. Cheers and clapping of hands continue long after that illustrious nobleman has "dissolved"; for not a ragged child in London but knows "*Our* Lord Shaftesbury." At last the appealing words "If you would keep quiet, I should be obliged, for I've got a bad hoarseness, as you may hear, and can't raise my voice," take effect, and there is a temporary lull.

The girls are less noisy than the boys, and sit nursing the younger ones, or whispering to one another. But, Eve-like, they are more inquisitive. Some of them creep up to peep behind the scenes, and discover, if possible, the origin of all this "dissolution." "Where do the pictures come from, and where do they go to?" are the questions.

One more loud cheer when "her most gracious Majesty the Queen, beloved by all her subjects, old and young," appears and vanishes; and the gas is again turned up. It reveals a floor well strewn with orange-peel.

A few months ago we witnessed the presentation of prizes to the lads and lasses who had gone from this school into service. There was a goodly number who had kept their situations for periods varying from one to four years, and all were neat in appearance and well-mannered. A happy result of training such children as are now before us, and imparting to them sound religious knowledge. For at Gray's Yard religion is reckoned "the one thing needful."

And only the other Sunday we were present at a very different scene in this same room—one that "pointed the moral" in melancholy wise, and proved the importance of imprinting good principles on the

hearts of the young. Here was gathered a congregation such as a "ragged church" only could assemble, of men and women who were either lost to self-respect, or dragged down by misfortune to the lowest possible level. Amongst them were men, once respectable, even so-called "gentlemen," brought low by vice, and yet who have souls to be saved. Three times a Sunday are unfortunates such as these invited to hear the Gospel message, and Christian men are found who will come to deliver it gladly, "without money and without price." We listened to one such, addressing them entreatingly and affectionately, and we watched the countenances of the auditors. Many were bad, others supremely miserable; but all were attentive and respectful. Now and then there was an irrepressible groan, and even a tear might be seen. Some few were regular attendants, and one poor woman came every Sunday from Lambeth to the service, because it was here she had first learnt to become a Christian. Her story was truly melancholy.

When the service was over, we stood at the door to watch the "Sunday dole." As each poor wretch shambled out of the passage into the yard, he received about a pound of good white bread. It is acknowledged that most of them came for this; indeed, they said as much, for, in answer to our inquiry, one told us he had walked that morning from Rotherhithe, another from Kingston, a third from Hounslow, and so on. All declared themselves out of work, and it was a pitiful sight to see them standing about the yard, wearied and foot-sore, eating this their dry breakfast. Two or three were without shoes or stockings. Two, who arrived too late for the service, feared they would be refused the bread, but it was given to them. Some few withdrew as if ashamed of their position. One of these, who looked more respectable than the rest, said he had only earned three shillings during the past week. All declare, when pressed, that it is drink which causes their misery, and yet some have been known to sell the bread to procure it.

Nothing but faith in Christ's power to save to the uttermost could give the voluntary preachers and teachers courage to proceed in this work. But now and again they rescue young men, and restore them to respectability, and are assured by older hearers that they are reformed, thanks to the addresses at Gray's Yard. Only lately one came for "the bread that perishes," and found that which endures. He has joined a church in the neighbourhood, and is striving to teach others to avoid the rock on which he split. If, then, the angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, we should rejoice over even so small a percentage saved out of the thousands of paupers, tramps, and fallen men that frequent this and other ragged churches, even though they wander from almoner to almoner, and union to union, to eke out their miserable life. These are problems which political economists cannot solve.

Perhaps such children as those before us may aid in their solution by-and-by. Robin Dinners and treats are very good things in their way, and encourage the youngsters to good conduct and sobriety. So are Band of Hope temperance meetings, fife and drum bands, and the like. But Bible classes and children's services are best of all; and let the Socialist say what he may, those succeed best who live according to God's word. Let us pray, then, that the three hundred children who now sing "God save the Queen" so lustily, may by their present training and future lives honour Him who can alone preserve either the monarch or her people, and who is "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

THERE lived a King in olden days, who said,
"Water of life I give to all who thirst;
The worn and weary and the sin-accurst
May drink, and though they die they are not dead."
Oh, that my lagging footsteps might be led
To such a well of peace, that I might sink
Upon my knees, and bending down my head,
Let every sorrow fall upon the brink!
But if the well were deep? then I would shed
My bitterest tears, and they should mix below
With the sweet water, and the King would know
That I was waiting to be comforted;
And till the comfort came I would not go,
For I would weep till the well should overflow.

J. T. BURTON-WOLLASTON.

"I was waiting to be comforted."

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

FOOTSTEPS.

It is no use concealing the fact that Kythe Anstey was no heroine; girls who have always lived in large cities rarely are, in the rural acceptation of the word. They will astonish their country cousins by threading their way through a mob, or fearlessly crossing a crowded thoroughfare; but put them in a quiet rural lane, where not a creature can be seen, and they will fancy a thief lurks behind every bush, and conjure up dangers innumerable.

Kythe did her best to assure herself that she was more amused than alarmed at the termination of her adventure, and that with a little patience all would be well. She was sheltered from the weather; the first person who came near the tower would be able to set her free; once at liberty, she should not have any difficulty in finding her way back to Hartland Grange, and she should amuse Miss Mia and Mrs. Robins with a merry description of her imprisonment in the old castle.

But when she had gone over this in her mind—even to the half-saucy half-apologetic speech that was to disarm Noel Raynor's displeasure—she found herself growing more and more uneasy. With some difficulty she climbed up to the only window the room contained, and looked forth at the darkening moor. It had been an eerie view when the sun shone; it was far lonelier now the grey twilight was settling down upon it, and she began to fear that her captivity threatened to be a longer one than she felt inclined to submit to. She remembered she had not encountered a single person from the time she struck into the faint track leading to the ruins, and that, if pedestrians there were none in broad daylight, it was not at all probable any would come this way after nightfall.

"I shall be missed at tea-time, and some one will be sent in search of me," she said to herself with forced cheerfulness.

But there was very little consolation to be derived from this thought, for who would know which way she had directed her steps? Mr. Raynor might remember that she had expressed an intention of visiting the castle, but he would also remember in what a peremptory fashion he had forbidden it; and Kythe's cheeks crimsoned with vexation to think that she should have to stand before him like a naughty child who has disobeyed her elders, and finds herself unexpectedly punished for it.

Then she was seized with longing to escape before he could come to release her, and smile derisively at her dilemma, and ask if she did not think it would have been more prudent to have borne in mind what he had said! Again she shook the door, and tried to push back the rusty lock, till it flashed into her mind that Noel Raynor had left home some hours since to attend a sale, and a doubt had been expressed as to whether he would return till the morrow. If, therefore, a search was set on foot, it would be under the direction of Miss Mia, of whose displeasure she did not feel half as much awe as of her brother's.

"If I do have to spend the night here it will not hurt me," she kept repeating. "The most sensible course I can adopt is to resign myself to it, and endeavour to pass the time as comfortably as I can."

But given a bare room, with no seat but the floor, no means of lighting a fire, no extra wraps, nor the food Kythe—still delicate from her recent illness—needed sadly, and how was it to be accomplished? If she sat still, she grew chilly as well as faint; if she walked to and fro the confined space, her weary limbs ached so intolerably that she was forced to rest them again; and once, when her eyes had closed as she leaned against the wall, and she found herself dreaming of her mother and Alessie, she was aroused from the brief slumber by a low wailing cry that echoed through the building.

It might have proceeded from a night bird, she retained sufficient presence of mind to know that; but it was unlike anything Kythe had ever heard before; and she was alone, and tired, and helplessly a prisoner, and the sound was startling enough to throw her into a violent fit of trembling. Oh, to be back in London, where such an adventure could not have befallen her, and if she had lost her way a policeman would have escorted her home!

She had a horror of darkness, imbibed in her childhood, when a thoughtless companion fed her imagination with ghost stories; and as the gloom of night settled on the lonely chamber, she crouched in a corner of it, longing for the sound of a human voice to break the horrible stillness; yet when she fancied she heard a hoarse call at no great distance,

like one man shouting to another, she was seized with fresh alarms. If it were some of the labourers from the Grange seeking for her, all well and good, but would they not call upon her by name? *And if it were not these!*

She crept closer to the aperture from which the woodwork of the window-frame had long since crumbled, and listened. She could hear footsteps. Some person or persons were striding through the dry heather, for she could hear the peculiar wish-wishing it made against their boots, and a gleam of light, no sooner seen than lost again, showed that they carried a lanthorn. So dark had the night become, that leaning from the window she could but just discern a couple of figures coming swiftly towards the tower; but she would not have hesitated to make her presence known if a stealthy "Hist!" muttered by one, had not reached her ear, while the caution with which they now began to move, rendered her dubious as to their intentions.

If these were strangers seeking shelter in the building—rough tramps such as she had heard abuse Miss Mia coarsely only a day or two previously for refusing to relieve them—what should she do? Where should she hide from them? To stay and resign herself to their doubtful mercies was not be thought of, and in the frenzy of her terror she was ready to drop from the window as soon as they entered the tower, and risk all the dangers of such a fall.

But when she looked down her heart failed her, and, as a last resource, she drew her quaking limbs through the aperture, and squeezed herself into a niche beside it, which at some far-distant period may have held a statue. It was a frightful position; at any other time she would have shrunk from it with dismay, but her fears impelled her to conceal herself, and there was nowhere else. Unless the wind rose, or the cold benumbed her, she was safe enough as long as she refrained from imperilling her equilibrium by glancing downwards; and clinging desperately to an iron stanchion, with her cheek pressed against the rough stones, and her eyes raised to the stars—that were now beginning to peep through the gloom—she listened as before.

These men were in the tower—they were ascending to the upper storey, Kythe's pulses beating responses to their rapid footfalls. There was a pause, and then the door yielded to their greater strength. She heard them set their shoulders against it, a rusty hinge gave way, and they were precipitated into the room, the concealed girl with difficulty repressing a shriek as she heard the crash, with which they were mingling their reckless laughter and execrations.

"It is as I told you," she heard one of them say; "we have had our trouble for nothing."

"And yet," was the response, "I tell you I tracked the bird hither, and will wager you what you like that she is hiding somewhere in these old walls."

"Find her, then," said the first speaker, crossly. "You have dragged me here on a fool's errand. If we pounce upon this grand prize of yours we shall gain nothing by it."

"But we shall have the pleasure of keeping her captive till we choose to let her go, and having the laugh of those who seek her. Do you call that nothing? It was only the other day you were saying you would dearly like to have a chance of paying off a few old grudges."

"They cannot mean me; they cannot be speaking of me!" the trembling Kythe kept saying to herself, and yet a horrible dread was upon her that it was thus the vindictive tramps proposed to revenge themselves upon those who had driven them from their door with threats and reproaches. There might be underground hiding place in this tower to which they would drag her, as she had heard her mother tell of the gipsies once dragging some border chieftain, and keeping him their prisoner till his friends would consent to pay the ransom they demanded.

Her mother! ah, little thought she where her petted child was crouching, or how bitterly she was rueing the headstrong act that had placed her in such a dilemma. Kythe scarcely ventured to breathe till the men, having visited the summit of the tower, and flashed their lanthorn in various directions as if they divined she was still near although they had not succeeded in finding her, went muttering and stumbling down the crumbling steps that led to the basement.

But now she dare not stay where she was, lest they should look up when they quitted the building, and catch sight of her white face. With trembling haste she began to lower herself through the aperture, almost losing her foothold altogether when a stone broke away as she touched it, and fell with a thud to the ground below.

Still she retained her presence of mind sufficiently to move with due caution, till, with the same mournful cry that had startled her before, something that seemed to dart out of the solid wall swept past her, striking her shoulder as it went. Her courage now utterly fled; her grasp relaxed; and she fell headlong into the room, bruising her arm and temple so badly that she was too faint with pain to move.

She knew, by the exclamations that reached her, that the sound of her fall had been heard. The men were returning; she could no longer hope to escape them; and when, by an almost superhuman effort, she succeeded in raising herself to her feet, her strength was quite spent, and she leant against the wall, hoping only that she appeared more composed than she felt.

In they came, jostling each other in their eagerness; the one holding up the lanthorn to light their way, his companion carrying a great ball-like mass of grey feathers. These sharp boyish faces were not those of the vagrants she had seen at Hartwood Grange, and yet they were familiar too; and the next minute she saw that the recognition was mutual.

"It is! yes, it is the young lady we saw in the wood with Jock Beacham!" one of them exclaimed.

"And you are the brothers of Miss Harwin?" she responded, faintly. "Were you looking for me?"

"For you!" And they appeared so astonished at the question, that she wished she had not asked it.

"We came here," one of them explained, "to try and find a pet owl of Beacham's, that I 'm afraid we were the primary cause of his losing, and were just going away again, when the owl flew into Rupert's arms, and you—— But you are not well," he interrupted himself to say, with concern. "I wish Lucilla were here."

"I wish she were," Kythe faltered; and then the ridiculous side of the affair smote her so forcibly—the idea of construing a search for an owl into an attempt to drag her out of her hiding-place and smuggle her away into a dungeon, appeared so absurd—that she began to laugh, and, having begun, found it impossible to stop herself.

"She is hysterical," the young men said to each other, as they stood gravely regarding her. "What shall we do?"

They conferred together till her mirthless laughter died away into sobs, and then led her carefully from the tower and across the moor. She was too much exhausted to do aught but follow where they chose to lead, though she essayed an inquiry as to whether this was the way to the Grange.

"We cannot take you there to night; it is too far," said Roland Harwin. "Our own home is within half the distance. Look yonder; you can see the lights in the windows already, and Lucilla will take good care of you."

Kythe said no more. She was too glad and grateful that a shelter was near; and perhaps she also rejoiced to think that she would not be exposed to Mr. Raynor's frowns and Miss Mia's comments on her foolish adventure while she felt so incapable of saying a word in her own defence.

CHAPTER X.

DOMESTIC MISMANAGEMENT.

LATE though it was, none of Captain Harwin's numerous progeny had gone to bed. Somewhere in the upper storey of the house there was a room called the nursery, fitted up for the use of the younger children, but they rarely occupied it, preferring to be where their elders were; and the nurse merged her duties in those of a housemaid. Captain Harwin was always troubled with a hazy consciousness that he ought to institute a domestic reform—send his sons to school and obtain a governess for his little daughters; but he was a man who so dearly loved his ease as to put off to some indefinite period every duty that involved his exerting himself, and as Lucilla inherited both his good humour and his indolence, she rarely incited him to the efforts he dreaded.

If any one had told him that he was neglecting the interests of his motherless children he would have felt deeply wounded. There was plenty of time; they were very young, and home influences were after all the best of teaching. These were the arguments he would have employed, and if reminded that two of his sons had already grown beyond his control, and were drifting into bad habits, he would have answered that they were not worse than other young fellows of their age, and were only waiting till something turned up. Both the young men were shrewd, and not without ability, but their father had never exerted himself to put them to a profession, or give them the careful training they required. So they were frittering their time away with no other hopes than that some one or other of the relatives to whom Lucilla had written in her father's name would succeed in procuring posts for them; of what kind or where, or how far they were fitted for steady employment of any description, were questions Captain Harwin had never put to himself at all. That there might come a time when this waste of time and talents would be bitterly repented was also a thought that he thrust away from him whenever it arose. He was content with to-day, and forgot that we have to live for a to-morrow.

Meanwhile, all was *couleur de rose* in Captain Harwin's domestic circle, and Kythe met with a cordial though clamorous reception. At one end of the cheerful but untidy parlour stood an Indian screen, that portioned off a corner in which stood the easiest of chairs, and a small library table that supported a reading-desk and lamp. This was papa's cosy nook; the children claimed the rest. They made tents on the sofas, they painted and pasted their pictures on the tables in the midst of the gaily-bound volumes, that suffered all kinds of damage in the contact. They played Robinson Crusoe with the centre ottoman for the desert island; and it was here that, as soon as the set of sun drove them in-doors, they romped and squabbled, made friends, and romped again, till their elder brothers, less indulgent than Lucilla, and not so conveniently deaf to their pranks as their father, would drive them shrieking and laughing into the kitchen or up-stairs.

When Kythe was introduced into this Babel, Captain Harwin was reading the newspaper, and knitting his brows over a political discussion that absorbed him completely; while Lucilla, satisfied that all was well so long as the children neither fought nor hurt themselves, was submitting to be the captive princess for whom two bands of knights were riding a tilt, with chairs for horses, and the joints of Rupert's favourite fishing-rod for their lances.

As soon as her brothers detected this and sprang to the rescue of their property, Lucilla shook off the veil and mantle in which she was draped, and slid out of the *mêlée* to welcome her visitor, who, when something like silence was established, contrived to explain how she came to be in the castle ruins at such an untimely hour.

Captain Harwin laid aside his newspaper to listen, and there was much wondering and laughing over the affair, especially when Roland and Rupert confessed

that they were quite as much startled on finding a ghostly maiden in the hitherto-empty chamber, as ever Kythe could have been when she mistook them for tramps. There was not much sympathy expressed for the terror she must have felt, for Lucilla congratulated herself as the gainer by the occurrence, and the children were coaxed to finish their tourney in the kitchen, that she might enjoy the society of her guest.

But Kythe was too much fatigued to be very companionable, and was also haunted by a fear that Miss Mia might be suffering great uneasiness on her account. She timidly expressed a wish that her friends could be apprised of her safety, but Roland made careless response that a good fright would do them no harm, and his brother added that it would be rare fun to see Miss Raynor stalking about the moor with her spectacles on and a stable lanthorn tied at the end of a broom, as he had once seen her seeking for a stray calf.

The children, who had taken no notice of their sister's suggestion, preferring to stay and watch Kythe drink her coffee, laughed so uproariously over the fancy portrait their brother proceeded to draw of the severe spinster, that Lucilla opined they had better go to bed and let poor tired Miss Anstey be quiet; but as no one stirred, she observed presently that perhaps Miss Anstey would herself like to go. To this Kythe promptly assented, and they all went up-stairs together: the romping boys, who chased each other along the passages, and indulged in a pillow-fight that lasted for the next hour, and the little sisters, who sometimes clung about Lucilla, sometimes wrangled as to which should sleep with the guest, till she longed to settle matters by shaking them soundly.

The Captain resumed his politics, and his elder sons sat down to chess, which they would play till the small hours. The servants would go to rest when they felt inclined, for this was Liberty Hall. Even the lights and fires were left to die out at will, except when some one remembered that the result of such carelessness might be serious, and took the trouble, for a night or two, to see that they were extinguished.

"I'm afraid you'll not find your room very comfortable," Lucilla observed, as she surveyed the one into which she had ushered Kythe. "You see, we seldom have any one staying with us—it's not always convenient, with so large a family as ours, is it?—and then the children play in the spare rooms, and break and tear the things. We don't mind it ourselves, and so we don't notice it till some one comes. Beta, darling, do go and tell those naughty boys to bring back the pillows they have taken off this bed; and, Nettie, there's no soap-bowl here. What can Martha be about?"

"She said she wouldn't bring it back any more, the last time Willie carried it away to blow bubbles," the little girl responded. "She was *so* cross!"

"Poor Martha! the boys do plague her shamefully! Fetch the bowl from my stand, will you, darling? Oh, but that's broken. Get papa's, or—or Roland's, I think his is the best. I don't know what you will think of us, Miss Anstey!"

This was said with none of the vexation a good housewife might have betrayed. Having assured herself that children always are mischievous and destructive, Lucilla submitted placidly to the consequences of their pranks, and they only troubled her—a little—at such moments as these.

"Pray don't make any apologies," entreated the weary Kythe. "It is I who ought to do that for intruding upon you at such an untimely hour, and you must promise not to think me rude if I run away again as soon as I wake in the morning. I am very anxious to relieve Miss Raynor's anxiety."

"Oh, but you must not go till you have had some breakfast," cried Lucilla, hospitably. "If Martin is in a good humour, I may be able to persuade him to run to the Grange and tell them you are here, and say that I want to keep you for two or three days. You really must stay till after breakfast; we will have it rather earlier than usual, if you would prefer it; or perhaps, as one never knows what time papa will be down, I had better send yours to you in your room."

"And mine too," lisped little Cis.

"And I'll have mine with Miss Anstey," cried another little voice from the adjoining room.

Lucilla laughed as she heard it.

"I shall have to find you a key for your door, or these naughty darlings will be trooping in as soon as their eyes are open, and give you no peace. I wonder what has become of all the keys! I must go and inquire of the boys."

Kythe fell asleep while the search was still pending, and might have slept till the sun was high if her tiny bed-fellow had not been thirsty, and roused her with a request for water. But on examining the carafe, it was empty; Martin had cracked it during some experiments, and the contents had run away in the night.

Not caring to act upon Beta's suggestion, *i.e.*, to go and hammer at Martha's door till she got up, and refilled it, and having ascertained that a supply could only be obtained from a well in the garden, Kythe rose, and dressed. She was still feeling stiff and sore from her bruises, but greatly refreshed by sleep.

As she trod softly along the passages, and down the stairs, all was so still that she believed every one but herself and the thirsty child to be still sleeping. Indeed, the clock in the hall only pointed to the quarter after six, though that was not to be depended on, as the hands were put backward or forward to suit the convenience of the household. But on reaching the courtyard behind the house she found Rupert and his brother both there, preparing their tackle for a day's fishing. The zest of this expedition lay in its being a stolen one, the irascible old miller from whose pond they

hoped to obtain a dish of trout having forbidden them to fish there, and kept so sharp a watch on their movements that it was only when he was absent from home that they ventured to defy his injunction.

it was done neatly and firmly, and Kythe with smiles was deprecating the young man's eager thanks, when she happened to look beyond him, and saw the grave frowning eyes of Noel Raynor fixed upon her.

"Kythe met with a cordial though clamorous reception."—*p.* 135.

They were too busy packing up their lines to notice Kythe till she was half-way across the court; but as soon as Rupert did see her, he ran to beg her assistance in securing a loop that had come unfastened.

Always ready to oblige, she set down her pitcher, and gave him the assistance he asked; it was a delicate and troublesome operation, and more than once she failed to accomplish it properly; but at last

CHAPTER XI.

MEUM AND TUUM.

CONFUSED by her kinsman's appearance at a moment when he had passed out of her thoughts, she could only stand and stare at him stupidly. He was on horseback, and there was the dark flush on his face only seen there when he was tired or very angry.

How long he had been there she could not tell. Captain Harwin's grounds were surrounded by a low paling, beyond which on three sides there stretched the open moorland, which was free to every one, and across the turf Noel Raynor had ridden unheard.

Colouring high—for she had an uneasy conscience to cope with, as well as the mortification of having been in the wrong—Kythe began to move nearer the fence, debating the while on what terms to address him; whether to make light of his wrath, or by a prettily-worded profession of penitence to disarm it. But he gave her no opportunity for either. Without opening his lips, without a sign of recognition, he rode on. She knew, by the brief pause and the long steady gaze, that she had been seen, and yet he had not spoken; what was she to understand by his strange behaviour?

Then Kythe's hot temper began to chafe. He was a tyrant, accustomed to be deferred to even by his sisters; he could brook no disobedience.

"This is to denote that he is terrible in his anger, and I am expected to *tremble*," she told herself. "When I have been sufficiently humbled, I may be forgiven, but not before. Any other man would have come up to me, and said, frankly, 'Kythe, you should not have frightened us in this manner; we have been very uneasy about you!' and I should have been honestly sorry for it, and owned myself in the wrong; but I will not be domineered over. If Miss Harwin still wishes to keep me here, I will stay till the King of Hartlands comes down from his throne, and begs me to return."

While she frowned and pouted and decided that she was ill-used, the young Harwins, still engrossed in their preparations, neither saw Mr. Raynor ride by, nor a person come along the moor close behind him—a person who imitated him in looking ever the palings. It was Jock Beacham. He touched his cap to Kythe, his face lighting up as it always did when he beheld her, in that silent homage to her beauty that was as flattering as it was respectful; and then he would have passed on; but something he saw lying on the bench at which the brothers were employed caused him to alter his mind, and he leaped the rails, knocking down a can of bait as he did so.

"Blunderer!" exclaimed Roland, looking up to see who had done this. "I might have known it was you, Beacham; no one else would have been so awkward! Don't say you have come for that landing-net, for you can't have it. Do you hear? you can't have it!"

"I never knew you'd taken it, Master Harwin, till I saw it lying there. How would you like me to walk into your place, and help myself to anything I had a fancy for?"

"Not at all," was the laughing response. "I should consider you an impertinent rascal, and show you the door. But the cases are not parallel. In the winter you folks in the dale often want our help in the way of coals, and blankets, and——"

"Not me, sir," and Jock drew himself up proudly. "Neither granmer nor I have ever begged, nor would my grandfather let us if we were willing."

"Ah, but you don't know what you may want another winter," argued Rupert, never at a loss, "and so if you can do a good turn to those who befriend you in the hour of need you ought to do it. I hate ingratitude; it's detestable!"

But his speech did not deter Jock from picking up the net in question.

"I can't talk as well as you can, Mr. Rupert, but I know right from wrong," he said, sturdily. "The net's not mine to lend, as I told you when you asked for it, and I can't agree to your using it."

"Then don't, my dear boy. Roly and I have taken French leave, as you perceive. Shut your eyes and walk on, and you shall find the net where you left it some time this evening. We admire your principles, but we must have the use of the net, for our own is broken."

"Then get leave from the owner; if he doesn't object, why, then, it's nought to me."

Rupert Harwin shrugged his shoulders.

"Walk three miles to ask a favour of such a surly old hunks as Abner Cautley! Not I, indeed. Don't hinder us, Jock, we're late as it is."

But Jock Beacham's sinewy hands had grasped the net, and he was not inclined to let go. Kythe went to the well and filled her pitcher, and when she came back he was still standing, listening respectfully enough to the arguments of the half-laughing half-angry youths, but not giving way an inch, as they began to perceive.

"Then you're determined to spoil our sport? We shan't be able to land our fish without that net. Don't be such a curmudgeon, Jock. Is it because you owe us a grudge?"

"Not a bit of it," he answered, the ruddy colour deepening on his handsome face. "And to prove it, Mr. Rupert, I'm ready and willing to lend you the money to buy another. Keziah Grant would be glad to sell you the fellow one to this of Abner's."

"*You* would lend us the money! Lend money to *us!*" exclaimed Rupert, the pride that never interfered to hinder him from committing the acts of which Jock and others justly complained, suddenly awakening.

"Yes I would, sir; I'd rather give you all I've got than be made to break a promise to an old man like Abner Cautley."

And, unconscious that he was giving offence, Jock slid into the palm of Rupert a small greasy leather purse containing a few shillings.

This insult to the son of a gentleman was so vehemently resented that Kythe, who was just entering the house, was startled into returning to ascertain what had happened.

"You insolent scoundrel! do you think I would soil my fingers with your money?" she heard Rupert exclaim. "How dare you take such a liberty!

Begone this minute; I could find in my heart to kick you off the premises!"

He flung the purse at its owner, striking him a stinging blow in the face, and then—but it was done so rapidly that the lookers-on scarcely knew how—he measured his length on the ground, and Jock was standing over him with dilated eyes and clenched fists. There would have been a battle royal, for Roland flew to the assistance of his brother, who, leaping to his feet as soon as Jock drew aside, would have rushed at him, if Kythe had not glided between the combatants.

This check brought them back to their senses. Jock hung his head ashamed that he should have lifted his hand against one so very much his inferior in strength, and the brothers had the grace to apologise to their guest for wrangling in her presence.

"The fellow had no business to exasperate us," Rupert added. "What right had he to leap my father's fence, I should like to know?"

Jock might have retorted that these rights of property were forgotten when the sons of Captain Harwin trespassed on the domain of his employer; but he contented himself with saying that he should not have come this way at all if he had not been helping in the search for Miss Anstey.

"For me! Then they have been as uneasy about me at the Grange as I feared," exclaimed Kythe. "Have you heard—do you know when I was missed?"

But Jock was subsiding into his customary monosyllabic condition. It must have been near midnight when George, the shepherd, came to his grandmother's.

"Then it was as I feared! Miss Mia was sending in all directions making inquiries for me. How very unfortunate it was that I could not let her know I was here in safety."

Jock did not answer, but he looked at the brothers; and Kythe perceiving it, looked at them, too. Why did they avoid meeting her eyes?

"Surely no one came here to inquire for me?" she inquired, suspiciously.

"Well, no, not till you were in bed and asleep," Roland replied; "and then it would have been a shame to disturb you, for old Raynor is such an autocrat that he was capable of insisting on your getting up and going away with him there and then."

"But you told him—you explained to him——" Kythe began, incoherently.

"I 'm sure I forget what we did tell him. What was it Rupe? Oh, that if we heard anything of you, we would let him know. Don't be vexed about it, Miss Anstey. We really couldn't resist the temptation of taking a rise out of old Raynor. If you knew how often he has given us a bit of his mind, you wouldn't wonder at it."

"I know that you are mean and ungentlemanly and unfeeling!" cried the provoked Kythe—"that you commit revengeful actions to which I would scorn to stoop, and cloak them under the name of *fun*. I wish you had not found me at the tower. I had rather have been shut up there till now than owed my rescue to those who have amused themselves with the anxiety of my relatives."

Jock Beacham had the delicacy to stride away as soon as Kythe began to scold, but he had not gone far when she came running after him, her hat in her hand, begging to be shown the nearest route to the Grange.

It was a very silent walk, but it was ecstasy to Jock to be beside her, to remove every obstacle from her path, to hold her hand the while she climbed the rude stiles, and support her when the descent into the dale had to be made by a steep path—a path that went in some places so close to a rugged declivity that Kythe grew pale with dread as she glanced down the precipice along the summit of which she had to pass; and once she stood still and clung to her guide, protesting that she dare not go any further. Tracks on the hillside along which the dwellers at Hartlands trod with steady head and sure foot were as terrible as Alpine heights to a girl hitherto accustomed to the streets of London, and who had never before seen any hills but those of Sydenham or Richmond.

But Jock's stout arm upheld her whenever she slipped or faltered, and she could smile at her own terrors as she thanked him for his aid, when they parted a couple of hundred yards from the house, towards which Kythe wended her way with a step that grew slower and slower as she drew nearer to it.

What kind of a reception must she expect? Miss Mia's anger was always short-lived, and when she had scolded at the top of her voice for a minute or two she would go away and forget it; but would her brother be equally forgiving? Kythe rebelled against his authority, and yet she had insensibly fallen under it. He was the head of the house, and to a certain extent she owed him obedience as well as respect; and though she would not acknowledge it even to herself, she wished she had not taken that forbidden ramble to the ruined castle.

Miss Mia was standing in the porch shading her eyes with her hand, and looking away over the fields in the direction of Bickley. If she saw Kythe approaching she took no notice of her, but stepped back into the kitchen, where, although it was now past the hour for breakfast, everything was in confusion, as if the customary tasks had been commenced as usual, and then suddenly laid down. The door in the dairy was open, the milk left half skimmed, the slices of ham Miss Mia always cut so deftly herself had been partly cooked and then stood aside; Mrs. Robins was not in her chair in the warmest corner of the hearth; and the servant-maids, Lois and Nannie, were standing idle—a most unusual thing—twisting a corner of their aprons, and furtively watching their mistress as she went round the table lifting plates and cups, only to set them down again where she found them, and presently go swiftly back to the porch, where she resumed her former attitude.

Thither Kythe—frightened, though she knew not why—ventured to follow her, and lay a hand on her arm. Miss Mia started, and stared at her vacantly for a little while; then, with an indifferent, "Oh, it is you!" appeared to forget her.

This was as annoying as it was provoking, and when Kythe rushed into an explanation of all that had befallen her, she had not even the satisfaction of being listened to. Was this to be her punishment? Was she to be made to feel that she was of so little consequence that no one cared to know where she had been staying? Still she persisted in assuring her hostess that she had been no party to the deception practised by the young Harwins; but, on the contrary, regretted that she had been the cause of so much alarm.

At last Miss Mia broke in upon her elaborate apologies.

"Tell me all about it some other day, lass. I can't hear you now; my brain 's all in a whirr. I didn't know you 'd been missing till awhile ago, for I went off to bed at sundown with one of my bad headaches. Isn't that some one coming across the fields from Bickley? Look for me, will you, for I 'm fairly dazzled."

"No, I cannot see any one. Whom do you expect?"

"Who will I expect but the doctor? Eh, then, don't ye know the trouble that 's come upon us? Hasn't they told you that Noel is lying up-stairs, not able to answer a word to what we ask him, and

"She saw the grave frowning eyes of Noel Raynor."—*p.* 137.

a gaping wound on the side of his head that I can't think of without a shudder."

"But I saw Mr. Raynor not more than an hour ago!" cried Kythe, incredulously.

"Aye, it would be about that time he rode up to the porch; for I was overseeing the scones for breakfast, so busy at my work that I never noticed he walked heavily and not like himself, till Lois screamed out; and then the sight of his white face! Oh, Kythe, it 's whiter now!"

Poor Miss Mia could not go on; and Kythe, scarcely less horrified, put her arms round her, asking in vain what it all meant, and what could have befallen Mr. Raynor in that brief interval.

"He bade us help him to his room, and there he

lies," she said, presently. "Mog is with him, for my head fails me so that I'm best away. And it seems hours since Tom galloped off for the doctor."

"He must have been thrown from his horse," said Kythe, shuddering at the thought of the paths up and down which she knew he rode fearlessly.

"Aye, but when? That hurt must have been done long since. He had a large sum in his pocket-book when he left home yesterday, and there have been rough people seen in the neighbourhood. If he was waylaid, and robbed, and left for dead, it's no wonder we've not known anything of him till he dragged himself home—to die."

She put the young girl's arms away, and went back into the house, for Mrs. Robins was asking for her. Was Mr. Raynor worse? Afraid to ask, afraid to stay where the next sound she heard might be a wail for the dead, Kythe ran down the garden, out of sight, out of hearing of the lament she dreaded.

banked his money before leaving the market-town. His horse had stumbled, he said, as he was riding over the moors, and thrown him with such force that he did not retain a very distinct recollection of anything that occurred since.

This was all he said then or at any other time; but Kythe, when she had held half an hour's conversation with Lois and George the shepherd, was able to fill up the details, and hate herself the while as the cause of all Mr. Raynor was suffering. He had reached home on the previous night, and learned from the sleepy servant who was sitting up that Miss Anstey had gone out early in the afternoon, and not returned. Forbidding her to alarm either of his sisters with the tidings, he re-mounted his horse; roused the steady old shepherd to search the dale; awakened Jock Beacham, and bid him seek the lost girl in the woodland paths she was so fond of exploring; while he himself rode over the moors, calling at Captain Harwin's, where he was tricked by the mischievous brothers. It was as he rode from the captain's door that his horse threw him, and he had lain almost within sight of the house, the animal feeding by his side, till Jock Beacham came to his assistance, brought him water from a spring close by, and, when he had bathed his face, and seemed reviving, helped him to re-mount.

"My stay at the Grange is at an end."—*p.* 143.

CHAPTER XII.

PROMPTED BY REMORSE.

THE surgeon arrived at last, and pronounced Mr. Raynor seriously but not dangerously hurt. He had recovered sufficiently to explain that he had not been molested as Miss Mia conjectured, but had safely

They were a hardy race of men these dwellers in and near Hartlands; and though Miss Mia had been sick with fear when she saw her brother's condition, no one else attached much importance to an accident that did not threaten his life. Some of his neighbours rode over to the Grange to make inquiries; some heard nothing of the affair till Mr. Raynor was convalescent; and Mr. Raynor himself, though weak with loss of blood, and unable to use his right arm, which had been sadly strained and bruised, refused to be kept in bed after the wound began to heal, and he had shaken off the miserable dizziness that had at first affected him.

Kythe was sitting in the broad window-seat marking some linen for Miss Mia the morning he came down-stairs, and longed to be able to shrink out of sight. To see him totter as he crossed the room, and breathe in gasps, as if the effort he was making was almost beyond him, was agony to her; and if she scandalised Mrs. Robins by holding aloof when every one else was congratulating the invalid on his recovery, it was wholly and solely because she had not courage to approach him.

As soon as she could she stole out of the room; then despised herself for her cowardice; and when Mr. Raynor, yearning for a breath of "cauler air," dragged himself into the porch, he found Kythe by his side.

"Scold me as much as you choose," she said, abruptly. "I shall not answer you saucily now; this has been the most unhappy week I ever spent in my life!"

"Not on my account, surely," he said, with a slight smile.

"Well, then, on my own, because I have been so entirely in the wrong, and another person has suffered by it. If the consequences had fallen on my own head instead of yours——"

"It would have spoiled the pretty hair of which you are so proud—eh, Kythe?"

But she looked graver than before.

"It is not kind to jest when I am in trouble. The more lightly you represent the matter, the more heavily lies the obligation upon me. It is to shield me from the reproach I deserve that you speak as if your hurts were of no account."

"And you cannot endure the weight of an obligation. I had forgotten that. You would rather have been left out on the moors than feel it incumbent on you to say, 'Thanks for remembering that I was young and timid, and in a strange place, and going in search of the wanderer.'"

"No, no, I am not as ungracious as you represent me," Kythe responded; "and I cannot forget that I disobeyed—no. I will not say that, because it sounds as if I acknowledged your right to dictate to me; but I do not forget that I acted against your wishes, and though I don't think I should have done so had they been more courteously expressed, yet I have regretted it ever since."

"Really! Give me a proof of it by pledging yourself never to go to Captain Harwin's again," cried Mr. Raynor, quickly.

But Kythe demurred at this.

"Are you justified in asking me to make such a promise? He and his daughter were very kind to me, and I gladly accepted their hospitality."

"And so we come round to the point from which we started," Mr. Raynor ironically observed. "Your disobedience, *which must not be called by that name*, led to my being hurt; and you think you owe me an apology, but warn me not to presume on it. You talk of your regret, and in the same breath give me to understand that you are not to be taken at your word."

"You always misconstrue what I say," Kythe retorted, with a pout. "And to prove to you that I am in earnest, I will give you that promise if you insist upon it, but——"

"Go on; but despise me for doing so. Very well, then I give in. I'm not up to insisting on anything to-day, except sitting down."

She ran for a glass of milk, and stood by him till the faintness that had made him drop heavily on the seat in the porch had passed away. But when he rose to re-enter the house, her consciousness that she still owed him some reparation made her say, "Is it peace between us? Am I forgiven?"

"Asking such a question," he answered, teasingly, "implies that you have been in fault. Do you ever think yourself in fault, Miss Kythe Anstey? I thought you had been impressing on me that all that has happened arose from my want of good manners."

But there were tears in Kythe's bright eyes as she answered—

"Mr. Raynor, I wish you would not be so satirical. It is not kind, especially when I have been very miserable. If you had died, could I have ever forgiven myself?"

"Will you, then, be happier, if I admit that I have felt furiously angry with you once or twice?"

Kythe looked at him curiously. Was he in earnest? There was a smile playing on his pale lips, so tender, so indulgent, that it changed the whole character of his face, and put her at ease with him once more.

"Do you wish me to punish you for vexing me so?" he went on to say. "Well, then, your sentence shall be to wait on me as long as this useless arm keeps me in-doors; and I'll be as troublesome a patient as I know how."

"And I," she answered demurely, "will take my orders only from the doctor, and always have his rules and regulations at my fingers'-ends. So prepare to obey! If you try to frighten me with Miss Mia, I shall come down on both of you with the example of my mother. She has just nursed me through a severe illness, and I shall recall for your benefit all the restrictions she laid on me."

"Do as you like; but make the most of your power!" he answered. "It will come to an end as

soon as I can hold the reins, or grasp my walking-stick."

"Till when you must lean on me," said Kythe, lifting his hand to lay it on her shoulder, and carefully supporting his tremulous footsteps to his easy-chair.

When had Mr. Raynor stooped to indulge in playful raillery with a young girl? And when Sunday came, and in spite of aches and pains, he dragged himself to his desk, who but Kythe would have ventured to turn the key in it, and boldly ask him if it was thus he showed his gratitude for his escape from a terrible and sudden death? She slipped away without waiting for a reply, and went, as on a previous occasion, to accompany Anne Beacham and her grandson to the "reading" at the shepherd's cottage; but she had been missed too much to be scolded when she returned. Kythe, busy and useful, always ready to answer a letter or carry a message to the labourers, was far more likeable than the listless dissatisfied girl who had felt herself in the way, and did not care to conform to the habits and customs of farm life. In waiting on Mr. Raynor she regained her own health and strength rapidly, and made herself a power in the household by her vivacity and independence of character. Not a day passed without her opinions and Noel's clashing, or Miss Mia reading her a lecture for upholding her notions against those of her elders, yet no one liked her any the less for her obstinacy, for if Kythe could be proved to be in error, she was so prompt to own it that her antagonists—though not so readily—were learning to yield too.

Just then Miss Mia's spring cleaning was in full force, and it was such a season of scrubbing, scolding, and general confusion, that she was not sorry to have the charge of a restless invalid taken off her mind, although changes were brought about, while Kythe held temporary sway, to which she certainly would not have agreed if her consent had been asked. She never knew how it was Mr. Raynor's easy-chair was transferred to the best parlour, and that gloomy apartment taken into use and metamorphosed. She predicted that the curtains would be faded, and the furniture spoiled when light and air were freely admitted, and the casements filled with flowers, and the broad mantel-shelf and fire-place with beaupots. Yet, somehow, it was done, and the huge oaken chairs and tables pushed to the further end of the room to make room for the rustic stand that held Kythe's work, and the comfortable settee on which Mr. Raynor could sit or lie, just as he felt inclined.

He was of too active a temperament to do either, except when the pain he still suffered compelled him to be passive; but he liked to see Kythe's enjoyment of the change; it pleased him to watch her when she was busy over her flowers or training round the window the ivy that was to hide the bare walls she thought so hideous; and he could write or calculate here, when the clatter of the house place would have driven him into a nervous fever. When she had done her best, Kythe still thought the room ugly, and pined for books and pictures, and prettier china than Miss Mia's staring ornaments, wherewith to adorn it. But she persuaded Mr. Raynor to let her lift down from the top shelf of a corner cupboard an exquisite porcelain bowl, which she filled with primroses and the tender sprays of the larch tree; and Miss Mia forgot to murmur when she saw how fair a picture Kythe made, as she stepped lightly towards her with the flower-filled bowl poised in her slender hands.

It was to this room Kythe was summoned to receive Captain and Miss Harwin when they came to pay a long-intended visit of condolence to Mr. Raynor. Lucilla had never appeared to better advantage. She had been really shocked when she learned her brothers' thoughtless conduct, and apologised in their names with such earnestness that even Miss Mia pronounced her a very well-meaning young person, and Mr. Raynor made no opposition when Kythe was invited to spend her first leisure day at the cottage.

"You might go on Tuesday," said Miss Mia, as they all stood in the porch watching their visitors climb the hill. "It 's too far for you to go alone, but I could spare Lois to walk a mile or so with you, and carry the jar of honey I promised Miss Harwin for the bairns."

"Thanks," said Kythe, suddenly turning towards the brother and sister a face from which every vestige of colour had departed, "but I shall be in London before then. My stay at the Grange is at an end. On Monday I go home."

"Why do you say this?" Mr. Raynor demanded, with a touch of his old sternness. "Have we given you any cause for leaving us so abruptly? any reason to think you have outstayed your welcome?"

"No! she answered unsteadily; "you have been very kind, and I am grateful. I have been much happier here than I expected or deserved to be; but I must go."

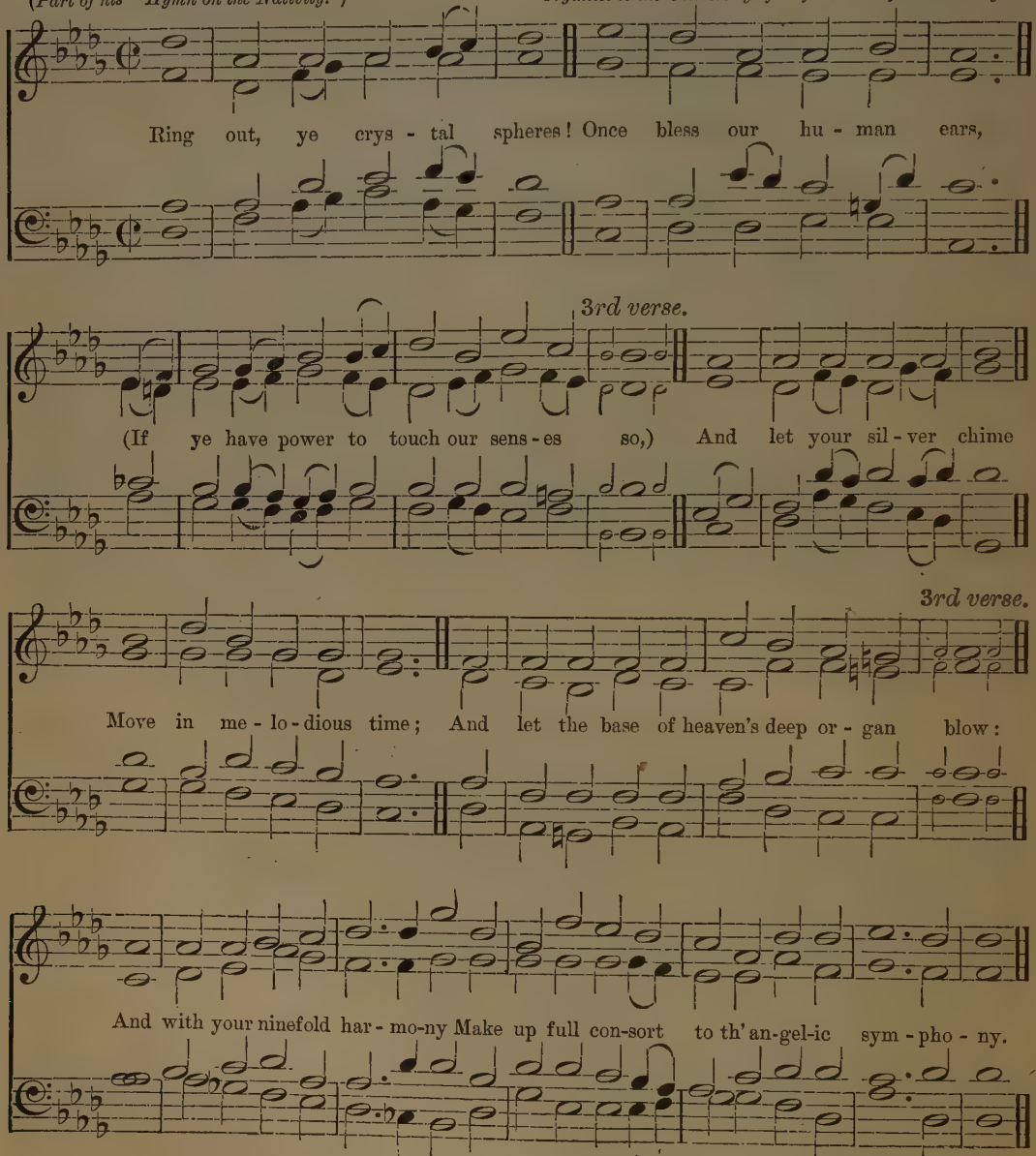
Mr. Raynor bit his lip, and saying that it was evident no amount of good will would atone for the want of roads and other deficiencies at Hartland Grange, walked away, refusing to see the tears his taunting speech brought into her eyes. Miss Mia exclaimed, and placid Mrs. Robins marvelled how any one who had been half-starved in London could be willing to return there; but Kythe said never a word more than that she had stayed too long, and must go back to her mother and Alessie. Her resolution had been made in haste, but womanly pride had dictated it, and she believed it to be unalterable.

(*To be continued.*)

Ring Out, ye Crystal Spheres!

Words by JOHN MILTON.
(*Part of his "Hymn on the Nativity."*)

Music by JAMES TAYLOR, B. Mus.
Organist to the University of Oxford and of New College.


Ring out, ye crys - tal spheres! Once bless our hu - man ears,
3rd verse.
(If ye have power to touch our sens - es so,) And let your sil - ver chime
3rd verse.
Move in me - lo - dious time; And let the base of heaven's deep or - gan blow:
And with your ninefold har - mo-ny Make up full con-sort to th' an-gel-ic sym - pho - ny.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

LESSONS OF THE SNOW.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS, BIRMINGHAM.

"He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth."—Job xxxvii. 6.

SNOW is frozen moisture. Whenever two streams of air, saturated with moisture of different temperatures, are mixed together, or float in contact with each other in the form of different currents of wind, there must be a quantity of moisture precipitated; and if the temperature of one of the aërial currents falls below 32°, snow must be the result.

Some parts of the globe are perpetually covered with snow. In this country, however, it is seen chiefly in winter.

It is good to sit and watch the snow; to note "the tiny spherule traced with lines of Nature's geometric signs." The sight suggests to us many lessons.

We cannot fail to be struck with the beauty of the snow. Every season has its peculiar objects of loveliness. With truth it has been said of winter—

Thou hast thy decorations too, although
Thou art austere; thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes Nature.

Snow is beautiful as a whole. It fills children with delight, while persons of riper years look upon it with enjoyment. When the entire landscape is clothed with it as a covering, how lovely it makes the hedges and the woods, and with what sublimity it invests the mountain summits!

And while the snow-fall, both in its descent and as it rests, is one grand picture, there is not an atom of it all that is not in itself a gem of exquisite beauty. The structure of the snow-flake, as shown by scientific observation, furnishes a most wonderful illustration of Divine wisdom. No human hand ever constructed anything half so delicate and perfect in form. It is a very flower of grace and loveliness. "Examine," says one, "under the microscope one of the flakes of snow that fall, so pure and white, from clouds so black, and no lily or snowdrop can be more beautiful than that blossom of cold. It is six-leaved, it radiates on every side in the most exquisite crystalline forms—so ethereal, so spiritual, like the ghosts of the flowers that perished in the summer, coming back again from heaven to earth." The snow-crystals are usually in the form of six-pointed stars, six rays spreading in symmetrical form from the centre. In addition, however,

to the stelliforms, there are hexagons in endless variety, and combinations of hexagons with radii or spines, and projecting angles. Though sometimes as many as thirty different forms, and in high latitudes upwards of a hundred, have been found in one snow-storm, generally the forms in the same fall of snow are similar to one another. It has been observed, too, that though the crystals of hoar-frost on leaves are often irregular, owing to the disturbance of the temperature, yet each tree or shrub has its own peculiar crystals. These beautiful objects attach themselves to universal Nature. "Shrubs, covered with spreading tufts of crystals, look as if they were in blossom, while others, more firmly encrusted, appear like gigantic specimens of white coral." In the sunlight of the early morning, after hours of sharp freezing, when the earth seems sown with sparkling diamonds—

> Then appears
> The various labour of the silent night—
> The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
> Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise.

During severe frosts in high latitudes, the atmosphere is always filled with snow beauties. Dr. Scoresby says that in the winter of the Arctic regions, though the sky appears perfectly clear, lamellar flakes of snow, of the most regular and beautiful forms, are always seen floating in the air and sparkling in the sunbeams; and that the snow which falls in general is of the most elegant texture and appearance.

The beauty thus scattered around creation is not the result of chance. It is the consequence of law—wise, invariable law—and law means a lawgiver. It expresses His thought and will, His perfect wisdom and love.

Again, nothing is more conspicuous, or striking in the appearance of snow, than its purity. Its white colour is the result of the combination of the different prismatic rays issuing from the minute snow-crystals; and the air contained in the crystals intensifies the whiteness. How many impurities are concealed for a time by a fall of snow! It is a sight to be remembered to see for one hour a snow-driven city—to see how all vileness is hidden from human observation. How suggestive the sight! How instructive the lesson! No wonder that snow is used in Scripture as an emblem of moral purity; and that, in speaking of forgiveness and spiritual cleansing, God should promise that though the sins of the penitent be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Does not the purity of the snow remind us of our own impurity? Some men will not confess to the defilement of sin. The poet of the "Seasons," when describing winter, says:—

> Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain;
> Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure.

If we are to take this as his real estimate of himself, it betrays much self-ignorance and self-righteousness. The man who truly knows himself would rather say with the Psalmist, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

We must not lose sight of the utility of snow. This is among its "treasures." It is one of the most serviceable agencies in nature. Out of the wealth of His resources, God "giveth snow like wool." It forms a warm covering like a blanket to the earth.

> Fast falls the fleecy show'r; the downy flakes
> Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
> Softly alighting upon all below,
> Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
> Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
> And tender blade that feared the chilling blast,
> Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In consequence of the looseness of its texture, and its containing about ten times its bulk of air, snow is a bad conductor of heat; and thus it forms an admirable covering for the earth from the effects of radiation. Those who have experience in ice-houses know that a stratum of combined air is the best protection against the radiation of heat. The Esquimaux and the Arctic navigator can tell us of the warmth afforded by snow. A mantle of snow-flakes, therefore, which in their descent have been mixed with ten times their volume of air, and which are separated from one another by intermingled air, keeps within it much of the warmth that summer has given to the ground during the winter. It not unfrequently happens that in times of great cold there is a difference in temperature of forty degrees between the surface of the earth and the surface of the overlying snow. The result of this is, that land under snow during the cold season is ready for tillage much earlier than exposed land. Alpine vegetation, protected by the warmth of the snow, blossoms beneath its shelter. Winter-sown wheat is kept warm by this covering, the under-surface of which seldom falls below thirty-two degrees. Thus, regions where snowfalls are heavy produce an abundance of winter wheat. When the snow comes early and plentifully, and stays well on the land, the farmer knows that the things in the earth will be wrapped up snug and warm, and survive the winter. In some parts of the world, where the cold is severe, where the snow falls with the first frosts, and stays to the edge of summer, many plants are left in the ground with perfect safety which in warmer countries are dug up and stored away, because the snow preserves them under its warm fleece. "God sends in the snow-flakes a guardian angel for every grass-blade and flower-seed. He will keep from the frost, to protect them first, and then to sink into their hearts, and rise with them in the morning of their resurrection."

There are other ways in which snow benefits

the earth. It gives the land a season of rest. When winter comes—

> The frost-concocted globe
> Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
> And gathers vigour for the coming year.

Moreover, the overflow of rivers in summer, from the melting of mountain snows, carries fertility into regions which otherwise would remain barren wastes. In winter, snow gives warmth; in summer, its streams refresh the earth. The arrangements of Infinite Wisdom are such that we have just enough, and no more. We should have more were it not for the action of the Gulf Stream, which spreads its warm air over the whole of the United Kingdom. A scientific writer has truly and eloquently said, "Let the Gulf Stream be interrupted, and the conditions of the Glacial epoch would be renewed. If Plato's dream of a new Atlantis were realised, and a tract of land should arise out of the ocean between us and America, cutting off the warm waters of the Gulf, Snowdon and Ben Lomond would have an everlasting diadem of snow, and the glacier would again move, in its cold but solemn grandeur, down the valleys where now the rose and the lily find a genial home."

Snow has other uses, which, if not so direct, are none the less real. It confers *mental* benefits. "I think better of snow-storms," observes a great man, "since I find, that though they keep a man's body indoors, they bring his mind out." Another student of nature and men maintains, that while the land is more fruitful as you approach the tropics, what is taken out of the land is put into the man as you touch the snow. Reading, reflection, thought are increased, genius and intellectual power preponderate as you travel northward towards the snow.

It confers *social* benefits. It gives additional cheerfulness and sweetness to the domestic circle. It is favourable to the simplest and purest tastes. One is not surprised at the enthusiastic loyalty to winter cherished by the gentle bard of Olney—

> I crown thee king of intimate delights,
> Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness.

It confers *moral* benefits. In the time of snow—

> Among their children, comfortable men
> Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold.
> Alas! then, for the homeless beggar old!

This is the season for the nourishment and growth of pity, the practical display of sympathy and brotherly helpfulness. As we sit around our fires, and watch the whited air hide hills and woods, the river and the heavens, as we hear the hissing of the falling flakes that come through the chimney into the fire, we should remember the sailor at sea, the railway-driver hurrying through the storm, the various classes of out-door bread-winners, whose labours are stopped; and we should send bread to the hungry, and raiment and fuel to those perishing of cold, and offer prayers for all.

Snow is an agency of power. The feeble snow-flake, as it falls, is lighter than a feather. The little child catches it in sport in its tiny hand. It makes no noise. God's greatest forces are noiseless—the law of gravitation, light, snow. There is a power in that soft and silent snow-flake that surpasses the energy of a whirlwind or of Niagara. It blocks up railway trains, obstructs communication between neighbouring districts, renders navigation impracticable, destroys armies, seals the fate of individuals, and rules the destiny of nations. Napoleon's magnificent army perished by it during the fatal retreat from Moscow. Often—

> From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
> Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
> And seizes Nature fast.

Then it is that the exhausted traveller sleeps the sleep of death. The strange power—

> Shuts up sense;
> And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
> Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse
> Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

In mountain districts it is often destructive to shepherds and their flocks. We read of one snow-storm in which upwards of twenty thousand sheep perished. In Switzerland it creates the glacier, and forces up the granite-blocks of ice into an impassable barrier.

> Among those hilly regions, where, embraced
> In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell;
> Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
> Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.

The avalanche carries all before it to certain destruction.

This also is the great power of God.

One other lesson we learn from the snow. We read in its transientness the fleeting character of many of man's fondest hopes and most cherished enjoyments. How soon the snow melts under the warm rays of the sun—

> Subdued,
> The frost resolves into a trickling thaw;
> Spotted, the mountains shine.

Who is not familiar with the beautiful lines?—

> Pleasures are like poppies spread—
> You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-flakes in the river—
> A moment white, then gone for ever.

The following lines may not be so familiar, yet I know nothing in our language which teaches more strikingly this closing lesson—

> The hope of airy birth,
> Like the snow,
> Is stained on reaching earth,
> Like the snow.
> While 't is sparkling in the ray,
> 'T is melting fast away,
> Like the snow.

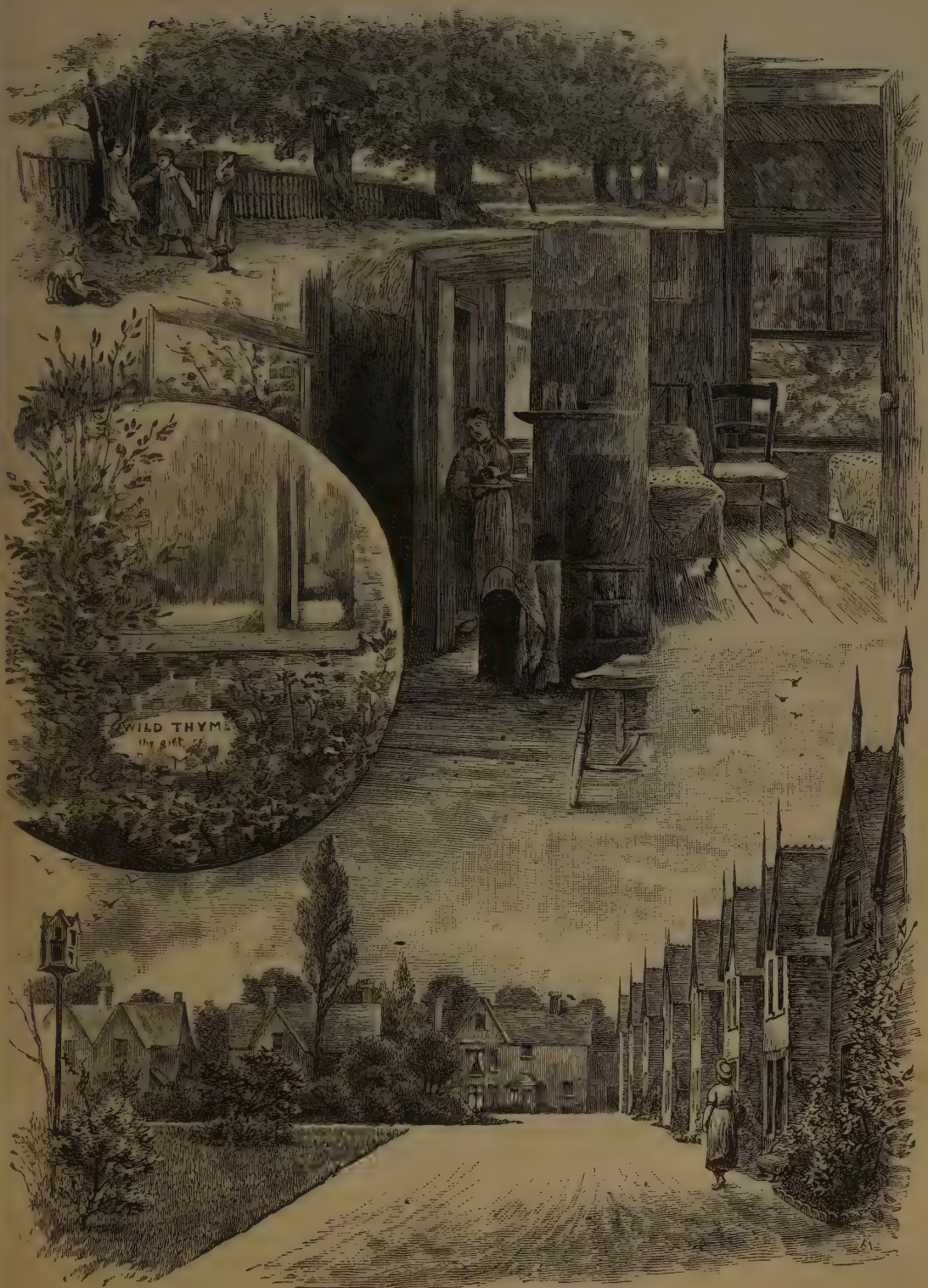
A VILLAGE HOME.*

"COME and see me in my village home." So ran an invitation received by me a few weeks since. The idea proved sufficiently attractive, and an early day was fixed for my visit. Half an hour's ride by train from Liverpool Street brought me to the tiny country station of Ilford, which, from all its surroundings, might have been a hundred miles from London noise and bustle. Following previous instructions, I inquired for the village conveyance, a small wagonette, which meets a certain train daily, and conveys visitors to the village free of charge. The only plan for meeting the expenses of this comfortable arrangement seems to be a small collecting-box fastened to the back of the driver's seat, and bearing the gentle reminder that "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

The village, which is three miles from the station, and not far from Chigwell, in Essex, is composed of thirty cottages built round three oblong grass plats, and my friend, who was awaiting our arrival, piloted me across to her particular domain. Each cottage is a *fac-simile* of its neighbour, so that a description of one may stand for a description of all. Keys are unnecessary luxuries in these primitive regions, so, by merely turning a handle, my guide opened her own hall door, and led the way into the cleanest of passages. To our left are the children's two living-rooms, opening out of each other, and ending with the "mother's" little sanctum. The first is the play-room and nursery, where we notice that each child's toys are carefully arranged in a nest of pigeon-holes, so that when play-hour comes there is no time lost in looking for treasures. With a family of from fourteen to twenty, order is distinctly the first law, and is one of the earliest lessons these little ones have to learn. Both the children's rooms are, of course, uncarpeted, but the floor and tables literally shine with cleanliness, the walls are enlivened with pictures, and, by way of adornment, the mantelpieces are ornamented with a selection of cups and saucers of the doll's-house order. Cleanliness and comfort do not always go hand-in-hand, but in this case nothing of the home-like air is lost through too much of a good thing. The mother's room is very tiny, but cosy, and large enough to hold its arm-chair and sofa. The floor boasts a neat carpet, there are flowers in the window and on the table, and there is quite a selection of literature for spare hours. In addition to two windows for the outer world, there is a peep-hole square of glass, overlooking the kitchen department, so that the mother may always be able to have an eye on what is being done, even when her back is apparently turned. The kitchen arrangements are very complete, and the larder a model of neatness. The number of loaves waiting attack is quite astonishing to any one not the mother of fourteen growing girls. Of bread there is an unlimited supply, and of some sort of flavouring other than butter; meat comes but twice a week, and the rule for dinner is "basins or plates," a delicate way of putting a meal of one course only. The mother's table is differently supplied. She has her own little loaf, a weekly allowance of butter, and a daily meat dinner. The cupboard in her sitting-room contains a select stock of small delicacies, and, though she never knows what to expect, there is daily attention to creature comforts. A knock at the door will preface the offering of "a couple of eggs for the mother," or, when vegetables are in force, "a cabbage for the mother," and everything, large or small, for "mother's" use is kept entirely distinct from the belongings of her family. These bits of information come *apropos* of the larder; and now we mount the somewhat steep stairs leading to the bed-room regions. Here the same spirit of clean comfort is to be found. The spotless white of the counterpanes is quite refreshing to an eye accustomed to London smoke and dirt. To my mind it is quite a relief to see that each room is allowed its looking-glass, and that there is no effort made to teach the children that it is a sin to like to look nice. I well remember going over a large orphan asylum where it was considered that the only use of a looking-glass was to foster vanity, and it was quite pathetic to hear one of the number tell how the poor little maidens would, on a Sunday, press round a favoured companion to have a peep at themselves in her scrap of a mirror; one can only hope their feelings were not too much hurt at the sight of the very ugly head attire in which alone they might appear in public. But to return to the cottage; each bedroom has accommodation for five girls, and each has its own washing arrangements—another improvement on most of the large public institutions.

On one of the beds, fast locked in sweetest sleep, lies "Baby," a wee bairn of three summers, and

* [The Institution described in the above article is the "Village Home for Orphan, Neglected, and Destitute Girls," Essex, founded by Dr. Barnardo in 1873, and now managed by him in conjunction with a Committee, under the presidency of Earl Cairns. The office is 18, Stepney Causeway, London, E.—ED. QUIVER.]


WILD THYME

quite the pet of the establishment. Wherever she came from (and even mother cannot give her story), she has certainly found a home here. During a late terrible fever-time she was sent to another cottage till there was no longer fear of infection. Then her temporary mother found she had so won her affections, that she would gladly have kept her as her own; but no, her old home could not part with its darling, and there she again reigns supreme. The prevailing idea seems to be, that the cottages with babies are richer than those without, the exception being a late arrival, some few weeks old, the care of whom was not eagerly desired by all the mothers.

Leaving baby to finish her sleep, we turn to examine the bath-room, which, as may be supposed, provides ample accommodation for the weekly bath to which each child is treated.

The children's belongings are arranged in wardrobes, which are under the care of one of the elder girls, and she would need to have the bump of order largely developed to be able to arrange such varied garments with so much precision. As in the play-room, each child has a compartment to herself, with her name underneath, and in this all fold-upable clothes are placed. Hats and larger garments have premises to themselves. No special uniform is worn by the children, though they dress mostly in families. Of course, the millinery is not very grand, but there is nothing forbidding in the white straw hats, with blue ribbons, which are this year's fashion in our particular cottage. The wardrobes are refreshed before the annual visit to London, and even such vanities as tuckers and neck-ribbons are allowed!

The mother's room is so tiny as to make almost superfluous the rule that forbids a visitor to stay the night; still, for one, there is all that is needful. A bright little maid of thirteen is at home from school to see to the afternoon house-work and to attend to baby, should she wake before her nurse (another of the elder girls) returns. Leaving directions for tea to be prepared in our absence, we turn our faces towards exploring outside territory. The cottages, of brick, are tasteful as well as neat. Each is complete in itself, with a small space for flowers and fruit, and each is ruled over absolutely by its mother, subject only to the supreme authority of the general superintendent.

When the thought of establishing the girls' home as a companion to the older refuge for boys took possession of the energetic founder of the charity, he determined that there should be in it more of the *family* element than can possibly be the case where large numbers of children are gathered into one establishment. From this sprang the idea of the village, to be composed of separate homes, as distinct from each other as any ordinary cluster of cottages. In a very short time the funds for carrying out this excellent plan were forthcoming; and now the village stands complete, with its thirty cottages, school-house, infirmary, laundry, superintendent's house, and porter's lodge. Each cottage has a name by which it and its belongings are known. Some bear record of the town or locality whence came the money for its erection; some are memorials of those who have been loved and lost (notably one to the memory of two dear children); several have flower names; and one evidently had a child-lover for patron, being known as "Babies." A curious nomenclature follows naturally, such as a "Bath Frock" or a "Rose Counterpane." It certainly sounded droll to the uninitiated to hear the children gravely discussing whether a passer-by were a "Violet" or a "Heartsease."

When the children are first rescued they are taken in at the London home, kept there a few weeks, and then passed on to one particular cottage, known as the "Reception House." After a period of preparation there they are drafted on to the different families, at the discretion of the superintendent. By the time I have heard all this we have reached the school-house, where all the children up to fifteen attend, though the elder ones take turn at stopping at home to pursue their domestic studies. On one side of the school-room we enter is a large class of small children, calling aloud the answers to a sum being worked for them on a black-board. On the other side is an equally large class of older girls, doing a dictation with wonderful quietness and order.

Many of the girls go through a regular course of training in the laundry, to which we now turn our attention. It is a large airy pleasant building, standing quite in its own grounds. The first room we enter is fitted with all modern improvements of machinery, and by this means washing, wringing, boiling, and mangling, are accomplished. Here the washing for the village and for the Boys' Home in London is done. The mothers are allowed to send a fair share of garments; and my friend tells me that, instead of their being badly finished, as she at first feared, her things are sent home in capital order. There is a large apparatus for drying by hot air; but in summer-time there is ample space for hanging-up out of doors, and there is no danger of injury from London smoke and smuts. The ironing is done in a separate room, and, though there is no machinery here, the work we see about is well executed; and certainly any girl going through this branch of training ought to be able to boast of a thorough washing education. As we leave the building, curiosity suggests to me to put my head into the furnace-room; but I am thankful to beat an ignominious retreat. Returning to the cottage, we find a tempting little meal awaiting us, and we still have the premises almost to ourselves. Except in wet weather, the children have an out-of-doors play-hour after school, and do not come in till five o'clock. There is a general change of shoe-leather before they cross the threshold, the boots they take off being neatly piled-up in readiness for attention in the morning.

By the time we return, Baby is awake and trots to

meet us, without a trace of shyness. It is pretty to hear her calling out for "mudder," although there is, to us, a certain comicality in hearing the same term from the older children, and the two ideas of a mother with her children and a mistress over her servants, will not always blend easily. The training given to the girls is with the view of fitting them thoroughly for domestic service, which is one reason why everything belonging to the mother is kept for her individual use. With this end in view, schooling is by no means the only education they receive; the whole of the house-work is done by the children, and my friend tells me that, directly they have done their breakfast, they go to their appointed tasks with the regularity of bees in a hive.

While we are at our tea, the children come in to their meal, which has been prepared for them by two of the elder ones. These two have the charge of the good behaviour of the rest, reporting any cases of insubordination to mother. Half an hour is allowed for tea, and then we go in to finish up the day with family prayer. A hearty hymn comes first, then a psalm, which the children follow; and, lastly, a simple prayer, which they can all understand, and in which Baby joins by folding her hands and moving her lips. The children's singing of both hymns and songs is really capital, and does great credit to their teacher.

As soon as prayers are over, the little ones are put to bed, and small tasks are given to the elder ones, who are allowed to sit up till eight o'clock. The mothers are responsible for their children until they are all in bed; but as my friend wishes to accompany me to the station, she has arranged with her next-door neighbour to pay flying visits to her establishment in her absence. Very pleasant, I am told, it is, when two neighbours are friendly enough to work into each other's hands, for although to any one with a real love for children there is much enjoyment to be got out of the work, still the complete isolation from ordinary life and society becomes very trying. There is but one shop within two miles of the village, and a purse is almost unneeded, so that the biennial holiday is fully appreciated, as is also the one Sunday in six when the mother is allowed to visit her friends, staying away from Saturday to Monday.

Before we leave the village I am taken to call on a mother friend, who gives us some interesting details, especially in reference to a gipsy child who had been placed under her care. We strongly urged her to tell the story in black and white, so I will only mention one thing which especially struck my fancy. When taken in, the child was thoroughly wild, and one great difficulty was to teach her the use of a bed. She had been all her life used to very airy sleeping accommodation, and it was necessary to sit by her side every night till she was fast asleep, or woe betide her own bedclothes, and those of her room-mates; but even after being induced to lie down straight, till overtaken by sleep, the chances were that in half an hour's time she would, without waking, curl herself into a ball, on the pillow or at the foot, and *outside* the clothes. But when she once discovered the amount of comfort to be got out of it, her love for her bed became excessive; and if she were missed from down-stairs, she was sure to be found, lying on her face, trying to get her arms round the mattress, and saying, *sotto voce*, "My dear bed, I do love you so!" This poor child was one of the wildest waifs ever admitted; but many of the cases are very sad. I am glad to hear that, whenever possible, help is given to struggling widows. Any one who has worked amongst the poor knows what a fearful battle it often is to keep on the home when the bread-winner is taken, especially when the children are small.

The experience here is that if girls are to be trained into good servants, they must be rescued young, before the bad habits, and the shiftlessness which so often comes with poverty, have become too confirmed to be uprooted. When they have relatives, the latter, if of good character, are allowed to visit them, by merely writing to say they will be there on a certain day; but it is found necessary to keep a check on conversation by having the mother's door open. The day I was there two of the children had had a visitor, and the conversation about it was rather funny.

"Did you have a pleasant time with mother?"

"Yes, thank you, mother."

So strong is the habit of using the word that the children can hardly leave it off at will. When my friend went for a month, she tried to explain to the elder girls that as she had only come for a time, she would rather they said "ma'am" to her. The response was characteristic—

"Yes, ma'am. Why, mother?"

On the way to the station I hear some details of the fever-time mentioned in passing. Some months ago scarlet fever broke out, and in spite of all precaution, no less than a hundred and seventy took it. The village was divided into infected and non-infected, and the two halves kept sharply distinct; it speaks well for the healthiness of the place and for the care taken of the children, that out of the whole number not one died. Of course, the expenses were very heavy; I believe about seven hundred pounds above the ordinary expenditure for the time.

I said that the village is complete, and so it is, as far as building goes; but the funds are still wanting to enable the Director to fill all the cottages. At present there are four hundred and fifty girls in residence, but when all the cottages are full the number of young inmates will be six hundred. In face of the great need of such a work the money will surely come in, so that the thirty cottages may each have the twenty inmates for whom there is accommodation. In these days there is a great deal of talk about the incompetence of domestic servants; and if on no higher ground, such an institution as I have described ought to be well supported, since it gives a thorough and practical training in this branch of labour.

STUMPY'S MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TWO GARRETS," "LITTLE JACK," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

IT was eight o'clock on Saturday night, and Whitechapel Road was in the height of its market, when suddenly above the busy hum of buyers and sellers rose the sound of prolonged shouting, the heavy rattle of wheels, and the galloping of horses, causing the people to hurry to the footpaths, as a fire-engine, with its full complement of men, rushed madly past. The thought which instantly found expression on many tongues, "There's a fire somewhere!" caused the crowd to close in after it, and follow it to the scene of conflagration. They had not far to go. Up a narrow street, a quarter of a mile away, there was a narrower court, in which one of the crazy houses was in flames, and policemen were already on duty keeping the people back from the burning building.

The fire had gained complete mastery over it, the lower storeys being one sheet of fire, and in a few minutes the fierce flames leaping upwards were licking the very eaves of the house.

The lodgers had run out of it on the first alarm, and, with the few poor possessions they had managed to rescue gathered round them, were now gazing disconsolately on the ruins of their homes. All but one of them, and that was a woman, whose thin grey hair fell in disorder over her bloated dissipated-looking face, and who was lying huddled up against the wall, for she had been so helplessly drunk when the fire was discovered that they had had to carry her out, or she would have perished on the bed where she was asleep. Suddenly one of the other women, looking at her leaped to her feet, as though some horrible idea had just come to her mind, and cried out hurriedly—

"Where's Sally's baby?"

There was an instant silence, followed by a shrill excited chorus—

"In the house! Still in the house!"

The woman, however, too anxious to wait for their answer, was already on her knees by the side of the drunkard, and, shaking her vigorously by the arm, called to her—

"Sally, where's your baby? Where's your baby, Sally?"

There was no reply. No gleam of intelligence came over the face from whence almost every trace of womanhood had departed; the heavy head fell again on her breast, and the wretched mother, not knowing that by her intoxication she had left the little one to perish, muttered some incoherent words, and sank into deeper drowsiness.

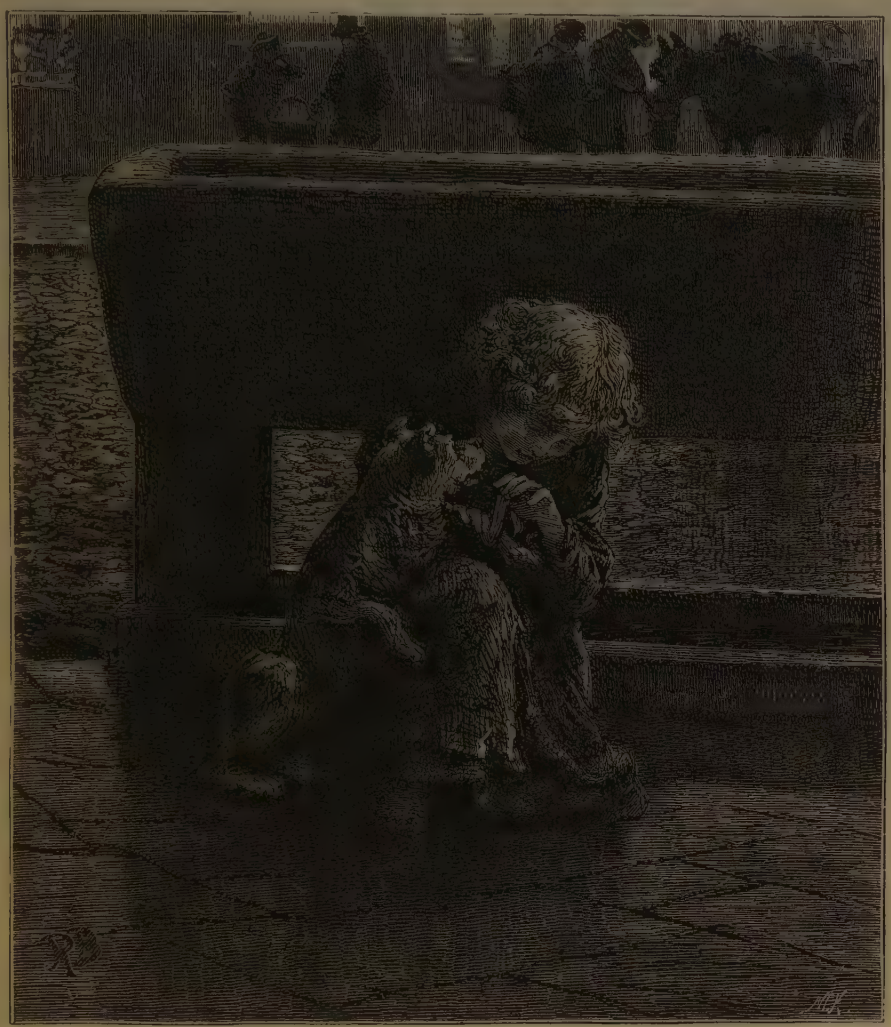
But though this woman had forgotten her child, there were brave men there who would not let it die without at least trying to save it; and as the cry, first started by the lodgers, rose in the night air on the lips of the crowd into a mighty shout, louder for a moment than the roaring flame or crackling wood, "There's a baby in the top room!" the escape was immediately put into position, and a fireman, at the hazard of his life, forced his way up through the fierce heat and blinding smoke, and went in at the window, which was glowing like the mouth of a furnace.

As he disappeared, the crowd was awed into a silence that was almost painful; and the sea of upturned faces, reddened by the scorching flames, had a strange hushed look on it that showed the people's intense anxiety. The seconds dragged along like hours; and when the man again appeared, holding in his arms a little bundle, the shout of joy that went up from the hundreds of men, mingled with the sobbings of women, told how deeply their feelings had been stirred.

Bravely the fireman fought his way down the escape, but the flames enveloped him as in a great sheet now; and when he reached the bottom, and eager hands relieved him of the bundle he carried, which was, alas! all alight, he was terribly burned.

Strange to say, the child was still living, although the baby form, once so beautiful in its infant loveliness, was now scorched and blackened all over, one dreadful mass of cruel wounds. She was taken immediately to the Children's Hospital, and though for a long time she hovered between life and death, and it often seemed that her spirit was about to wing its flight to Heaven, the skill and care of her nurses triumphed, and she recovered. And yet, when the day came for her to go away, and they looked on that wreck of childish beauty, on the hands dreadfully twisted, and the face hideously scarred for life, and saw how the cruel flames had drawn her head on one side, and seamed her neck and cheek with white scars, making her now, though but a baby still, one of the saddest and most pitiful objects on God's

earth, and knew she was exchanging the bright airy hospital ward for a squalid home in a filthy alley, and their loving care for the unfeeling brutality of her drunken mother, they were tempted to pray that the Good Shepherd would carry this lamb in His bosom to the Heavenly Fold at once. But they resisted



"She bandaged the wounded leg."—*p.* 154.

the impulse, for He whose ways were higher than their ways, and His thoughts than their thoughts, must know best; and so they were quite sure that though the road her feet would have to travel might be rough and thorny, it would still lead to Him, for it could not be the will of Him who loved to gather the children in His arms, that this little one should perish.

As a baby she had been christened by the pretty name of Lily. It was a strange name for a drunkard to give a child born in a neighbourhood where nothing fresh or fair ever came. But it did not sound altogether a bitter mockery attached to that marred face and figure, for as the child grew in years her eyes were lustrous in their beauty, and her head was crowned with a glory of long golden ringlets that would have graced an angel, so that whenever she went in the streets strangers stopped to look in wonder at the child with that awfully scarred visage and the lovely hair and eyes.

Lily's mother had always been too fond of debauchery ever to care much even for the pretty baby, but now she positively hated the deformed child. Perhaps this was because she knew she had caused the girl's misfortune by her intemperance, and the sight of her ugliness constantly reminded her of it; but whether this was the reason or not, she made Lily's first nine or ten years one long martyrdom of cruel blows, and still more cruel taunts.

And the child's misery was increased by the cruel

conduct of the rude, wicked children of the neighbourhood. For, knowing how her mother treated her, and that she would not interfere with them, they had nothing to restrain them from their delightful pastime of teasing Lily, until she was beside herself with passion. One lad especially, known as Spotty, who had great powers of mimicry, would twist his neck, draw down his face, and bend his head in imitating mockery of her sad appearance, while the others danced round jeering at her in every possible way, and greeting her with screaming shouts of the nickname given her by themselves, "Spitfire! Spitfire!" until she was goaded almost to madness, and with the foam on her lips, and her eyes gleaming in fury, would shake her fist at them in impotent wrath, and pour forth a string of oaths and curses learnt from her mother, that would have been terrible if uttered by a man, but were perfectly horrible coming from the mouth of a young girl.

It may have been that Lily was naturally passionate and ill-tempered. Some children seem born with evil traits of character, that, unless carefully checked, will gain complete mastery over them. Or more likely still, her nature had been spoiled by the cruel, hard usage she had to endure. God alone knows! Every excuse might justly be pleaded for her. The daily treatment she received would have taxed the patience of a saint. She had no friend in the whole world; her misfortune was a barrier between her and other children; and at twelve years of age it was a sorrowful fact that Lily's repulsive little body was possessed by a still more repulsive disposition. Always brooding angrily over her sufferings, passionate, vindictive, and spiteful, ever seeking for opportunities to be revenged on her mother and the children, it seemed there was not a single ray of light in her heart. Yet just as her face was relieved from utter hideousness by her wonderful hair and eyes, so in her soul there were still some seeds of heavenly truth; hidden, but there.

For in no human soul has the Divine image been altogether effaced. Folly and sin may have blotted and blurred it, until none but God can see any trace of it at all. And so, while her acquaintances thought Lily to be what they called her, "a perfect little devil," God saw the impress of Himself in her heart still. He knew that bitter suffering and fearful neglect had nurtured the sin which hid it from earthly gaze; He knew she had never been brought under the influence of love, the only thing that could reveal it. No love, either human or divine, had ever entered her poor soul; and unless love were awakened within her, the image of Him who is love itself would remain hidden; for love is the appointed channel through which the soul finds God and is freed from sin. And it was because Lily had nothing to love that her heart was full of anger and malice. Love for the humblest of God's creatures would begin the work of reformation in her soul, that love for Himself would ultimately complete.

One wet miserable afternoon, after being driven from her wretched home by her mother, she had been surrounded by a mob of young tormentors, and lashed into a fearful passion by their wicked teasing and shouts of "Spitfire!" until they had grown weary and ran away. Left to herself, and in her fury not caring where she went, as long as she could get away from the scene of her daily torture; she hurried on, with sobbing breath and tear-stained eyes, through street after street, until it was quite dark, and she was miles from home.

She was feeling intensely solitary and miserable, when some sharp yelps, followed by a moaning as of some animal in pain, fell on her ear. Turning hastily round, she saw a dog, apparently in great pain, lying in the gutter. Perhaps it was her sense of loneliness made her stop and look at him, and though she could not help wondering at her own interest, as he continued to yelp and moan, she stooped down to see what was the matter with him.

He was a very ugly mongrel dog of a dirty, sandy colour. His tail had been cut off, leaving but a short stump, that gave him a most unfinished appearance, and he was bitten and scarred all over; though a fresh wound, which he was now licking, on one of his front paws, was the cause of his moans. The leg was broken just above the joint, and from the wet mud with which the poor brute was covered, it was evident he had been run over but a little while before.

For the first time in her life pity stole into Lily's heart; and, speaking more gently than she had ever spoken to any created thing, she patted him on the head, saying—

"Good dog! Poor fellow!"

He looked up at her, as though he knew he had found a friend, and tried to wag the stump of his tail.

In this, however, he failed—not for want of good intention, but because it was too short.

Lily, however, took the will for the deed; and this little token of appreciation brought the tears to her eyes; for it was the only time that even a dog had shown pleasure at anything she had done.

She patted him again; then, sitting down on the muddy kerbstone, took him on her lap to see how she could help him. He submitted willingly, and, ceasing to lick his paw, began to caress her poor, twisted hand.

Lily found that the bone was not crushed, but broken; and remembering that when a costermonger in their alley had broken his leg, it was washed, and then bound up with a splinter of wood to keep it straight, she thought that was how her dog-patient ought to be treated now; so, seeing a drinking fountain not far off, she carefully carried him there, and, putting him on the ground, tenderly bathed his wounded paw, using the ragged skirt of her dress as a towel; and with a bit of stick from the gutter, and some strips from her frock, she bandaged the wounded leg.

The surgical operation performed in that queer

street surgery, the sloppy steps of the fountain, under the glare and flicker of the gas-lamp, was of the rudest kind; but if loving licks were a handsome fee, then the little surgeon had no reason to complain of her payment.

He looked so half-starved and miserable, that Lily was sure he had no owner, and already feeling an affection for him, she determined to keep him, although this would be difficult, as she knew her mother would not let him stay in their room.

She looked at him lovingly, saying, "Well, old fellow, I mean to have you for my own; and as you must have a name, I think 'Stumpy' 'll be a good one, for you haven't any tail."

Stumpy tried to show approval of his new title by wagging what he had not got, but from the same reason as before of course failed in doing it.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Lily crept up the stairs leading to the room, and, listening at the door, knew from the hard breathing that her mother was lying in one of her drunken sleeps. Lily therefore knew she could safely take her new pet in to sleep with her. She gave him part of her scanty supper, and all night long he lay in her arms. Lily had never heard the old story of the poor man who had "nothing save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter (2 Sam. xii. 3). Yet the dog was to become to her all that the lamb was to the Hebrew farmer.

Rising early in the morning, she took Stumpy to an old shed where the costermongers kept their barrows, and placed him on some refuse straw, in the darkest corner; for this would be a capital sleeping-place for him, and when his leg got well he would be with her in the court through the day.

Owing perhaps to her rough surgery, his hurt was some weeks in healing, but Lily tended him the whole time with great care. She hunted the streets for bones and bits of bread with which to feed him, and often went hungry herself that he might not want.

Stumpy soon learnt to distinguish her footstep, and directly she turned the corner would greet her with a short happy bark, and caper about on the straw in the wildest delight—nor ever forgot to try and wag that which he had been deprived of long ago.

It is impossible to describe what this dog became to Lily. For years she had been a very Ishmael, her hand against every man, and every man's hand against her. Loved by none, and loving none, she had passed through her young life solitary and lonely, separate and apart from every one. Her days had been spent without aim or object, with nothing to care about, or take up her attention. And thus shut up to herself, she had brooded over her wrongs and troubles, until she had learnt to hate everything and everybody. But now, in seeing to the dog and looking after him, her life assumed a new aspect, for all at once she had something to love and care for.

And as she made more and more a companion of him, talking to him hour after hour, as though he were a human being, this struck her increasingly, and soon she herself grew a little less violent in her outbursts of passion than before. The difference was very slight at first, for her evil habit had too great a mastery over her to be easily conquered; but it was a good sign that directly she saw a virtue in the first creature she had ever loved, she was induced by his example to try and imitate it. And even when she did give way to one of her old tempers, her anger and irritation melted away under a sense of the dog's love the moment she laid her poor scarred face on his rough coat and felt his kisses on her cheek.

RESTFUL THOUGHTS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A.

GUIDANCE IN THE WAY. (Psalm cvii. 7.)

EVEN in the right way we need to be guided, and therefore the Psalmist does not say here, as in another place, "Thou wilt show me the path of life;" but he says more—"He *led them* forth by the right way." We have, therefore, to think of the leading of God's people in the right way.

Glad indeed they are who reach it. The darkness of their former bondage and grievous perplexity makes them rejoice in the pathway of life when they are led into it. But there is a wondrous forgetfulness in human nature. Mercies and kindnesses are written in sand, and the daily ebb and flow of the great world's tides wash out continually the remembrance of them. This explains the urgency with which the old bard stirred up his heart to the grateful recapitulation of Divine goodness. "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits."

We are all prone to forget the mercy which brought us out of darkness into God's marvellous light. We are inclined, even after we have been brought in the direct way, to turn aside from it, and roam into the soft jungle which skirts the path—to stoop and pick the enticing flowers which blossom near, and to dally awhile 'mid the

sleep-breathing perfumes of some alluring arbour. Or our temperament is the active, inquisitive, restless one, which seeks to penetrate unexplored regions, and strike out some new road, or to pause to investigate some strange mystery of the wonderland through which our pathway winds.

Or are we timid, and shrink from the difficulties and dangers of the way? We are affrighted at the noisy cascade which roars beneath us; or we tremble, perhaps turn back, at the sight of the full, foaming, swollen stream, through which we must struggle; or the darkness and strange weird voices of the night terrify us.

Or we are prone to loiter on the road—to reckon the way and the day long, and we are tempted to proceed with sluggish steps and sleepy gait. Such temptations as these beset the Christian, and God, knowing this, not merely leads His people into the right way, but He leads them in it—by His word, which is as a lamp to their feet, and a lantern to their paths, and as a light shining in a dark place; by His own providential leadings, which they who wait for will seldom fail to trace; and by His own presence—His Holy Spirit with them and within them. By these He leads His people. A voice, if they will but heed it—a voice, low-spoken and sweet, that they must hearken to who would hear it, a voice behind them ever saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," when they are tempted to turn aside to the right hand or the left. A hand, strong and warm, and loving—His own hand—holds them by the right hand, and leads them onward, so that stumbling they shall not fall, or even falling they shall arise. "When I said my foot slipped, Thy mercy, O God, held me up."

Thus they are led in the right way, and there is a wise reason in their being thus led on. The way, the right way, thus becomes the way of discipline and of exercise to God's children. It was so with Israel. They were warned not to forget God, who led them through the great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water; who brought them forth water out of the rock of flint; who fed them in the wilderness with manna, which their fathers knew not, that He might humble them, and that He might prove them, to do them good at their latter end (Deut. viii. 15, 16).

It was wholesome discipline. It chastened the rash, it roused the indolent, it subdued the unruly, it checked the wandering. "Before I was troubled I went wrong, but now I have kept Thy word." Painful though the leadings may be, the confession of all God's people will be that afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby; and this reveals another wise reason why God's people are thus *led* in the right way, viz., for exercise as well as for discipline.

Many of God's people are too *passive* under the trials of life. We do not mean too submissive, but that they do not actively follow up the leadings of God's chastening hand. They bear afflictions, they endure them patiently, but they are not exercised thereby, and so they fail to obtain the full intended blessing. Every loss or trial, every disappointment or bereavement, is for our good, we are wont to say; but we need to be vigilant and energetic to observe that the good so purposed of God becomes ours through the trouble. We are as athletes in training, and every extra strain or exertion is for the developing of our strength and activity, and to gain this there must be a seconding effort on our part—some superfluous weight to be cast aside, some encumbering care, some treasured anxiety, some sinful heartache to be dislodged; and to accomplish this the soul must accept the discipline, that it may be exercised by it. So the Psalmist did. When the Almighty led him forward with quickened speed, he did not hang back and rest the weight of a reluctant spirit on that kind Guide, but he strenuously pressed forward. "My soul followeth hard after Thee; Thy right hand upholdeth me."

And this way issues out at the spot we seek, and He who leads us in it will lead us thither. They reach thus their destination. "He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." Thus it is proved the right way—over the wilderness, across the rough places, through the swift-flowing streams, the dark valleys, and over the craggy heights. Dismal and dangerous the way has seemed, but it was the right way, for by it they reach the city which they long for—the city of God's saints, the new Jerusalem, the ennobled Zion, where God's children live in bliss for ever, and, entering there, greeted with celestial welcomes, the golden gates are closed, and shut out eternally all pain and tears, and the weary days of pilgrimage are ended.

And it is no vain city conjured up in the heated imagination of men—it is a city of *habitation*. The language expresses its permanent character. In the wilderness, even though led on by God's own hand, they were but strangers and pilgrims. If they paused on their journey they set up their tents, and folded them up when the signal was given to go forward. They had no continuing city; they sought one to come. And the way they have walked in leads them to this city, in which they may dwell—a city of habitation, a sure dwelling-place, a quiet resting-place, a city strong, and which hath foundations.

And the language seems to imply that it is a city made ready for these pilgrims. It is a city where they may dwell, a city which God hath prepared for them, and in this city the signs of the great Architect may be noted throughout it;—

not in the shining pavements and dazzling doors, but in the many mansions prepared in it for the reception of God's children. Its Builder and its Maker is God, and in providing He has forgotten none of His children. The Son has entered in there, and has prepared a place for you; and He, who has adjusted the trials of the way to suit your case, and in that place made ready for you, has not forgotten what will give you joy; and perchance, O weeping one! as the dear Lord leads you into the mansion that is to be yours, the voice you yearn to hear will greet you with the old familiar fondness, and the hand you so long to grasp will be placed in yours once more and for evermore.

Nor is that city to which God's people come a strange one. New it is in its everlasting beauty, new in its sinless spring, but not strange and unfamiliar. It is the native city of God's children; it is the city where they dwell. True, their feet have never paced its streets before; true, their eyes have never before gazed upon the heavenly foliage and lasting luxuriance of its trees; but all about them is fraught with the friendliness of home; for even as they pilgrimaged here they walked as citizens of heaven; and God Himself was their refuge in trouble, their shelter in storm, their shield in battle, and their dwelling-place at all times. All this city, then, is instinct with tender associations. Here their Father dwells; brother spirits and loved companions troop about its walls and rest by the river-side, and throughout its pure exhilarating air is borne the strain of well-known anthems. "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

The New Year opens upon us. As we stand facing the unexplored territory which it has just unfolded, our thought may well be of the path we shall tread, and how we shall walk in it; and the New Year's lessons and encouragements suggested by this text are:—

I. Be willing to be led by God, in God's own way.

To be led by Him! Inclination, or fancy, or avarice, or ambition, or worldly wisdom, is leading many. Christians, be led by God. Men, be not led by your lusts and passions. These things are base, and they will die. See, He cradled His son amongst us that He might win us to Himself—that He might teach us how to live and how to die. Do not put aside His guidance. Take up your cross and follow Him who bore the cross, and suffered on the cross for you. This is no ignoble thing for man—to walk in the way which Christ has ennobled.

Be led by Him in His own way. Many will be led by Him if they may but walk in their own way. They will be Christ's servants, but they will serve Him in their own way. Let us not be deceived. That is no service of the Master which refuses to serve in the way the Master has commanded, though willing to serve in the way their own inclinations lead them. Consider this, I beseech you. You may test whether you are Christ's or not by a simple test. If your language is, "I like this path, I admire these flowers, I will walk down this road which pleases me; I do not see why, when I am willing to devote myself to the cause of Christ, I may not do so in my own way." I tell you, if this is the language of your heart, that you are not serving Him with loyalty and fidelity. St. Paul saw many such in his time. "Many walk, of whom I have told you before, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly," *i.e.*, whose main thought and desire is to gratify their own senses; and though nominally serving Jesus, such are only pleasing themselves, and the end of such ways, though seeming right, is *death*, death. The language of the loyal servant is not "I choose," but "Choose Thou for me;" "Show Thou me the way that I should walk in."

Trust that it is the right way in which He leads you.

We may know that He is the true way—the way of life; but we may feel somewhat distrustful whether His leadings are right. The trouble is greater than we can bear. The way seems too rough for our feet; the branching briars stretching over this narrow way tear and torment us; we are tempted to think that He is leading us through difficulties heavier than we can endure. Do not distrust Him. He hath done all things well. And shall not He still do well and do right? The darkness of this sorrow does not prove that you are in the wrong way. Bide a little, and wait patiently upon Him.

> You will learn to know
> The gain of grief, the blessedness of woe.

In the bright hereafter you will rejoice with those glorified ones who sing, "Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints," and reviewing the past in the clearer light of that other world, you will confess—"It was His love which brought *me* out of the land of darkness and of the shadow of death; it was His love which spared me; it was His love which chastened; it was His love which led me all my life long; it was His love which supported me in death. It was all love. He led me forth by the right way."

MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

BY AN INDIAN OFFICER.

AS there is often a tendency to disparage everything that missionaries do, I have thought it well to publish a few of my experiences with regard to them. I was never stationed in those parts of India where missionary settlements abound, but I came in contact with some missionaries, and also with some native converts. I am far from wishing to hold up all missionaries as perfect, but, so far as my experience has extended, I have invariably found that those who talked most against knew the least of missionaries and their work. Question them as to whether they had ever entered a missionary's house or school, or had taken the least trouble to know anything about their work, and the reply would always be negative. Then I would say to such as these, "Little as you know of the subject upon which you have spoken so freely, I agree with you that the missionary work of these days is weak, feeble, and very short of what it ought to be. Come then, you, with your friends who see its deficiencies so clearly—come you yourselves and do better. Workers are wanted; come on, and welcome." This point of view, however, seems never to strike them.

I saw something of the efficient Scotch Presbyterian Schools at Madras, and no one could doubt that much good resulted from them. At an examination the quickness of the Hindoo children in replying surpassed anything I ever saw in England. There were several native ministers, who, educated in these schools, became very eloquent preachers in the English language. I think, however, it would have been better had their ministrations been conducted solely in the native languages.

The next station where I came into relation with missionaries was Kamptee, near Nagpore. I would first render my tribute of thanks to the two good men who then conducted the Nagpore mission, for coming some twelve miles to the military station of Kamptee, every Sunday for months, to hold services, either in the absence of the Government chaplain, or because they were needed. It is no slight matter, apart from the work to which missionaries specially devote themselves, to find ministers scattered here and there, who will gladly minister to the spiritual wants of their countrymen. I am inclined to dwell upon this point because for a considerable period the only service conducted by a minister that I could attend was that heartily provided by missionaries, at a distance of twelve miles from their homes, with great labour, in one of the hottest stations in India, without any remuneration whatever.

It was here that I came across the best native convert I ever knew. He was clerk to the mess of a native infantry regiment, of which hardly an officer ever entered a place of worship—Sunday being usually spent in hunting, shooting, and sports in general.

It is a singular fact that of all the monthly subscriptions to the mission fund, that of this convert was invariably paid the most regularly. In proportion to his income, it was many times larger than the subscription of any English subscriber.

The missionaries now mentioned were of the Scotch Free Church, and their mission was established at first in a native state which was afterwards annexed to the British dominions. The native Rajah permitted them to establish schools in the town of Nagpore, and to use the Bible, and any books they liked, only he did not wish them to make converts. Of course they did not bind themselves not to do so, but received any who came voluntarily, and whom they believed to be sincere. They did not push for converts merely for the sake of having a number; they only wished for those who were thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christianity, and earnest in their profession of it. They thought their schools would steadily create a leaven that would in years to come act upon the whole country. In the cold weather a preaching tour of one month was undertaken, and parts visited where a European had never before been seen. Sad it is to feel that wherever natives were found who had never come in contact with Europeans, they were always the most honest, moral, and simple in their lives and habits. I would say a word here about the folly of judging of native so-called Christians by the specimens to be found at the Presidency towns of Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta. These, most of them thorough scoundrels, merely call themselves Christians for the sake of what they can get, and are well known in India by the name of "bread-and-butter" Christians.

I remember seeing an eloquent East Indian or native minister, who used to preach weekly at the stables of a large livery establishment at one of the Presidency towns. His congregation consisted of the horse-keepers, or grooms, and as each horse has two attendants—one to groom, and another to collect grass—the number of hearers was large. It was both a pleasing and picturesque sight to see these men seated on the ground, listening attentively to the stirring eloquence of one very much of their own blood and race.

I never visited Southern India, where there are many thousand Christian converts, and numbers of Christian villages. I once saw, however, the journal

of a bishop's chaplain of a tour throughout this district, and his testimony confirmed what I have heard from other sources—viz., that the native congregations hold their own for sincerity and earnestness in comparison with English village congregations. This is saying much considering that the national character of a race conquered and held in subjection for centuries must necessarily be feeble and weak.

The German mission on the Western Coast of India has been one of the most practical and successful. The members of it are generally of humble origin, very simple in their tastes and habits, and are in consequence able to lead a rougher life than if they had been brought up in higher strata of society. They have no fixed salaries, and live very much together in houses belonging to their society, and I have heard that the average cost of each missionary does not exceed £3 monthly. They associate very much with the natives, and teach them trades, while the wives teach the native women to sew and do many useful things hitherto unknown or uncared for among them, The effect of this education is very apparent upon the women; one sees them looking bright and happy, sitting on the doorstep sewing, and singing to their children, instead of squatting on their heels in utter vacancy of mind chewing betel-nut.

The German missionaries have a curious custom of sending home to their society or parents in Europe for a lady missionary when they consider a wife desirable. Though the parties most interested have never met before, these unions of faith on both sides are generally happy. It is also very common in the case of the death of a missionary, that his widow in due course finds a home as the wife of some other member of the mission. Funny as their ways seem to English ideas, the German missionaries are most estimable and good people.

I should be remiss if I did not mention the great work done among English officers and soldiers by a German missionary—Dr. Hebich. He resided many years on the Western Coast of India, and was a very able though eccentric man. Of grotesque manners, great eloquence, and unbounded earnestness, he had extraordinary influence over both officers and men, who flocked in crowds to hear him preach. I have heard that during a stay of three years at his station some thirteen out of sixteen officers of one regiment have been changed from leading thoughtless and irreligious lives into serious earnest Christians. From what one officer, a devoted disciple of Hebich's, told me, I believe the number who owe their peace of mind to his ministry is far larger than is thought to be due in these days to the influence of any one man. To see him race after a young officer who had run out at the back entrance when he saw Hebich coming was an amusing sight. Devoted to his work in India, he gained the love and affection of numbers, and when God's jewels are made up he will be one of the brightest.

The American missions are very active, and do good useful work, as also do our Wesleyan and other Nonconformist missions. I have never been directly concerned with any of the work of the two great English Church Societies, but I have seen enough of mission work to testify that wherever earnest men and women try to do good, there is sure to be success.

Such is the experience of a casual observer, not particularly bound to any religious sect and only wishing for the good of India. Great good as missionaries may do, still greater good may be done by consistent Christian living on the part of those whose profession or business leads them to India. Let every one do a little. Many English people arrange for a native catechist to come weekly, or oftener, to read with their servants. Others do what they can to teach themselves. The following anecdote will show how the feeblest, the most imperfect effort to do good bore fruit tenfold. An English officer, who had long led a careless life, had as his housekeeper a native woman of one of the lower Hindoo castes. To his surprise he one day heard her singing an English hymn, for he was not aware that she had any knowledge of English. When she had finished she said to him, "What does it mean? What does it mean?" Her question led him to reflect upon what it *did* mean, and was the cause of his becoming an earnest consistent Christian man, ready in all good works. It appears that the poor woman had been the child of servants in the employ of an English civilian. His wife, anxious to do what she could, had been in the habit of collecting the servants' children and teaching them to repeat some English hymns. The result was that, years afterwards, one of these children, knowing one hymn by rote only, was the means of influencing for his eternal good an English officer of long Indian service.

This story, which is strictly true, should surely encourage all to do a little. One effort, however small, will give strength for another, and clear the way for greater things.

Having an intimate acquaintance with the Hindustani language, I was in the habit of discoursing much with the better class of natives, and few English probably have been better informed of their feelings and modes of thought. Many of our habits, even some that are not in any degree wrong, are exceedingly offensive to them. Take, for instance, the eating of pork, which is sent from England in the shape of hams and bacon of the best quality, carefully packed in tins. Nothing, to our ideas, could be less objectionable, but to theirs it is very different. They associate the eating of it with the appearance and habits of a disgusting and degenerate animal, that wanders round outside the villages living on all the filth and ordure that is cast away.

But what is most offensive to them is the association of our soldiers and officers with natives of the lowest castes. As one of the native officers of an irregular regiment said to his English superior, "You cannot be a Christian, for all our

drummers and band boys are Christians, and they are all drunkards and worse." The class much to be pitied, the offspring generally of Europeans and native mothers, too often combine the vices of both races, and are alike despised by English and natives. There are of course many exceptions.

It therefore behoves us who (with much good, I admit) have introduced much evil to India, to do all we can to counteract it by the example of our own lives and through the means of missionaries. Happily I always was able to reply to natives complaining of English ways and habits by pointing out to them either a missionary or officers who were perfect in their ways of living, and assuring that such was the true Christian life, such the life that every one bearing the name of Christian ought to lead. I contend, then, that by every means in our power it is incumbent on us to offer the advantages and strengthening power of Christianity to Indian natives. Surely we are bound to give them all the good we can. Let us, then, support all missionary work, and help it on with all our might—remembering that the best way of strengthening our missionaries' hands is for English laymen to lead manly, faithful, Christian lives, showing the worth of their religion by the way in which their daily work is done.

BERTIE AND I.

A HOME STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEEP ON SOWING," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—INDECISION.

IT was nine o'clock.

"They ought to be here Bertie," I said.

Breakfast had long been cleared away, and on the large square table which had replaced our cosy little round one were a few school books, pens, ink, &c., and a slate or two. The morning was fine and bright, though cold, and Bertie and I stood at the window of our sitting-room, metamorphosed for the time into a school-room, and watched for our promised scholars.

"Five!" exclaimed Bertie. "That is a very good number to begin with. I shall stay and help you this morning, Marian; and then I have a small new scheme which I must go out and see after."

"What is it, dear?"

"Oh, you need not be uneasy. I am not thinking of singing professionally again, or anything of the kind. But I would rather not tell of the plan, Marian dear. Talked through elaborately, it would be almost sure to come to nothing. And it is my way, as you know, to tell all or nothing. But now, let us talk of school. You are to be mistress, of course. How will you go on? Have you any idea, seeing that you have never been regularly trained as a teacher?"

"Oh, you may catechise me, dear. I wonder you have not done so before. But my plan is quite simple, though I dare say I shall improve upon it as I go on. I shall teach the children to read and write; and those who *can* read tolerably well will have to read a good deal, for through reading and talking I wish to teach them everything else that I can."

"And arithmetic?"

"Oh, their figures shall not be neglected, never fear. But I have an idea that children may be taught, and well taught, without cramming their poor little brains with a heap of undigested knowledge, till they must hate the very sight of a book, or else forget what play means, and be turned into small men and women at once."

"But it will be a very slow way of working, will it not?" And Bertie's face had grown thoughtful. "You will make no show. It is an experiment that will not be likely to bring you new scholars very quickly."

"Never mind, dear. At least allow me to make the experiment, and to go my own way in this matter."

"Certainly. You know I approve of going one's own way. And besides, it is the agreement that school-keeping is to be your department entirely, and if I teach, I shall obey you just——"

But whatever else Bertie would have said was cut short by the entrance of two little boys—one pale and rather delicate-looking, but with an extremely intelligent and lovable little face; the other fat, sturdy, and rosy, looking not at all as though study would be likely to have exaggerated charms for him.

We had seen them coming in at the gate.

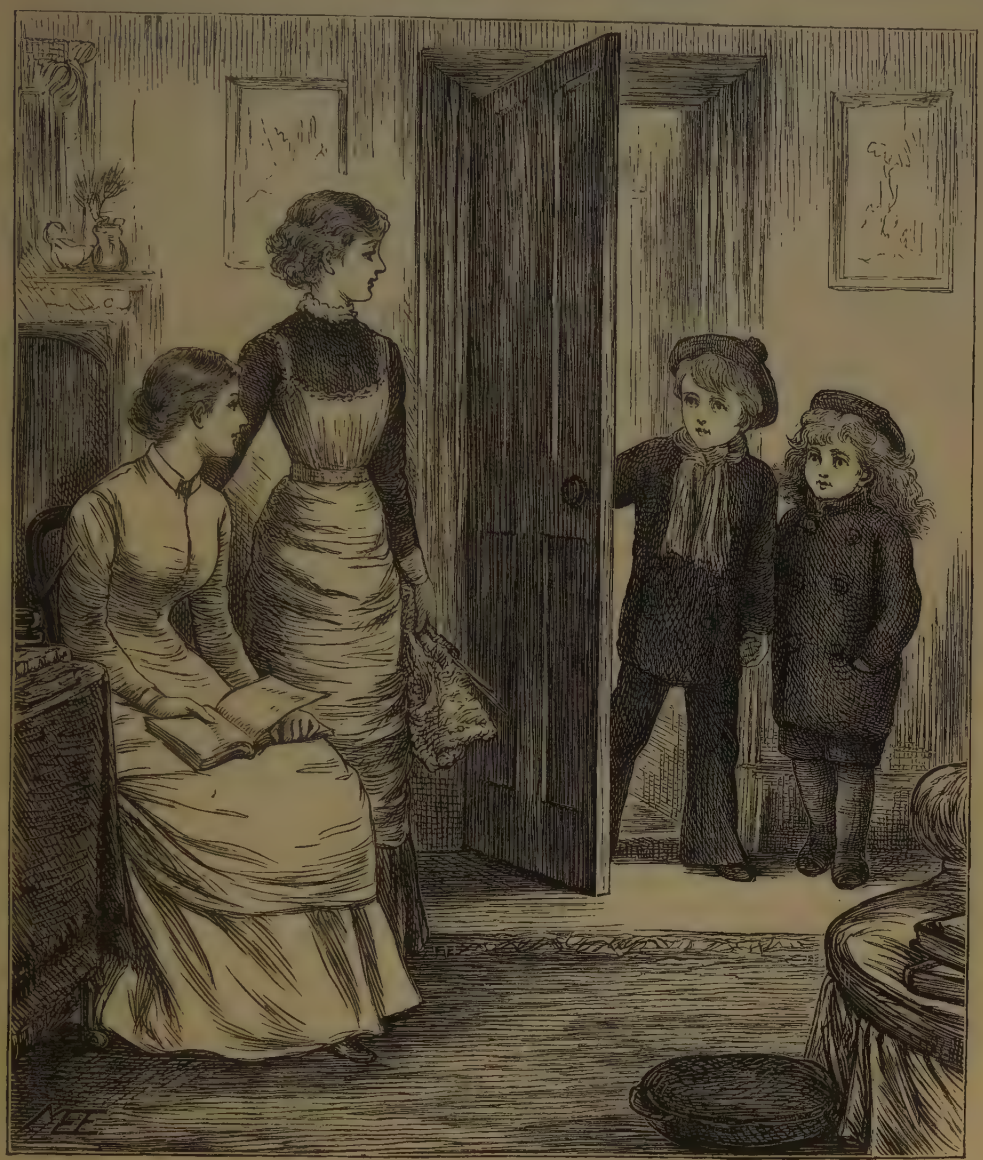
"I shall love those two, to begin with," whispered Bertie, as they came to us with shy smiles. "It will be play to teach them, I know."

The others appeared in the course of a quarter of an hour. And my new work was begun. Bertie put herself under my directions for the morning, acting as docilely as the children themselves. The allotted three hours passed, I thought, very happily. I thoroughly enjoyed teaching, in my own way, like this.

"We shall get on!" observed Bertie once, in a low tone, and very delightedly. "I can see that teaching will be *your* speciality, Marian."

When we finally rose from books, and I was about to help the little ones in putting on their wraps and aired, and while Mrs. Robins was making it neat, and getting dinner ready.

We hurried along, talking of improvements already, of hiring a regular school-room, and so forth, and merrily shaking off the snowflakes when they



"I shall love those two, to begin with."—*p.* 160.

jackets, one of them called out that it was snowing. Bertie and I wished them to wait for a few minutes; but we found that they were charmed at the idea of being out in the very midst of the falling feathery flakes, and were only impatient to be gone.

They went; and then Bertie and I ran to put on our own things; snowing, or not, we must run out, if only for ten minutes, while our room was being began to settle too thickly upon us, and enjoying every breath we drew of the fresh cold air.

Afternoon came. At two o'clock precisely all my pupils appeared. I could very well imagine how in time this kind of work might become monotonous; but even then there would surely be the feeling of making progress, and one's own way in the world, and getting one's own living.

The snowstorm had passed over, and I taught alone this afternoon, for Bertie—after spending rather more time over dressing than usual—had gone out.

My little scholars were once more dismissed, and I was just going out myself, when Mr. Murray was shown in.

He shook hands in his usual kind pleasant way, and said that he had come to inquire how the first day of school had passed off. And then I thought that he looked round for Bertie.

I gave him a little history of the day, and he listened attentively, and then was silent for a moment.

"Five dear children," and his voice was grave and thoughtful, "who have immortal souls, as well as minds to be fed. Five little beings who will one day rise up and call you blessed, if you make it your constant and prayerful endeavour to show them how all-important is that immortality to come—in which their souls will expand, in which all our souls will expand, in a way we little dream of now, and fully live; not hampered, and bound, and in danger on all hands; but fully, freely, fearlessly; every inquiry answered, every want met and satisfied, each void blessedly filled; yet ever learning more, ever receiving more, ever loving more."

"But I myself, Mr. Murray—to teach these things, I ought—I feel I would like——"

And I paused, scarcely knowing how to proceed. Very strange, when one comes to consider it, is the reticence which people feel in talking of religion; that is, people in general—in those days myself included.

"You feel that you yourself would like to know more? You feel you *must* know more? So does every Christian, or he is asleep."

"But I," I began again, still bringing out my words with difficulty, "am not a Christian."

"At least, then, rejoined Mr. Murray, quietly, "it is a step taken in the right direction, to be able to see and to lay down pride, so as freely to own that. Pray next to Christ Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, the Head of Christians, that He will give you grace ever to look to Him for forgiveness for the past, and grace and faith for the future, that you may follow in His steps, who pleased not Himself, and so may be a Christian. Remember Enoch, who walked with God. Strive daily, in a strength that will be given you if you ask, to forget the present, and to live more and more for the future. Endure hour by hour, as seeing the invisible God. Your difficulties and sorrows, and everything that now perplexes you, will vanish then, as frost in the sunshine: they cannot exist in such a life."

Long I pondered his words. Yes; I had undertaken to teach those dear little children, though I had so much, so very much, to learn myself. I would tell them so to-morrow, and strive to make them see, children though they were, that an eternity of love and joy was worth making some preparation for. And we would read a few verses of the Bible, and talk over them, if only for five minutes, together. And as I had seen Mr. Murray do, we would first fold our hands, and close our eyes to outward things, while we inwardly breathed a prayer that the Holy Spirit, who can alone give wisdom, would descend upon our hearts, and enlighten us as to the heavenly meaning of what we read.

When Mr. Murray had departed, I went out alone, and walked and thought for nearly an hour; and then I returned in-doors again.

It was pleasant, after teaching all day, to think of having the evening free. The sitting-room looked like itself again now. The leaves of the large table had been let down, the floorcloth that had been spread for the children had been taken up, everything that might have reminded one of "lessons" had been put away, and no one would have supposed that the room had that day been used as a school-room.

Tea was ready, and I sat down and read while I waited for Bertie.

She soon came, looking very bright and happy. I told her of Mr. Murray's visit, as we were drinking our tea.

"Dear good man!" she said. Then, stirring her tea, she went on: "But now, what of the evening, Marian?—what steps are we going to take, I mean? Or are you too tired even to think of doing anything more to-day?"

"Tired, dear! I am not tired at all. I would ten times rather keep school than have to live through another week in Mrs. Bourne's drawing-room! I wish to practise for an hour, and then I shall read and study. My one aim is to be a really good schoolmistress now."

Bertie still kept account of each "step" she took; and her small note-book was quite a little curiosity in its way.

"You will do a little fancy-work while we talk, dear?" she inquired, coaxingly, as Mrs. Robins came in for the tea-tray.

We were making patchwork cushions now—Bertie's latest idea—of silks and satins and velvets, mixed. The pieces were of all sizes and colours and shapes, and the effect of the whole was wonderfully handsome. I followed in Bertie's wake, as usual, and I was sewing some narrow strips of blue silk to a three-cornered piece of purple velvet, when she suddenly said—

"May I find fault with you, Marian?"

"If you like, dear," and I smiled. "Are you thinking that green would go better with this purple?"

"I was not thinking of the patchwork at all. I was thinking of you. I wish you were more willing to make new friends! For the sake of your school, from to-day, Marian, sometimes put down as a step —'Make a friend to-day of so-and-so.'"

"But it might not be so easy as you seem to imagine."

"Oh yes it would, if you went about it the right way."

She was thinking of something else, I felt sure. For a moment she laid down her work, and looked into the fire with sparkling eyes.

"What of your plan, dear? Has that anything to do with making friends? And may I know it yet?"

"Yes, it has to do with making friends, for if I had not made a friend, I could not have—but I would rather not tell it yet, Marian. Wait a little; a week or two perhaps; and perhaps a month or two; and perhaps it may never come to anything at all."

Not being particularly troubled with curiosity, though Bertie was always trying to rouse the faculty in me, I let the matter rest, and, indeed, before long, almost forgot it.

Weeks passed. Another scholar came to me. I had now half a dozen, and Bertie was charmed to see that her prophecy had not failed.

In many ways I thought that our prospects were advancing. Even our fancy-work, under Bertie's clever management, brought us in sums which in the aggregate were by no means to be despised, especially when it is remembered that the work was done for the most part at times when, if we had not done it, we should have done nothing.

"If Mrs. Bourne knew exactly how we go on," remarked Bertie one evening, as we both took up our work directly we had finished tea, "I dare say she would shake her head and begin to talk of overwork, as she does sometimes. But this is not like brainwork; it is to me only a pleasant recreation—all the pleasanter, of course, because it results in a little money. And then, just see how poor people work. Mrs. Rush was telling me the other day of a poor old lady whom she knows, who keeps a little country grocer's shop, and she is behind her counter from six o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and at every spare moment she takes up her wool-work. Mrs. Rush says that she makes scarves, and cuffs, and shawls, and everything you can imagine of the kind, and sells them, keeping a little window especially for them. And she is all alone; she has no dear sister to talk to her, and to encourage her as I have."

Bertie had also obtained another drawing pupil, or, rather, Augusta Groves had done so for her.

"She will do to fill my place when I am gone, Bertie," Augusta had said. "You are so brave and industrious that it is a pleasure to help you to take a 'step' now and then. And I may hear of some one else, you know."

"When I am gone." Her words had made me feel strangely sad and lonely, yet not that I had grown to care for Augusta more; though Bertie, I thought, was becoming even fond of her. Yes, Bertie would miss her.

But my mood of a few weeks back had passed away. In what foolish envy, and discontent, and unchecked unhappiness I had indulged! And to what end? What good would all these feelings do me? None whatever; but all harm. And I determined to trample upon them as ruthlessly as I knew how, and to live them down. And I had in a measure succeeded until those few words had curiously enough brought all the old memories back again.

The time was drawing on, winter would soon be over, and preparations for the wedding were commencing in earnest. John Bourne had returned to business.

I went to Colneside occasionally in the evening, and I had seen the trousseau, and had pleased Augusta by admiring it greatly. She had exquisite taste, and I should have been less than a woman if I had not shown some pleasure at sight of all the lovely things laid out before me.

"I thought you did not care for dress," she remarked, as I stood looking long at a beautiful costume in blue and white; "though," she added, surveying me for an instant very attentively, "you always look as neat and nice as possible yourself."

"Oh yes, I do care for dress," I answered, passing over the compliment; "but, as I cannot afford to give either money or time to it—why, as you see, the utmost I can do is just to keep myself respectable."

"But it will not be always so. There will come a turn in the tide of affairs before very long, for both Bertie and you, I imagine." And she looked at me now with a little half-quizzical smile. "And then I may be called upon to admire grander dresses than I have ever possessed."

"Oh no!" I returned, as decidedly as I could—yet perhaps with a touch of sadness, and, Augusta might have thought, of regret. "No, indeed; it is all a mistake."

"It will be your own faults if it is," rejoined Augusta, in the downright way in which she could speak when she pleased. "There is a very good prospect both for Bertie and for yourself. Anybody can see what Mr. Kaye means, and, I suppose, Mr. Murray too, for that matter; though, of course, *his* manner would not be quite so decided; as Bertie is so young, he might think it as well to wait a little before declaring himself."

There was something which I did not like in all this—something which had, I thought, a cold, worldly ring about it; and when I got home I was actually weak enough to sit down and shed a few tears when I thought over all that it implied. First love, warm, and true, and beautiful, ignored, shut out, and done with, for both Bertie and myself.

"My dear," I said to Bertie that same evening, "we really must contrive some way of quieting these foolish reports."

She guessed my meaning instantly.

"What are we to do? I am not going to give up going to Colneside, if you mean that. We are as quiet and cool as we can be. What more could anybody ask of us?"

"I suppose the end will come," I said, in a peevish tone. "One would imagine that my manner would tell Mr. Kaye." I paused, then added, ill-naturedly,

as I saw the next moment, "but I suppose that he does not dream of having all his money refused."

"Do not talk so, Marian darling; it is not kind—and it is not like you either. But you have not been like yourself again just lately, and you are eating nothing. I am afraid that school-keeping is too much for you, dear."

And she had left her chair, and was standing by me now, with her arm round my shoulders.

"No, it is not," I returned. "I love school-keeping; so do not trouble yourself with any anxious fancies to the contrary."

I did not go to Colneside for more than a week.

It was evening. Bertie had been to Augusta—who had not given up drawing even yet—and she had returned with eyes bright with happiness, and her fair little face glowing with colour, while her fingers trembled visibly as she took off her hat and jacket, and told me—pouring out her words fast and eagerly—that Mr. Bourne had had a letter from Frank, who would probably be at home within a week.

And for that week there was an entire change in Miss Bertie's proceedings. She neglected simply everything for dress. She even spent five or six pounds of her savings without making one lament over the extravagance. She purchased no costly materials, she disdained trimmings, and, I may add—criticism; but she was extremely particular as to style, make, and fit; and the result of all this was, that when Frank Bourne at length appeared, my little Bertie met him evening after evening in dresses simple, tasteful, and uncommon as herself. If ill-mannered people contrived that it should come to her ears that So-and-so had said that one of her dresses cost only so much, and another a mere nothing, what did she care? She was the most independent little creature imaginable, and only laughed blithely, for had not *Frank* told her that "her style was perfect?" And to her mind, *his* opinion was the only one worth noticing.

His admiration of Bertie's conduct, when I had given him the history of the past few months, had been unbounded; yet he had said little to Bertie herself—done nothing as yet to damp Mr. Murray's hopes, if, indeed, he really had hopes. Yet Bertie appeared to have no misgivings, and for a very little while she was as happy as the days were long.

But the guests began to gather for the wedding, and Miss Pearson came once more to Colneside; and Frank, well knowing his step-mother's plans, appeared, to say the least, very well contented in the young lady's company.

It was a quiet and mild spring evening. The days were getting out again. I had been for a short walk, and, returning, stood by the window, which was open, meditatively eyeing the tufts of spring-flowers and crocuses in Mrs. Robins' little garden. Hearing the latch of the gate lifted, I glanced up, and there was Bertie, looking very cross indeed. She had been to Colneside.

At tea she scarcely spoke a word.

After tea we took our work, as usual, and soon, from some little thing she said, I knew that it was Miss Pearson, or, rather, Frank's conduct with regard to that young lady, that was troubling my Bertie's peace.

The evening post came in. There was a letter for Bertie from an old schoolfellow. It served to divert her attention from unwelcome thoughts for a short time; and there was also one for me, which, when I had read, I left on the table, and went off straightway into a long, long reverie.

Bertie had returned to her work again—some beautiful and delicate embroidery—with an impatient sigh. Presently she said—

"Why are you looking so serious, Marian? Didn't your letter please you? Oh—why—Marian!" with a startling change of tone as I allowed my eyes to meet hers. "It was—surely not from Mr. Kaye?"

I did not reply, but I dare say my face said all that was needed.

A speaking pause. Then—

"Oh, what *will* you say, Marian?" And her voice was full of expectation, and—ah, yes, I could hear it—of delight also. "Oh, Marian, what an entire change it would make in all our plans! No more keeping stupid account of steps then. No more tiresome and endless needlework." And she threw the embroidery impatiently away. "Oh, and think what a grand lady you would be! And what lovely dresses you could have! Oh, Marian—if you only could!"

"Shall I? or shall I not, Bertie?" And I did not smile as I asked the question; for I felt disturbed, and as though I were on the brink of acting dishonourably. But—

I looked at my little darling sister, and I thought of all I might do for her, if I first simply answered that letter as the writer wished—and I wavered.

"Darling," I returned, "I have a great mind to say yes—a great mind, Bertie."

She clapped her hands in joy and excitement.

"Give me half an hour to think," I continued. "Go on with your work, dear. Do not speak a word to me till the clock strikes seven, and then I will have my decision ready, for I must write before the post goes out to-night."

The clock ticked on and on monotonously and relentlessly; a cinder occasionally fell from the grate; Bertie's needle went eagerly and impatiently, stitch, stitch, stitch! And I thought—intently and earnestly.

CHAPTER VIII.—APRIL SHOWERS.

YES, I had a strong leaning towards this wrong step—for, wrong, in my heart of hearts, I well knew it to be. I do not pretend to be a heroine; Bertie is my heroine; and *she* would not have done such a thing for the world, even though she had ap-

peared every now and then to view the matter in an altogether unconcerned and money-loving light. But then Bertie had a strong motive and safeguard against any such mistake as I was meditating; I had nothing—save a sad memory, which I wanted to kill, and a feeble struggling sense of right.

The clock struck seven. Bertie dropped her work instantly, and looked at me; but, as she saw at once, I was undecided still.

Such a short time ago, it seemed to me, and I had thought that I could not see a single ray of promise for my future. But rarely indeed do things fall out exactly as we expect. Surely now here was promise, if I chose to look upon it as such. "What is aught but as 'tis valued?" And why could I not bring my heart and thoughts to value the proposal which had been made to me, as it deserved? But hearts and thoughts are stubborn things, and much in the habit of going precisely the way which one had hoped they might not be going.

Bertie was watching me. Soon she came, and knelt down before me, slipping her hand into mine; her gentle eyes, full of affection—ah, and of suspense also—anxiously looking up into my face. Then I heard the tiniest sigh—

"No; I see you must not do it, Marian."

"I do not see it, dear—and I really begin to think that I will do it."

She shook her head.

"May I ask you a few questions?" and she affected to speak lightly. "May I be examiner?"

"Ask anything you please, dear."

"You like Mr. Kaye?"

"Yes, Bertie; speaking honestly, I like him very much."

"But you know you do not love him?"

I hesitated—

"Well, no, dear, I suppose I do not."

"Then you must not think of marrying him."

"For your sake, darling," I began thoughtlessly; "for my own, now, I do not——"

"Not for me," she interrupted, firmly. "If you would not do it for yourself, Marian, you *ought* not, for the sake of any one else—even Mr. Kaye himself. Love deserves better treatment than that."

I was silent. She drew closer, her arms first gently then tightly clasping me.

"Do you wish to make me utterly miserable, Marian dear? Because, if you do go and sacrifice yourself in this way for me I shall never be happy again—never forgive myself."

Silence still; but my considerations were, I found, rapidly approaching a conclusion.

Bertie rose, and went back to her own place at the table and quietly took up the embroidery again.

"Then we must still go plodding on?" I said, at last.

"I would rather," exclaimed Bertie, with energy—"rather a thousand times plod on—if it is plodding—to the end of my days—than that any one dear to me should marry for anything but love!"

A knock at the street door; but we were too eager in our talk to notice it.

Frank Bourne entered.

And how my Bertie flushed and brightened with pleasure! I found afterwards that Frank had been teasing her by paying little superfluous attentions to Miss Pearson. Now he had come to make it up. There was, as I think I have stated before, no positive engagement between them, and most persons, Mrs. Bourne always excepted, appeared to look upon their friendship as merely a very pleasant brotherly and sisterly attachment. But I knew better; and I knew also that Frank, though he might have some kind of leaning towards Miss Pearson, yet, at present, loved Bertie far more dearly, whatever he might do in days to come. But he was young, and so was she. They might change, and change again yet—who could say? Life is made up of changes.

"Oh, Frank! May I tell him, Marian?"

I had always looked upon him as a younger brother—why should he not be told? And it would vex Bertie to have to keep a secret from him, I knew; therefore I gave permission; and, after his first pleasant words to me, I went on with my work, and he and Bertie did all the talking—or almost all. I put in a word or two now and then.

"Don't you breathe a word of what I have told you, mind, Frank! And now here is Marian talking of accepting him! Do help me to persuade her not!"

Frank took up the poker, and slowly and carefully stirred the fire—looking into the blaze all the while.

"'It is a dangerous thing to despise luck that comes to your very door,'" quoted he. "Why should she not accept?—if he loves her, Bertie?"

"Is *his* love everything?" And there was a little quiver of sudden anger in her voice. "May not hers count for a little?"

"Marian's?" And he looked at her with a half comical smile. "Why, yes, I suppose it may count for a great deal. What then?"

"She has none to give Mr. Kaye," returned Bertie, shortly. "Now do you see?"

Frank relieved his feelings—if they needed relief—by poking the fire again.

"That alters the case entirely, of course," said he.

A little further talk for them, and a little more thought for me, and I had finally decided. No, I could not do this. And I got pen and paper, and sat down to reply to the letter. Bertie and Frank, meanwhile, being so evidently happy in each other's company, so lost to all things outside their own two selves, that I felt as though I were alone, and wrote on easily enough.

Mr. Kaye probably received my letter on the following morning, and a day or two later he left Melton. He had been staying in the place since Christmas. Mrs. Bourne no doubt guessed what had happened, for she soon materially altered in her treatment of both Bertie and myself. The glamour

had fallen from our prospects. Once again she appeared constantly to remember that we were poor; and, as of old, her behaviour was such as warned us not to overstep by word or look the limits which our position had marked out for us. Moreover, she appeared to have opened her eyes to the fact that though Mr. Murray might be in love with Bertie, she evidently had no idea of returning his affection; and then anew, probably, came the reflection of the danger for her stepson Frank.

It was the day before the wedding. It had been raining all the morning, but in the afternoon the heavy downpour had ceased, and then the sun came out, and all around looked but the fresher and fairer for the shower. The violets in Mrs. Robins' little garden peeped out from beneath their green leaves, hung with diamond-drops that glittered dazzlingly in the sunshine, and I saw young lovely leaves of vivid green unfolding everywhere.

"After the showers fall, the flowers grow." Mr. Murray had quoted the proverb to me that very morning, as in my run after twelve o'clock—for I had gone out in the rain—I had met him; and I had been musing at intervals ever since upon flowers not material, but immaterial and invisible, yet none the less sweet. Was this the time of showers for me? And were there really flowers of love, and rest, and peace, yet to bloom in the seemingly unpromising garden of my life?

Bertie had gone to Colneside.

My scholars dismissed—I had eight now—I sat down to practice instead of going out as usual. I very much wished to play really well, and also I liked any pursuit which demanded undivided attention; and loving music, I could always throw my whole thoughts into it.

I played on, and on, eagerly, carefully, unceasingly; striving to leave not even a moment for stray reflections. I did not wish to think to-day, for whenever I did so, I caught myself devising plans for leaving Melton, and all our opening prospects, and going far away, and beginning life anew.

Presently I heard Bertie's footstep coming—slowly for her—along the brick path, and in at the open door, and then into the sitting-room; but I did not look round, for I had just reached a difficult passage. I even went over it three or four times; but then, as Bertie still did not speak, I turned, and there she was, sitting in a chair close by the door, crying; her small slight fingers before her face, her gloves lying in her lap, her hat off, and the fair short curls clustering over her flushed brow, her small feet cased in muddy boots, crossed below her plain short linsey skirt.

"Why, Bertie, my darling!"—and I rose quickly, and went to her, and put an arm around her shoulders, and, kissing the soft wet cheeks, made her lean her head against me—"what *is* the matter?"

She cried bitterly for a few moments; then started up.

"Oh, I am very foolish, Marian! Please do not take any notice of me."

Then she stooped to pull off her wet boots.

"Augusta says that she shall give up drawing now, and that most likely she will never take another lesson in her life. I am to go to Miss Mann's next time."

Miss Mann was the new pupil whom Augusta had obtained. She was a young lady of about Bertie's own age, and her home was in Melton, and very near Colneside.

"And she says," Bertie went on, in a voice that was half-choked with tears yet, "that Miss Mann will be sure to get me other pupils; and that if I would only take up with drawing in earnest, leaving everything else for it, I might earn a great deal of money! In time, she says, she feels sure that I might even become a great artist, and get, perhaps, hundreds of pounds for my pictures! There was an ambitious idea to put into my mind, that is full enough of ambition already!"

But she paused abruptly, and began to cry again, and even to sob, and she threw her boots pettishly away. Then catching them up once more she ran into the passage.

"Mrs. Robins," she called. "Will you be kind enough to dry my boots for me? I wish to go out again very soon after tea."

"My dear," I said, as she returned, "you will tire yourself out."

"It is what I wish to do," she rejoined, pushing back the pretty hair from her perturbed and heated brow. "And, besides, my work, as a rule, lies away from this house—yours in it! How have you got on in school to-day, Marian? I am very selfish—I leave you all alone, and almost forget even to make inquiries as to whether *you* get tired out or not."

"I have done very well, thank you, darling; but I am concerned about you. Am I not to know what has happened to trouble you?"

I was standing by the window now; she came slowly and stood beside me, linking her arm in mine.

"I 'll tell you by-and-by, if I can, Marian. . . . Poor Augusta, I have been thinking of *her* a good deal. Do you know, I am quite sure that she will not be happy with John Bourne? And I cannot bear to think that, for she has quite made me love her lately. She is very quick-tempered, certainly, and exceedingly proud; but then she is never either the one or the other with me, because she loves me, and that pleases me, and so even her very faults only make me love her the more."

"Well, dear?" I said, as she paused, and sighed a little.

"I almost think that she is beginning to see at last that John Bourne does not care particularly for her; and my great wonder is that she did not see it long ago; so cold and self-possessed as he is when he is talking to her, and so seldom as he gives her—in company, at any rate—a really kind, pleasant smile. She was nearly crying this afternoon over her draw-

ing. I noticed, and I think that Miss Mann noticed it also."

Bertie had gone up-stairs to bathe her face and smooth her hair, and Mrs. Robins was getting tea ready. I sat by the fire now, hearing the rattle of the cups and saucers, and the clatter of knives and spoons, and the hissing of the tea-kettle, and feeling the while like one in a dream. I spoke not a word to Mrs. Robins, I did not even notice Bertie's re-entrance into the room.

"I shall be glad—oh, so glad! when to-morrow is over," I murmured.

"Will you, dear?" And Bertie's voice had a tone of surprise in it; while I started at finding her quite near me. "Do you mean that you would rather not go to the wedding, Marian?"

"I would very much rather not go, dear."

"And I—I would give anything to be out of Melton altogether!" And she spoke almost passionately. "Miss Pearson will be—to-morrow Mrs. Bourne will contrive—and Frank. Oh, Marian, I am so miserable!"

"And I could have echoed the impatient cry. But I could think of nothing better to say to her than—

"Patience, dear; only have a little patience. I don't think you have any need to be miserable."

"Ah, you do not know!"

She would not say any more until we had had tea; and then she gave me a long history.

Mrs. Bourne, it seemed, had talked to her of Miss Pearson and Frank that afternoon, telling her that she believed that Frank, "young-man-like," did not know his own mind, and that he was in fact equally in love with both her and Miss Pearson; and that if she, Bertie, wished to do him a "life-long service," she would in some way give him to understand that her own liking for him was no more than that of a sister or a friend; and that then, though he would probably feel a little hurt at first, he was young, and would no doubt soon forget all about it, and bestow his sole attentions upon Miss Pearson, and "all would be well," which conclusion signified that Frank would marry the heiress, as his stepmother had planned, and would have as much *money* as he could reasonably wish.

"And what did you say, dear?" I inquired, when she had got so far.

I saw a smouldering light in the beautiful eyes; and she raised her head proudly—

"I don't know what I said; but I know what I thought. Love shall always stand first with me, as it deserves, even though pride should struggle hard with it sometimes. When I know that Frank has forgotten me, I will forget him. Never fear but that I both could and would do so!" She paused a moment, and then added, angrily, "I have no patience with Mrs. Bourne's lofty manners, and tiresome interfering ways!"

She was sitting opposite me, and her head was bent over her work again. At the last word she gave an impatient pull at her cotton, and broke it. "There! But I shall not begin again. I will not do another stitch to-night. Let me rest for a little while with you, Marian. There is nobody like my darling sister, after all."

I put away my work also, and she came and nestled in my arms like a child, and hid her face on my shoulder.

And while she sat so, not uttering a word, I once more recalled what Mr. Murray had said concerning providences.

"He would say," I thought, "that to-night's sorrow comes, in all probability, but to prepare the way for greater joy; and that just as a great sculptor lavishes hours unnumbered, and love and care without measure, in cutting, and 're-touching and polishing,' where the careless onlooker thought that all was perfect before—a stroke here, another there, each in love, and not one wasted—in order that his work may as nearly as possible attain perfection, so our God, the Heavenly Sculptor, brings His skill and love and patience, infinite and untiring, to bear upon us His living stones; and each stroke, guided by a hand unerring, does its own appointed part in the work of fitting soul after soul for a prepared place in a wondrous immortal temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

How powerless are words to express such marvels! And, even if they could be more fully expressed, how faintly and how feebly would our earth-bound minds comprehend them! And how—feeling them *too* far above us—should we not presently turn again to the fleeting and clouded joys of a day, with something like relief in our hearts! But just so would a child turn, if his father should take him from his play, and, seating him on his knee, begin to tell him of all the nobler joys and sweeter delights of manhood. Our God knows whereof we are made; and He pities us as a father pities his children. He knows that our minds are yet, as it were, in veriest infancy; that the happy days of the full development of our powers are to come; and that we are now as children, under tutors and governors, until the time appointed by Him.

"Patience, then," I thought again. "Patience, little sister. These are the days of training, and, for the present, of sorrowful love. But joyful love will yet come for you, I feel sure! And for me, what does it signify?"

"Marian!"

"Yes, my darling."

"I want to talk a little longer yet."

And she lifted her head from my shoulder.

"Talk on, dear child."

"I will listen to no false arguments," she continued, but quietly now. "The more I think, the more clearly I see that love is the greatest and most glorious thing in the whole world. I know that my Frank loves me; and shall Pride make me give him up, to be less happy with some one else? No! I will always, in my heart at any rate, call him 'my Frank,'

until I find that *he* wishes to give *me* up—and *then*—I will let him go soon enough."

A moment's silence, and then her eyes met mine.

"There is pride again, you see, Marian! trying with all its might to get a firmer footing. But I should not speak so—only—I *know* that Frank likes Miss Pearson a little; and I believe that Mrs. Bourne is so far right that, if I were to turn very cross and disagreeable, he *would* by-and-by propose to her, and in time be quite as happy as the generality of people. And so—do you see—pride pushes me very hard, and says——"

"Never mind what it says, dear," I interrupted. "It is in the wrong, and so is Mrs. Bourne, and so, I believe, are you."

The dear little colourless face—more colourless than ever lately—was once more turned to mine, with, for the moment, a very bright look upon it.

"'Is *his* love everything?'"—*p.* 165.

"Do you think so, Marian? What do you mean? But ah, I forgot! You do not know." And she laid her head down on my shoulder again with a little patient sigh.

"I know that Frank's liking for Miss Pearson is simply nothing beside his love for my Bertie," I said. "But perhaps—only perhaps—Bertie has allowed him to see how well and how surely she cares for

him ; and—perhaps again—that may have spoiled him a little ? "

"You always think that !" she rejoined, almost pettishly. "You have such a terrible dread of allowing people to see that you love them, Marian ! It will work you a mischief some day, I should not wonder."

"I cannot see how," I returned. "But now—what do I not know, Bertie ? You are a long time coming to it, are you not ? "

"Yes, but let me go on in my own way. However, I must be a little quicker. I said I was going out ! "

"Are you obliged to go, dear ? "

"Not exactly obliged, I dare say ; still, I should be vexed afterwards if I did not go."

"It is getting late ; you must take me with you, Bertie."

"So I will ! " And her eyes danced. "Though my business is a secret. I wonder what you will say, Marian ? You won't scold, I hope ? "

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 5. Ahab's Death.

Chapter to be read—1 *Kings xxii.*

INTRODUCTION. What was the last we heard of Ahab ? Who procured Naboth's vineyard for him ? What curse was pronounced against Jezebel in consequence ? Shall not hear of her death just yet, but shall read to-day of Ahab's. Remind how he repented for a time, and punishment was postponed. God can read hearts, and knew perhaps how much he had been influenced by his wicked wife. To-day shall read of his making war and his death.

I. A Proposal. (Read 1—5.) Who was new king of Judah ? (From 2 Chron. xvii. 3 show that Jehoshaphat was a godly man who walked in first and best ways of David.) Now came to pay visit to Ahab. Remind of visits of European monarchs to this country. So came down in state to see Ahab in Samaria with large number of followers and attendants, great feasting on the occasion (2 Chron. xviii. 2). What proposal does Ahab make to him ? (Show Ramoth-Gilead on map—across Jordan, in line with Samaria.) Shall the two kings together recover it from the enemy ? What does Jehoshaphat want to do before he gives an answer ? Evidently accustomed to seek God's guidance in all things. So bids Ahab first inquire of the Lord.

II. A Consultation. (Read 6—28.) Here have a very striking scene. Picture the two kings sitting in state, in royal robes, at entrance of gate—being the usual place for public assemblies. Who were called together first ? But who were these prophets ? Perhaps the 400 prophets of the grove (xviii. 19) who are not said to have been killed when Baal's prophets were at Mount Carmel. Perhaps were really prophets of the Lord—for remind how Obadiah had saved 100 (xviii. 13), and others might have come forward since. Which way did they prophesy ? Just as the king wished. Do not seem to have asked God at all. What did Jehoshaphat ask then ? Why did not Ahab like Micaiah ? So do evil men always hate those who reprove them. What did the messenger advise Micaiah to say ? (Ver. 13.) Thus he would gain favour with the king. But what did Micaiah answer ? He can only speak God's words. So he comes in to the king. What a trying moment ! He has asked God—knows what his message is to be—that it is opposed to the king—king will surely be angry—yet must deliver his message. First he mocks the 400 prophets by repeating their words—then (ver. 17) gives solemn message in God's name. He describes the vision he has seen—the Lord on His throne—angels coming and going—the angel (or spirit) saying how he would persuade Ahab by means of lying spirits—the warning that evil would befall Ahab if he went to war. Was Micaiah believed ? What did Zedekiah say to him, and what warning was given to him ? What did king Ahab order ? How long was he to be kept in prison ? But what did Micaiah say ? To whom also did he appeal ? Wished all the people to hear his prophecy and judge of its truth.

III. A Battle. (Read 30—40.) See how numbers told Jehoshaphat and Ahab believed the 400 prophets—because they wished to go to war. Yet was Ahab quite comfortable ? What did he do ? Thus by disguise showing he half believed Micaiah. What command had king of Syria given ? His captain mistook Jehoshaphat for Ahab. What did he do ? (Ver. 32.) (From 2 Chron. xviii. 31 show that this cry was a prayer to God who turned aside these captains.) See how God was ordering all events that day—for how did Ahab die ? A chance hit, as we should say ; but was it really so ? What insult did Ahab meet with after death ? Just as had been predicted by Elijah (xxi. 19) ; and so God's word came true. But he died in the act of disobedience to God.

IV. The Lessons. (1) *From Jehoshaphat* may learn the danger of making friendships with the wicked. Many warnings about this in Book of Pro-

verbs (i. 10, iv. 14, etc). Sure to be led into wrong sooner or later. (2) *From Ahab* learn the folly and sin of inquiring of God while not intending to serve Him (Ezek. xiv. 7—10). Must pray with clean hands and a pure heart, if would have God listen. And how should we like to die—like Ahab—disobeying God? Must then live pleasing God—doing God's will—then death will be gain (John xii. 26, Phil. i. 21). (3) *From lying prophets*—the danger of advising according to our own wishes instead of asking God. Who would believe them afterwards? So must not be time-servers —lest Christ should say, "I never knew you; depart" (Matt. vii. 22). (4) *From Micaiah*—to do duty without fear of consequences. He was disbelieved—persecuted—imprisoned—but his word came true. Would gain honour with the people and reward from God. Remind of Elijah, who was likewise bold in rebuking Ahab—of John the Baptist, who rebuked Herod—of Stephen before the chief priest. Requires great boldness thus to stand up for God before wicked men—but what does Christ say? (See Matt. xvi. 25.)

Questions to be answered.

1. What was Ahab's proposal?
2. Whom did Ahab consult, and why?
3. Describe Micaiah's prophecy.
4. How did Ahab meet his death?
5. What lessons may we learn?

No. 6. ELIJAH AND THE CAPTAINS.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings i.

INTRODUCTION. Ahab now dead, and Jezebel his wife. Remind of his character; sold himself—*i.e.*, gave himself up to do evil, incited by his wife. Who succeeded him? (1 Kings xxii. 51.) Did he do better? Alas! *All* kings of Israel were wicked. Some more, some less, but not one good one. Ahaziah walked in steps of father and mother. So sins of parents descend to children. What a warning to parents!

I. THE KING'S ILLNESS. (Read 1—8.) What happened to the king? Sickness and accident come to all. Remind of sickness of the Prince of Wales a few years ago; what was done then? Solemn prayers in all churches—great sorrow in all the land. Was this the case with Ahaziah? No: might have been prayed for in temple, but loved and worshipped strange gods. To whom did he send? But to whom are all things known? God was about his bed, and knew all his ways (Ps. cxxxix. 4, 5). To whom did God send an angel (or messenger)? Why to Elijah and not direct to the king? Perhaps wanted to establish Elijah's authority. So now messengers of king depart, probably with a present for the false god. On their way meet Elijah. How was he dressed? What question did he ask them? How had God showed that He was the Lord? Remind of three years' famine—of the fire coming down from heaven on Mount Carmel—of the rain coming at Elijah's prayer. And now what was God's message to the king? He must die. He has neglected God, insulted God, sought other gods, and this is his punishment. No time given for repentance —he must be cut off in his sins. Evidently messengers convinced of truth of message—do not go on to Baal-zebub, but return at once to king

Picture the king's eagerness for their return—often asking if any news of them—at last tidings of the messengers—eagerly summoned to the king—questioned as to the god s answer—"Will he get better or worse?" What a surprise the answer must have been—he must find out who this man was. So they describe him. King knows him at once. It is Elijah. He met his father, and gave him God's message (1 Kings xxi. 21), and now he has dared to trouble him. What can he do to him? He will seize him, and put him in prison.

II. THE KING'S REVENGE. (Read 9—14.) What does the king order at once? A guard summoned—command given—Elijah must be taken prisoner. Picture the excitement—the captain summoned—troop of fifty hastily collected—start out eagerly. Now picture the old prophet quietly waiting and watching on a hill—sees the band coming—is he afraid? Does he flee now? Quietly waits their approach—listens to the command—hears the proud message. What happens? Just as at Carmel, so now God answers by fire. He makes flaming fire his minister (Heb. i. 7). What does the king do now? But what becomes of the second party? Picture the alarm in the palace when news of the second party comes. But is the king convinced yet? No—sends a third troop. Still fights against God. What does this captain do? He does his duty—goes up to Elijah, but what does he say? This very different from the other two. He acknowledges Elijah as man of God, and pleads for his life. What is the result? He is saved, and Elijah goes with him.

III. THE LORD'S MESSAGE. (Read 15—18.) Now Elijah comes to the king. Not as a prisoner but as an ambassador. Picture him taken into king's chamber —the king lying bruised and sick—doctors and nurses all doing their best—courtiers in attendance. The prophet comes in. He is not afraid, for he is God's messenger. What is the message? The same as before. The king did not believe the first message—did not repent as Hezekiah did when heard similar message (Isaiah xxxviii. 1—3). So the final decree has gone forth. Does the king believe it now? It seems so—makes no attempt on prophet's life—accepts his fate and dies. Only reigned two years—did evil—neglected God, and died in his sin.

IV. THE LESSONS. (1) *The certainty of death.* May be delayed—but comes sooner or later to all. How will it find us when it comes? Trusting to false hopes, or looking to God for mercy? Let us seek the Lord while He may be found (Isa. lv. 6). (2) *The certainty of God's word.* What God said must come to pass. The soul that sinneth shall die. Nothing we can do can hinder it. This the message to all young and old—prince and peasant—"Except

ye repent, shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 5.)

(3) *The safety of the just.* Elijah unmoved, because God was with him. All must be well to God's people. He is their shield. Can protect now as did then. Remind of David fleeing from Saul; Jacob meeting Esau; Daniel in lion's den [See Ps. xxxiv. 4—7], and will protect from bodily foes, and spiritual ones. Nothing can harm us if we are really His. Therefore taste and see how gracious the Lord is.

Questions to be answered.

1. Who succeeded Ahab, and how long did he reign?
2. Whom did he consult, and why?
3. What was God's message to him?
4. How did God vindicate his honour?
5. What was the end of the king?
6. What lessons may we learn?

ARCHBISHOP USSHER: A TERCENTENARY COMMEMORATION.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE celebrated Archbishop Ussher was born in Dublin, on January 4th, 1580-1; and accordingly the present month is his tercentenary. Like the Foxes, the Norths, the Pitts, and, in our own time, the Wilberforces, Coleridges, and Wordsworths, high ability was almost a birthright in his family. His maternal grandfather was Speaker in the Irish House of Commons, and moved the first resolution in Parliament for the foundation of the University of Dublin. His father held an office of much responsibility under Government. The Primacy of Ireland had once already been held by an Ussher, who was his uncle. He was taught to read by two aunts, who were both blind, but to whose taste and knowledge he always acknowledged himself deeply indebted. It is said that they could repeat a great part of the Bible by heart, and they doubtless had a large influence upon the direction which his studies afterwards took. This remarkable family was an offshoot from the English Nevilles; and their name was due to the fact that the first who settled in Ireland came thither as usher ("ussher") to King John.

While James Ussher was a child, the great question in politics was who should succeed Queen Elizabeth. King James of Scotland sent two accomplished scholars to Ireland, to consolidate his interests there; and they masked their true design by opening a grammar-school in Dublin. We are told that he long afterwards "took it for a striking instance of the Providence of God that he should receive his education from two remarkable men, who came to Ireland by chance, yet proved so happily useful to himself and others." Certainly it is a curious fact that the youth of the first scholar of his age should have been moulded by two blind women and two politicians in disguise.

Trinity College was opened when he was thirteen years and five days old; and although the story that he was its first Scholar seems to be disproved, yet he was one of its original students, and perhaps the second Scholar elected after a public examination. He was also the eighth Fellow. Poetry and play are said to have beguiled him for a while, but he must have been a hard student from the first, and before long he acquired that taste for antiquarianism and archæology which strengthened into a passion. It is said that this interest was first excited in him by the words of Cicero:—"Not to know what happened before thou wast born, this is to be a child for ever." But such a spark would never have kindled him into flame if the combustible material had not been prepared beforehand within him. At nineteen years of age he had already arranged a table of the chronology of Scripture up to the Book of Kings, not very different in its results from the annals which he long afterwards published. In his twentieth year he was so impressed by a claim to superior antiquity which a Romish controversialist put forward, that he began, and for eighteen years pursued to a successful issue, the task of reading through all the patristic literature from the Apostles to the Council of Trent. At this time his father was urging him to adopt the profession of the law, and his conscience did not allow him to disobey; but the hand of death broke the chain which bound him, and he devoted himself to theology. His earnestness was curiously shown by his disposal of the family property, for when it was found, though ample, to be entangled in such a manner that time and patience would be required for its adjustment, this ardent student handed it over to a younger brother, only reserving a patrimony for his sisters, and a slender sum for his own support in college and for books.

At the age of nineteen he accepted a challenge offered by the formidable Jesuit controversialist, Fitz-Simons, who proposed to discuss with any theologian whatever points were thought strongest in the Protestant faith and weakest in his own. Fitz-Simons long afterwards pretended that he demanded some credentials from so young a man, and when they were refused, declared it unworthy of his honour to dispute with him. But Ussher claimed

the victory, and there is sufficient evidence extant to disprove his opponent's tale.

Ussher, while still a layman, was appointed a lecturer in Christ Church cathedral; and before the canonical age was reached, a special dispensation enabled him to be ordained, on the same day, deacon and priest. When he was twenty years of age he was sent by the University to London on a curious errand. The English soldiery, having crushed a rebellion, and taken the garrison of Kinsale, subscribed £1,800 of their arrears of pay for a present of books to the University of Dublin; and Ussher, with Dr. Challoner, was commissioned to purchase these, at the very time when Sir Thomas Bodley was doing the same work for Oxford.

It is pleasant to know that they worked in a spirit, not of rivalry, but of co-operation and friendship, to the great advantage of both undertakings. Ussher was only twenty-six years old when he became Professor of Divinity in Dublin, and two years after he was elected Provost. But the head of the rising university at that time would have had little time for study; many intrigues had to be frustrated — some perhaps had to be undertaken; and Ussher, whose heart was always in his library, refused the glittering offer.

ARCHBISHOP USSHER.

His first published book was an elaborate proof that Christ had always a visible Church of true Christians who had not been tainted by the corruptions of the Church of Rome. It took up this argument where Jewell left it, and the plan was to have pursued the investigation to the Council of Trent; but, amid the cares of his later years, it was never completed. This work was received with the greatest applause of the learned throughout Europe, and it established its author's fame.

When Ussher was thirty-two years old, his friend Dr. Challoner died, solemnly charging his daughter, upon his death-bed, never to marry any one but Dr. James Ussher, a precept which she religiously observed, bringing to her father's friend, a year afterwards, a very considerable fortune, and living with him in love for forty years.

In 1620-1, Ussher was appointed Bishop of Meath, after some interviews with James I., which completely removed the prejudices conceived against his orthodoxy by that "Modern Solomon," who was indeed the wisest fool in Christendom.

And here it may perhaps be regretted that Ussher ever forsook his academic privacy. He was essentially a student. He was the best of men, being, as Selden said, "of the utmost piety, of singular wisdom, learned even to a miracle, and born for the prosecution of severe studies." But the best of men is not always the best of bishops, and Burnet says of Ussher that "No man is entirely perfect. He was not made for the governing part of his function. He had too gentle a soul to manage the rough work of reforming abuses; and therefore he left things as he found them. . . . This defect in him was the only alloy that seemed left, and without it he would have been held perhaps in more veneration than was fitting."

But if Ussher had scarcely the strong hand for beating down abuses, he had the burning heart of an evangelist. Upon his episcopal seal he engraved, "*Væ mihi si non evangelizavero*"—"Woe is me if I shall not have preached the Gospel"—and these words were re-produced by him on the seal of the Primacy. He lectured upon the claims of the Reformation all over his diocese, and when the Roman Catholics, wishing to hear him, nevertheless objected to come to church, he addressed them in the Sessions House. Whatever work was thus achieved, it was not possible to continue it very long, for the priests, taking the alarm, forbade their followers to hear him in any place.

Ussher was now in high favour with King James, who boasted of him as a bishop of his own making, and on the death of Primate Hampton translated him to the Primacy of Armagh. Six days after the king himself passed away; but Charles proved himself of the same mind, by granting him, as we are quaintly told, "out of his bounty, four hundred pounds English from the revenues of Ireland."* Illness delayed him at this time in England, and while there, an interesting event occurred. Lord Mordaunt, a zealous Romanist, strove earnestly to win over his lady to

* This may possibly have suggested the old jest of the country gentleman, who,

"Of his great bounty,
Built this bridge at the cost of the county."

his persuasion; and at last they agreed to promote a discussion between two experienced controversialists, at their seat in Drayton, where a well-furnished library was accessible. The Roman Catholic champion was a Jesuit named Rookwood. Archbishop Ussher was persuaded to oppose him; and on the fourth day his antagonist sent word that "all the arguments he had framed within his head, and thought he had them as perfect as his Paternoster, he had clean forgotten, and thought this a just judgment of God for presuming to oppose a man of such judgment and learning without having procured the permission of his superiors." Lord Mordaunt, afterwards Lord Peterborough, became a Protestant, and remained always a staunch friend of the Archbishop.

The Archbishop had an agent in the East commissioned to make purchases of books for him, and at this time he received several copies of the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the Syriac version of the Old Testament, which are now in the Bodleian Library. From these he prepared, with immense labour, a list of the passages in which they varied from the Hebrew; but no publisher could be persuaded to take the risk of printing them. These discoveries, nevertheless, added greatly to his reputation. In 1631 he published a curious life of Gotescalcus, a monk who was persecuted, eight centuries before, for holding the opinions now called Calvinistic. The next year saw a much more important work—his famous investigation of the ancient Irish and Scotch churches, in which he showed that Romanism was an importation of their English conquerors; and the ancient Church was at one with the Reformation on every important point. The argument applied to both "the greater and lesser Scotland—that is, to Ireland, and the famous colony deduced from thence into Albania." This work has often been assailed, but never even plausibly answered; and in all its essential parts it remains intact. But the Irish people have never been able to see that the fallen creed for which "they have a zeal indeed toward God" is a badge of their subjugation, and a consequence of the event in all their history which they execrate most bitterly. In 1639 he published his famous "Antiquities of the British Churches," a mine from which every subsequent writer on the subject has dug golden ore.

In the meanwhile the storm which he had long foreseen and dreaded became clear to the simplest foreboding. The Long Parliament assembled. England was profoundly agitated, and convulsions were prepared in Ireland by which the crisis in both islands was to be precipitated

THE SPREAD OF THE KINGDOM.

INTRODUCTORY.

GO ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." These, the parting words of our Lord to His disciples, constitute what has been well termed "the Great Commission." They indicate His purpose, that all nations should hear the Gospel; that the message of salvation should be conveyed by teachers or preachers; and that His servants were to rely upon His spiritual presence for encouragement and success in their work. The Saviour had promised before leaving the world, that "another Comforter" should be sent to His people, who should abide with them for ever; and in the descent of the Holy Spirit of truth on the Day of Pentecost this promise was fulfilled. The apostolic missions were the immediate result of this effusion of the Spirit.

Among the early missionaries who sought to obey the Saviour's command, St. Paul ranks as chief, both on account of natural and divine endowments; and we cannot do better than look to him for an exposition of the principles, upon which he conceived the commission was to be executed. In the historical record of his labours, and in the Epistles which bear his name, it is impossible not to notice, on the one hand, the reserve that is observed with regard to the miraculous gifts bestowed upon him; and, on the other, the unmistakable prominence which he gives to the Holy Spirit's influence in the work of conversion. The preaching of Christ crucified, accompanied by the power and demonstration of the Spirit, was the foundation of his evangelistic efforts. Hence the "fleshly eagerness," as Neander terms it, for miracles as an instrument of conversion, which some of the so-called successors of the Apostles have displayed, has no justification either in the example or the precepts of the Apostle Paul. The most enduring triumphs of the Gospel have ever been won in those lands where missionaries, trusting to no meretricious arts, have laboured in sole dependence upon the Holy Spirit's blessing, appropriating to themselves the promise given to the disciples, and following, as far as the altered condition of things permits, the apostolic model.

The "Acts of the Apostles" is silent respecting the closing years of St. Paul's life; and we are also uninformed with regard to the labours of the other Apostles at the end of the first century. The tra-

ditions relating to the journeys of the Apostles Peter and Thomas, of the Ethiopian eunuch, and others, are entitled to little credit; but it is nevertheless certain that Christ's command was both recognised and zealously carried out by the early Church. We hear of missions to India and other parts of Asia in the second, and third and fourth centuries; while in the fifth century we find British Christians occupying a prominent place in missionary records. The Gospel had been brought to Britain most probably about the end of the second century; and for some time afterwards the reputation of the British churches for the piety of their members, and for the learning of their bishops, spread even as far as Rome itself. The advent of the Saxon pagans drove the British Christians into the fastnesses of Wales, and across the water to Ireland. This island in the year 440 A.D. was the scene of the missionary labours of Patrick, a native of Scotland, who had embraced Christianity in his youth. Prior to this date, Patrick had been carried away from his home by pirates, and landed in Ireland, where he acquired the language of the people, and commenced evangelistic work amongst them. He escaped subsequently to his home, but the desire to return to his former labours was irresistible, and he finally devoted his life to the spread of the Gospel among the Irish. He planted churches and monasteries; the latter, however, being in reality mission schools, where the people were educated, and where native preachers and missionaries were trained. "The missionary spirit, and consequent religious activity prevailing in Irish monasteries, preserved them for a long time from the asceticism and mysticism incidental to the monastic life, and made them a source of blessing to the world." The principal monastic school was at Bangor* (an Irish and not a Welsh Bangor); and here, far removed from the turmoil and strife that distracted the continent of Europe, the Irish ecclesiastics cultivated theological and secular learning with such success, that students flocked from all parts in order that they might receive instruction. The study of the Holy Scriptures was carried on with singular devotion, and as a result the supremacy of the Roman Church was actively disputed, and an independence of thought and practice exhibited, which proved extremely galling to the Romish prelates. A restless spirit, which is not yet extinct amongst the Irish, prompted the inmates of the monasteries to leave their homes, and engage in missionary labour in pagan Europe. From Bangor already mentioned, Christianity was conveyed by Columba about the year 565 A.D., to the Northern Picts of Scotland, the Southern Picts having been already evangelised through the efforts of an English missionary. The Gospel spread rapidly in the Highlands, and the people presented Columba with the island of Hy, subsequently named Iona. Here Columba established a monastery, which for a long period was celebrated for the Biblical and literary culture of the clergy, and for the mission work they carried on far and wide.

Another missionary who went out from Bangor was Columbanus, or Columban, who, near the end of the sixth century, crossed over to the continent of Europe, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the barbarian tribes inhabiting the Frankish empire. He commenced his labours in a wild and savage district of the Vosges, and founded a monastery, where, by a life of rigid self-denial, and by the patient endurance of innumerable hardships, he and his companions commended the doctrines they taught to the heathen by whom they were surrounded. The contrast between the life of Columban and that of the Frankish clergy of the Romish Church was so marked, and his opposition to the See of Rome so persistent, that the secular authorities were at length persuaded to expel him from the country. He at first took refuge in Switzerland, but was again persecuted, and ultimately he reached Lombardy, where, in a monastery that he founded near Pavia, he died in 615, aged seventy-two. His work was taken up by a favourite disciple, Gallus, also an Irishman, who became the apostle of Switzerland. "In what was then a wilderness he founded a monastery, which led to the clearing up of the forest, and the conversion of the land into cultivable soil, and it afterwards became celebrated under his name, St. Gall." Gallus died in the year 640 A.D.

In the eighth century we find another Briton, this time an Englishman, engaged in mission work. Winfried, or Boniface as he is more often called, left Exeter in 723 to preach the Gospel to the German tribes, among whom his labours appear to have been very successful, multitudes of the barbarians receiving baptism at his hands. Under Boniface (who, unlike his predecessors in this field, was anxious to subserve the interests of Rome) the Church of Germany was subjected to the Papal See. Boniface suffered martyrdom at the age of seventy-five, while preaching to the Frieslanders.

With regard to the Irish missions of which we have spoken, we may note what appears to have been a vital defect—viz., the omission to follow the apostolic rule of founding native churches presided over by native pastors, wherever circumstances would admit. Another defect which doubtless affected the ultimate results of the Irish missions, was the isolation of the missionary from the home Church. No correspondence took place between them, and hence the beneficent reaction that follows the intercommunication of the Churches and the Missions was not experienced, probably to the detriment of both.

In the ninth century Danish rovers, having previously ravaged Iona, descended upon Ireland, and committed terrible depredations in the monasteries, destroying the sacred MSS. which it had been for centuries a labour of love to collect; Bangor especially suffering from the violence of the invaders. The work of destruction was completed during the carnage and desolation that accompanied the Norman

* Bangor means *great circle*, and there was more than one place of this name in Britain.

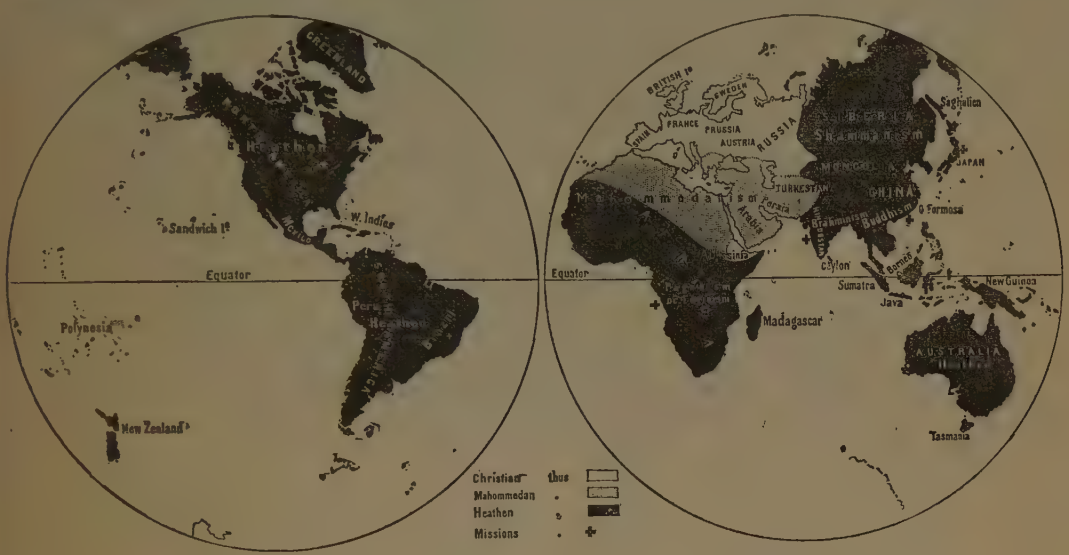
conquest of Ireland in the twelfth century. Not without a determined struggle, however, did the clergy and people yield to the papal authority; but slowly and surely this land of Christian light and learning was covered with spiritual darkness and superstition, from which it has as yet only partly emerged.

It is a noteworthy fact that in the monastery of Erfurth, founded by Irish missionaries, the dawn of the Reformation commenced, and that from this place Luther went forth to engage in his memorable contest with the Church by whose efforts the Protestant Christianity of Ireland was extinguished.

We pass over the history of the propagation of Christianity from the ninth to the fifteenth centuries; the so-called missionary efforts of that period being for the most part attempts to impose a faith by royal decrees and the power of the sword. It was to be expected that during the mighty struggle with Rome in which Luther and his successors in Germany and England were engaged, and for some time afterwards, missionary operations would remain in abeyance. But even after the Reformation was an accomplished fact, Protestant Christians exhibited a singular apathy in regard to their duty towards the heathen world; and for more than a century nothing was done for its evangelisation.

The sixteenth century witnessed the first attempt made by Protestants to evangelise the heathen. In 1556 the Genevan Church sent fourteen missionary colonists to South America, but the mission failed through the treachery of the leader, Villegagnon.

In the seventeenth century we find the Dutch attempting to Christianise the settlements in Ceylon, Java, and other Asiatic islands. Their mode of procedure was, however, decidedly unscriptural. Instead of persuading men, they sought to gain converts by issuing a proclamation that no native should attain military promotion, or be qualified for government service, until he had been admitted as a member of the Protestant Church; the test being subscription to the Helvetic confession of faith. The result was that for some time a large accession of converts was reported; but it is a significant fact that after the conquest of Ceylon by the British in 1796, and when the temptation to become Christians ceased, the hundreds of thousands of communicants dwindled rapidly down to a few thousands. Truth, however, was disseminated by the translation of the Gospels and other Scriptures into Cingalese, and we have the highest authority for believing that the word of God did not return to Him void.



THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD AT THE CLOSE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The missionary operations of the Pilgrim Fathers take a place in the historical review of the seventeenth century, but of these we shall speak hereafter.

The Danish missions of the eighteenth century we likewise reserve for future notice; for although they were originated by the enterprise of Francke of Halle, under the patronage of the King of Denmark, they were subsequently adopted and carried on by an English society, to which reference will be made in the next paper.

We cannot overlook the efforts of Hans Egede, who, in 1721, went to labour for Christ amongst the Greenlanders; and the labours of the United Brethren, or Moravians, demand a tribute of admiration from us. In Greenland, Lapland, North America, South Africa, Ceylon, Guinea, Tartary, and elsewhere, they have, amidst great discouragement from the Christian Church itself, and hampered by limited means, exhibited an unflinching faith, an unquenchable zeal, and self-abnegation worthy of all imitation.

At the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, British Christians partially recovered from the indifference they had

hitherto manifested in regard to the Great Commission. The recovery, however, was but partial, and it was confined principally to individuals. A certain stimulus was undoubtedly experienced as the result of the labours of Wesley and Whitefield; but the mass of the Christian body was in a state of spiritual torpor until the close of the eighteenth century. This condition was mainly the product of a too exclusive attention to public affairs, unchecked by the hallowing influence of work for Christ. There can be no question respecting the importance of the events that preoccupied the minds of Englishmen at this period. The clouds that had been for some time gathering on the continent of Europe, burst at length over the kingdom of France, causing general amazement and alarm. It is not needful that any recital of the scenes in the terrible tragedy of the French Revolution should be given here; but it is essential to point out that the ridicule and contempt that had been cast upon the Christian religion, and the efforts of French writers to disseminate atheistic sentiments, had affected the minds of Englishmen to a very large extent. Those even who had not imbibed infidel principles, were painfully moved by the general unbelief; while the hearts of those who remained faithful to Christ were full of misgiving and apprehension as to what the end of all these things would be. Christians were thrown back upon their inner consciousness; and their sympathies, instead of being evolved by the holy desire of saving the souls of others, seemed in danger of being wholly extinguished. Socinianism was rife, Antinomianism equally so. Small religious communities became smaller through internal dissension; and, as each section branched off from the general body, its members, folding their arms and affirming that all grace, wisdom, and truth reposed in them, achieved neither moral nor spiritual victories over the gross darkness by which they were surrounded.

By what instrumentality the Church was purged of her unfruitfulness, by what a combination of apparently trivial circumstances the leaven of holiness was infused into her system, and how momentous the consequences to the world at large, we shall endeavour to relate in due course. Meanwhile, we may rejoice that English Christians have shaken off their torpor, and that the spirit of selfishness which accompanied that condition, has been to a considerable degree exorcised by the influence of the missionary enterprise. We may be thankful that the opposition which this enterprise received from the secular powers at the end of the last century has ceased, and that our rulers are more enlightened than they were at that time. We may be deeply grateful that professedly Christian men, prelates and dignitaries of the Church of England, ministers and members of nonconforming Churches, no longer presume to limit the continuity of the Great Commission, and repress the attempts that are made to execute it; that missionaries are not now accused of preaching the natives of India into insurrection, or of imperilling the existence of our Empire by the proclamation of the love of God in Christ to sinful man. Government does not now subsidise heathen temples, nor are our troops incited by their officers to join in idol processions, shouting the praises of the god. Indian officers do not heap the most opprobrious epithets upon chaplains who seek to impart instruction to the Hindus; nor do chaplains of Indian regiments forget their holy calling, and engage in mundane transactions in order that they may return to England with a lac of rupees in their pockets. In these and many other changes we trace the hand of God, especially in the remarkable manner in which countries inaccessible to early Protestant missions have been opened up to the Gospel.

As it is our object to describe the way in which English missionaries have occupied the fields of labour as they have become accessible, we must necessarily omit reference to the work of our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic. It is due, nevertheless, to American Christians to say, that to their zeal and liberality we may attribute a large measure of the success that has attended the missionary operations of the present century; the triumphs of the Gospel in Burmah and in the Sandwich Islands being among the most notable religious phenomena of the period.

FAITH.

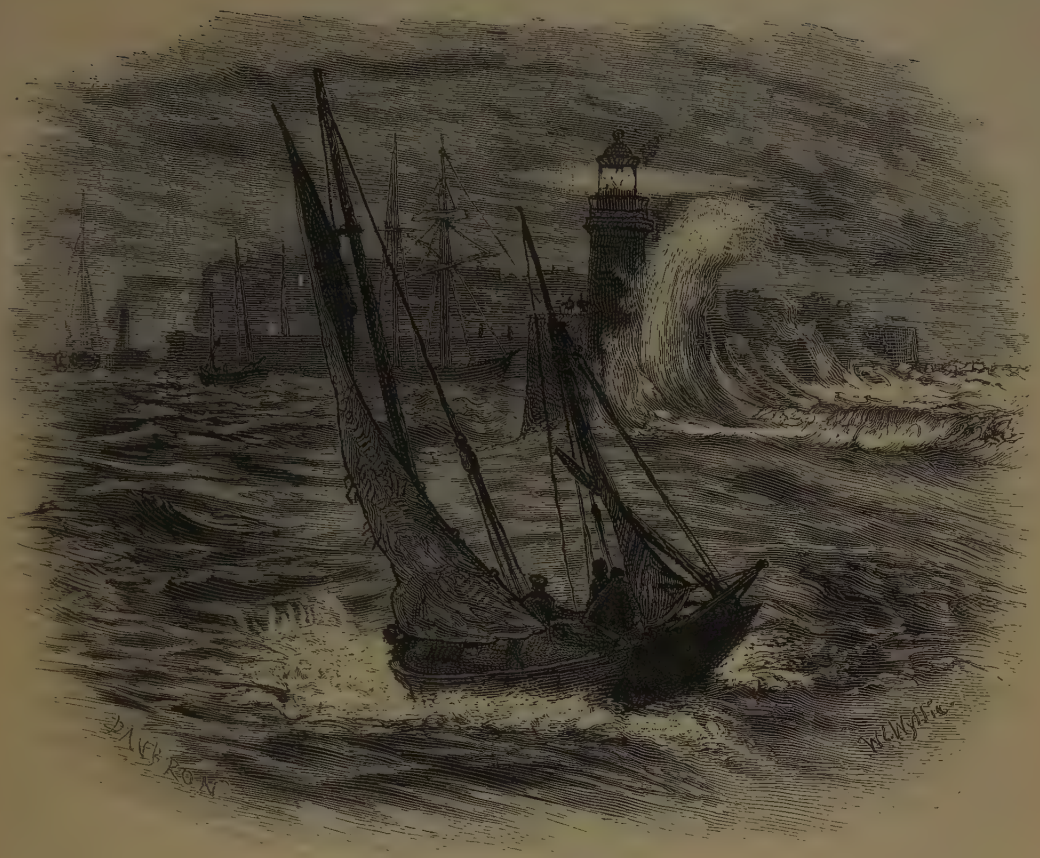
WHEN stars forsake the troubled sky,
And clouds obscure the night,
Gleams for the sailor cheerily
The friendly beacon's light:

So, when the bark of life is tost
On error's ocean maze,
Faith, when we think that all is lost,
From heaven illumes our gaze.

And as the sailor, safely led
By that far-warning ray,
Regains the harbour whence he sped,
And rest succeeds dismay;

So, too, our bark, wave-worn and spent,
Faith guides across the sea;
Behold the haven of content!
We are where we would be.

J. H. DAVIES, B.A.



"Regains the harbour whence he sped."—*p.* 176.

THE "BEGINNINGS" OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."—PSALM cxi. 10.

IT is impossible to estimate too highly the importance of a good beginning. When a man has resolutely made up his mind to accomplish a given task, and thoroughly roused his energies, there is at least a strong probability that he will succeed. The battle in which he is engaged may be severe and protracted, but if it be in a good cause, and he has undertaken it with loyal and true-hearted courage, he is on the high-road to victory. Until we enter the path that leads to it, we can never reach our desired goal. Having entered it, we shall not be without strong inducements and effective aids to continue in it. No worthy or valid conclusion is possible, either in a process of thought or a course of action, until, in some way or other, we have made a good beginning.

On the other hand, a false or dangerous beginning is very likely to issue in a false or dangerous end. A step in the wrong direction cannot always be easily retrieved. After we have taken it we abandon our vantage ground, and stand no longer where we did. It creates entanglements from whose meshes we may be unable to free ourselves, and so holds us in bondage. One act of wrong-doing leads to another. The cherishing of a single unkind thought, the utterance of one cruel or vindictive word, a slight tampering with the law of truth and righteousness, may result in incalculable harm. That God in His kind and watchful providence does often open for us a pathway of return, and overrule evil for good, is indeed a truth we see illustrated in our daily observation, and of which we have most of us had ample proof in our own experience. But numerous instances remind us also that such words and acts

as we have mentioned naturally lead to the most pernicious results, and results which no power on earth can avert.

Hence the importance of making a good beginning, and of knowing how to make it.

There are certain objects in life which we should sedulously desire to accomplish, and others we should no less sedulously avoid. There are possessions in the material, and still more in the intellectual and moral world, which we ought, if possible, to acquire, and others from which we should deem it our glory to be free.

Of the possessions we should eagerly desire in the intellectual and moral sphere of life none is more invaluable than WISDOM. The eulogy pronounced upon it in the Book of Proverbs has been endorsed by the greatest and holiest men of all ages, while men of an opposite character have shown in their littleness and sin how deeply they have had cause to deplore its absence.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her."

What, then, is this wisdom? It is not simply knowledge, however clear and comprehensive. Knowledge is, in a sense, indispensable to it—its foundation and support; but it is not its equivalent. Wisdom is knowledge practically employed, employed so as to control our actions, used in a right and befitting manner. It implies clear insight, sound judgment, and conduct in accordance with both. Whatever be the measure of our light, we can lay no claim to wisdom unless our intellectual and moral being are in harmony.

This distinction has been beautifully illustrated by the poet Cowper—

> Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
> Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
> In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
> Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
> Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
> The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
> Till smoothed, and squared and fitted to its place,
> Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
> Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much,
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Knowledge is, unfortunately, a more general possession than wisdom. A well-informed is not necessarily a well-balanced mind. Great powers of acquisition, and the diligent exercise of those powers, do not invariably lead to a *life* of corresponding greatness and worth. Culture and character do not always go hand-in-hand, nor does wisdom determine the employments and pleasures of all those whom knowledge has enriched with her choicest treasures. Wisdom is often born of toil and struggle in the rough practical duties of life, and men listen not to her appeals until they have been schooled by many fruitless aspirations and bitter regrets.

> Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears
> a laden breast
> Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of
> his rest.

Such being the functions of wisdom, how important is the inquiry, "Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?" We may, after the manner indicated by the patriarch, search through the heights and depths of nature; we may with the astronomer climb the heavens, measure the magnitude and distances of worlds, and follow the track of their complicated movements; we may with the geologist pierce the depths of the earth, unveil the structure of its rocks and the process of their formation, and succeed in bringing to light many of her hidden secrets; we may with the botanist classify the trees of the forest and the flowers of the field, or with the historian ransack the annals of history, and familiarise ourselves with its successive developments; we may carry our quest to the schools of philosophy and science, fearlessly confronting the problems of metaphysics, and mastering the marvellous phenomena of the mind, but in the end we must fall back on the simple fact, so emphatically announced in Scripture, "Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

The fear of the Lord is not a spirit of apprehension and dread. It is the fear of reverence, rather than of terror—the honest and straightforward recognition of God's claims, respect for His authority, submission to His judgment, obedience to His will. It is, in a word, practical godliness—a principle cordially cherished by the mind, and loyally embodied in the life.

This loving and reverential fear of God is here declared to be the beginning of wisdom—that is, its essential element—its root-principle—the source from which it takes its rise. Nor is the assertion difficult to understand. Such a fear is, in itself, and apart altogether from its results, right and wise. We ought, as a matter of simple common sense, to revere that which is worthy of our reverence, to admire that which is admirable, to love that which is lovable. We are sometimes shocked at the want of taste displayed by men who can look unmoved on the grandeur and magnificence of nature—the lofty Alpine mountains, the chaste beauty of our English lakes, or the restless waves of the ocean. It is deemed a mark of "vulgarity" to walk carelessly through our national picture galleries as though there were nothing in the choicest works of genius to

repay attention, or to listen with indifference to the symphonies of the great masters, talking and laughing when our souls should be thrilled to their depths by strains of powerful and impassioned music. Is it less unworthy of our manhood to be unmoved by the thought of God, to whom all things owe their existence, and of whose perfections all human excellence is but a faint transcript? Is it wise to ignore our dependence upon Him, and the duties which, whether we will or not, we owe to Him? It is surely ignorance, blindness, and folly, that lead us to act thus.

One of our foremost representatives of "Culture" has not lost sight of this truth, but insists on it in words which, in justice to his position, his critics and his eulogists should alike remember—"The marvellous work and wonder about the saving truth which the simple receive is, not that, being difficult to the reason, it is yet got hold of by the unlettered and not by the wise; but that, being so simple, it should yet be so immense, important, indispensable; and that being so immense, important, indispensable, it should yet so often be followed by quite unlettered people, and neglected by such very clever ones. The clever are attending to other things—things which *do* task the reason and intelligence, and in which the unlettered have no skill and no voice. These things are, however, at most only one-fourth of life. And this absurdity, for such it really is, we see every day—people attending to the difficult *science* of matters, where the plain *practice* they quite let slip."

Thus the fear of the Lord is wisdom. But beyond this it contains within itself the germ of all wisdom. There is no other principle which so refines and elevates our nature, or presents us with so lofty an ideal of life. The thought of God as the Creator and Ruler of the world, as the Father of our spirits, and the Author of our salvation, is the sublimest of all the thoughts the mind can entertain, embracing "whatever is venerable in wisdom, whatever is awful in authority, whatever is touching in goodness." The habitual contemplation of this Great Being must familiarise men with the highest standard of intellectual and moral worth, quicken their moral discernment, and bind them to a course of conduct in which, though they may through their weakness often fail and stumble, they will at least strive to be worthy of God, and, aided by His grace, be at last "accepted of Him." The silent unconscious influence of this thought will be very great. Insensibly to ourselves it will purify the springs of our activity. Our resolute imitation of God will not be less powerful, while we shall deem it incumbent upon us to exercise and improve all our powers to the uttermost.

The gifts He has conferred upon us, whether of intellect or of heart, are not our own, but His, to be used according to His will. It is our simple duty to perfect ourselves, and for this purpose to take advantage of all the aids He has given us. Nor is there any source of knowledge or power we shall feel at liberty to neglect. If we do not regard the study of philosophy and history, or the investigations of science as of supreme importance, as little do we depreciate and despise them. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." We believe in the wisdom, the grandeur, and the beauty of these works; we know they are the expression of God's thought, the product of His power, and we shall, as we have opportunity, seek to pierce beneath their surface, and to learn all that can be known of them. Science, in its true form, is profoundly religious, and because we fear God, we shall take delight in the study both of His works and of His word. Wisdom cannot be created, though it may be developed, by such studies. The sad thing is that many who are devotedly attached to them often allow them to usurp a place to which they have no claim, and so dwarf and maim their own life. The fear of the Lord will keep us true to the highest aim of our creation, preserve the harmony of our being, and lead us on by a sure path unto perfection. In this sense, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding."

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

THE BOYS' START IN LIFE.

H! how soon the years pass!" exclaimed Mrs. Bristo to her husband, as they stood at their parlour window and watched their young folks troop off to a little evening party. "How soon the years pass! It seems only the other day since you and I were admiring Dora in her cradle, and now we are beginning to wonder what the boys are to be."

"Yes," said Mr. Bristo, gravely, "that has come to be the family question now. And, in Gilbert's case at least, it must very soon find an answer. Do you ever notice any special inclination in the lads? They will be quite off their guard with you; for I think they have begun to suspect me of putting too much emphasis on their words. I have noticed once or twice, after they have given vent to enthusiastic admiration of certain skills or products, they have looked at me and added, 'But I would not go into such and such a business for the world.'"

"I wish they could go into professions," said Mrs. Bristo, wistfully; "we might have all three in the family—clergyman, lawyer, and doctor. But I suppose the cost——" And she hesitated, looking in her husband's face.

He smiled. "The cost would indeed be a grave consideration," he said. "But I don't think it alone need be a prohibitory one. If a boy has a real gift in any of these directions, that gift finds its way to the goal. The highest eminence in each profession is often reached through a lowly side-door. But I don't know that our boys have shown any special scholarly inclinations. Mind, I do not demand that a healthy boy shall dote on book-learning, in order to prove his fitness for a professional life, but have you ever seen them in their sports lean towards the work of any of the professions?"

The mother reflected. "I cannot remember anything of the sort," she said; "except that Arthur always likes to bandage the arms and legs of the girls' dolls, and has repeatedly coaxed Mr. Pearce (that's Dr. Welby's young assistant, you know) to take him round the hospital wards."

"Ah, that looks well," returned Mr. Bristo; "we will bear that in mind about Arthur."

"But I'm sure the others could be made into lawyers, or anything else, as well as most other boys," said the mother, half proudly, half piteously.

"Possibly," answered Mr. Bristo; "but when you have to make a boy into anything, without any special volition of his own, it behoves you carefully to ascertain that you are putting him into work in which he can do most justice to himself and others, without such special volition, and which is least likely to develop in him a latent antagonism to itself. I can imagine no lot in life more dreadful than the necessity of earning one's bread by doing something thoroughly distasteful to one. I doubt whether the specially-gifted of the world ever fully realise the immense blessing they enjoy in finding a daily and necessary duty in work, which they would do all the same for love, whether or not for money. Therefore, where special gifts do not exist, we do well to guide our children towards callings which do not absolutely demand such to make them endurable. Not that every calling is not carried out best by those who bring to it interest and enthusiasm. But an honest industrious nature soon finds these as the path of habit grows smooth."

"I cannot say that Gilbert has ever shown any special bent whatever," said his mother, rather sadly. "He has not excelled at school, and yet he has never hankered after active outdoor pursuits, as I rather think Alfred does. But yet—I suppose you will think me foolish—I cannot bear the idea of seeing Gilbert in a shop."

"Neither can I," said her husband, taking her hand; "and shall I tell you why? Because I fear Gilbert has nothing in him which is above shop-keeping as it is generally regarded. A weak man may be upheld by his occupation; but only a strong man can raise it; only a wise man can see the uses and dignities which underlie its meaner customs and traditions; and only a firm and self-controlled man can so set these forth that others too shall see and own them. We all feel at once that it is a dreadful thing to imagine a clergyman taking his holy office upon him merely for the sake of income and position; we all feel, too, that, whether it is so or not, doctors and lawyers should enter upon their professions not solely to make fortunes or to acquire fame, but to do their duty to those who seek their help, and to steadily promote health and further justice. But very few of us imagine that trade can be entered upon for anything but money-making. I cannot understand why the provider for his fellow-creatures may not be as useful—and therefore as honourable—a servant of society as the healer or the legislator, as many tradesmen really are."

"But a tradesman has only to think of making a profit between buying and selling," said Mrs. Bristo.

"Nay," returned her husband, "it is his duty to study to provide not only what people will buy, but what they ought to buy. He has no right, as a Christian man, to sell what Christian people should be ashamed to buy. He should give every poor working woman an opportunity of seeing good substantial clothing and house garniture. Nothing which she spends at his shop should be wasted. She

should not be able to buy trumpery there, nor anything which is not exactly what it professes to be."

"Ah," said Mrs. Bristo, "it is truly wonderful how much poor people miss for lack of a little knowledge. The women of my mothers' meeting had no idea of getting table-cloths for themselves till I showed them some strong unbleached ones. All they had ever seen had been large and costly, quite beyond their ambition."

"If the tradesman provides food," Mr. Bristo went on, "it should be real food; bread made of honest flour, pure sugar, sound tea, wholesome meat. He should regard himself as base in offering an adulterated article of food or a delusive article of dress. He should not regard the public as a body to be plundered, that he may 'retire' into idleness; but as an employer, who provides him with maintenance in return for his skill and service."

"He would be always a poor man at that rate," said Mrs. Bristo. "He could not make money."

"Why must he do so?" asked her husband. "In these latter days, I fear that, in hideous parody of the Master's eleventh commandment, which included the ten, we have added a twelfth, which undoes them all, and this is, 'Thou shalt make money.' And in our very haste to make money we overreach ourselves, for every one else is engaged in the same mad pursuit, so that when we have made our money there is nothing worth buying with it, and we cannot keep it, because everybody is trying to get it away from us. I believe always that the highest morality remains also the best worldly wisdom; and if there be some who act according to the lower principle, there are many, very many who guide themselves by the higher one. Three generations who had carried out the principle 'Thou shalt do thy duty at any cost,' would be found to possess more of the real advantages of this life than three generations who had diligently obeyed the cynical old saw, 'Make money—honestly *if you can*—but, anyhow, make money.' Now, I fear Gilbert is not above the temptations of money-making; indeed, I think he is not above money at all; and unless one is above money, it has a bad and a dangerous influence on one. Gilbert never kept his personal accounts; you remember we once found him in debt at the confectioner's. I should like Gilbert to find some way of making a living which should bring him as little as possible into relation with money. We must not put him into a bank or any mercantile office. He must learn self-control and moral responsibility in some less dangerous quarter."

"O husband!" cried Mrs. Bristo, "you do not think that our boy—our Gilbert—could ever be dishonest?"

"I hope not," said the father, gently; "but I dare say the parents of every poor scapegrace who is now pining in gaol hoped for very different things when they started him in life. Besides, there are dishonest people who are quite safe from the policeman or the Bankruptcy Court. Everybody is dishonest who wants to make money for himself without inquiring whether anybody else is injured by such fortune-making. Now, I think our Gilbert is apt to yield to whatever influences are brought to bear on him. He has luxurious tastes, too. And if he was in a position to have it within his own power to gratify luxurious tastes by easy money-making, I am not sure that he would inquire too particularly into the rights and wrongs of things. Therefore it becomes our duty to our boy to place him where his daily calling may best enclose him in a protection of wholesome habits—habits of regular work for regular wage, without any of the excitements of problematical loss or gain. I shall not think of putting Gilbert into trade—not because I think trade is not good enough for him, but rather because I think he is not good enough for trade, as trade should be carried on by a Christian. I should not like him to be a scraping huckster nor a reckless speculator; and amid the temptations and bad influences which surround trade at the present time, I doubt his having soundness of head and strength of character sufficient to keep him an honourable man, who knows that the eye of God is on his ledger as well as on his Bible and hymn-book—in the cash-box as much as in the alms-dish."

"I think little Alfred might make a capital farmer," observed Mrs. Bristo presently. "I always think that may be such a grand life. I never wearied of hearing my father tell of his boyish days on his grandfather's farm in the Highlands, where they ate their own oatmeal, spun their own thread, and herded their own flocks, and yet were so well bred and so well taught that all the children were fitted to fill honourable places in society; and one of the sons became a judge, and another would have been a bishop if he had lived a little longer. But now-a-days, I fear farming involves either a large investment of capital or a life of hopeless drudgery."

"In this country, perhaps," answered her husband. "But there is still virgin soil to be ploughed and primæval forests to be cleared."

The mother's eyes filled with tears. "It seems so hard to be driven into exile to earn one's bread," she said.

"Look at it in the higher light," returned her husband, folding her thin fingers in his warm strong grasp. "Every boy who carries to a strange land a brave pure heart, right ideas, and honest busy hands, trained in a Christian home, is really a missionary, doing the Lord's work in the very best way. If all who go out from us into foreign countries were good Christian folk, we should not need missionary societies. The good news of Jesus Christ would fly over the world as naturally as it is now taught by good mothers to their own little children. The emigrant is working with God on the face of Nature when he turns the wilderness into a fruitful field and makes the waste places to rejoice. Much more is he working with God when, being a Christian himself, it is a Christian home which he plants in the desolation, and a God-

fearing social life whose first lines he lays down. What would have been the difference in the world's history if the Pilgrim Fathers of the United States had been a robber horde, fleeing from punishment or greedy for plunder? Why, we are answered by the difference there is between North and South America! Yes, my dear wife, you mothers still have your ancient privilege of 'lending your children to the Lord,' and many a punctual letter and many a pathetically-planned hamper have taken the place of 'the little coat' which Hannah brought to Samuel from year to year, at the yearly sacrifice in the Tabernacle."

They sat in silence for a few moments, and then Mrs. Bristo said softly, "The starting in life of our boys is indeed an anxious question. With their unformed characters and half-developed tastes, it seems almost cruel to fix their lot in life irrevocably."

"Not quite irrevocably," answered Mr. Bristo. "Changes, or at least great modifications, are always possible. But, except in quite exceptional cases, such as the tardy appearance of some unmistakable gift, or the discovery of some physical incapacity, change should be admitted only as the reward of moderate success in the line of life which was first attempted. A lad who has succeeded fairly in anything has given the best pledge that he is forming a habit of success; in short, that he can be trusted with his own destiny. It is a bad omen to leave a failure behind. That we cannot do the work we have, gives no promise that we could do that which we have not yet. A plucked student has no more reason to imagine himself thereby a genius and beyond base mechanical rules, than had the father whom good Roger Ascham tells of, to think that his deformed and crippled son was fit to be a minister, because he was fit for nothing else. I would far sooner admit that one of our children was a failure, than palm him off on the world in some position whose duties he could not rightfully fulfil. If a boy is only fit to be a cobbler, an honest cobbler let him be, and not a cheat of a scholar. A man cannot get into a wrong place without keeping out somebody else for whom it is the right one. Therefore, as Roger Ascham says, 'If youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter.'"

Mr. Bristo paused, but presently resumed—"A little foresight and consideration may do much to smooth a boy's entrance on the business of his life. I would not even neglect what may seem such a trifle as securing that he shall start in his new work at the actual end of a school term, and not at the end of a month's holiday. All schoolmasters tell us that their scholars give them most trouble and do least work with greatest difficulty during the first week or two after vacation, when they have been somewhat shaken from regular habits, and their minds and hearts are full of interrupted plans and absent faces. Is such a condition favourable for new methods and habits?"

"No, certainly not," said Mrs. Bristo. "And I have often been struck with the injudiciousness, not to say cruelty, with which strangers, and sometimes even the home circle, will emphasise every hard line in the new life with such phrases as, 'What long hours!' 'What a distance you have to walk!' Or, 'Are not the prospects rather poor?' 'Would it not have been better to have begun somewhere else?'"

"Quite true," answered her husband. "Whereas, if they had any sympathy for the young creature, whose foolish young heart is doubtless beating hotly enough against the bars of necessity and monotony (which it presently learns to bless), they would do and say exactly the opposite things. All beginnings should be brightened by pleasant thoughts and cheery words."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bristo; "and then, besides gladdening them while they are still new beginnings, in after years, when memory turns over her stores, those thoughts and words will give forth some of the old sweetness."

"True," returned her husband. "We lay holy Scriptures and golden coins in foundation-stones. It would indeed be a cruel cynicism which would enclose worms and ashes within them. Those who can give their children nothing else, can give them good words and good wishes. Even the sternest truths may be wrapped up in those. And, above all, we can let them know what we expect from them. Let them feel distinctly that our voices are not in the worldly choir which bids them make fortunes and achieve positions at any cost. Let them understand, in the words of Dr. Horace Bushnell, that "our interest is in their successes, but more in their character; for, success or no success, character stands, a kind of wealth that knows no failure."

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.

EMINENT MEN AMONG POETS.

POETRY must necessarily occupy a high place among the liberal arts, and exercise a large influence on all minds, not excepting the least cultivated. It instructs, animates, soothes, inspires, and purifies, according to the different strains which it adopts, and the themes on which it dwells. Poetry was originally intended, no doubt, to be a handmaid to religion, to inculcate her precepts, to charm with her virtues, to win by her example, to inspire with her hopes, to cheer with her consolations, to lift the soul up into the region of light and love, and conduct it into the presence of God, and train it for the service of the Eternal. It has always been a fitting vehicle to carry the soul upward; and in its language man has poured out his cries and tears, unbosomed his sorrows, revealed his inmost desires and aspirations, and sounded forth his gladness on the day of deliverance and triumph. The praises of God in His works, in His own excellences, in His ever-bounteous gifts, and for the blessings of redemption, are its appropriate theme; and its truest inspiration is from the Fountain of Light and Love Himself. Thus the greatest and most sublime of English poets entreats for the Divine inspiration:—

> Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
> Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
> Instruct me, for Thou know'st.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> What in me is dark
> Illumine, what is low raise and support;
> That to the height of this great argument
> I may assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to man.

Many of our poets, alas! have not sought this inspiration. Some of them, richly endowed with gifts, and high masters of the art, have never tuned their lyre to the praises of Him who made them, nor consecrated themselves and their noble powers to the service of Christ and redeeming love. Far otherwise was it with Milton, Herbert, Cowper, Kirke White, Watts, Wesley, Heber, and Montgomery, and a noble band of lesser bards.

The last decade of the sixteenth century witnessed the birth of three men whose names as Christian poets shine in the annals of their country—George Wither, 1588; Francis Quarles, 1592; and George Herbert, 1593. Their style partook of the quaintness of the age; Wither to a less degree than the others; while in Quarles there was sometimes an appearance of coarseness, though with greater depth and keener insight into the recesses of the human heart; and in Herbert, the quaint dress was of rich material, fashioned by a master hand, and ornamented with exquisite taste. The sufferings and trials of Wither, and the unjust treatment he received at the hands of men who hated his piety and his principles, gave to some of his pieces a plaintive strain; but, upon the whole, he was cheerful and blithe, and he went singing on until he was nearly fourscore. It was his vocation to bear witness for God in numerous poems, as well as in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," and also by testifying against flagrant abuses in Church and State. His "Abuses Stripped and Whipped," published in 1617, incensed the Government of James I., and procured him a long and painful imprisonment in the Marshalsea. Upon the rise of the Commonwealth, his Puritanism and the thoroughness of his liberal views of government, led him to take to the side of the Parliament. He sold some of his property, and raised a troop of horse, of which he was first captain and then major, his motto being "Pro Rege, Lege, Grege"—*for the king, the law, and the people.* He was taken prisoner, but obtained his release, and held several offices under the Protector. After the Restoration he was imprisoned again, and treated with great severity. His piety, however, found utterance in song, though he was reduced to the necessity of scrawling his verses on a trencher with an ochre pencil. He wrote for others as well as for himself. "Men in affliction," says he, "are somewhat easier when they can find words whereby to express their sufferings!" so, to remind them of suitable thoughts and help them in their expression, he wrote a hymn for them. It is good throughout, but the following verse is rich in its plaintive sweetness—

> Whilst here I bide,
> Though I unworthy be,
> Do Thou provide
> All needful things for me;
> And though friends grow
> Unkind in my distress,
> Yet leave not Thou
> Thy servant comfortless.

His version of Psalm clxviii. will at once exhibit his taste, his talent, and his piety, and be his witness for Christ and things divine until the end shall come—

> Come, O come, with sacred lays,
> Sound we God Almighty's praise, etc.

Quarles was born four years after Wither, and died at the age of fifty. He was a Royalist, but a Puritan nevertheless, and suffered much as the cause of Charles declined and gave place to the Commonwealth. Francis was for some time cup-bearer to the Queen of Bohemia. But he loved quiet and

study far better than court life, and was in every respect an amiable and estimable man, full of love to God, and abounding in benevolence to man. It is said he studied the laws of England, not so much to benefit himself and secure emolument, as to benefit his neighbours, and to compose suits and differences between them.

In 1621 Quarles went to reside in Dublin, where he made the acquaintance and secured the close friendship of the excellent Archbishop Ussher. Their religious sentiments and their tastes bound them closely together.

George Herbert was born at Montgomery Castle, and, while a mere youth, distinguished himself at Cambridge, where he was chosen orator for the University in 1619. He received tokens of the royal favour, and was noticed by the great philosopher Bacon; but the death of the king dashed his hopes of a high State appointment, for which he had taken pains to prepare himself.

It was during his retirement to the house of a friend in Kent that he was led to review his past life, and to meditate on the emptiness and brevity of all earthly distinctions. Giving himself to God with fresh devotion, he gave himself also to the ministry of the word. His short pastoral work at Bemerton, Wilts, ended with his life in 1632. His poems and his "divine hymns," as Izaak Walton calls them in his biography of him, bear ample testimony to his ardent piety, his abiding faith, and his ever-glowing love to his Master and His service. Ardently attached to the services of the Church of England, of which he was a most devoted son, his spirit found her home and happiness in Christ, without whom forms and creeds and church organisations are very small things indeed.

Three weeks before his death, he sent his poems to his friend Nicholas Ferrar, telling him he would find in them "a picture of the many conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus, my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom."

"The Sunday before his death," says Izaak Walton, "the poet rose suddenly from his couch, called for one of his instruments (he was passionately fond of music), took it in his hand, and sang—

> My God, my God,
> My music shall find Thee,
> And every string
> Shall have his attribute to sing.

And having tuned it, he played and sang the fifth stanza of his piece on Sunday, beginning—

> Oh! day most calm, most bright

Thus he went singing home.

Soon after Herbert quitted the toils and struggles of earth, a writer appeared on the scene whose poems were to eclipse those of all his predecessors, and to stand unrivalled after the lapse of more than two centuries. We refer, of course, to John Milton. There is little need to sketch his history here, although his great poem "Paradise Lost" is too little read, and his personal character and excellences, like his eventful life and services, too little known and too little appreciated. To sneer at his Puritanism, misrepresent his motives, and distort his character and history, have been found far easier than to imitate his honesty and copy his virtues.

On his visit to the Continent he was received with the utmost courtesy by the learned in every place, and was honoured with many honours. This was not because of any want of principle, or of any falling-in with the habits and manners of the times. He did not act upon the unreasonable and profane suggestion of the proverb, "When you are in Rome you must do as Rome does." He tells us, in his "Defence of the People of England," what was his rule in moving about as he did among men of high position in the Church and in the State; and how, notwithstanding a plot against his life, God gave him safety from all evil, though he had spoken with little reserve on matters of religion.

"While I was on my way back to Rome, some merchants informed me that the English Jesuits had formed a plot against me if I returned to Rome, because I had spoken too freely on religion; for it was a rule which I laid down to myself in those places, never to be the first to begin any conversation on religion; but, if any questions were put to me concerning my faith, to declare it without any reserve or fear. I nevertheless returned to Rome. I took no steps to conceal either my person or my character." These were bold deeds for those times and in the very heart and home of Popery; but his Protestantism was thorough, and not merely a theory or a policy.

The troubles in England hastened him home sooner than he intended. The writing of the book from which the above quotation has been made, resulted, as he had been forewarned, in his total loss of sight. Yet he was cheerful and content.

Protestantism never had a more determined and courageous champion, nor Popery and its persecuting laws and proceedings a more skilled and consummate foe than John Milton, the Latin Secretary of the Commonwealth. He took no dubious course, but, to use his own phrase, steered right onward in the cause of liberty and truth.

The same year in which Milton died, Watts was born. In many respects different men, and moving in very different spheres, they were both men of sterling character, bearing witness, under circumstances greatly differing, to the same great truths of Revelation. As a thinker and as a poet the latter was vastly inferior to the former; but while Milton's political and other writings have done much for the enlightenment and the liberties of Europe and the Western world, Watts's poems, and especially his psalms and hymns and songs, have instructed every succeeding generation, and set the world a-singing in "new melodious" strains. Milton's grand epic, standing alone in unapproachable excel-

lence, like some mighty river, has rolled down the generations, to the wonder and delight and instruction of many; but Watts's productions, as the master of English hymnody, like innumerable streams flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb, have enriched and fertilised and gladdened millions in every clime, and in all succeeding ages, in all the various conditions of human life, and all the various stages of the Christian pilgrimage.

Doddridge followed Watts as a hymn-writer, sometimes, at a humble distance, but he wrote no poem. Charles Wesley, though known better as a hymnist, was also a poet. Some of his hymns are more like odes, and are veritable poems in miniature, but he wrote no one long poem; and though some of his productions reach a lofty strain, and have a high finish generally, he wrote too much to attain perfection. The productions of all these well-known writers, however, had one uniform characteristic, which, like a thread of gold, strung them all together in happy harmony, and that was their deep and earnest faith in Christ as the one Way to God, the centre of all revealed truth, the fulness of all grace and salvation, and the fountain of the water of life. From none of them comes any doubtful theory or misty speculation as to how a soul can be saved, or how a sinner saved by grace should walk before God in newness of life.

This testimony will bear with equal force to another ever-honoured name—one to whom, though he never ascended a pulpit nor preached a sermon, posterity will look as a pleasant teacher, a faithful monitor, a devout poet, and a thorough Christian. We refer to William Cowper, whom Southey has described as "the most popular poet of his generation," and, we may add, the most evangelical and the most English of all English poets.

Cowper never went beyond the shores of England, and a large portion of his native country was to him a land unknown. This will account for the absence in his poems of classical allusions, and all reference to Grecian and Roman mythology, which abound in Milton to such an extent as to be an effectual barrier to a due appreciation of his excellences by Britain's uncultured sons and daughters. Cowper's figures and illustrations are home-like, mostly rural, all thoroughly English, and never overdrawn or unnatural. He was a thorough philanthropist, loving God and all that is good, and hating only what is evil. His poems are all imbued with the spirit of a pure and healthy Christianity.

The early years of Cowper did not give much promise of future greatness, nor of any remarkable amount of goodness. He was not given to vice, but did not seem to realise the great purpose of life, and some of his years passed in what was little, if any, better than trifling and amusements. The son of Dr. John Cowper, rector of Berkhamsted, and chaplain to George II., and grand-nephew of the first Earl Cowper, he had good prospects in life, and fewer inducements than many to persevering industry.

He was overdone with diffidence; so that when he was required to appear before the Bar of the House to sustain his nomination as Clerk of the Journals, which was disputed, his reason was overturned, and he had to be placed under the care of Dr. Cotton, at St. Albans. His derangement seems to have assumed a religious character; at least, the comforts of the Gospel and the consoling influences of the Holy Spirit, were the healing balm to his wounded spirit. A Bible had been placed in his way intentionally, and falling in with this as he walked in the garden, light and peace were brought to his soul. His own pen will best describe the change. He says "The Lord was pleased to reveal Himself in His word, and to draw the poor despondING soul to His own bosom of infinite love. Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me, I saw the sufficiency of the atonement Christ had made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fulness and completeness of His justification."

It was after this affliction and gracious deliverance that he went to reside at Huntingdon with the Unwins, where he remained only about two years, removing in 1767, at the age of thirty-six, to Olney, Bucks. The house at Huntingdon, where Cowper resided, still bears his name, and scores, if not hundreds, of the present generation, residing in the neighbourhood and elsewhere, received their early education at Cowper's House School, where still stands and flourishes a pear tree said to have been planted by the poet.

His connection with the Unwins, and his association with the Rev. John Newton, the Rev. William Bull of Newport Pagnell, and other kindred spirits, resulted in great blessing to him and to the world. It was here he made that important contribution to the Olney Hymns for which countless thousands have had reason to thank God, and for which the remotest posterity will honour and revere his name.

Of Dr. Young and his "Night Thoughts," of Bernard Barton, and of Heber, best known by his hymns, and of all of them by his missionary hymn—

From Greenland's icy mountains

we cannot speak. Other more modern poets, too, and some still living, must be passed over, though they will have a niche in the temple of fame. To two others only can we refer. The first is one whose name awakens a sympathetic touch in many a tender heart which, appreciating his promising talents, mourns his early death. We refer to Henry Kirke White. His father was a butcher, and the family worshipped in Castle Gate Congregational Church, Nottingham. At fourteen he was put to learn the stocking weaving, with a view to a place in a hosier's warehouse. The next year he entered an attorney's office, and two years later became articled. His talents discovered themselves in contributions to the periodicals, and when seventeen he published his first work. Two years later he left the attorney's

office to study for the ministry, under the advice of the excellent Simeon, and in 1806 went to Cambridge. His excessive studies injured his health, and he died before completing his twenty-third year.

In his early youth he was inclined to sceptical notions, but the loving voice and powerful grace of God prevailed, and he yielded himself to His sway, and laid himself and his talents on His altar. This great crisis of his life is narrated by himself in one of the few hymns found in his "Remains." It shows his entire confidence in Jesus as his Saviour, and his grateful love to Him who saved him from destruction. The third verse describes his former state, and the rest how graciously he was led to "the Port of peace"—

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my Guide, my Light, my All;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

The "Force of Truth," by the eminent commentator, the Rev. T. Scott, was made useful to him, though at first its statements awakened opposition.

A fragment of a hymn which was written on the back of a mathematical paper which came into the hands of Dr. W. B. Collyer, and which has been shaped into a more usable form by Miss Fanny Fuller Maitland, well expresses the steadfastness and the thoroughness of his faith and hope—

Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Of Montgomery we need say little here; his poems are tolerably well known, and his chief hymns much more so. He was one of the few poets who wrote good hymns. He was essentially and eminently a Christian poet, and, as a Christian man, courageously did what he knew to be right, whether his acts met popular approval or not.

In conducting the *Iris*, he had been used, previously, to advertise the Government Lotteries, and to transact a little business in the sale of tickets. When he came to believe that it was an immoral proceeding, he gave up all business connection with the schemes, and exposed them in his paper.

His life, from the time of his reunion with the Moravian Church, was of almost ceaseless activity and usefulness, everywhere breathing the spirit of his Master, and testifying on every hand that he was a follower of the Lamb, in whom was all his hope. To the age of eighty-three he continued active, though long retired from business life, and continued to write hymns to the last. The closing verse of his piece on the "Aspirations of Youth," beginning "Higher, higher will we climb," may well describe his latest hours, as they do his faithful life. May the reader follow in the same path!—

Nearer, dearer bonds of love
Draw our hearts in union
To our Father's home above,
To the Saints' communion;
Thither ever hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

PSALM CL. PARAPHRASED.

PRAISE God in His holiness! Righteous and just,
Yet lifting the lowliest guilt from the dust;
Praise God in His firmament—glorious and great,
With millions of worlds round the throne of His State!

Praise God in His acts, that everywhere shine
With excellent greatness, all nobly divine;
Acts of creation, around and above,
Acts of redemption in mercy and love.

Praise Him in all the swift changes of life,
Its joy and its sorrow, its peace and its strife;
In the sound of the trumpet, when Victory rings
The pæan of triumph from peoples and kings;

In the lute of the lover, the harp of the saint,
And the psaltery breathing its tender complaint;
In the cymbals and dances, the strings and the pipe,
When marriage bells ring, and the harvest is ripe—

On every occasion of sadness or joy,
Your organs and viols and timbrels employ
In praise to the Lord, all ye that have breath,
From man to archangels, through life and through death.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THEY were ringing out from a hundred churches down the busy crowded streets, ringing out the old story, "Peace on earth and good-will to man;" and earth went on unheeding, and men looked into the hard faces of their fellow-men, as if their glad Gospel were a bygone legend of the misty past, a thing too shadowy for to-day.

Into a tiny office, in the network of dark narrow city streets and alleys, the echoing music crept, and a little deformed hard-featured man dropped his pen for a minute and lifted his head to listen.

The gas had just been lighted in the archway at the end of the court, and grotesque shadows fell across the offices in front. Through the arch he could see the stream of people hurrying by to the broader thoroughfares, where the shops were gay with Christmas gifts. It was more years than he cared to remember since he had bought one for any living soul, and presently, with an impatient mutter about the disturbing bells, he turned back to his ledger.

It was late, far into the night, when he stirred from it next. The bells and streets were silent enough now. He put on his faded overcoat, and filled the pockets with papers; then he put out the gas and let himself out by the narrow door that bore the name of "Maurice Kane" in white letters on a black ground.

Under the arch he stumbled against a tall handsome man who was coming quickly in, and who half began to apologise and then stopped short suddenly.

"Why, it 's Maurice himself! I was just coming in to see you."

Mr. Kane drew back as if he had trodden upon a snake. The gas shone full upon him; his face was grey with sudden wrathful scorn, and without a sound he turned on his heel and passed out.

The other followed him. "Come, Maurice, this won't do; you must hear me; I 've come on purpose."

"What do you want out of me? Come to the point, and go."

The stranger hesitated; the reception was not encouraging. "I would not ask you if I were not obliged, but things have not gone as I expected, the last few months. Maurice, will you lend me twenty pounds? I must have it by Monday; I will pay you the same interest I would to a stranger—or more, if you want it."

"In that case, you had better apply to the stranger. Do you think I work late and early for you to spend?"

"I don't know what you work for; it is the first time I have asked you for anything of the kind."

"First or last, it would be all the same. Living or dead, not one shilling of mine shall you touch! Spare yourself the trouble of asking."

An omnibus was passing; Mr. Kane stopped it and got in, and as it drove on he never once turned his head to glance after the solitary figure standing on the pavement—his only brother.

But the sight of him stirred up a smouldering injury. What was he working for? He sat over the dying fire far into the night, and blankly wondered. Not one of the waifs and strays in the street outside stood more utterly alone than he. Friends—there was nothing in the man to attract them; dependents—his house-keeper stayed on because he paid her regularly and gave little trouble; relations—he had but one, the brother he parted with a few hours ago. And yet, deformed, insignificant, and unlovable as he was, his life had blossomed out once. It came back to him to-night like a story of some one else, with all the fragrance and colour of the vanished years; days when it had been bliss only to live, when all the angles and corners had been softened down under the refining touch of happiness.

"Only two months longer, Nell, and I shall have my Christmas gift."

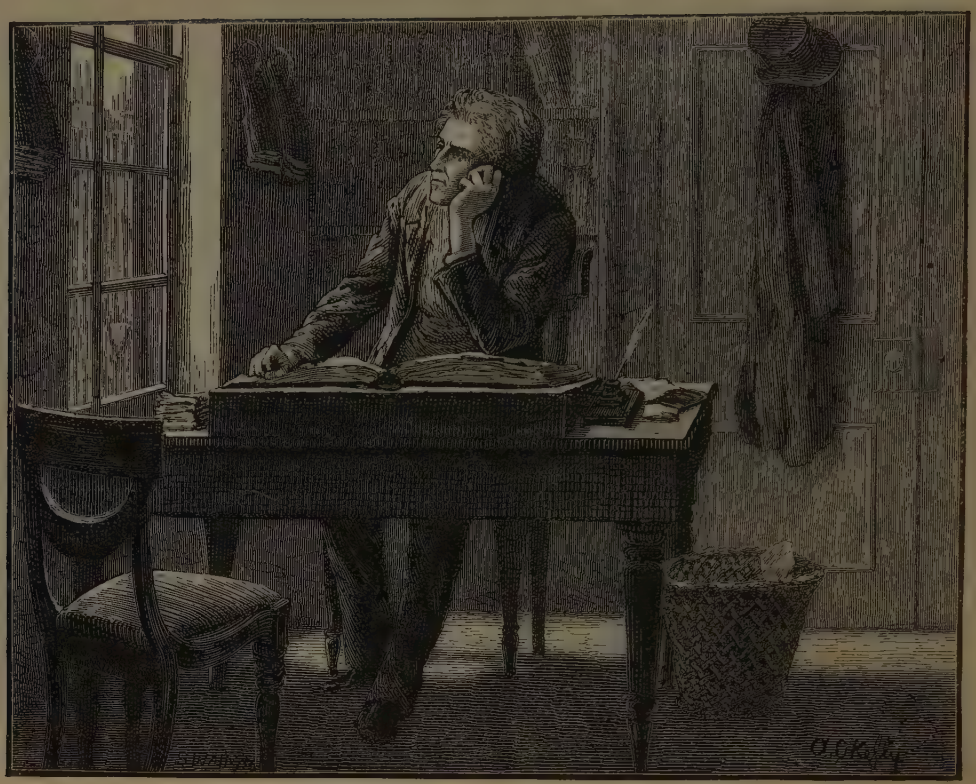
How well he remembered saying it, and the warm shine of the firelight on her hair as she lifted her face and answered, "If you want me then, Maurice."

If he wanted her!

And when the Christmas bells rang out two months after, the story was all ended in darkness and treachery. His brother, who had every other thing to make him content that life could bestow, had stolen away his one treasure, and all these years he had gone with empty heart for lack of it; there had come no second spring-time for him. For nearly ten years the grass had been growing green above her, but the shadow of the bitter wrong remained blighting all that in the sunshine might have opened into a fairly useful happy life, even though it might never have become great in the highest sense; but here, warped and stunted in body and mind, he sat alone and brooded over that history.

Three days after, he had another visit from his brother. "For the sake of my little lad, Maurice, if you won't for mine," he urged. "He is too young to help himself yet; I must keep going for him."

It was labour in vain. Mr. Kane's face set more obstinately as he looked at the tall strong figure. His



"He lifted his head to listen."—*p.* 187.

money was the one point where fortune gave him any advantage over the other. Was he to hand that over also?

"I answered you about this before, James. It is useless to open the matter again."

James Kane rose up then. "That is the last time, Maurice. I would have helped you gladly if you had ever come to me when I had it."

"You have helped—to make me what I am!" was the response, and then the door closed between them.

The episode did not improve him. He was more irritable and exacting than before with his two clerks. They grumbled audibly about his hard rule. Out-of-work clerks looked into his face, where the lines were deepening rapidly, and did not ask for employment.

Spring came even to those narrow city streets, and lengthened into summer. Summer faded into autumn, autumn into winter, and the brothers met no more; and now the Christmas bells were ringing far and wide, and Mr. Kane stopped his ears in the dingy office, to shut out the sound. If he could have blotted the day out of the year's calendar, he would. Through the other seasons he could drive out thought with hard work, but here there came a breathing-space, hours when the utter emptiness and uselessness of his existence came upon him with full force. All things had prospered with him this past year. He had made money where others had failed; and what was he the better for it?

Christmas morning he turned into one of the grimiest of the city churches. It was a thing he did not often do, but he could not quite settle to his accounts, as he generally made a practice of doing on that festive occasion. It was late when he got there, and he had to wait inside the porch for a pause in the service. The congregation were beginning the "Our Father," and he followed it half unconsciously. "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as—as——" Mr. Kane dropped the curtain, and went back into the street again. If God forgave him only as he forgave his fellows, how would it be with him? And he did not feel that he was called to forgive a trespass like his.

There was a letter in a round school-boy hand lying on the table when he reached home. "Dear Sir," it ran—"My father is very ill—we are afraid dying. Perhaps you might like to see him. He was talking about you last night. We live at 22, Dale's Road.—Maurice Kane."

The letter fluttered away unheeded from Mr. Kane's fingers. He stood there a long time. He never quite knew how long—scarcely what he thought of. He roused himself at length, and went slowly out again, and he hailed a passing cab and drove away to Dale's Road.

It was not the destitute place he had expected from James' last appeal to him. Whatever the difficulty had been, it was evidently left behind.

"Master was very bad," the maid who opened the door told him, "and Master Maurice was taking on dreadful."

Mr. Kane followed her up to the room in silence. There a little lad with a quaint old-fashioned manner came forward and greeted him.

"He has fallen asleep now, Uncle Maurice; but I think he will be glad if you will wait."

And then they sat down on either side of the bed and watched the sleeper. Somehow, all the bitter years faded out as he sat there, in presence of that white shrunken face. They were lads together again, with all the rough pranks and boyish fun between them. So completely had the present vanished, that, when presently the heavy eyes opened, Mr. Kane broke out—

"James, have you forgotten how I fell into Flyn's Pond that Christmas Day, and you fished me out?"

A sudden gleam flitted across the wasted face. "Yes, and we were sent to bed for it, and got rice pudding for our dinners."

And that was all of confession or repentance on either side. Only, an hour later, when the neighbouring clergyman came in to see the invalid, they joined together once more in the old prayer that had been said last at their mother's knee—"And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

And there the wrath and bitterness passed for ever out of Maurice Kane's heart; the cherishing of those had injured him more than his brother's trespass against him.

It was that scene that gave little Maurice his first impression of his new-found uncle. He considered all his after conduct in the light of it.

The tiny office in the dingy court saw little of its master for the next week or two, and the two emancipated clerks held high carnival in consequence.

Mr. Kane spent the greater part of it at the house in Dale's Road, where his brother was slowly struggling back to life again, watching by him and extending his acquaintance with his nephew. The two had struck up a warm friendship at night, and held many a confidential conversation in the shaded room.

"Maurice doesn't often take to any one as he has to you," said his father, one evening after the little fellow

"'I find such quantities of strange toys about the house,'"—*p.* 190.

had said good-night and disappeared with a pile of lesson-books.

"I have scarcely spoken to a boy before for years," Mr. Kane answered. "James, let me have him for a month or two when you get better. I will take care of him."

"Of course you shall, if you would like it. I fancied it would upset you, since you are not used to boys; still, Maurice is different from the generality of them."

Mr. Kane made some extraordinary additions to his household property the next few weeks, by way of preparation for his small visitor's advent—chiefly toys of every imaginable description. He fell an easy prey to the unscrupulous shop-keepers on the route to his office.

"You must have had a great many children here, at different times, Uncle Maurice," remarked Maurice junior, a day or two after he arrived. "I find such quantities of strange toys about the house."

Mr. Kane's countenance fell a little. "Don't you like them, Maurice?"

"I daresay I should, if I were younger; but, you know, one doesn't care for that sort of thing after a certain time."

"No—certainly not," agreed Mr. Kane, regarding his unappreciated purchases rather blankly. "Would you like some books instead?"

The small face brightened. "May I help you to choose them? I never had many new ones; papa was not rich enough. I could come to the office for you, and then we could go together."

Maurice piloted his way to the dingy court that same afternoon, to the profound astonishment of the clerks, who had never before heard of such an unbusiness-like visitor in Mr. Kane's sanctum. He inspected the place with reverent interest, and then, when his uncle had closed the ledger for the day, the pair went away contentedly in search of the bookseller. A curious collection they invested in. Mr. Kane heard the greater part of them read out for his benefit in the long quiet evenings.

And sometimes there were long alternate histories of his father and Uncle Maurice when they were boys at home together. Mr. Kane found that his nephew was quite competent to relate many of them, as well as or better than himself, and it touched a deep chord often, to find in how many he had been exalted, even at his brother's expense, to the little fellow.

He was the tie that was to bind the two closer together after their long estrangement. Over the tall castles they built about his future, all sense of awkwardness died out between them. Each has given to the other a share in what he valued highest —Mr. Kane, his money; James, his boy.

And once more the bells are ringing out the old story—"Peace on earth and good-will to man;" and one man who has learnt the meaning in them, lifts his head to listen, with a silent thanksgiving for the great Christmas anthem. E. K. O.

SHORT ARROWS.

THE "LOOK UP" LEGION.

PERHAPS some of our readers have read a little book by an American author, treating of the fortunes of one Henry Wadsworth, whose motto was "Look up and not down." So popular did the book become, and so imbued were its readers with the spirit of it, that certain clubs were formed. These associations were originally set on foot by a lady worker, who thought that she could best assist children by teaching them to help themselves; and if she could unite them in a bond of union it would be a good deed. So she founded the "Look Up" Legion, whose mottoes were the Wadsworth mottoes, "Look up and not down," "Look out and not in," "Look forward and not back," and "Lend a hand." One boy began the club; in a short time a whole Sunday-school came; then children, parents, and teachers signed the pledge, and now there are upwards of three thousand members enrolled. The aim and objects of this society will be best explained by a summary of the pledge which is signed by every member:—"The undersigned wishes to be manly (or womanly) and Christianlike in character, and therefore pledges himself (or herself) to be, as far as possible, truthful, unselfish, hopeful, cheerful, and helpful; to use our influence always for the right, without fear. To do all in our power to put down the use of vulgar or profane language, or tobacco; to protest against intemperance, affectation, disrespect, ill-treatment or cruelty to young and old, or to the lower animals; and to aid and support the members in carrying out this pledge." Such an attempt as this on the part of young people must have a good and beneficial effect upon their characters and upon their lives, and that this is so, many kind acts have already demonstrated.

RAILWAY EMPLOYÉS IN BURMAH.

"No one cares about us," said a railway guard to an American lady missionary; "nobody cares for the railway men here." No doubt the man thought that he and his fellows were forsaken, and that in British Burmah there was nothing for him. But Providence had willed it otherwise. As to the Ethiopian Philip came at the much-needed time, so to the natives the lady missionary went, apparently by "the merest chance," as we say. This good lady rested not till she had established a library for the use of the railway men and their families. To continue her useful work

Mrs. Ingalls requires assistance in the shape of suitable books or periodicals to carry on her work. Her readers may be, and probably are, of all races, but English workers predominate in that heathen land, where Sunday is unknown, and the temptation to drinking is great. We permit ourselves to give the address in full, so that this good work may obtain needful assistance. Any good story-books, weekly or monthly papers sent to Mrs. Ingalls, American Missionary, Shang Yai, Rangoon, will be fully appreciated; and the donor will in nowise lose his reward.

THE MILDMAY MISSION.

This mission to our Jewish fellow-citizens is carrying on, and successfully, a very important work in many parts of the Kingdom. In Ramsgate, Hull, Dover, and inland towns, the Gospel is being preached to the Jews, so that there are few of that persuasion who have not heard the truth. One very encouraging fact is the access which is permitted to the Jewish families. To the reflective Christian this must be full of encouragement. Not only is no opposition offered, but the preacher in Hull "had crowds at his lodgings till after ten at night," and at least seventy of the chosen people came to him in one day. Not only on land, but on the shipping were Jews eager (at least as eager as Gentiles) to hear the "new theology," as the former called the Gospel tidings; while Bibles, Testaments, and various pamphlets were eagerly sought. The success of those preachers and teachers must lead us to reflection. Such an awakening amongst the Jews would be very significant, and will rebuke the apathy of many professing Christians. In London, this work, aided by sewing-classes, schools, and Bible-classes, still goes on, and the efforts, as we thankfully record, are being blessed with great success; for the remnant of Israel shall yet be saved.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN BAPTISM IN JAPAN.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." This sentence came very forcibly to our minds when we read how a Japanese Government official, Wakusa, had been given a copy of an English Testament which had been picked up when floating in the bay of Nagasaki. From this apparently trivial incident a most important event, in the minds of our readers, has eventuated. The Japanese official noticed the peculiarity of the book thus recovered, and subsequently he succeeded in obtaining a New Testament in Chinese, and with this assistance he began to study the Scriptures. He induced three other officials and a servant to read the Bible with him, and this under the most trying circumstances. They dared not visit the missionary (two miles away), and he could not come to them. The servant was the bearer of the glad tidings; and here, if ever, would apply the words, "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring us glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace." Had this been discovered, all concerned would have been executed. Yet on the 20th of May, 1860, Dr. Verbeck baptised in secret the Japanese official and his brother. But the interesting narrative is not yet concluded. "After many days"—viz., in 1872, Wakusa died, and the Bread of Life was found in the hands of two of the women of the late official's household. They told how Wakusa had taught them the Lord's Prayer, and how for more than fifteen years they had prayed with Wakusa in secret. The married daughter had gone into a storehouse to pray, to insure tranquillity; and the late Wakusa had told them if they believed, they could be baptised; but no opportunity had come. When the husband had determined to move for business purposes, and she was still unbaptised, this brave young woman called her old nurse up to the city, and with her went about to seek a Christian. Here was faith and determination! Oh, may we emulate it! For days they had no success. Finally it "chanced" they passed the Mission Depôt, and casually stopped to look at the books. The mention of the cross caught their eyes—the "Old Old Story" which they had learned from Wakusa was there. They could now read the Bible for themselves. On the 6th May, 1880, the young Japanese was, with her husband's consent and approval, baptised; and so, after many days, that unheeded Testament floating in the bay of Nagasaki has brought glad tidings of great joy to the darkened homes of the Japanese. This most touching record was furnished by Mr. Booth, who baptised the lady.

THE "SEA-SHELL" MISSION.

Last year (1879) there was established a curious mission for children. This was nothing less than the collection for homes and hospitals of a quantity of sea-shells, wherewith to amuse poor and sick children. The kind efforts of friends have been successful in obtaining a great number of shells. From foreign lands parcels of these fragile toys have been received, and at the cost of threepence a box, the secretary can pack them up in proper boxes for distribution to the children. About five hundred or six hundred boxes have already been sent to various districts of London. Many children in happy homes possess small collections of shells which have been put aside as worthless; if they would send them to the Sea-shell Mission, 24, Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, we are sure the secretary will be very much obliged for the addition to his stock; and a few shillings added will pay for the boxes, and for their transmission to the hospitals and sick children. Many a dark winter day may thus be lightened, and many a little sufferer will be delighted to receive such a gift.

We walk as it were in the crypts of life; at times from the great cathedral above us we can hear the

organ and chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friends go up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of eternal life?—*Longfellow.*

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

37. What miracle of our Lord called forth from the Jews an expression of belief in the divinity of Christ?

38. By what means did Samson lose his strength?

39. Of what place was the following description given—"A place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth"?

40. Who was it after being made king returned again to his agricultural life?

41. Quote a passage which shows that Saul felt David would surely be king after him.

42. Why was it that David refused to slay Saul when he had the opportunity?

43. In the interview which took place at Endor, what is stated as the great cause of God's displeasure against Saul?

44. In what words is Saul's death foretold?

45. What king of the Philistines was very friendly to David?

46. What do we know of the conduct of David during his sojourn among the Philistines?

47. What town was given to David as a residence for himself and his men?

48. Where did Solomon make the castings of all the pillars, etc., for the building of the Temple?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 128.

25. The prophet Samuel, who as judge, tried cases yearly at Bethel, Gilgal, and Mizpeh (1 Sam. vii. 16).

26. Samson, at his wedding feast, made the following—"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness" (Judges xiv. 14).

27. Two thousand for himself, and one thousand to be with Jonathan (1 Sam. xiii. 2).

28. By healing the sick and curing those possessed with devils (comp. Is. liii. 4 and Matt. viii. 16, 17).

29. "Can the children of the bridechamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them?" (John iii. 29; Matt. ix. 15).

30. The coming of Christ's Kingdom — "Preach, saying, The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand" (Matt. x. 7; Luke ix. 2).

31. After his first great victory over the Philistines at Michmash (1 Sam. xiv. 35).

32. "I have seen a son of Jesse the Bethlehemite that is cunning in playing, a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him" (1 Sam. xvi. 18).

33. Three signs, all of which came to pass (1 Sam. x. 1—9).

34. To the country of Moab, the home of Ruth his ancestress (1 Sam. xxii. 3, 4).

35. When Saul and his men had surrounded David in the wilderness, a messenger came in haste to say that the Philistines had invaded the land. Thus Saul was compelled to depart (1 Sam. xxiii. 26, 28).

36. Of Jesus they said, "Behold, a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Of John the Baptist it was said, "He hath a devil" (Matt. xi. 19).

JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THE SEEKERS AFTER GOD.

Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee (Ps. ix. 10).

They shall praise the Lord that seek Him (Ps. xxii. 26).

Your heart shall live that seek God (Ps. lxix. 32).

If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God (Prov. ii. 3, 4, 5).

The Lord is good to the soul that seeketh Him (Lam. iii. 25).

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled (Matt. v. 6).

Seek, and ye shall find. He that seeketh findeth (Matt. vii. 7, 8).

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely (Rev. xxi. 6).

Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely (Rev. xxii. 17).

THE MISUSE OF A PENKNIFE.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D.

IT was a wintry day in December when Baruch, the friend of Jeremiah, took up his position in the chamber of one of the nobles of Judah in order to read a portion of the Scriptures in the hearing of the vast multitudes assembled for the national fast. From a window or balcony of the chamber word after word fell upon the ears of the astounded congregation. In the assembly was Micaiah, the son of Baruch's host. Impressed by the terrible threatenings which were read, he hastened to the council-room of the palace to communicate all to the princes who were then seated in consultation. After a brief deliberation, the princes despatched one of their number, Jehudi, to fetch Baruch. With a firm step, roll in hand, the man of God entered the council-room, and, in the attitude of an Eastern teacher, sat down among the princes. He read the impassioned warning and unsparing prophecies till the princes were alarmed for themselves, and for the servants of God, Jeremiah and Baruch. They seized the roll, and concealed it in the council-chamber, at the same time despatching Baruch with the advice to hide himself and Jeremiah from the vengeance of the king. Then the princes, afraid to keep so terrible a secret, went to the monarch, Jehoiakim, and narrated what they remembered of the words of the book. The king being anxious to see and hear for himself, Jehudi fetched the scroll. The monarch sat by the charcoal brazier, whilst Jehudi read. The royal patience was soon exhausted, and, seizing a knife, the king cut the parchment into strips, and cast them on the fire. Poor Jehoiakim! he thought to rid himself of all his responsibilities and penalties by destroying the book which announced them.

What a contrast his conduct to that of his predecessor, Josiah! He resolved to restore the Temple. Whilst doing so, the High Priest discovered amid the accumulated rubbish a roll, or book, containing the law given by Moses. He had been previously in ignorance of much, if not all of the contents of the volume. He was filled with astonishment when he heard portions of it read. He rent his clothes, *not the roll*, under a deep sense of vexation and sorrow. At once he summoned the people generally to the Temple, and there, standing at the entrance to the inner court, and leaning against a pillar, he read from the newly-discovered book. He then pledged the people to observe the words of the Lord, and to keep His commandments, "with all their heart, and all their soul."

One monarch prized the Scriptures, the other hated them; one wept over their teaching, the other grew spiteful; one carefully preserved the scroll, the other cut it to pieces and burnt it; one would have no man know the contents of the book, the other read them aloud in the hearing of an assembled host.

History repeats itself. A similar contrast has been witnessed in this land in the careers of royal personages. Three hundred and thirty-three years ago, the youthful Edward VI. was crowned in Westminster Abbey. When the royal insignia were presented to the boyish monarch, and he saw the three swords borne in state on such occasions, he asked for a *fourth*. Some one, not understanding, inquired his meaning, when he replied, "The Bible. That book is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these swords. That ought, in all right, to govern us, who use them for the people's safety by God's appointment. Without *that* sword we are nothing, we can do nothing; we have no power; from that we are what we are this day; from that we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume." But on the death of Edward VI., a great change followed. When, in 1554, Philip and Mary passed in procession through the metropolis, and the citizens, after their custom, adorned the streets with emblematic representations, a picture was exhibited of Henry VIII., with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, handing the volume to his young son Edward. The artist was summoned before the Chancellor, violently reprimanded—called in court a "villain and traitor"—and made to erase the book and paint a glove instead. All Scripture texts that had been painted upon Church walls were ordered to be removed, and men were persecuted and punished for reading the Holy Book. Josiah and Edward VI. would have used a golden casket to preserve the precious words, but Jehoiakim and Mary would use the penknife to cut the inspired scroll to pieces and destroy it.

So it is at the present time. Whilst there are thousands of godly persons prepared to defend the Scriptures from the onslaughts of its foes, there are, alas! many who would cut up the sacred page. The penknives are still in use. They read and disapprove, read and contradict, read and ridicule, read and disbelieve, read and cut out. Practically, there are portions of the God-given volume which are wholly excised. "The self-assertion, the scepticism, and the fastidiousness of our day would meet, like the men of the second Roman Triumvirate on that island in the Reno, and would draw up their list of prescriptions. One would condemn the *poetry* of Scripture as too inexact; another its *history* as too largely secular; another its *metaphysics* as too transcendental, or as hostile to some fanciful ideal of simplicity, or as likely to quench a purely moral enthusiasm. The archaic history of the Pentateuch, or the sterner side of the ethics of the Psalter, or the supernaturalism of the histories of Elijah or of Daniel, or the so-called pessimism of Ecclesiastes, or the alleged secularism of Esther, or the literal import of the Song of Solomon would be in turn condemned. Nor would the Apostles hope to escape. St. John would be too mystical in *this* estimate; St. James too legal in *that;* St. Paul too dialectical or too metaphysical, or too easily capable of Antinomian interpretation; St. Peter too decided, as if balancing between Paul and James. The new Bible would probably be uniform, narrow, symmetrical; it would be entirely made up of poetry, or of history, or of formal propositions, or of philosophical speculations, or of lists of moral maxims; it would be modelled after the type of some current writer of English history, or some popular poet or metaphysician, or some sentimentalist who abjures history and philosophy alike on principle, or some composer of well-intentioned religious tracts for general circulation." One thing is certain—all the vitality, all the *vis*, all the virtue would be taken out of the Book, if men were permitted to use their penknives upon it as they wish; ay, very little of the original message from God would be left to the weary and wicked world. The volume would become one of the most meaningless and malformed treatises ever given to the public.

See how practically the penknife is now misused.

Yonder is a company of men who never cross the threshold of any place of religious worship. They say they toil hard enough through the week, and they must have one day of recreation and rest. The green fields and the rolling sea are better for them than our churches. In the Bible, however, they find it distinctly written—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates." Other passages, similar, are discovered. Out comes the penknife, and gaping spaces are soon left where those passages were found. With the bold assertion that such precepts are not binding upon the inhabitants of the world now, these portions are quickly disposed of.

There is another class of men. They find it written that human nature is smitten with the disease of sin, that the race of man is naturally totally depraved, that in human nature there dwelleth no good thing; that an incubus of guilt must be removed and a new heart imparted before they can be happy here or hereafter. This teaching is repugnant to vainglorious self, and accordingly the penknife is in requisition to remove from the vision such distasteful doctrine.

There, again, is another set of men. They discover that the Book treats of a future state, that God "hath set *eternity* in their heart," that the Scriptures point to a realm where weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth shall prevail, where there will be bitter remorse over misspent opportunities. These truths disturb them in their career, haunt them by day, and break in upon their nightly dreams. The very idea of such a state is too dreadful to be entertained. They want to think that they can live as they list without any future loss, that God is all-merciful, that He never said anything about punishment, or, if He did, He never meant what the written words imply, and so the penknife is again dexterously handled, and a multitude of vacant spaces soon appear.

Then there is a class of young persons of quite a different order. In the course of their reading of Scripture they have met with the words, "Come out from among them, be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing;" "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers;" "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," with many other kindred texts. These bar the way to many worldly pleasures and pursuits—perhaps stand as an obstacle to some apparently very desirable life alliance. What is to be done? For a little there is hesitancy. Is such a pleasure to be denied, such an opportunity to be lost, such a prize to be forfeited, because these passages are in the Book? The devil says, "No, expunge the texts; heed them not." The natural heart leans towards that advice. The hand perhaps trembles as it grasps the penknife, but the deed is soon done.

In these, and many other ways, the conduct of Jehoiakim is re-acted day by day. Thus men become unbelievers, infidels, atheists. They do not set up as such at once—the progress is gradual. They begin by disregarding what is not agreeable, they then disobey, and they ultimately

discredit. Piece by piece, little by little, is cut out of the Word of God, till by-and-by all is cast aside as no better than a cunningly-devised fable. The book, with exquisite illustrations, gilt edges, morocco binding, and massive clasps, may lie there upon the table, but it is just to its owner as if every page had been cut out by a penknife, and cast into the fire.

Then, when the dark hour of trouble comes, as come it does and will to every one of us, whither are such Jehoiakims to turn? Reader, say, what will you do when you have cast from you the precious contents of the volume of inspiration? There will be no joyful tidings to greet your ear, no sweet promises upon which to pillow your heart, no brilliant light to brighten up your future. When you are called to stand by the death-bed and open grave of some loved relative; when your tears fall apace, and your heart well-nigh breaks, you will want the sympathy and strength of Him who wept by the grave of Lazarus. But you have put all such comfort from you. You have cut out from the Book all evidences of His present tenderness and ability to relieve. You must wrestle with the billows of woe unaided. When you are called to experience changes and losses, when you have no earthly friend who is reliable, when you know no source from which to expect deliverance, you would then fain open your heart to God, and implore His all-powerful interposition. But you cannot. You have ridiculed the idea of prayer changing the established order of things. You have cut out the promises that relate to the Divine deliverance and control. You cannot pray. So when at last you are sick and dying, when your spirit flees to the walls of your frail tabernacle, shrieks for some glimpse of hope and heaven, when you crave what the world cannot bestow, and are fully conscious of your unfitness for the future disclosures, what will you do without Christ? If you have denied His divinity and His power to save, you have cast from you the only avenue to hope, the only name that can admit to heaven.

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

HER MOTIVE.

"LET her go; why should we attempt to detain her?" Mr. Raynor said, moodily, to his sister, when her astonishment at her guest's sudden resolve led her to appeal to him.

"But, Noel, I meant to have kept her here all the summer! I wrote and told Hester so, and she said she'd be only too glad; for Kythe's place at the school is filled up, and the work has been slack since one of her best customers died and another married and went abroad. I'm sure she's thankful to be spared the expense of the lassie's keep."

"Tell Kythe that it is out of charity we press her to stay, and she will be off to-morrow," was the reply. "Let her alone. We might have known she wouldn't content herself long at Hartswood."

"Why not? I have been here all my life, and never wished to leave it; never seen a spot more bonny!" said Miss Mia, indignantly.

"Ay, but you and I, Mia, are of the old school. Kythe belongs to a newer one, and there's nothing wonderful in her growing tired of us."

Miss Mia shook her head; she was not convinced by her brother's reasoning, for since Kythe had been fully employed who could have seemed happier than she? But Noel Raynor walked away, and would not hear the subject discussed again. Kythe had made her decision, and he would not have her persuaded to alter it, although he was startled to find how keenly it would pain him to lose her. The old plodding life that went on in one unvarying round from season to season, from year to year, had suited him so well, that he had never cared for change; yet when it did come, in the shape of a bright wilful girl, who treated him *de haut en bas*, and instead of deferring to his wishes, like the rest of his womankind, went her own way, it was first irritating, then delightful.

Moreover, Kythe was energetic and intelligent. In spite of the distaste she had expressed for farm life, she soon evinced an interest in all its details. Too good a farmer not to avail himself of all those improvements which assist, if they do not wholly supersede labour, Noel Raynor always supplied himself with the best of machinery; and many of these odd-looking inventions were such marvels to Kythe,

that she did not rest till she had learned their uses and the manner of working them. Her questions—shrewd and pertinent as they were—could not be answered without awaking in Mr. Raynor a mortifying consciousness that he was more ignorant of mechanics than he ought to be; and in finding answers to the whys and wherefores of such an indefatigable querist, a desire to know more was aroused in his own mind.

Then, again, Kythe, since her visit to the ruined castle, had developed a taste for archæology. Romans, Saxons, Danes, all had left traces of their presence in the Riding; and whether these were seen in massive arches or tumuli, or the curious ornaments dug up in the vicinity of Hartswood, they stirred the romance and enthusiasm of the young girl, who, knowing that no sympathy must be expected from placid Mrs. Robins or busy Miss Mia, turned for it to Noel Raynor. He would have scoffed at the idea of troubling his head about such "useless things" if he had not found her thirst for information contagious. With a pair of sparkling brown eyes looking intently into his own, and a rosy mouth smiling thanks whenever he laid aside his dry agricultural reports to listen to her inquiries, he was tempted to learn more of the history of his own country than he had ever known before; and to listen whenever Kythe read aloud from the few books she unearthed from the closet in which they had been used for wedging up some shelves.

And now he must go back to the old routine, which had suddenly grown distasteful. When he came into the house, it would no longer be brightened by the presence of a creature young and lively enough to influence every one who came in contact with her. He would not only miss the light figure that fluttered hither and thither—the birdlike voice that sang snatches of old ballads so sweetly that he often found himself pausing in the midst of what he was saying or doing to listen to it; but also the excitement of provoking her—this was so easily done—or, when both were in more amicable mood, joining her in her studies. If Kythe went, and the old stillness settled down upon the Grange—if she vanished from his sight, and the weeks she had spent in his home became like a dream—could he forget them, and be and feel just as he was before? Yet, on the other hand, could it be possible that in these few weeks the little kinswoman, whose coming he had been inclined to oppose, and who had taunted, and disobeyed, and defied him, had become so dear that he could not think of their parting without dismay?

"At my age, too!" he cried, scornfully. "My fall must have weakened my brain."

And his contempt of his own weakness imparted such additional sternness to his manner that Kythe, who did not choose to be treated as if she were ill-using her relatives by going home, was frigid and stately when they met at meals, and as soon as they were over took care to avoid him.

What would Noel Raynor have said or thought had he known that it was a jesting speech made respecting him that was driving Kythe back to London? Lucilla Harwin, at parting, had whispered in her ear that she could see Rupert's prediction was coming true, and pretty Miss Anstey would soon tame the bear into a very decent sort of a husband. She hastened to apologise for her remark when Kythe's start and resentful blush warned her that she had given offence, but she could not do away with the unpleasant effect of it. On the contrary, she increased the annoyance she had given when she said deprecatingly that she was sorry she had mentioned it, though, after all, it would be such a very good match that no one could blame Miss Anstey if she did set her cap——

But Kythe's indignant gesture made her break off in confusion, and she went home marvelling that a simple pleasantry, such as she considered that any girl might whisper to another, should have given offence. In fact, Lucilla, whose perceptions of right and wrong had been sadly blunted by constant association with her elder brothers, was quite incapable of comprehending how deeply she had wounded the delicacy as well as the pride of Noel Raynor's guest.

"I could not stay here now!" Kythe told herself; "every hour I spend beneath this roof is exposing me to the degrading suspicions the young Harwins have expressed. If they should reach Mr. Raynor's ears, how could I bear to see him again?"

And so she began to make her preparations for returning home, but it was with a heavy heart. Although her health was much improved, any attempt at regular study brought back the distressing headaches from which she had suffered; and she looked forward with dread to the hours that would have to be spent in a crowded school-room, with a large class of children around her, to whom she must teach discipline and long division, grammar and geography, with all that thoroughness which is so exhausting to the teacher.

Kythe, much to her own surprise, had learned to love the hills and dales of the East Riding, to appreciate the wild freedom of the moors, and the grand old woods where the leaves of the forest trees were always whispering a thanksgiving. The Grange was still bare and ugly, but she had remedied some defects and grown accustomed to others, and knew that the little back room she shared in her suburban home with Alessie would seem very small and stuffy after the spacious guest-chamber at Hartswood.

"It is well I am going at once," she sighed, as she was dressing on the morning she had fixed for her journey. "I have been selfish to forget so long that poor mother and Lessie are enjoying none of the comforts I have had here. A little longer, and I might not have wanted to go back at all."

"Then you mean it?" said Miss Mia, who came past her door as she opened it, and caught sight of the trunks in their holland covers. "If it's only because

your clothes are beginning to get shabby—ah, well, you needn't redden up—as if such a near relation hadn't a right to help you! You're much too proud, Kythe Anstey."

press, lassie, that 's much too smart for me at my age, and you 'll be heartily welcome to them."

Kythe kissed and thanked her warmly, hiding, as well as she could, the amusement she could not wholly

"'Lend me a horse, Mr. Raynor—the swiftest you have.'"—*p.* 198.

"That's why you like me a little, Miss Mia," was the saucy response. "You know how often you are heard to declare that you cannot bear to be beholden to any one."

"Maybe. But that shan't hinder me from finishing what I wanted to say. If your clothes are getting the worse for the rough usage they 've had here, why, there 's a gown or two of mine up-stairs in the

repress, as she pictured herself attired in the many-coloured broad-striped Manchester cottons to which Miss Mia was referring; but she would not consent to remain at the Grange.

"If you will go, you must go," her hostess said, at last, half offended. "And I don't know why I should miss you, for you 're not very capable in the house, though I won't gainsay that you made yourself useful

when Noel wanted more waiting on than I had time to give him ; I was beginning to think that you and he were getting to be better friends."

Here Kythe, finding the subject distasteful, stopped her with another kiss.

"Don't you see it 's my duty to go, Miss Mia ? It cannot be right for me to live here in luxury while my mother and Lessie—poor Lessie !—are stinting themselves to make up for the expenses of my illness."

If it was a question of duty, Miss Raynor would make no more objections ; and when it had been arranged that Tam should convey her luggage to Bickley, while Kythe, no longer afraid of the distance, walked thither by a route that would enable her to make a farewell call on the Beachams, the spinster bustled away to fill a hamper with farmhouse dainties that should remind poor Hester of the old times at Hartswood.

Mr. Raynor chose to be too much absorbed in a catalogue just received from an agricultural implement maker to look up as he nodded a reply to her "Good morning," and breakfast would have been eaten without a word being spoken, if Mrs. Robins had not sighed a very doleful hope that the poor bairn wouldn't fall into a waste again ! and added her conviction of never herself enjoying a night's rest for wondering whether she was getting sufficient nourishment.

Kythe was making a last indignant attempt to disabuse the good lady's mind of the notion that she had been half starved before she came to the Grange, when there was a slight commotion at the door. It was thrown open, and Roland Harwin, without his hat or necktie, a look of inexpressible horror in his eyes—dashed in, crying incoherently—

"A horse—lend me a horse, Mr. Raynor—the swiftest you have. Miss Anstey ! where 's Miss Anstey ? Do go to Lucilla. She bade me send you to her. Do go and try to comfort her ! "

He was too much overcome to say more, and, perceiving that something terrible must have happened, Noel Raynor asked no questions, but went without delay to superintend the saddling of his favourite cob, while Miss Mia thrust into Roland's shaking hand the cup of coffee she had just poured out for herself, and compelled him to swallow it.

The welcome draught brought the colour back to his cheeks, but they paled again when he attempted to answer the inquiries with which she began to ply him, and it was amidst choking sobs that he contrived to falter the name of his youngest sister, little Cis, the most lovable of them all, because she was too tiny to have imbibed the restless habits of her elders.

"What had befallen her ? Why, she was burnt—frightfully, awfully burnt," and he shuddered and hid his face at the recollection of the sight he had beheld when drawn from his bed by her shrieks. She was moaning in agony when he came away to seek medical assistance. His father was from home, visiting an old friend ; Rupert had fainted ; and Lucilla, who blamed herself for the accident, was almost frantic with remorse and alarm.

"You will go to her, Miss Anstey ? " he entreated. "There 's no one with her but the servants, and they are so stupid and frightened as to be worse than useless."

"Of course she 'll go, my poor lad," said Miss Mia, promptly, and with this promise he was satisfied. They saw him gallop by the window with such reckless haste that Mr. Raynor must have trembled for the knees of his horse ; but he was scarcely out of sight when Miss Mia, who had hurried up-stairs, came back with Kythe's hat and jacket in one hand, and in the other a bundle of wadding and bottle of some infallible remedy for scalds and burns.

If there had been more time for consideration, Kythe would doubtless have found herself wishing it were possible to evade compliance with Roland's request. She was a coward at sight of pain ; she did not possess the presence of mind and strong nerves that are invaluable in such emergencies, and shrank from the thought of seeing the merry child—who had been her bedfellow, and was the pet and plaything of the whole family—writhing in such agonies as her brother had essayed to describe. But Lucilla had asked for her, and, as she was comparatively alone, it would be cruel to turn a deaf ear to the pitiful request Roland had urged ; so Kythe set forth, heroically determining to do her best.

She had not gone far from the house—Miss Mia running after her to the gate, to shout a promise to follow her to Captain Harwin's as soon as the salting-down of a couple of pigs had been attended to—when she was overtaken by Mr. Raynor. He was driving himself with some little difficulty—for his arm was still stiff and sore—in the chaise he used occasionally, and signed to her to take the seat beside him.

"Don't look so white and troubled," he said, as he threw his rug over her knees. "Young people are apt to lose their heads and exaggerate when an accident occurs ; the child may not be as badly injured as her brother reported. If she is, I'll fetch Granny Beacham to your assistance ; you would find her invaluable."

But Kythe only shuddered the more.

"Not long since," she said, in awed accents, "I saw a little girl—one of my class at the school I attended—carried away to a hospital frightfully scalded. It was a dreadful sight ; it haunted my dreams, and was, I think, the beginning of my illness. How shall I bear to see a similar one ? and how shall I help Lucilla Harwin ? I am as inexperienced, as helpless, as herself. Why did she send for me ? "

Mr. Raynor checked his horse.

"It is not too late to turn back. I have always thought that your sex, unless they are absolutely good for nothing, have more true courage than mine, and put themselves wholly aside on such occasions as

this; but it seems I was mistaken. Shall I drive you home again?"

"And leave Miss Harwin to do the best she can?" asked Kythe, hotly. "Certainly not. How can you think so ill of me as to imagine that I shall desert her in her need, just to spare myself? But you always do think the worst of me."

As Mr. Raynor made no reply beyond the faint smile that vanished ere she detected it, she sat beside him swelling with wrath till the inequalities of the route compelled her to cling to his side, in order to avoid being thrown out of the vehicle altogether. And what a drive it was! Jolted over hillocks at one minute, rushing on at a pace that kept her in mortal terror of being capsized; at another ploughing slowly through a slough; or with one wheel of the vehicle down in a steep rut, and the other skidding along the edge of a ravine so perilous that she watched it in momentary expectation of the driver venturing half an inch too near, and but partially reassured by the coolness of the driver. But it came to an end at last, and Kythe was set down at Captain Harwin's.

It was not till Noel Raynor, having learnt enough from the weeping servant to convince him that the child was seriously hurt, drove away to fetch Anne Beacham, that Kythe remembered what had been in her companion's thoughts all the morning—her intended journey to London. For this day, at all events, it must be set aside; and her scheme of giving her mother a pleasant surprise by suddenly appearing before her, was frustrated.

CHAPTER XIV.

LITTLE CIS.

It is not easy to describe the scene she beheld when she entered Captain Harwin's cottage. It was difficult to retain any self-possession amidst such confusion. The children, who had been scared into silence by the moans of the sufferer and the wild grief of Lucilla, flung themselves on the new-comer, who for some time was fully occupied in pacifying them. In this she had scarcely succeeded when their elder sister, hearing of her arrival, came flying downstairs in such a frenzied condition that she could neither be reasoned nor soothed into composure till she had exhausted herself; while Rupert had locked himself in his room and buried his head under the bedclothes to shut out the distressing sounds that proceeded from the chamber in which the little sufferer lay.

But these had nearly ceased when Kythe entered it; and it needed but a glance to tell the most inexperienced that all human aid was unavailing. No longer agonising everyone who heard them with her cries, she was gradually sinking into the lethargy that often precedes death. Martha, the girl who had nursed her ever since the death of her mother, had applied such remedies as were at hand, but they were useless in such an extreme case as this. Pretty, merry little Cis, whose clever sayings had been so often retailed by her admiring family—whom they had all petted and spoiled, and who had been the darling of Lucilla, was dying because she had never been taught to obey.

Attracted by the prettiness of a fancy case of wax matches she saw on a shelf in her brother's room, she had climbed up and abstracted it; and though Roland, on discovering his loss, commanded her to replace it, she had rebelled too often to hesitate at doing so now. She even insisted on being allowed to sleep with her dangerous plaything under her pillow; and Lucilla, who always avoided a struggle for the mastery, because she did not like to see the children cry, weakly yielded, telling herself she could take the case away as soon as the little girl had fallen asleep.

This, however, she quite forgot to do, and the fatal omission never recurred to her memory till, at a very early hour, she was aroused from her slumbers by cries for help, and found little Cis rushing about the room with her nightdress in flames.

The pretty baby face had escaped disfigurement, and ere night it was no longer distorted with pain, but placidly composed in the sleep from which there is no earthly awakening. Anne Beacham came to fulfil the last offices for the dead, and with her gentle suggestions and ready hands contrived to produce something like order in the bewildered household; while Kythe sometimes sat beside the bed of Lucilla in the darkened room, where she lay weakly reproaching herself, and bemoaning the loss of her pet sister, but was more frequently in attendance on the children, who, like the rest, had been startled from their sleep that morning by the screams of their sisters, and now huddled in corners, frightened, and hungry, and miserable.

The elder brothers wandered about the courtyard and garden till long after nightfall, refusing to enter the house lest they should hear the hysterical wails Lucilla uttered every time she was seized with a fresh paroxysm of unavailing remorse, and Kythe, out of her compassion, invented errands for them to the village and the Grange, well knowing that employment of any kind would be a boon to them.

And so the long dreary day came at last to an end. Lucilla, worn out with her passionate regrets, consented to swallow the composing draught the doctor had prescribed, and sank into a heavy sleep. Roland went to bed, taking Martin with him; but Rupert, declaring with a shudder that he could not close his eyes in the house, went off to an acquaintance in the village. The children, sharing his awe of death, refused to be put to bed at all, till Kythe's grave displeasure at their obstinacy shamed Nettie, the elder of the girls, into better behaviour, and the rest were too weary to keep up the contest.

By the time they were all disposed of, Kythe was weary too, and glad to throw a shawl over her

head and stroll down the garden. The day had been one of ceaseless hurry and excitement, and there had been so many calls upon her for advice and sympathy that her head ached as well as her heart, and it was a relief to be alone, with the night air cooling her hot brows, and a delicious stillness reigning over all. Yet this hush made it more difficult to realise what had happened. Only yesterday the young Harwins had romped and frolicked, and made the pretty cottage resound with their laughter; could it be possible that this terrible catastrophe had befallen them, and that their best-loved one lay ready for the grave, leaving them with their grief embittered by the consciousness that they might have saved her had they watched over her more carefully?

Roland, at the suggestion of the doctor, had telegraphed to his father, and harassed himself ever since, and every one who heard him, by predicting that the Captain would come home distracted by the news, and refuse to forgive either Lucilla or himself. As Kythe walked towards the garden gate she caught sight of some one leaning upon it, and her pulses seemed to stop, for she imagined that it was the bereaved father, and knew not how to meet him.

But the voice that accosted her dispelled her fears. "Don't be frightened; it is only I, Noel Raynor. Mia is uneasy about you: she is afraid that you are doing too much. Cannot she take your place for a few hours?"

"She is very kind; but I have promised Lucilla I will not leave her. She will have so much to go through—her father's return—the inquest—the child's funeral—and at present she is quite prostrate."

"Consoling the Captain when he was most mournful."—*p.* 202.

"She should send for some elderly friend or relative; this is too great an ordeal for you."

"And yet you thought me weak-minded, when I said something of the same kind," retorted Kythe. "But I am braver than I expected to be, and Lucilla likes me. I am able to comfort her a little, so I will stay."

"Is there nothing my sister can do to lighten your task?" Mr. Raynor asked, after a pause. "Cannot you send some of those turbulent children to her?"

"I am too merciful to attempt it," Kythe replied, unable to resist smiling, as she pictured Miss Raynor's

dairy and larder, as well as her spotlessly neat bedchambers, invaded by such rebels. "Nor do I think they could be persuaded to leave home."

"Persuaded! I should advocate stronger measures than coaxing and bribing."

"Not just now," said Kythe, gently; "and when their father comes home, they must be here to remind him that if he has lost one of his little ones, he has others to love."

There was another pause, and then Mr. Raynor asked, rather abruptly—

"Have you written or telegraphed to your mother?"

"There was no necessity for it; I had not warned her to expect me to-day."

"You had not? Then it was not at her wish or suggestion you were leaving us; and your resolve must have been made suddenly—quite suddenly. What prompted it?"

"Do you always catechise the parting guest in this authoritative style?" asked Kythe, in as sportive a tone as she could assume; but his reply was grave and stern.

"You are my kinswoman, and you are fatherless and brotherless—reasons sufficient, in my opinion, for me to have a voice in your affairs, and to demand that you should treat me with more confidence. If it had been on Mrs. Anstey's account you were hurrying back to London, I could not have blamed you for it, but when I find that there is some motive for your conduct that you are hiding even from your mother, what can I think but that you have entered into some engagement since you came here of which you—yes, I must say it—of which you are ashamed?"

"Are you mad, Mr. Raynor?" Kythe demanded, haughtily. "When I acknowledge that the very slight degree of relationship betwixt us gives you a right to be so officious, then you can question me, if you choose, but not till then."

She turned from him directly, but came back to say—

"Will you ask Miss Mia to have my boxes forwarded to Bickley at the first opportunity? When I leave here it will be for my own home."

Without further adieu, she re-entered the house, and Mr. Raynor thrust his hands into his pockets and walked moodily away.

CHAPTER XV.

SO VERY USEFUL.

When Captain Harwin returned home there was another painful scene to witness, for he, like his children, seemed incapable of any effort at self-restraint. Kythe's entreaties had prevailed with the little ones to evince some degree of consideration for Lucilla, but their tears and cries burst forth as noisily as before as soon as they saw their father's despairing gestures, and heard him protest that he could never, no never, be happy again!

The clergyman who officiated at the church in the dale came to see him, but was refused admittance, Captain Harwin declaring that his grief was too deep to be lightened by anything that gentleman could say; and yet it was marvellously short-lived. After shocking Kythe by the wildness of his exclamations, and pacing the room with his hands clasped to his head, he would subside into his easy-chair, do justice to an excellent dinner, and then sink into a refreshing nap.

Lucilla, always inert, now pronounced herself too ill and miserable to leave her bed, and could not be induced to believe that she would feel better if she exerted herself. It was on Kythe, therefore, that the management of the household devolved, and a very trying task she found it. Roland and Rupert were courteous, and even grateful to her for staying with them, but they preferred roaming over the moors to stopping in the darkened rooms of the house, and were rarely visible except at meals.

As for the children, when they had overcome the first shock of their playfellow's tragic fate, they proved more unmanageable than ever. Their father told them, fretfully, that their conduct was disgraceful, but to no purpose; as long as they did not get in his way, he contented himself with such reproofs as these, but now that Lucilla was not at hand to carry them off when they were troublesome, and he read grave disapproval of his indulgence in the eyes of Kythe, he grew irritable, and administered so many sharp slaps to his refractory offspring as to astonish them. Beta cried the whole morning with headache, and Martin rebelled and ran away, only to be brought back—kicking and screaming—by Jock Beacham.

The servants preferred holding receptions of their acquaintances in the kitchen to doing their work; and the consequence was that the meals were badly cooked and irregularly served, and the house so dirty that Kythe thought she preferred Miss Mia's incessant cleaning and scolding to such a slatternly state of affairs.

It seemed to be taken for granted that she would not only remain at Captain Harwin's as long as her presence was useful, but undertake all the duties that should have been Lucilla's. If an appeal were made to the latter, it was sure to be answered with a plaintive, "Oh, don't come to me; how can I attend to anything now? Go to Miss Anstey; she will tell you what to do."

Kythe inquired of the elder brothers whether there were not some motherly relative who could be sent for, or some elderly friend capable of acting as housekeeper *pro tem.;* but it appeared, from their replies, that Captain Harwin's relations had been so dissatisfied with the manner in which their advice on the management of his family was received, that a coolness had arisen, and he did not choose to hold any intercourse with them beyond a formal notification of his little girl's death.

Miss Mia trotted up to offer assistance, and go back to her own domain, exclaiming at the dirt and

the spiders, the torn curtains and dusty carpets, to which Lucilla was wont to close her eyes, affirming that it was no use being so particular where there were children. A few neighbourly matrons imitated Miss Mia in proffering help, but Roland took upon himself to decline all such civilities.

"We don't want a parcel of old women maundering about us," he said. "If Miss Anstey will stay with us, we shall be thankful; if not, we must do the best we can."

"I will not leave Lucilla yet," Kythe replied. And having made this promise, she endeavoured to atone, by her own exertions, for the shortcomings of others, consoling the Captain when he was most mournful; waiting on his daughter, and striving to reconcile her to the loss she had sustained, and keeping the peace, as far as it was possible in such a household, during the days that preceded the burial of the dead child.

But it was hard work, and when night came she would throw herself on her bed, too much exhausted to sleep. Mr. Raynor, who came to the cottage in spite of their dispute, and behaved as if it had not occurred, shook his head when he saw how pale and tired she looked, and stood watching her all the while he listened to the Captain's lamentations—that he, who wanted nothing but just to live quietly in the bosom of his family, should be deprived of the pet lamb of his little flock!

"I wish you would send some of these children to Mia; they are worrying you to death!" he said, abruptly, as he stalked into their midst, just as Kythe was settling a quarrel between Nettie and one of her brothers; but he frowned so sternly at the little culprits that not one of them could be persuaded to accept his invitation.

"I should like your garden," said Beta, frankly; "there's such big, big berries grow there. But I wouldn't care to go unless you were out."

"And we don't worry you, do we, Miss Anstey?" exclaimed Willie, resenting Mr. Raynor's speech. "We should be good always, if you'd keep on telling stories. There's no one can tell such capital stories as you can."

"You have done enough," Noel urged, in spite of the children's assurance that they should all get on very well if he would leave them alone. "What is the use of wearing yourself out to help those who will not help themselves?"

"Is this a time for judging them so harshly?" Kythe retorted, and she insisted on setting herself completely aside till after little Cis was buried. It was a solemn and affecting sight. Four of the village girls carried the bier, on which lay the coffin, half buried in white flowers which Roland and Rupert had scoured the country-side to procure; and even Lucilla insisted on being allowed to be present at the ceremony; though, by losing all self-control at the grave, she added very much to the distress of the other mourners.

Yet when the funeral was over, the blinds drawn up, and the daily avocations resumed, Kythe was surprised to find how soon the events of that sad week were ignored. The photograph of the child was put out of sight, as well as her clothes; and everyone seemed to be trying to forget her. "It was no use dwelling upon the past," Captain Harwin said, philosophically; and his family agreed with him. Even Lucilla, who had been very fond of her sister while she lived, found it less painful to banish all remembrance of the pretty baby face and winning ways, than to let conscience remind her of the manner of the child's death.

But she clung about her friend, and cried so piteously when she talked of leaving her, that, at the Captain's urgent request, Kythe consented to defer her departure for another week. This she did all the more willingly because pride stood in the way of her return to the Grange, if only for a day; and she could not commence her journey till she received a remittance from her mother. A sovereign Mrs. Robins had forced on her as a birthday gift soon after her arrival at Hartswood had been carefully hoarded for her railway fare, but this was lost to her. Awaking one morning, she found Nettie with her purse in her hands, while Beta was peering down a crack in the boards; and learned on inquiry that the meddlesome fingers of the children had been busy at the contents of her pocket, with the result that the sovereign had been dropped, and rolled they knew not where; nor was it ever recovered, though Roland frequently promised to institute a search for it.

So Kythe had, with much reluctance, applied to her mother for the sum she required, and was impatiently waiting for a reply to her request. Captain Harwin's was not a pleasant place of abode for any one of orderly habits, and annoyances that were borne with while its inmates were in trouble, now became intolerable. Moreover, Lucilla, as indolent as ever, was growing so accustomed to shift all her responsibilities on to the shoulders of her more energetic guest, that it was high time she should be compelled to take them upon herself again.

"My letter will surely come to-day," Kythe said, one morning, as she watched the brothers stroll away after breakfast. "Rupert has promised to call at the post-office on his way home and ask for it."

"I hope it will *not* be there," said Lucilla. "I don't see why you should leave us, as you are not going back to the Raynors'; which, by-the-by, I cannot understand at all, for I have always supposed——"

"You will be kind enough to leave me in ignorance of what you have supposed," Kythe exclaimed, with rising colour. "I do not wish to hear it."

"Very well, dear, if it is a sore subject; but there, I am vexing you again! Let me see—what was I saying? oh, about your staying with us. Papa and I have been thinking that, as we must really have a governess for Nettie and Beta, and you have such influence with the children, and are so fond of them, and so clever at teaching—— You are not offended at the suggestion?"

She paused, and looked at Kythe inquiringly.

"Offended? No; not at all," and the young girl pressed on her cheek a grateful kiss. "But I have a mother and sister in London; I must go back to them; they have been very good to spare me so long. If you knew——"

But she checked herself; she could not speak to Lucilla, who did not know what poverty meant, of the straits and small economies to which she was returning, nor how necessary it was that she should be able to throw her earnings into the family purse.

"I don't know how I shall get on without you," sighed Miss Harwin. "You manage the children so much better than I do. Beta never will learn her lessons for me."

"Try and make her do so this morning, and I will go and say good-bye to the Beachams. I should like to see the dear old lady once more."

And Kythe made her escape directly, for fear Lucilla should suggest that the visit be deferred till the afternoon, when the children could be her companions. She wanted to go alone, although not even to herself would she confess that she did not care to have two or three pairs of inquisitive eyes bent upon her when she put her hand into Jock Beacham's and bade him farewell.

On the contrary, she was half ashamed of her secret longing to see him once more.

She could find reasons enough; he had been very kind while the Harwins were in trouble. Not a day had passed that she had not found him hovering about the house eager to be made useful, or to be permitted to relieve her of the care of the "lile lads," Martin and Willie, whom he would carry off to the woods, keeping them amused and yet out of mischief for hours, and feeling himself amply repaid by Kythe's grateful smile. It would be churlish to go away without thanking him; yet why did she blush and hang her head, and glance irresolutely down the green avenues where she expected to behold him?

Ah, Kythe knew too well for whose sake those services were so eagerly rendered, and how to read aright the wistful looks that were bent upon her. It was since she had smiled on him, and deferred to him, and talked to him with the playful friendliness that thrilled him to ecstacy, that Jock Beacham's dormant energies had awakened. He was a boy no longer; and so great a change was stealing over him that his grandmother marvelled at it, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry, and his grandsire with uplifted brows would mutter a protest that Jock would make a man of himself yet!

"It will do him no harm to have liked me a little," Kythe soliloquised, as she rambled on, listening as she went for the ringing of his axe. "It is not likely that he and I shall ever meet again; but I shall always keep the first primroses he gave me, and he——"

She paused. Was it right to have even tacitly encouraged his daring passion? For Kythe was more experienced than poor Jock; and though she sighed at thought of the pain she might have given, she assured herself that it would be a very transient pang.

"He will think of me tenderly till he meets some good girl—perhaps he will wait till he finds some one who reminds him of Kythe Anstey—and then he will be so happy with her that *I* shall be forgotten. I suppose I ought to rejoice at it; and perhaps I shall by-and-by."

But a tear fell on the rose she had plucked as she came through the garden, intending to make it her parting gift. It was, however, destined to fade in her own bosom; for no Jock appeared either in the woods or at his grandmother's cottage. He had gone to the market town on business for Sir William, Mrs. Beacham said; and said it so gravely, that Kythe, who felt guilty of having sadly hindered him in his work of late, fancied she read a rebuke in her serious gaze.

Whether the suspicion were or were not correct, it was so disconcerting that she said her adieux more briefly than she had intended, and had not courage to mention his name again, even in the farewell messages she left for those she had met at the Sunday readings at the old shepherd's.

Rupert Harwin was swinging his legs on the fence when she got back to his father's house a little out of temper as well as spirits, waving above his head the long-wished-for letter, which, after some teasing, he dropped into her upraised hands.

But her cry of dismay startled him into quitting his perch to inquire the cause. She held the letter towards him, gasping—

"It is mine—my own—the one I wrote to my mother a week ago! See! it is returned to me; and across it is written—'Gone away; left no address.' What can this mean? Is my mother dead? Oh! why did I leave her! And Alessie, my poor blind sister!—what has become of Alessie?"

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW HOME.

RUPERT was as sympathising as it was in his nature to be—that is, he whistled, declared that it was a queer set-out, and then advised Kythe not to make herself uneasy: what was the use? Things always came right if you let them alone.

But, without waiting to hear the end of his speech, she ran in-doors, to thrust into a bag such articles of wearing-apparel as Miss Mia had sent up from the Grange for her use, and take a hurried leave of Lucilla.

"I don't understand," said the latter, helplessly following her about the room, as she collected her belongings. "You are going to London, you say; but if your mother has quitted her home, and left no address, what will you do when you get there?"

"I must make inquiries of the neighbours; I

must seek till I find her. Something serious must have happened to her. How could I stay here when she may have met with an accident, and be lying in a hospital, and Alessie is alone amongst strangers?"

"But people who have met with accidents do not take away the furniture themselves!" Lucilla objected.

"True, but there are other misfortunes;" and then Kythe's voice died away in a sob. While she had been regaining health and strength at Hartswood her mother must have been making a terrible struggle with the debts her daughter's tedious illness entailed upon her, and had, perhaps, sunk under them.

"How shall we get on without you?" Lucilla kept saying; but there was no time to condole with her. Kythe was in too much haste to do more than promise to write shortly, and, slipping out by a side gate lest the children should see and detain her, she hurried away.

The Grange must be her first resting-place; there was no help for it, though the delay it would involve might lose her a place in the Bickley coach. But she would be forced to borrow the amount of her railway fare from some one, and felt that she would rather do so from Miss Mia than any other person.

Bending under the weight of her packages, and dizzy with the heat of a summer noon, she was soon longing to exchange the treeless moor for the comparative shade of the path that would lead her along the hill-side, and so by a gradual descent into the dale. But ere she reached it the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the narrow track made her stand aside to let the rider pass. It was Mr. Raynor, and instead of cantering on with a brief greeting, he dismounted and came towards her.

"'Give them to me.'"

"Has it been too much for you at last?" he queried, ironically. "Have you discovered that even the Grange is preferable to Captain Harwin's disorderly house, and Captain Harwin's children?"

"They have always been kind to me, and I like them," Kythe rallied her spirits to respond. "I am leaving them because I am needed elsewhere."

"They might have had more consideration than to let you load yourself with these parcels. Give them to me. Nay, but you shall. Where are you going? To Mia? Why, there are tears in your eyes! Tell me, Kythe, what ails you?"

Brusque though he was sometimes, Noel Raynor spoke so gently now that, forgetting her displeasure, she produced the returned letter, and told him how much its receipt had alarmed her.

"I am sorry this has happened," he said, thought-

fully. "Very sorry. If I had foreseen it, Mia should have told you that she heard from your mother a few days ago."

Kythe turned pale, as she listened.

"Why should she write to any one else, and not to me? This only confirms my fear that she is in trouble. I must go to her at once. Shall I be able to reach Bickley in time?"

"On foot, no; and you are alarming yourself without cause. Mrs. Anstey was in good health when my sister heard from her. Let me take you home, and then you can hear this from her own lips, and——"

But he was silenced by an imperative gesture.

"Nothing Miss Mia could say would convince me that I ought to stay here now," Kythe broke in, impetuously. "Be kind to me, Mr. Raynor, and help me to get to Bickley as soon as possible. It will be the greatest favour you can do me."

He hesitated a moment, then dropped her parcels at her feet, and sprang on his horse.

"Will nothing else content you? Well, then, walk as far as the cottage by the clump of firs—you know it well enough—and wait there till I come to you."

"He means to drive me into Bickley, or perhaps to the railway-station, himself," said Kythe, as she wearily took the route he had indicated. "He, like the rest, has been kinder to me than I have deserved, for I have been pettish, and wilful, and quick to take offence; but I wish I were not obliged to borrow from him. If I could have seen Miss Mia——"

Then this vexation was merged in the dread that some very serious calamity had befallen her mother. Only in this way could she account for Mrs. Anstey's silence.

While Kythe mused, she plodded on towards the cottage of which her kinsman had spoken. The last time she had rested on a fallen tree beside the gate of the garden in which it stood, the little Harwins were with her; and when Mr. Raynor, on his way home from some distant farm, descrying the group, rode up to speak to her, she had amused herself by pointing out the capabilities of the place. It had been built with some pretension to gentility, but neglected during the illness of its late owner. A rustic porch over the doorway, a little paint on the window-sills, the cutting down of a couple of scrubby yews that shut out the light, the careful training of some jasmine over the walls, and a little attention to the flower-beds, would make it one of the prettiest cottages in the Riding.

An incident so trivial might not have recurred to her memory just then if she had not perceived that the improvements she had sportively suggested had actually been carried out. White curtains shaded the clean newly-painted windows; the weeds in the garden had been dug up, and the paths freshly gravelled; while the jasmine was carefully trained over a neat porch, in which a young girl was standing, with her head thrown back, listening to the song of a lark.

Kythe gazed at this girl, and gazed again, holding her breath in the intensity of her excitement. She moved, and then Kythe, as if drawn by a loadstone, moved too, stepping nearer to the gate. By-and-by the object of her interest began to pace lightly and cautiously down the path, her hands outstretched as if to prevent her from coming in contact with any obstacle.

"Alessie! it is, it is Alessie!"

Instantly the sisters were in each other's arms, and scarcely had the glad embrace been given, when Mrs. Anstey came out of the cottage to welcome her child and exclaim delightedly at the improvement in her looks.

"It is like a dream!" said Kythe, as her mother drew her into the house with Alessie clinging to and fondling her hand.

"When did you come here?" she asked, "and why was I not told?"

"You always had a fancy for pleasant surprises," she was reminded. "Is not this one? We meant to keep our secret another day or two, that we might be thoroughly settled before you came to us. Aren't you glad to see us, my darling?"

"Too glad for words! If you knew how often I have longed for you, mother mine! and Lessie too! my poor pale little sister! how hard it has seemed that I should be inhaling the fresh moorland air, and storing up mind-pictures to dwell upon in years to come, while she was shut up in London!"

"Never mind, I am here now, and you shall take me everywhere," said Lessie, contentedly.

"Yes, but how came it about, mother?"

"It is Noel Raynor's doing, all his doing, Kythe darling. The cottage is his, and we are to have milk and butter from the farm, and all such vegetables as our own garden will not produce."

"And to be his pensioners, to live on his gifts!" gasped Kythe, retreating from her mother with crimsoning cheeks, and a look in her brown orbs that embarrassed Mrs. Anstey, and made her answer a confused one. "Oh, no, I could not bear it."

"My dear, I shall try and get some work; and it was entirely his own proposition. He is well to do; and whether it was for kinship, or for—for your sake——"

Kythe put a finger on her lips and stopped her.

"Hush, mother, hush! Where was your pride, your self-respect, when you let such a motive as that influence you? Oh, forgive me; I did not mean to speak to you so rudely, but we *must* go back to London."

"Go back, Kythe!" echoed her sister in dismay. "No, no!"

"But I say yes, *we must*. I cannot and I will not live here to owe my daily bread to the bounty of Noel Raynor. I had rather starve! Why was I kept in ignorance of what you were doing?"

(To be continued.)

CHRIST THE VINE.

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"I am the Vine, ye are the branches."—ST. JOHN xv. 5.

THESE words form part of the last conversation which our Lord held with His disciples on the night of His betrayal. He had felt the departure of Judas as an immense relief, and had begun, as soon as ever the traitor quitted the room, to pour forth with the most perfect freedom from restraint the deepest feelings of His heart. After speaking for awhile, and replying occasionally to questions put to Him by Peter and others, He rose from the table (His disciples rising with Him) with the intention of passing out into the open air; but unwilling, as it seems, to bring to a close this precious time of communion, and probably feeling that the many thoughts which thronged into His mind had better be uttered in the quiet and privacy of the upper chamber than in the bustle of the crowded streets, He remained standing where He was, and in that attitude delivered the remainder of His wonderful discourse, concluding with the High Priestly prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel before us.

What suggested the particular form into which the first part of His resumed discourse is thrown it is not, of course, possible for us to determine. Some have thought that a vine happened to be trained over the front of the house in which the last supper took place, and that a tendril or two had found their way into the room itself, and thus supplied the starting-point of our Saviour's remarks. Others suppose that a vineyard, bathed in the light of the Pascal moon, was visible from the open window. Others, again, imagine that our Lord refers to the well-known golden vine which was carved over one of the doors of the Temple; whilst to a fourth class of commentators it appears, and perhaps with more reason, that the cup of which the disciples had just partaken suggested a comparison, already familiar to them through their acquaintance with the writings of the Psalmists and prophets. There is no reason, however, why we should attempt to decide between these different modes of explanation. The only really important matter to us is this—that the Saviour, wishing to set forth the inner living unity between Himself and His disciples, spoke of Himself as the Vine—the true Vine, the real Vine—and of them as the branches. Let us make it our object to investigate, as far as we may be able to do so, the teaching of our Lord in this remarkable passage, not restricting ourselves to the verse just read as the text, but taking in the whole of the earlier part of the chapter, from the first verse down to the eighth.

I. Now, it is obvious, I think, that the reference in the passage must be to what we are accustomed to call "the visible Church of Christ." Two kinds of branches, as you will observe, are described. The one bears no fruit, and is in consequence ultimately taken away and cast into the fire. The other bears fruit, in some cases much fruit, and is carefully tended and pruned, in order that it may produce and bring forth more. Both kinds, different as they are in their character and destiny, are said by the Saviour to be branches in Him, and this of itself seems to indicate that the Saviour intends to include in His statement the nominal and the real disciple, the false and the true—in fact, all who by the rite of baptism have been admitted into the Church which He came to establish upon earth.

Perhaps, however, we shall be able to understand the subject better if we remember that these branches—these branches of the spiritual Vine—are not, as in the natural vine, the outgrowths of the tree, but are grafts, brought in from the outside and connected with the trunk. The owner of an orchard, at a certain time of the year, goes among his trees, and lets into the stem of one of them a slip, which he has taken from the boughs of another. His object is to produce a living union between the two. He wishes the slip to become a part of the older tree; so completely a part that it shall be henceforward impossible to separate the two, except by the application of force; and with this end in view he puts forth his skill, in accordance with certain recognised rules, and then, having done all that is required, and done it in many parts of his orchard, he leaves his trees to themselves. After awhile he visits his orchard again, and finds, most probably, that in some cases his efforts have been successful, but that in others his efforts have totally failed. In the instances of failure, there has been, he finds, a juxtaposition, but no real connection, established between the graft and the trunk. The one is merely tied on to the other, but has not become part of it. In the instances of success, a living union has been brought about between the slip and that into which it was grafted—the two have become parts of each other, the slip is in the trunk and the trunk is in the slip, and the life and strength of

the older tree flow out into its younger associate, and the result is seen in the buds, and flowers, and fruit which the soul of the husbandman desires.

We have here a thought which will serve to throw light upon our subject. The successes are the true followers and disciples of the Lord. These disciples are so united to Christ, so made one with Him by faith, that His life flows into them, and enables them to glorify God by the fruits of holy and consistent conduct. They "dwell in Christ, and Christ dwelleth in them; they are one with Christ, and Christ one with them." The failures are the nominal Christians, whose connection with the Saviour is simply external. They have been baptised. Yes; but what does baptism profit unless we are leading the life of the baptised—unless we die daily unto sin and rise again unto righteousness? They have begun well. Yes; but what is the value of this beginning if we are not now keeping the promises and fulfilling the vows made at the most momentous period of our spiritual history? It may be even that they are communicants. But a man must be living—living for Christ and by Christ—before he can be spiritually nourished and fed by the body and blood of Christ. And these people, by our hypothesis, have no living connection with the Saviour. They touch Him, and derive no benefit from the touch, just like the crowd who once pressed and thronged Him, in the days of His earthly ministry, and just unlike the poor sick woman, who drew from her contact with Christ, life, and healing, and blessing. They resemble, in fact, the grafts where the grafting has failed. "In" Christ in one sense, they are not "in" Him in another. They bring forth no fruit to the praise and glory of God. Of these barren branches not really connected with the Vine, our Lord says that the Father taketh them away, and afterwards He says that when cast forth they wither away, and are then gathered and thrown into the fire and burned. I do not care to discuss fully the import of these solemn, these terrible words; I would only remark that they seem to point to a gradual process of deterioration, culminating in an act of final judgment. The branch is removed even from the appearance of association with the Vine; that is to say, the seeming disciple, after awhile, lives in such a manner that no one who knows him supposes him to be a disciple indeed. Probably he separates himself altogether from Christian activity, detaches himself altogether from acts of Christian worship, and thus palpably and patently renounces his connection with Christ. Then he withers away, like a branch cut off from the tree and thrown down to the ground. He grows worse and worse, harder and harder; even the natural good qualities which he may happen to possess begin to decay, until at last the case becomes hopeless, and the man, now utterly impenitent and lost, is handed over to the consuming fire of the wrath and indignation of God.

But upon this painful subject I have no desire to dwell. The mere allusion to it is sufficient for my present purpose. We will pass on to consider the statements which our Saviour makes about the true disciples—the branches of the Vine which bear fruit by virtue of their living connection with it.

II. To begin, then, it may be as well for us to notice that the Saviour begins by calling the attention of His disciples to the spiritual position in which they are placed. They are not to be discouraged by what He has said about the barren branches, whom the Father taketh away. There are such branches, but ye, My disciples, are very different from them, "ye are clean." There is a vital union between Me and you, and ye are bringing forth, in greater or less degree, the fruitage of the spiritual life to the praise and glory of God. But how have the disciples come into this position? By their acceptance of the word of Christ, and by the moral power which that word has exercised over them. "Ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you."

Now, the Saviour, as you will observe, makes no allusion here to certain important aspects of Divine truth, which we, perhaps, might have expected Him to bring forward. On another occasion He could remind His followers of their indebtedness to grace, and to grace alone, for the privileges they enjoyed. "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." It might seem to them that they had sought Christ of their own accord, and found Him; but it was not so. He had drawn them to Himself, without their knowing it, by the cords of His electing love. And on another occasion again He would speak to them of the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit of God, through which alone they had been enabled and strengthened to believe. But now, not thinking it necessary to place before their minds the whole cycle of Christian truth at once, He limits their attention to the fact that they are in living connection and association with Himself, and that this living connection and association is the result and consequence of their acceptance of His word. An important thought is suggested here. We shall naturally be disposed to ask by what means this vital union with Jesus Christ, upon which so much depends, may be brought about. How can I, we may say, become a fruitful branch in the true Vine? How can I be so united to Christ as that I may become partaker, through Him, of everlasting life? The answer is supplied by the Saviour's own language: "Through the word which I have spoken to you." These first disciples had accepted the Saviour's testimony concerning Himself. They had believed,

simply because He said it, that He had come forth from God, that He had come to be the Saviour of the world, that He could and would save all who would put their trust in Him. Renouncing all other dependences, simply because He had told them to do so they had cast themselves, in simple confidence, upon Him, and laid on Him the whole weight and stress of their eternal interests; and, as a consequence of this their attitude of entire trust and submission, they had accepted the rule of Christ as of their Lord and their King, and were prepared to yield in all things an implicit obedience to His commands. It was just this acceptance of His testimony, of His words, which brought them into vital union with Him, and made them branches of the spiritual Vine.

And what was true of discipleship in those days is true of discipleship now. It is through the word of Christ that we are brought into contact with Christ, and it would be most erroneous to assert that we had accepted Christ unless we had previously made up our minds to accept His statements. The question then is, Have we done so? Do we believe what Christ has said, not only about His own person, but also about His own personal relation to us? Do we believe that He became incarnate, and lived, and suffered, and died, and was buried and rose again for us; that He is pleading for us now at the right hand of the Majesty on high; and that He will one day come again to receive us to Himself, that where He is there we may be also? If so, we are clean through the word which He has spoken to us.

III. In the next place, you will observe that the Saviour speaks about the importance of maintaining that position in which we are placed. "Abide in Me," He says; "Abide in Me, and then, as a consequence, I will abide in you." But how are we to abide? By holding fast the word of Christ. There are many influences in the world, the tendency of which is to separate us from Christ, and to destroy the union which has been established between us and Him; but all these influences aim, I think, at one point—the loosening our hold upon the word which Christ hath spoken. In some cases discredit is attempted to be thrown upon the sacred record itself. Doubts are injected into our minds, and we, perhaps, incautiously give heed to them, and are plunged into a sea of uncertainty, not knowing what to believe and what to disbelieve. In other cases the danger arises from within. It is suggested to us (we scarcely know how) that even if these things be true for others they cannot be true for us, whose lives have been so inconsistent, or who have at least fallen so very far below the ordinary standard of Christian attainment. If Christ be really our Saviour, if we have indeed a personal interest in Him, how is it that our spiritual progress has been so exceedingly slow? How is it that we are so scantily provided with the fruits of holy and righteous living? Such thoughts as these (and most of us, I fancy, at some time or other have had some experience of them) have a tendency to separate us from Christ, by leading us to despair either of His power or of His willingness to save. And such thoughts it is our duty most manfully and resolutely to resist; or, to express the idea somewhat differently, what we have to do is to hold fast the word that Christ hath spoken to us (*to us*, mark you), not only by giving our implicit obedience to all His commandments, but also by clinging to that which is the root and source of all obedience—the belief in the personal relation established between Him and us, the belief (in spite of all suggestions to the contrary) in our own personal interest in His atoning blood, and in His High Priestly intercession, and in His sanctifying and strengthening Spirit. By doing this, by holding fast His word—God helping us—we shall maintain our spiritual position, we shall abide in Him, and He will abide in us.

IV. In the next place, our Saviour tells us that the result of the maintenance of our position will be a marked fruitfulness, whereby God will be glorified. "He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Let us endeavour to interpret this statement. Now, we are not to understand, of course, that the man who is "out" of Christ, who has no personal connection with the Saviour, and who, it may be, openly disavows all allegiance to His name, is thereby rendered incompetent to perform actions which might, very properly and legitimately, be denominated "good." We believe most fully that the life of such a person may be characterised, and characterised in a marked degree, by integrity and uprightness, by freedom from gross sin, by liberality and open-handedness, by a kindliness of disposition, which shall serve to endear him to a wide circle of admiring acquaintances. We would give honour where honour is due; but at the same time we are anxious to distinguish. What the Lord speaks of in this passage are spiritual actions—and those only are spiritual actions which flow from the impulse and inspiration of the indwelling Holy Ghost, and which have God as their ultimate object and end. And what our Lord speaks of is "fruit, whereby His Father is glorified;" and God can hardly be glorified in the conduct of those who repudiate His authority and turn their backs upon the offers of salvation made to them in the name of His incarnate Son. It stands to reason, does it not? that if a man pours scorn and contempt upon God practically by the rejection of Jesus Christ, God cannot be honoured, but can only be dishonoured by the life that the man leads?

Understanding, then, by the expression "fruit"

those feelings, those emotions, those actions which are the outcome and result not of the mere natural life, but of the life unto God, we believe that all who abide in Christ may truly and properly be said to "bring forth much fruit;" and for this reason—when a man is brought to the acknowledgment of Jesus Christ as his Saviour and His King, the result is a consecration of his whole being to the Redeemer's service. He feels that he is not his own, but bought with a price. He presents his body, his self, a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. This circumstance introduces a new principle into his life, and altogether transforms and remoulds it. Outwardly, it may be, the man remains pretty much the same. He has his business or his profession to attend to, and he attends to it as he has been accustomed to do. But there is this difference—that now he is animated by a totally different motive—a motive to which he was previously a stranger, the motive of allegiance, and loyalty, and love to Jesus Christ. And thus every action, though appearing to the superficial observer to be very much the same that it was before, is different in its essence, in its inner motive, different in the sight and estimation of God, because it is done upon principles of which God approves, and in a way that He enjoins upon His intelligent and accountable creatures.

The thought is worth some further consideration. It is an impression with many that religion is one thing, and that the ordinary business of our daily life is another thing; and a separation is thus effected between the two, which cannot but be productive of the most disastrous consequences; whereas if a man be a living branch in the true Vine, his life is pervaded with the aim and desire to glorify God. His bargains, his schemes, his interviews, his conversations, nay, his most ordinary routine, form parts of one great whole; and everything he does, unless he is inconsistent with his position, being done with reference to Christ, is fruit, "whereby the Father is glorified." In this way the busiest man amongst us, the man who seems to have the least leisure to attend to religion, may "bear much fruit," by doing all in the name of Jesus Christ. Of course there are other ways. There are the fruits of patience in adversity, of humbleness in prosperity, the fruits of prayer and praise, and of communion with God, the fruits of liberal distribution of our substance to the poor and needy, or of earnest labour for the cause of the Kingdom of Christ, the fruits of self-denial and self-sacrifice. These, of course, occur to you at once; but it is as well for us to remember that the chief fruit which all can offer is the consecration of our whole life, all round, from end to end, to the service of God in the Gospel of His Son.

V. In the last place, and very briefly, the branch that is "in Christ" and beareth fruit, must expect to be purged—that is to say, to be pruned by the great Husbandman. Without some sort of spiritual discipline none of the people of God would be likely to be very fruitful in good works. In the natural vine shoots which run to waste must be cut off, and excrescences which hinder the growth of the tree must be removed. So in the spiritual vine. There must be a removal—by the keen edge of the knife of suffering—of anything that tends to weaken the energy of the spiritual life and to diminish the fruitfulness of the branch. See here, then, the explanation of many of the trials and afflictions which befall the true servants of Christ. The branch is in the Vine; it is a living branch; it bears fruit, but it does not bear fruit enough; and so the great Husbandman purgeth it with His keen sharp knife, that it may bring forth more fruit, that it may "bring forth much fruit, to the praise and glory of God."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

ONE August day in 1613, a young barber was working faithfully and diligently at his trade, and trying to be very much interested in the dark or fair heads of undergraduates which passed beneath his hands, and in the beards of college dons; albeit that his fingers trembled somewhat with suppressed anxiety, and his whole heart was, if truth must be told, far away from razors and soapsuds, in a little chamber up-stairs. The minutes plodded slowly on; the church clocks seemed to be all gone to sleep in the sultry sunshine, they were so long before they would strike the quarters; but still the patient barber cut and clipped on industriously, though still the longed-for tidings did not come. At length his heart began to beat quicker; what was that faint sound in the distance? There followed some moments of half joyful, half fearful suspense, then a woman, with a vast deal of mighty importance pervading her whole appearance, from her wondrously crimped cap down to the skirts of her dress of good grey camlet, each fold of which rustled about great news as she went, entered the shop, with a white bundle in her arms; and soon the poor barber was weeping over his new-born son.

Yet, immense as was the pride of the nurse in her office, however triumphant was the happy father's bliss, we feel it was not half pride, or half bliss enough; for we know what they did not know—we know what manner of man that child was to be. That infant slumbering there was to be one of the mightiest champions that ever put on the whole

armour of God; that infant, wailing there, was to pour forth strains, in words of fire, in words of melody, in words of sweetest power, which were to bear millions of weary trembling hearts and souls up to God; that infant, lying there, was to have a name which was to be for all time; for men were to speak of him in centuries to come as Jeremy Taylor.

Little Jeremy began at a very early age to set his small feet on the first rung of the ladder of learning—almost as soon, indeed, as he had begun to know the way to toddle from his father's shop to his mother's kitchen. The child was only three when he was sent to the free school at Cambridge, then lately founded by Dr. Perse; perhaps some peculiar quickness of wit in the little fellow, noticed by his parents, may have caused his education to have been seriously cared for thus early. Anyhow, Jeremy soon showed that he could profit by the advantages thus given him; the boy learned reading and writing with wondrous rapidity and ease, and very shortly plunged into the middle of the Latin declensions with a downright will, and most resolute perseverance. In the free school, and in the simple frugal home of his burgher parents, the years of his early boyhood sped swiftly by; a mixed yet healthy influence was around him, made up of household music, and of the joyous tumult and emulation of a public school, and his rich nature brought forth fair blossoms and thrived in the good air; his heart, his mind, his temper, and even his bodily form unfolded into rare beauty.

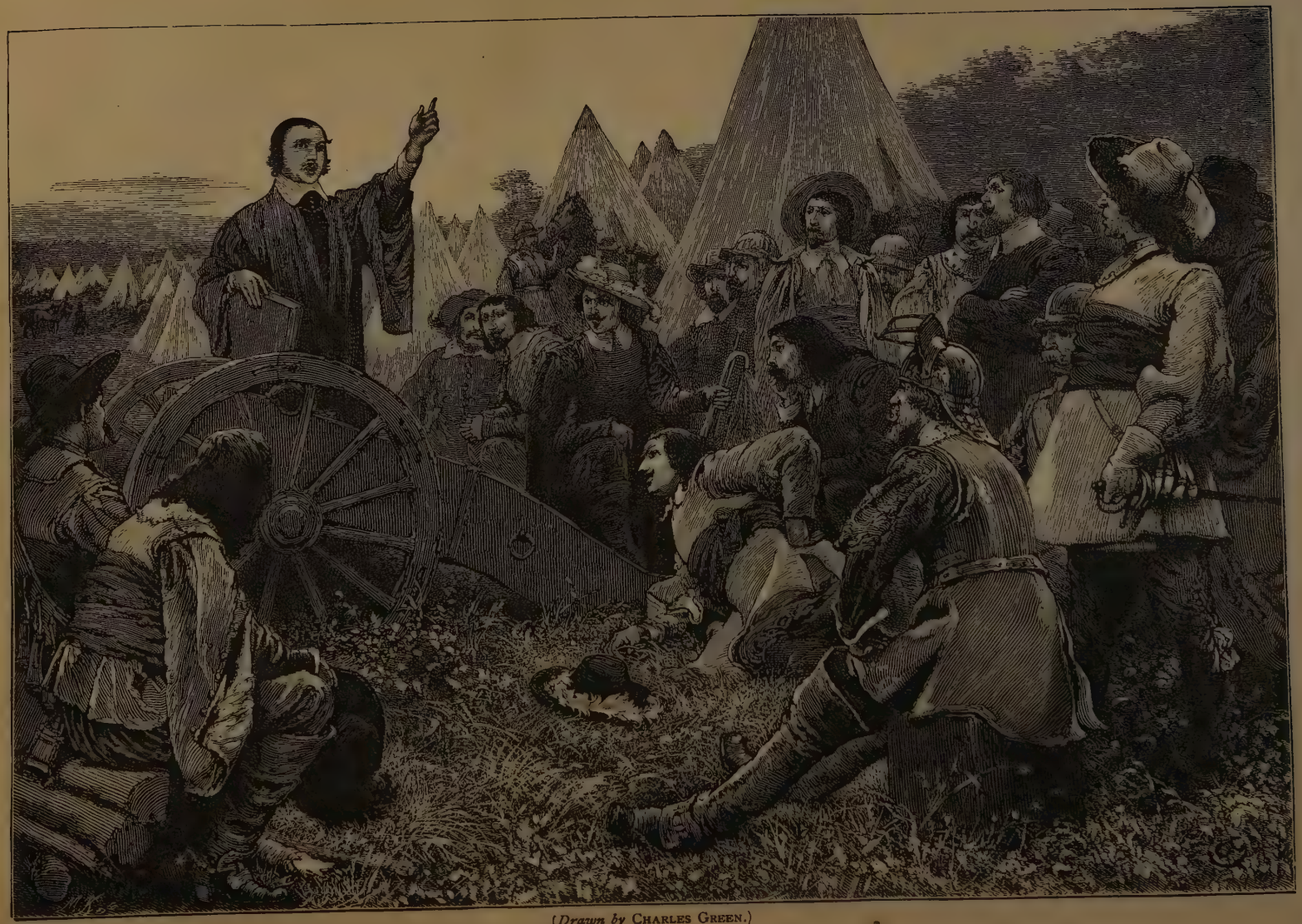
The barber was so proud of his son that he resolved, that although he inherited no high-born gentleman's name, he should have at least a gentleman's scholarship; he scraped and saved all the small odds and ends of money which were left over and above from the closely trimmed household expenses, until he had gathered together enough to send young Jeremy to college, which was the height and top of his fatherly ambition. Lads entered the universities in those days at a much earlier age than they do now; thus, at thirteen, Jeremy Taylor left school, and became a sizar, or poor scholar, at Caius College, Cambridge.

At college light soon began to flash round Jeremy Taylor's name as a classical scholar, and he wrote his title quickly in the books of the university as a young man of talent. The moral purity, too, of his life, a thing not too common among undergraduates in those days, and his simple, manly, straightforward piety, which never thrust itself upon the notice of his companions, and yet never shrank back into the shade when a brave word was to be spoken for God, cast a fair halo of another kind around him, and caused him to be treated with a certain reverence, even at this early age. Indeed, the whole form of the young man's character, and the whole colouring of his mind, made him soon feel that God had marked him for His own especial service, and he was ordained to the ministry at the age of twenty-one.

What men call a lucky chance, but what the King's children call a direct leading of a Father's hand, brought young Jeremy Taylor very soon into public notice as a preacher. A college friend of his was engaged to preach at St. Paul's in London on a certain day; from some cause or another of no great moment, this clergyman was unable to take his place in the pulpit at the appointed time, and he asked Jeremy Taylor to fill it for him; he complied, and put his name into men's mouths with his very first sermon in the metropolis. The painted jaded belles, and scented lace-ruffled gallants of the great capital came to church that day to air the newest fashion in dress and doublet, to criticise languidly, to whisper and doze, when suddenly, there flashed upon them from the pulpit a face which was as the face of a strong seraph in its young manly beauty, in the firm sweetness of the placid mouth, in the transfigured radiance of the clear inspired eyes; when suddenly, there burst upon them a tide of eloquence so mighty, and yet so persuasive, so fiery and yet so tender, that all their featherly folly, all their gilded pride was swept away before it, whether they would let it go or not, and they sat there weeping and trembling, crying out each one in his or her inmost soul, "What shall I do to be saved?"

His great personal attractions, both his figure and face, are said to have been a fit match for the beauty of the heart and mind within; his grace of manner and bearing, his reputation for learning, his spotless life, and above all his power in the pulpit, soon brought him under the notice of the archbishop; he was introduced at Court, and made one of the King's chaplains. He took his new honours with a quiet good sense which, considering his age, and the humble rank in which he had been born, did great credit to his brain and judgment. We can picture him to ourselves at this time, with the sunrise of early manhood still shining in his handsome face, with many a spark of playful wit darting like harmless summer lightning from his lips, as he moved hither and thither among the fair ladies and nobles in their brave array, ever courteous in word and bearing, yet ever, at the same time, a bold young soldier of his Lord; a gentleman of God's own making, who was a match for him who bore the proudest title among them all. It was a short joyous chapter in his life's story, when the breeze of youthful hope was still blowing fresh around him, when not a cloud had come, as yet, to dim the brightness which seemed to fill the whole of his horizon, a brightness beaming in the favour of royalty, glowing in his strong intellectual powers and brilliant imagination, smiling on him in public popularity, streaming down upon him in the love of his heavenly Master; it is a short joyous chapter in the story of his life, and we delight to dwell upon it for a moment before storms begin to gather.

After a while the living of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, was offered to Jeremy Taylor; it was a good piece of preferment as far as worldly advantages went. He felt that he wanted a more definite sphere of work for God than he had had hitherto. His office



(*Drawn by* CHARLES GREEN.)

JEREMY TAYLOR PREACHING IN CAMP.

as chaplain to the king would insure his being occasionally called to London to exercise his grand gift as a preacher in bringing the great and the rich of the land into the ranks of the faithful, so he accepted the offer, and went to Uppingham. There church and parish were soon full of his influence. His very daily life was sermon enough to his people; no careless sin, no slumber of vice, no slothful apathy could find ease and quiet with him at hand, exhorting, pleading, leading, striving, best of all showing in every deed and word of his own the might of active Christian faith and love.

A man with such a heart as Jeremy Taylor could not inhabit long his solitary parsonage at Uppingham without wanting home music round him. Among the congregation in Uppingham church, there sat, Sunday after Sunday, a fair girl, whose sweet April face told of the yet sweeter garden of the soul within. He saw the earnest light in those deep eyes, which were always raised towards him while he preached, and a longing woke softly in the young evangelist's heart to know more of that listener. He sought her in her home, and found her all her looks had made him dream her; her name, when he first thus knew and visited her, was Mistress Phœbe Langsdale, but very soon she became Mistress Taylor at the parsonage.

That marriage, as long as it was God's will that it should last on earth, was as sweet music made up of a threefold harmony—household love, and love for God, and love for man. Phœbe's hope was as surely anchored on the strong salvation of the Rock of Ages as his was; she had as burning a longing as he had to help and lift up Christ's poor, and in all his parish work she stood at his side, acting and praying bravely hand in hand with him. She had a fulness of devotion for him which made her weld her whole being into his. Each year a child came to make a note of mirth in the happy chorus; each month the circle of joyous usefulness widened round the pair; but just when the sunshine was calmest and brightest, darkness, that should be felt in his inmost soul, was near for Jeremy Taylor.

When he had been married three years, the third son that had been born to him and Phœbe was taken softly from his mother's breast, and carried up to be with Him who took the little children in His arms. She wept, for this was her first sorrow; but much joy was still left her in her husband and her two elder boys, and when she thought of her child in the land above, the light of faith made a rainbow in her tears.

But a far sadder parting yet was in store for that Christian family. Soon after her youngest child went, Phœbe began to droop. Had it been God's will, the young wife and mother would fain have stayed at Jeremy Taylor's side, breasting with him the waves of trouble that might come; but the Master wanted her, and, resting on a better love than hers, which would watch over those dear ones whom she left behind, she went. No need to sorrow now for her baby boy, for she was with him and with her Lord.

The blow was a heavy one for Jeremy Taylor; how could it be otherwise? but his placid, naturally cheerful temper, and, better still, his strong religious faith, and perfect child-like resignation to the will of God, upheld him. He would not fail at his post, although his dearest comrade had been taken from his side; he was too good a soldier of the King for that; and bravely he went on with his work in parish and pulpit. His two gallant boys were still left to him, and he would live on quietly in the Uppingham Parsonage, though the earthly star which used to light it was gone; live on, busy in his study and among his poor, and caring assiduously for his sons' education: such was his scheme of life; but how different was the story of Jeremy Taylor to be from such an uneventful peaceful floating down Time's river!

Not long after Phœbe Taylor's death the troublous days of the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament began. Jeremy Taylor's living was sequestered, like so many others, and he and his beloved people had to part; yet, though they were never to meet again in this world, he left, with each one that had heeded his ministry, a light which was to shine on even for eternity. King Charles called Jeremy Taylor to come and join him as his chaplain in the camp, and he went, leaving his boys with their mother's relations.

After this, Jeremy Taylor's life was, for several years, one long panorama of changeful scenes, all more or less dark and stormy. Now we find him, on the evening of the day after a great battle, kneeling beside some dying soldier, with the calm strain of triumphant prayer rising full and clear from his lips, though wild revelry rings out, in noisy song and laughter, from the tents hard by. Here he stands up, a noble figure, erect, inspired, face and form all astir with zeal for God; his pulpit a gun-carriage; his audience the reckless bravos and careless easy-going gentlemen who formed, for the most part, the Cavalier camp; and hurls indignant arrows of fiery wrath, tempered, nevertheless, with many a soft beseeching word of Christian love, at all the vice and all the frivolous sin around; and the coarse jest is hushed, and the tinkle of the lute and viol, and the oath dies away on rough lips, and tears flow down over bronzed weather-beaten cheeks, from eyes which have not wept for many a long, dry, dusty year. By-and-by we see him sitting in a prison—he was twice in one during the civil wars—and makes the abode of gloom and crime a place for angels to come and go in, as he pours forth, from his ready pen, some lofty poetic strain of prayer or holy meditation. Next he is in a beleaguered town, moving about as calmly among the sick and wounded as if he were in his study at Uppingham, though the enemy's balls are whizzing round in a deadly storm. After that he is toiling along some miry country by-road on a tired stumbling horse, on his way to some village where he is to hold a hasty service. Everywhere his sweet equable temper, which was his

constant companion through life, and his entire surrender to the will of God, kept ready smiles and cheery words always near his lips; everywhere, in those days of strife and hatred, one cry was on his tongue; a cry which exhorted to charity and tolerance, and bade all Christians love each other as brethren; as children of one Father; as bought by one redemption.

At length a wave of the troubled sea of war and politics washed Jeremy Taylor, still a comparatively young man, into a beautiful retired district of South Wales, near Grongar Hill. Here there lived, on a small property of her own, a lady called Joanna Bridges, a sympathetic large-hearted woman. Her first youth was past, but there was still a girl-like freshness in her clear glance and purity of soul. With her Jeremy Taylor formed a close intimacy, which, in time, drifted into a deeper feeling that ended in marriage. The union was a very happy one, though, probably, his love for Joanna was never exactly what his love was for her who was the wife of his youth. This was

A primrose of a second spring.

Jeremy Taylor now settled down in Wales with his wife; the two boys were sent for from Rutlandshire, and Joanna made them a careful and affectionate mother, giving them a place in her heart beside the children who, in course of years, came to be entirely her own. She was a woman of thrifty domestic habits and earnest piety; and Jeremy Taylor's life now again became a picture of tranquil home joy. He opened a school at Llanvihangel Aber-Bythyrch, and succeeded well in his new calling, for pupils flocked to him.

Near Jeremy Taylor's house was Golden Grove, the Welsh country-seat of Lord Carbry. Lady

"Soon the poor barber was weeping over his new-born son."—*p.* 209.

Carbry was a woman of refined taste and much intellectual culture. The sweet cheerful tone of her religious faith made Jeremy find an answering echo in her mind, and a strong friendship soon grew up between the noble lady and the schoolmaster. The two might be seen sitting beside the blazing winter fire in the oak parlour, or wandering in the summer twilight up and down the shadowy garden alleys in congenial talk; now speaking of books and literary composition, now soaring into higher themes.

It was during this period that Jeremy Taylor wrote and published all his best-known books, the "Holy Living and Dying," "The Golden Grove," so called in compliment to his friends the Carbrys; and the "Sermons for the Year." We have no space here to speak critically of him as an author. He was a real poet, though he generally wrote in prose; and

the music of his almost inspired sentences still lift many a weary sorrowful soul up to God. It is a singular thing that when he wrote in verse he never succeeded so well. His poetry is prose, and his prose is poetry.

After some years he had the grief of losing his friend Lady Carbry. He preached her funeral sermon; and his eloquence is said to have never been so passionate yet so tender as on that sad day. Soon after that, the accession of Charles II. brought him, at the desire of his friends, out of his Welsh retreat to London. There his preaching and his writings soon made a mark for him, and opened to him the highest doors in the land. Many men whose names are historic words became his constant associates. One intimacy which he formed rises before us in a picture full of interest.

The spring sun shines down on a garden just on the outskirts of the Great City; a garden which is a perfect drawing-room of rare trees and plants. Jeremy Taylor is there, with his handsome, thoughtful, now middle-aged face; and with him are a pair who seem to be on strangely sweet familiar terms with the buds and the bursting leaves, so fondly do they bend over them, so lightly and lovingly do they touch them. One of this pair is a man, the other is a child. The man is rather silent, but his good-tempered sensible face is full of noiseless talk. This comes of his spending so much of his time among trees and shrubs which cannot speak to him, though to him they are almost as children. As for the little girl, she chatters for them both, and there is something of sparkle already in her prattle, as, with a wood-nymph's grace, she skims across the turf; now telling her small experiences to her father, now to Jeremy Taylor, or dances up to the flowers to whisper to them her secrets. These two are Evlyn, the author of the "Discourse on Forest Trees," and his daughter Mary, who, in her more advanced girlhood, will tell, in lively verse, all about the toilettes of fair ladies in those days.

But we have not time to linger on any more scenes of this animated period of Jeremy Taylor's life. We must hasten forward. Lord Conway, one of his friends, offered him to come with him to Ireland, and live with him at Portmore, and undertake a lectureship at Lisburn. The finger of God was surely pointing towards this new sphere of work; and so with some strong regrets—for a journey between England and Ireland was not what it is now—he went. He gained swift fame in Ireland as a preacher, and, before long, was made first Bishop of Down and Connor, and then Bishop of Dromore.

In his high position Jeremy Taylor made his name known and loved for free-handed charity and gentle Christian toleration. By the wealth which was now his, a new field of doing good was opened to him, and he made noble use of it. By him were orphan children reared; by him were portionless girls endowed; by him were lads of promise, whose parents could not afford to complete their education, sent to college; by him many a cold gloomy dwelling, where men and women and pale little ones lived lives that were more cold and gloomy still, was filled with warmth and light. His voice never ceased, till the very end, to ring out clearly as a trumpet note, calling all Christ's followers to peace and love among each other. Thus the busy years went on for Jeremy Taylor; filled, each one of them, with work and prayer; bringing in, each one of them, its harvest for God; till, in his most radiant fulness of intellect, when he had been fifty-five years on earth, he was taken from shining below to shine more perfectly in the Kingdom of his Father.

ALICE KING.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL:

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.

ONCE more the Bristo family made preparations for a visit from Aunt Mary. This time it was to be quite a long visit. The spare bed-room was arranged according to her well-known wishes and habits. The house was in quite a cheerful bustle; yet it was a bustle which had something a little mysterious in it, as if the thought which lay deepest in each mind was not much uttered, and as if there was a little pain hidden somewhere in the pleasure.

The first break in the household was at hand. That had not come when Gilbert obtained his appointment in the Civil Service, for he still lived at home, and his family saw almost as much of him as during his school-boy days. But it was coming now. Dora was going to be married!

It was a marriage which would take her away from her own neighbourhood—away even from her native land. Dora had been always a quiet reserved girl, and she said but little of the love which was shining in her soft dark eyes, but gentle Mrs. Bristo knew all that was throbbing in her daughter's heart that evening when she rested her head on her mother's shoulder, and whispered, "You don't think me cruel to leave you, do you, mamma? I am learning to love you better than ever." And Mrs. Bristo was only too thankful that she was able honestly to answer, though the tears would fall, "Darling, we do not lose our treasures when they part from us in

God's ways, be those the partings of life or of death. And if you feel you are learning to love us better than ever, that shows us one of the reasons why parting comes into all lives—perhaps one reason for death itself. And in your happy love I do not lose my daughter, but I gain a son."

Many a time the mother paused to kiss her daughter or stroke her bright hair, to re-assure the loyal young heart in its trembling passage from the old to the new. The mother had her own pain, of course; none but those who have experienced it can tell what it is to feel that there will be soon an empty chair at one's hearth, which can never again hold the same dependent clinging young creature, though it may receive a dutiful delighted guest. But years were teaching Mrs. Bristo more and more of that mellow wisdom which understands that perpetual change is the necessary condition of eternal duration, and that the love which cannot face the one can never achieve the other.

As for Mr. Bristo, he was glad that Dora had won the affections of a high-principled earnest-minded youth, as fit to bestow as to receive advantage from the proposed union. Nevertheless, he could not escape from a strong sense of prematureness about the whole proceeding. As he constantly remarked, Dora was sensible and domesticated, and young Ralph Everett was manly and reliable, but still they were so young—a mere girl and boy! It was actually in vain that his wife reminded him that he and she had been no older on their own wedding-day. Even dates seemed unable to convince him that there was not a difference somehow, and he remained a living illustration of Wendell Holmes's playful assertion that we all think—

> Age was older once than now.
> How young the grandpapas have grown!

"It will be a very quiet wedding, Aunt Mary," explained Mrs. Bristo, when she and her daughter both sought their guest's chamber for a quiet firelight talk. "Ralph and Dora both agree with us that the solemn occasions of life should be kept free from all casual intrusion, sacred to our nearest and dearest friends. I have always felt so. At weddings, as much as at funerals, those should be kept away whose feelings are not so much interested as to prevent them from criticising dress and table arrangements. Dora feels her wedding-day is only of importance as the beginning of a new life. She sees it as a starting place, not as a goal."

"And it cannot be too quiet for Ralph's taste," said Dora, gently.

"Men generally feel so," observed Aunt Mary; "and so would girls, if too many of them were not trained to regard it as a success in a competition—an opportunity not for thanksgiving so much as for triumph. Too often the troops of guests and the long trains of bridesmaids are invited and arranged much in the spirit of a victor organising the procession of the defeated. Men, on the other hand, are left more free to see a wedding-day for what it really is—the greatest occasion in life, the turning-point in the future happiness of two people; and in this view, the critical crowd, the fuss, and the frivolity—occasionally not far removed from coarseness—can only jar and repel."

"I am to have but two bridesmaids, auntie," said Dora, "and they are sister Lizzie and my old school friend Bella White; and they are both to wear white muslin dresses, made alike, and trimmed with a little rose ribbon. Mamma gave the order for them both herself."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bristo, "Bella is an orphan, and dependent on her own exertions as a governess. She has been always Dora's dearest friend, and Dora would naturally prefer her presence on her wedding-day to that of any of her own cousins, whom she scarcely knows. Of course Bella could have easily afforded such a simple dress as she will have, and it will stand her in after service for little evening parties; but I don't suppose she would have bought such a one, but for Dora's marriage. And so I thought I would take both the bridesmaids' toilettes upon myself—a matter that can be always managed with perfect ease and propriety by giving the order to the family mercer and dressmaker."

"A very good idea," assented Aunt Mary, "and it would be well if such a plan became a general custom. It would make even foolish and extravagant people think twice, before they started that expensive ideal of a bridesmaid's dress which excludes their real friends from the office and admits some rich and showy acquaintance, as often happens under the present system."

"And I have not any very imposing trousseau to display," Dora went on, archly. "There is nothing to see in a heap of very plain 'white things'—not a very large heap either—all made by Lizzie and me. I have very few dresses; you will hardly believe how few, auntie. But I have two or three useful dress-pieces—a dark silk one, and a huge length of fine pretty homespun."

"I don't believe in starting a young bride with numberless dresses," said Mrs. Bristo. "It either tempts her constantly to wear a variety of better dresses than occasions require, or leaves them to grow out of date, and wearisome in the home-circle. At the same time, the dress-pieces are as good as cash in sparing the young married purse, and also save the girl from feeling as if she came unprovided from her old home. We have indulged Dora in only two luxuries—some rather costly furs, and some thoroughly good lace. My own experience convinces me that if one can once afford to invest in these, they are good investments, lifting one above all temptation to indulge in cheap perishable finery. Therefore, I think these are just the things to lay in store on these festal dates, when one feels lifted above the commonplace routine of purchase, yet desires to keep the limits of true service and wise economy."

"Ralph says those furs and that lace will keep

him up to the mark," laughed Dora. "And he tells the story of an old farmer he knew, who was fond of giving poor folks gifts of butter, saying it stirred them up to earn the bread to spread it on!"

"As the young couple are going to America," said Mrs. Bristo, "Ralph and Dora will find plenty to do in planning and furnishing their house, and its decoration will give Dora plenty of interest during Ralph's daily absence. Even had they been staying in this country, I am not sure that it would have been wise to prepare their home too elaborately. I have often pitied brides, sitting in lonely idleness in a spick-and-span new house, with a full new wardrobe, so that they had not even a "tidy" to design, or a stocking to darn; the unfortunate girls having often come from crowded old homes, deep settled down among old neighbourly interests, and where there was something to be done for somebody at every hour of the day. It seems to me that in such a state of affairs it is little wonder if the girl grows homesick, nervous, and melancholy, and, if vigorous and energetic, becomes hasty and exacting; or, if fanciful and dreamy, begins to fear she has made a mistake."

"Yes," said Aunt Mary, "and under the most favourable circumstances, the first year of married life is always sufficiently crucial. Two people, coming from quite different surroundings and associations, are suddenly brought together under one roof, to share in every detail of daily life. A happy intimate courtship may have proved them quite at one on all important points. But it has not prevented one from preferring tea for breakfast, while the other chooses coffee. Who is to give way? Ah, you may laugh, Dora; but habit and constitutional peculiarities make things of this sort of real importance in life. I gave this instance, because it happened in the experience of two of my happiest married friends. He went on with his coffee and she went on with her tea to the end of their lives, and that, under the circumstances of the case, was the true and sensible thing to do. But she owned to me that this little thing had been a real trial to her, though I don't suppose her husband ever suspected it at the time. She never dreamed of asking him to change the diet he had enjoyed for years, but she had a strong conviction that it was her wifely duty to conform hers to his. She made the experiment, with a general result of headaches and uncomfortableness. And being a sensible keen little body, she soon saw the fallacy of her self-sacrifice, saying to herself, 'My first duty to my husband is to be his healthy happy companion and friend, and nothing which hinders that can be absolute duty, though it might be desirable convenience.' So she returned to her tea, and adhered to it, though servant maids sometimes chafed at the little extra trouble involved, and some of her husband's maiden aunts even hinted at want of 'household economy.'"

"But I cannot believe that people who really love each other are in serious danger of quarrelling over these trifles," said Dora.

Aunt Mary smiled. "Perhaps not," she answered, "but certainly many people have done so who believed they sincerely loved each other. And remember that love, however sound and pure, is a living and growing thing, and, like all living and growing things, needs tenderness and watching. Trite as it is, we can never sufficiently remember that life is made up of little incidents and slight feelings. We are not often called upon to die for each other, but we are called, every day, to sit at meals, to converse, to go in and out, in such a spirit and with such manners as shall make our presence a perpetual sunshine, with intervals, perhaps, of plain honest daylight, but with as little as possible of storm or fog. And lest you should still think that I am exaggerating the deadly effect of minute antagonisms and failures in forbearance, I can tell you that I know a couple, now living apart, outwardly in chilling indifference, inwardly, perhaps, in great anguish and regret, who started in life with as fair prospects as anybody, and whose severance dates from a dispute over the hiring of a cab! She was the daughter of a well-to-do family, and had been accustomed to the habits of affluence, and the sort of economy which rich people understand. He had been brought up in straitened circumstances, and was used to plain and simple thrift. He was, however, a prosperous man in his profession, and she had a dower of her own. During their honeymoon in a Continental city, they were caught in a smart shower of rain. She asked him to call a cab, to spare her dress. He remarked that they had better seek shelter—a poor doctor's wife could not be always calling cabs. Whereupon she called one herself, and then he never spoke one word during their journey to their hotel, and from that small jar, never harmonised by anybody's frank submission and reconciliation, grew a perpetual discord that poisoned the course of two lives which might have been sources of happiness wherever they had flowed. You will observe, Dora, that in the beginning nobody was right and nobody was wrong. She was right in her idea that it was sound economy to save a good dress at the cost of a small cab-fare. But then he was also right in urging that the hiring of cabs was part of a plan of life which she had voluntarily surrendered when she married him. She was wrong, under the circumstances, in persisting in her own will against his."

"But her dress might really have been spoiled," said Dora.

"Better that than her heart be broken," said Aunt Mary. "And her husband was equally wrong in his sullen displeasure. It would have been far better if he had scolded her—even if they had never let the subject drop until they had come to some right understanding upon it! A hushed-up discord is not peace. But a little mutual consideration might easily have saved it all. He should not have been so eager to bind his wife hard and fast with the new rules she had sworn by for his sake. Nobody learns any new lesson without a little time, and some cost;

and it is better to pay a few shillings than to shed many tears. She, on her side, should have remembered how natural it was that he should be careful and anxious; and when his wish was once expressed, she should have agreed with it, and it would have been far better to have endured a blemished dress for a few months than to have no more heart for trim dresses at all, as, poor thing, doubtless she has not now. Married people would always do well to remember that they may be one in heart and soul without having eyes, noses, palates, digestions, and tolerations alike. In all these matters the strength of love comes out in mutual forbearance. Conjugal peace is often disturbed by those matters which lie farthest from the citadel of conjugal love. For instance, husbands and wives seldom disagree concerning their happiest old ties and their truest friends. Yet bickering often begins over remote family connections or mere acquaintances."

"And don't you think," said Mrs. Bristo, "that economy is often urged upon young housekeepers in a very unwise one-sided fashion? In your narrative two different views of economy, though both sound enough in their own small way, lay at the root of the untold extravagance of disappointment and alienation."

"Certainly," assented Aunt Mary; "and I believe it must be often so, while the last things are so commonly put first and the first last. The best things which life has to give us are wisdom, joy, and health. Money is only of use as one instrument for securing the best conditions for these blessings. If they are sacrificed for it, its solitary use is gone, and an idiot's store of oyster-shells is really of as much value as the miser's stocks and shares. I remember once hearing a minister draw a striking picture of a man, who was determined to be rich and successful, and who in order to become so, grudged himself books and travel, friends and leisure, and when his wealth was made, found himself a bed-ridden invalid, whose only wants were a little daily milk and a mutton chop, which might have been secured to him by one tithe of his fortune! We smile when these things are put before us in forcible picturesque form, but we see them often enough in course of development, and those of us who have lived long enough can see many of them complete. I know one person who kept her little children in a gloomy unhealthy apartment, because she did not want them to wear out the best carpet! They all died in early childhood. I know another young wife, who would have the washing done at home in a house which had no fit accommodation for drying, because it was 'so dear' to send it to a public laundry. Her husband died of bronchitis, the result of a cold originating after one washing-day. I have known people rent 'cheap' houses and pay long doctors' bills. I have known old folks grudged sufficient firing, and then honoured by costly mourning, which would have paid their coal bill for years to come. One of the first dangers a young housewife has to guard against is being 'penny wise and pound foolish.' There are ways in which these things may affect not only the health and happiness, but absolutely the social and moral welfare of a young household."

"I think some wives are led into pettifogging ways by a want of due liberality and confidence on the part of the husband," observed Mrs. Bristo.

"I know that is so," answered Aunt Mary. "In matters of money, wives should not be treated as children or idiots. If a man has a settled income, I think the best plan is that he should punctually and faithfully pay over to his wife a certain proportion, making it quite clear what share of the general expenses he expects her to undertake therewith. If he has a varying income, he should calculate this proportion by the earnings of the last year—not the present or the future. This plan would leave her freedom to exercise her own judgment and forethought, and brightens her life by the possibility of little triumphs and surprises. I have always thought it singularly painful when a married woman cannot make a friendly gift—even to her husband himself—without first asking him for the cash. Of course, if the wife has property of her own, its revenue should be calculated in the general income, and her proportion be struck from the sum-total. There should be no private purse. The law does well when it steps in to protect unfortunate and unhappy wives, but legal possibilities should have no power on the actualities of happy domestic life. A united husband and wife can have no wish but to bear each other's burdens, and win or lose together. And I do believe that if wives were thus trusted with the real responsibilities of life, not in five cases out of a hundred would the trust require to be recalled, but would remain a root of contentment and peace—an educational influence, too, not to be despised, and calculated to diminish those sad stories of indecision, ignorance, and shiftlessness by which poor widows become paupers, and rich widows fall a prey to every unprincipled schemer."

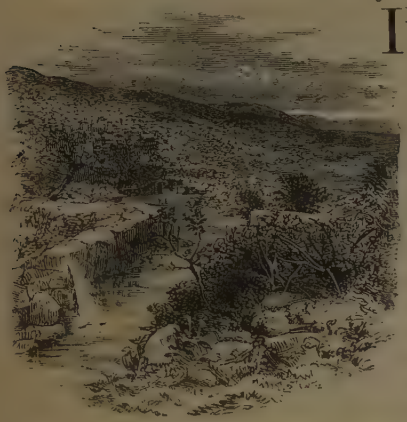
"Ralph means to make me that sort of allowance," said Dora. "I felt rather frightened when he said so. I may so easily make some mistake that will vex or worry him."

"Just so," answered Aunt Mary, patting her niece's soft cheek. "You are both quite sure to astonish each other in many ways, but what you have got to do is to take care that you only love each other better after each astonishment! Dora, Dora, you love very much to-day, don't you? But I, an old woman, can tell you that in seven years' time you may look back upon your love of to-day, and fancy that it could have been nothing at all, so small may it seem compared to the love you will have then! And so, on and on, even when the golden wedding is past, and one of you may remain alone on earth. Love may begin at first sight, Dora—didn't I hear yours did so?—but all eternity need not end it!"

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 7. Elijah's Translation.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings ii.



POOL OF ELISHA AT JERICHO.

INTRODUCTION. Ask children to name some of scenes in Elijah's life—fed by ravens during famine—living with widow at Zarephath—raising her son—slaying prophet at Carmel—fleeing from Jezebel to Sinai—God's speaking to him there. Now his life's work over—time for rest. Shall see how he went to heaven.

I. Last Days. (Read 1—8.) Who was his companion? Remind how had called Elisha to follow him (1 Kings xix. 19). Probably had kept him with him ever since—been teaching him. Now they take their last walk. Always sad time when we know some one we love going to leave us—visit each place and best friends to take leave. Did Elisha know that Elijah was going away? (See ver. 3.) Where did they go first? Perhaps to say farewell to sons of prophets at Bethel—perhaps to see if Jeremiah's calves were abolished and God's worship restored. Remind how Bethel had been the House of God (Gen. xxviii. 19), but was profaned by Jeroboam (1 Kings xii. 29). Now, upon revival of religion after slaughter of Baal's prophets, seems to have been a training college for prophets there and at Jericho. What does Elijah ask Elisha at each place? Perhaps wanted to spend his last hours alone—perhaps wanted Elisha to stay with the sons of the prophets—perhaps wanted to spare him the pain of seeing his master go away. But would Elisha leave him? Like Ruth, he would stay with him to the last. Now the sons of the prophets follow. What river do they come to? Same Jordan miraculously forded by Israelites (Josh. iii. 17), and in which Christ was baptised (Matt. iii. 17). How did they cross it now? So the two friends spent their last days together.

II. Last Hours. (Read 9—11.) Now they stand on the other side of Jordan. What does Elijah allow Elisha to ask? What did he ask for? What does this mean? Not that he wanted double of God's spirit to what Elijah had—but a double or special blessing. He was his friend—his child—his successor—he has to carry on his work—may he have the eldest son's special blessing? Remind of Jacob who received the special blessing (Gen. xxvii. 37), of Judah also, though not the eldest son (Gen. xlix. 8). So Elisha asks similar favour. Is it granted? On what condition? Would be more anxious than ever to stay with Elijah till the last. All at once a wonderful sight—what was it? The fire and storm had been God's witnesses before at Mount Sinai to Israelites (Ex. xix. 16), to Elijah also (1 Kings xix. 11). Now are His messengers to fetch the prophet away. So he was taken up to heaven as Enoch was before him (Gen. v. 24), and Christ after him (Acts i. 9).

III. Lessons. Perhaps we think when read this story we should like to leave earth like this—no sickness, pain, sorrow, death—to pass at once from full health and life to glory of heaven. But the question is not, How shall we die? but, How do we live? May leave to God the manner of our death—perhaps by accident in a moment—perhaps after long illness with loving friends around—but are we ready to die? Elijah was, because had served God faithfully—so was ready to go when God called him. What have we seen about his life? He was (1) *Bold.* Whom did he rebuke for his sin (1 Kings xviii. 18). Requires great boldness to reprove for sin one in higher station—must be done meekly and judiciously. Perhaps have to hear bad language—God's name taken in vain, etc., show disapproval by being grave—not joining in laugh—remember what Christ says about confessing Him before men (Matt. x. 32). On what other occasion did Elijah show boldness for God? Alone at Carmel against 450 false prophets. Yet was not afraid, because God was with him. So nothing can ever really harm us when doing right (Rom. viii. 31). Therefore we may trust and not be afraid. (2) *Prayerful.* (See James v. 17, 18.) What did he pray for? Was not this unkind? No—hoped God's judgment would lead people to repent. Did they do so? Then prayed again—how? Remind of servant being sent to watch seven times while Elijah went on praying. This is earnest prayer, such as Christ commends (Luke xviii. 7). This is secret of holy life. Must pray much if would overcome sin and be bold for God.

IV. Types. Of whom was Elijah a type? (1) *John the Baptist.* (See Isa. xl. 3; Mal. iii. 1; iv. 5; and Mark i. 2, 3.) How was he like him? Elijah reproved Ahab and John reproved Herod. Both were dressed in camel-hair—preached to the people—turned their hearts back to God (Luke iii. 7, 10), ended their lives suddenly. (2) *Jesus Christ.* Both were miraculously fed by angels (Matt. iv. 11), fasted forty days in the wilderness—raised a widow's son to life—prayed on a mountain—worked miracles—accompanied by disciples—ascended into heaven—gave special blessings.

Questions to be answered.

1. How did Elijah spend his last days?
2. Who accompanied him, and why?
3. What request did Elisha make?
4. Give instances of similar blessings.
5. What lessons may we learn?
6. Of whom was Elijah a type, and how?

No. 8. ELISHA—I.

Chapters to be read—1 *Kings xix.*, 2 *Kings ii.* (*parts of*).

INTRODUCTION. What was last lesson about? Elijah having gone away, another prophet wanted in his place. Who was with him when he ascended? Elisha to be his successor—appointed by God (1 Kings xix. 16). What did he receive as his blessing? So was prepared and fitted for prophet's work.

I. ELISHA'S CALL. (Read 1 Kings xix. 19—21.) Remind of Elijah at Mount Sinai. How he heard God's "still small voice." What he was told to do. So he went about it at once. What did he find Elisha doing? Evidently son of well-to-do farmer, who was engaged in ordinary daily work. What did Elijah do to him? Thus by outward sign calling on him to follow. Probably had known Elijah before—perhaps one of prophets hid by Obadiah (xviii. 4), certainly one of the 7,000 who had not worshipped Baal (xix. 18). What did Elisha do at once? What more did he want to do? How did Elijah answer? The stern prophet expected instant obedience—did he get it? Yes—Elisha did not stay to go home and bid farewell. He obeyed God's call at once—broke up his ploughs—killed oxen—made farewell feast to servants, and followed prophet of the Lord. Let children notice about his obedience:—It was (1) *Instant.* As Elijah wanted him at once, would not even say farewell to parents. Showed he loved God more than parents. See what Christ says about this (Matt. x. 37). Remind how disciples left their father and servants to follow him (Matt. iv. 22). So must we give up all that keeps us back from Christ—pleasure, love of dress, bad friends, etc. Be willing to say, "Lord, I will follow Thee" (Matt. viii. 19). (2) *Complete.* What did Elisha give up? Home, friends, occupation, all his previous life, gave himself up entirely to God's service—kept back nothing. How can we do so? Can give God of the *time* at our command—*influence* over others—*money* at our disposal—thus show that we love Him above all, and desire to work for Him.

II. ELISHA'S TRAINING. (Read 2 Kings ii. 12—18.) What had Elisha to do for Elijah? This ministering lasted for seven years. Lived with him, learned of him, helped him in his work—received training to be his successor. How did he show his love for him? (Vers. 2, 4, 6.) Would stay with him to the last, see him ascend—received his double portion. Now picture Elisha returning alone—how would he feel? How did he show his sorrow? This rending clothes usual sign of grief. What did he pick up? Mantle would remind him of his first call seven years before—now with Elijah's mantle begins Elijah's work. Where did he come first? Had crossed Jordan already that day with Elijah. What question did he ask? Was going to see if Elijah's God was really with him also. How did God show that He was? Who came to meet him? What did the sons of the prophets say? Thus recognised him as Elijah's successor, and gave him respect as the new prophet. But what did they think about Elijah? Remind how he had been caught up by Spirit before (1 Kings xviii. 12). So Elisha allowed the search while he stayed at Jericho.

III. ELISHA'S WORK. (Read 19—25.) Where was Elisha living now? Remind of Jericho's history—called city of palm-trees—first city taken by Israelites in Canaan—curse pronounced against person who should rebuild it (Josh. vi. 26), how the curse had been fulfiled in days of Ahab—how Elijah had visited the school of the prophets there. What was the fault with the place? Remind how necessary good water is for health and cleanliness—also for fertilising land. What did Elisha do? In whose name was the water healed? How long would the healing last? Tell the children that the spring is still there, and pours forth pure water to this day. Thus does God's word always come true.

Now have to read a sad story. Elisha seems to have made a tour to all the places he had visited with Elijah. Trace his progress on map. Jericho to Bethel, then up the country to Mount Carmel—thence back to Samaria. Question as to the children at Bethel—their calling after him—mocking him—his rebuking them in God's name—the bears rushing out of the woods—the cries and shrieks of the children—forty-two lying dead. Seems a dreadful punishment, but remember that Bethel was now a place of idols—Elisha had to defend God's honour, to show that he was prophet of the true God—therefore these children punished for their insult to God in the person of His prophet. This a lesson to children. What does fifth commandment say? Remind how ministers and teachers stand in place of parents—must be honoured, respected, obeyed. More than that, they stand in place of God (see Heb. xiii. 17); in mocking them are doing dishonour to God. On other hand, remind how respect and obedience is pleasing to God (Eph. vi. 1, 2), and has special blessings promised (Prov. xxiii. 22, etc.). Let children ask themselves, How do I treat my elders? Do I love, honour, and succour? Am I kind, obedient, respectful? Then shall have promised blessing from the Lord.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe Elisha's call.
2. Of what nature was his obedience?
3. What training did he have for his office of a prophet?
4. With what miracle did he begin his work?
5. What warning is there for children?
6. Give texts showing how we should behave to elders.

BERTIE AND I.

A HOME STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEEP ON SOWING," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—SUNSHINE.

"YOU won't scold, I hope?" replied Bertie, as, feeling doubtful, I scarcely replied.

"I daresay I shall not, darling;" and now I looked down at her with a smile.

But she did not look at me in return; and presently she said, in the grave measured way in which she talked when she was at the same time thinking deeply—

"One must be practically alone in the world—or with one whom one loves—or with one whom one does not love. The last is too terrible to think of, and I hope that pride may never push me so far as even to make me think of trying such a life. . . . It is not pleasant to be alone. . . . The best life, then, or at any rate the most enjoyable life, is that spent with one whom one loves, and who gives love in return. Such a life must be like a little heaven upon earth—for a time, at any rate. Then surely it is worth a little pains to find the right person—the one person with whom one can live such a life? And worth a little patience in waiting, too—nay, a great deal of patience! Such a life must be."

She paused, laid her head with a little wearied air against me once more, and, looking into the fire, went on—

"But if that one person, when found, *fails* in any way, surely it is better to bear the disappointment bravely, while it lasts, and to make up one's mind to face without flinching all the loneliness and the emptiness, rather than to make the dreadful mistake of imagining that the first person who offers himself can in any way fill the place in one's heart that has been occupied so long by one who was best and dearest."

Her voice choked now, and there were great tears in her eyes.

"Of course I agree with you, darling Bertie, but——"

"Don't interrupt me, Marian." And she dashed away her tears. "Very well, then; Frank is best and dearest to me; and if I am not—if he cannot decide—— Oh, Marian!" and she hid her face again, "I feel quite sure that no one but Frank could ever make me happy; and if, after all he has said, and after all the years we have loved each other, he *should* turn away from me now, I will never, never listen to a word of love from any one else."

"Dear, dear Bertie, do not be so rash. You are scarcely more than a child yet. And what has poor Frank done? Wait a little, darling, before you talk in that wild way."

She lifted her head, and half smiled; but there was something touching and pitiful in her look, nevertheless—something that hurt me.

"And now I will tell you a little more, Marian. When I got to Colneside this afternoon, I found that Mrs. Bourne had just been out; and she told me that she had met Frank and Miss Pearson walking together, and that when she had smiled at them—I can quite imagine her smile—Miss Pearson blushed very much, while Frank looked very angry. And, O Marian! *I* had seen them too, though I did not tell her so. . . . I met them soon after she had passed them, I expect, but I did not see anything of her, and—they were looking just as she said."

"But, darling," I said, as I clasped her closer, remembering with a pang that my love could not shield her from sorrow, "it may all be very easy of explanation. Do not be in a hurry to misjudge Frank. A mystery *may* be made of almost anything."

"I am not in a hurry to misjudge him, Marian." A long pause, and then, quietly enough, "There, now I have told you, and I am glad of it. Shall we go and put on our things?"

Soon we were out of doors. The night was fine, and mild and still, and the air, full of the fragrance of budding flowers, was refreshing to us both. Bertie, of course, led the way, and by-and-by we entered Mrs. Rush's little shop together.

"Good evening, Mrs. Rush," said Bertie, very gravely and quietly for her. "Have you a message for me?"

"Yes, miss," and the neat pleasant little woman looked inquiringly at me. "Half-past two is the time fixed upon, if you please."

"Thank you."

Scarcely another word was said; but Bertie grew more cheerful when we were fairly on our return journey, and laughed lightly as she inquired—

"Have I mystified you, Marian?"

"Of course you have, dear; but your eyes, even in that shop, told me that I might trust you, and I think I will do so. I suppose you simply have an idea of making more money in some way?"

"Oh, yes!" And her voice was a little hard.

"Always money! But *no*, Marian!" And—variable Bertie!—the sweet tones became sweeter even than usual the next instant, and she clasped my arm tightly. "I am not thinking altogether of money just now; the little business I have in my mind happens to have something far better mixed up with it. Ah, I have puzzled you again! But wait and see, Marian! You must wait and see!"

"For how long?" I inquired.

"Only till to-morrow! But—oh! I was forgetting! —*shall* we go to the wedding, Marian?"

"You shall decide, Bertie."

"But the school-children?"

"I have said nothing to them yet."

"You say you will leave it to me? Then we will not go!"

And we did not.

* * * * * *

It was afternoon—fine and bright, though the morning had been showery. My window was open, and the fresh fragrance of Mrs. Robins' spring flowers came in with every breath of air. My little scholars were around me, reading, writing, and talking. The little delicate-looking boy who had been one of my first scholars stood beside me; he was reading a chapter in English history, and asking questions as he went on, whenever he felt inclined; while the rest were supposed to be taking notes as he read, the elder ones assisting the younger. All made whatever inquiries they pleased.

I loved talking to them, and explaining away all their little difficulties as well as I could; though occasionally I varied my manner of proceeding by setting them to hunt out answers to their questions for themselves; or *I* put questions, and they found replies.

But while these industrious little learners were ever ready either to talk or to listen, I had my times of dulness and despondency, when even to frame a sentence called for more effort than I was willing to give. But these young fresh minds could not take a view of my tired one; and my dulness did not appear to disturb them; they talked on happily and easily, and perhaps all the more freely for my silence.

"There was a grand wedding at the parish church this morning, Miss Lynne," remarked one pretty little girl, as she mended her pencil. She was the last new-comer. "My mamma told me that there were ever so many carriages, with outriders in white and scarlet!"

"Yes, it was Miss Grove's wedding. She was married to Mr. John Bourne. She is Mrs. John Bourne now. Miss Lynne is very well acquainted with the Bournes; are you not, Miss Lynne?" said the little fellow at my side.

"Yes, and Miss Lynne might have gone to the wedding, only she stayed away to teach us," asserted another little girl. "And *my* mamma says," added she, "that some one told her that the bride looked very grave and pale, and that the sun did not shine on her when she came out of church, which is a very bad sign. It was raining, but not very fast, and the carriages went dashing through it."

"There," I said, quietly, "that will do for the wedding; and now let us go on with our lessons."

But these busy little tongues had not been the first to bring me news. Mrs. Bourne had known that she was not to expect us, but at five minutes to two Frank had called.

Bertie had already departed, and he glanced round the room, looking both forlorn and angry.

"Not here?" he said, succinctly. "She isn't ill, is she?"

"No; but she has something very important in hand, if you mean Bertie," I answered. "I don't know what, though. She has been in and out all the morning; but she will not be at home again now, I think, till nearly four."

He was silent. Then I asked a few commonplace questions concerning the wedding, and he answered me. Presently, as he still looked very serious and unlike himself, I ventured to say—

"Are you and Bertie quite as friendly as usual to each other just lately, Frank?" And after an instant's hesitation, I continued—"I know I have no right to put the question, but do you not think it just possible that both Bertie and Miss Pearson may misunderstand you?"

He gave me a quick contrite look.

"Miss Pearson won't misunderstand me—though dear Bertie may. But, Marian, I wanted to be quite sure. Oh, I think I'll tell Bertie all about it first! Here are the youngsters coming, too! Where do you say she has gone?"

I gave him directions, and he was off in a moment. Bertie had gone to Mrs. Manfred's, and I was awaiting her return to know the nature of her errand thither, and also what the many laughing consultations which she had held with Mrs. Robins that day could have signified. But I was not so curious as I might have been, for every now and then my thoughts kept wandering off to the wedding.

It wanted a quarter to four. I was making my way round the square table, leaning over first one slate and then another, and making my comments and corrections as I went, when suddenly I heard happy voices outside, and the next moment three persons had entered the room. First Bertie, looking radiant; then a little brown-haired shy-faced girl, whom she was leading by the hand; and lastly, Frank Bourne, who was looking, for some reason or other, the very personification of pride and delight.

"Here is a little new scholar for you, Marian," said Bertie, her rich tones and deep eloquent eyes telling me the while, and oh, so plainly, that my darling was happy at last. "Keep her till I come back, please, dear; and then I will tell you all about her."

She was gone again, Frank following her, with eyes as eloquent as her own of love and happiness. And soon my scholars had departed also, and I was

left with the little stranger. I took her on my knee, and asked her her name and age; and she told me "Edith Barker," and that she was five years old.

had, through Mrs. Manfred, obtained this child as a boarder on very advantageous terms. Her parents were in India, and she would, perhaps, remain with us for some years.

"She was engaged upon a little fancy portrait of Edith Barker."—*p.* 226.

"I am going to live here," she added, very shyly still, "with the pretty little lady with the curly hair. And she will play with me. She says that I shall be her little girl, and that you will give me some cake for tea."

And the end of it was that I discovered that Bertie

The consultations with Mrs. Robins had of course referred to sleeping accommodation, etc.

"Are you angry, Marian?" asked Bertie, some hours later, when the little one was safely in bed and asleep, and we sat down to work and talk as usual.

"No, dear; but why did you not tell me?"

"I was afraid that you might not quite like the idea in prospect; though I felt sure that when we had once got such a boarder as I had in view—it was Mrs. Manfred who first made me think of it—you would be ready to own that the step was really a good and safe one; and, perhaps——"

"But you do not think of taking any more boarders, dear?" I interrupted, rather anxiously. I had given the reins into Bertie's hands, and assuredly I had never taken them again.

"Oh, no! They would be a hindrance rather than a help; while this one dear little creature will help to keep us bright and cheerful."

And now I inquired into particulars, which were given me.

"And," concluded Bertie, with a bright look, "do you not think that the time has come for us to hire a third room, Marian?—as a school-room, I mean."

This led to further conversation; but as our fingers were meanwhile going as busily as our tongues, no time was wasted.

"To hire a school-room will be taking still another step!" said Bertie, in high glee. "I have long, in my own mind, been on the look-out for a room to please you, Marian; large enough, and at the same time reasonable as to rent. And I do think that I know of one." And then she told me where it was, to whom it belonged, etc.

But the "business conversation," as she called it, was over at last, and then she put down the piece of lacework on which she had been engaged, and gave me a happy beautiful smile.

Seating herself comfortably on a hassock at my feet, she reached up, and pulled my face down to a level with hers.

"Kiss me again, dear, now that we are all alone, and say how glad you are for me."

I did so.

"But I want to hear more, darling," I said. "You have told me next to nothing yet."

I wondered whether she had ever looked so undeniably lovely as she did this evening. Her face was no longer pale, roses glowed on each soft cheek, arch smiles curved her lips, and made many a dimple; the fair brow was smooth and placid, and the beautiful eyes were gleaming and glittering and dancing, in a way that told of bright and sweet newborn happiness as plainly as eyes could tell.

"I told you at tea-time that Frank and I had had a lovely walk," she began. "Oh, the hedges are so beautiful, Marian! and after the rain, too! I think I never saw them of such a delicate green! And flowers seem coming up everywhere! . . . . Frank told me a little about the wedding; and Mrs. Bourne was rather pleased than not that we stayed away, I feel quite sure, from something he said."

And now she laid her head on my knee.

"Frank told his father everything this morning, dear," she recommenced, in sweet soft tremulous tones. "And he said that he had guessed it all for a very long time. Would you have believed it? I always thought that Mr. Bourne cared very little for anything but his books, and that he saw just nothing, and scarcely knew one face from another."

"Go on, dear—I am impatient. What did he say?"

"He is quite willing; and Mrs. Bourne—of course she is not Frank's mother—she must put up with being vexed. And he is coming to see you by-and-by, Marian. And when I hear his step I shall run up-stairs, and study that child's face, and wonder whether——"

"Well, Bertie?" And I felt a shadow creeping over me already. I knew what she was going to say.

"Whether—when I am obliged to leave you—she will be able to comfort you a little."

"Pray don't talk of it, dear! There is no immediate necessity for any considerations of the kind, I suppose?" And I strove to speak lightly.

"O dear no!" And she laughed and blushed. "Frank—my darling Frank!—I may call him so to you, Marian—will be going away soon. And he will be gone for, oh, I don't know how long! a year or two, I daresay." And she gave a long sigh. . . . "But when he does come back, *then*, perhaps——" and she paused, and a soft smile lighted her face again, and she had, quite unconsciously, as I could see, gone off into a happy dream of the future.

But presently she went on, without any reminder from me—

"And what do you think he said, Marian, when I tried to find out why he had been so attentive to Miss Pearson? That he wished to be quite sure that I had a woman's love for him. He said he thought that I *might* be as much of a child as I seemed sometimes." And here she laughed merrily and mischievously.

"But what of Miss Pearson herself?" I said. "It was scarcely fair to her."

"No;" and the mobile little face clouded over. "And so I told him. But he only laughed, and wouldn't explain. There is some little tiresome secret between him and Miss Pearson, I am certain. But when I said so, he looked very grave, and presently said that if I wished to be a 'good little girl,' I should simply trust him and ask no questions, and then, as soon as he possibly could, he would tell me. And I thought that I would imitate you, Marian. You always trust me, and you are so quiet and patient when I keep things from you; and it only makes me love you all the more. And then I thought,—do you begin to see how deep I am?—that if I behaved in the same way to Frank, perhaps he would love *me* more."

Another pause; and the happy eyes were dreamily following out the pattern of the carpet.

"And he really seemed so much pleased, Marian," began the bright voice again suddenly, "when I said that I would never tease about it any more, and that he need never tell me at all unless he liked."

"It was far better and kinder than being tiresomely curious, darling." And I stooped to kiss the dear little gentle face.

"And you said, 'Have patience,' did you not, Marian? You are always saying, 'Have patience.' And what a wonderful thing patience is, when one comes to consider! . . I had to wait at Mrs. Manfred's this afternoon, and while I waited I read—a very sorrowful story, about two persons who might have been very happy but for their own impatience. They were in trouble at the beginning of the story, and the trouble had come because they did not trust each other, though there was no occasion whatever for mistrust. And they could not wait for all the unhappiness to pass over, but in their impatience did something which only made the cloud the heavier—too heavy for them to bear; and then one died, and the other was sorrowful for the rest of his life. . . It taught me such a lesson, Marian. . . And then as I sat there, I remembered how many other stories of the kind—it was a love story, you know—I had read at different times, all teaching the same lesson, until it seemed to me that the one thing which people who love each other need is patience!"

"And I think that they also need trust, dear. Your story seemed to say so, did it not? And," I added, in a low tone, "trust in God first; great patience cannot very well exist without that."

"No," she returned, thoughtfully. "Trust and patience. They are both wonderful." Then she suddenly turned her head as if listening, and I saw her eyes flash with joy. "There he is, Marian! And now I must run!"

CHAPTER X.—CHANGES.

A WHOLE year had passed away. Fresh lovely spring-time had come again.

My school had prospered. I had twenty scholars now. And I had also made progress in music, in which I gave lessons in the evenings, thereby adding materially to our income.

Bertie in many ways was always earning, and we were both doing really well, and regularly every month laying by—sometimes more, sometimes less—with an eye to future independence.

And for all this, and much more, I had learned during the past year to be most thankful, and so, I knew, had dear Bertie.

I say "learned," because we had once been in the habit of taking the good things that came to us as a mere matter of course—with pleasure, indeed, and with some sort of gratitude, but with very little real heartfelt thankfulness. But now! what a joy it was to kneel down and offer our thanks where thanks were due, when mercy after mercy came to us.

Yes, we were both changed, and, we hoped, for the better. Bertie grew brighter and braver, and more hopeful and self-dependent each day, I thought, and also more and more trustful in a good God and heavenly Father. And my face no longer told of what Augusta had once called my "secret;" or, at any rate, Bertie said that it did not. If secret it was, I had it still—deep buried, and asleep, perhaps, for it gave me no pain, and now I could say from my inmost heart, "He doeth all things well."

Afternoon school was over, and, my scholars dismissed, I was thinking of going up to take a peep at Bertie.

We hired a third small room in Mrs. Robins' house now, and it was especially Bertie's room; and for what purpose does the reader suppose that she used it? It was her painting-room; for Bertie had turned artist. She painted lovely little figure pictures, and also obtained a fair sale for them. And her painting of late had grown to be almost a passion with her. She was painting now.

Frank, of course, was gone. He had been gone just ten months. But never while she lived would Bertie forget the almost perfect happiness which she had enjoyed during the two months following her engagement, and previous to Frank's departure.

Of course, it had not been *quite* unclouded sunshine. They were young, and knew but little of the discipline of forbearance, and the power of so-called trifles. They did not know how to give way to each other in little every-day matters, and moreover, they were both, as it seemed to me, somewhat exacting. Then each had an especially strong will; and occasionally there was a determined battle between them, which usually ended in a kind of compromise, so that neither made it plain as to which was conqueror. Yet for all this—though it may seem a contradiction—they never quarrelled. Their battles were conducted on very enlightened principles, as Augusta once half satirically declared; and they laughed, and jested, and tested each other's endurance, and punished each other by keeping apart for perhaps a whole day; and in short, did everything that in them lay, as I considered, to approach a real angry disagreement as nearly as possible without actually touching upon one. And then would come a perfect agreement again, and they appeared to be happier than ever.

"I must let Frank know what I am like, of course," said Bertie one day, gaily enough, when I had ventured to remonstrate. "Do not disturb yourself, Marian; we know what we are about; and *I* know very well that Frank could be master if he chose—though I am not going to own anything of the kind to him just yet. And, besides, he doesn't choose—the dear good boy!—and I love him the better for it. And if he did choose—why, I suppose I should love him the better for that. But I think I had better be quiet, Marian. I know I only talk nonsense nowadays."

But instead of being quiet she ran away—singing as she went.

And once—only once—I spoke a word or two to Frank on the same subject.

"It is like playing with edged tools, Frank," I said, half anxiously, half in pretended jest. "You

will cut yourselves when you least expect it, I shouldn't wonder. You shouldn't do it, and you shouldn't let Bertie do it."

He smiled gaily. He was reclining lazily on Mrs. Robins' horsehair sofa, waiting for Bertie, who had gone to dress for a walk.

"Oh, it's nothing," declared he. "We are only amusing ourselves. And even when I do get a little bit hot, I always remember that I shall soon be 'far, far away at sea.' And I don't want to say a word to my Bertie that I shall be sorry to think of then. Besides, she is having her time now; by-and-by my turn will come, if all 's well; and then we shall see who shall be king, and who shall be queen!" And his merry eyes danced as mischievously as Bertie's might have done. And hearing her step, he began to sing softly, yet distinctly, light provoking smiles playing about his lips as he did so—

"Oh! how sweet it is to glide,
Sailing on the summer tide;
Like a bird upon the wind,
Leaving every care behind."

"'Too late,' she said, in subdued tearful tones."—*p.* 228.

Bertie entered; her eyes flashed with pretended displeasure; they went away together, and I knew that another of their favourite half-quarrels had begun.

But the time of departure came all too soon; and there was no jesting then. And one lovely evening in the beginning of June they both stood at Mrs. Robins' little gate in the summer moonlight, and bade each other farewell, for perhaps the sixth or seventh time.

Frank had spent the whole evening with us; and many loving, and thoughtful, and manly words had he spoken to Bertie, but never once had he asked her to be true to him, and never once did he hint at being true to her. "Few words to fair faith," I thought; and I liked and admired him only the more.

He had talked of Bertie's pursuits.

"You try too many things, dear," he said. "You should go in for steadiness. 'Stick to one thing, and one line,' as somebody says, 'till you make it pay.' Once make a fair start—I don't care what at—and my Bertie has got that in her that will carry her up—up—as high as she pleases."

And Bertie had laughed, and disclaimed the praise; nevertheless, it had put new courage and daring into her, I knew. And after Frank had gone, and when the first terrible sadness and loneliness had passed away, I found that a great change had come over my little sister.

To begin with, she sat one whole evening without doing five minutes' work of any kind; and when I anxiously asked whether she had over-tired herself during the day—for she had scarcely allowed herself half an hour's rest from the time she had risen in the morning—she answered, quietly—

"No, Marian. I was only thinking, and wondering whether I really have the least bit more than an average amount of talent for any particular pursuit; because people who have can always make their way if they like, Mr. Bourne says. I saw him this morning when I went to see Augusta, and he talked to me so kindly, and so did Augusta, all about drawing. And I am trying to see my way to taking up drawing as a profession."

"I am glad to hear it, dear. And how is Augusta?"

"She said she was very well, but she does not look so. How she has altered, Marian! I never saw any one so changed in such a short time. She is gentle and nice to every one excepting John. What a pity that she ever married him!"

That one evening only Bertie gave to special and earnest thought, and her next step was to take lessons in drawing and painting. And then it was that we hired the extra room, which she made her studio. Early and late she was at her easel, yet she never looked the worse for the confinement or the change in her habits. Happiness kept her above all sense of discomfort. Was she not following her Frank's advice? Her aim was to astonish him when he next came home; and the rapid progress she made was wonderful to me; but then love is such a marvellous teacher. And if she began to flag in her efforts ever so little, or if, perhaps, a tiny picture upon which she had spent loving pains was long in finding a purchaser, as would sometimes happen, the sight of Frank's ring on her finger would always remind of her aim, rouse her spirits at once, and arm her anew against all discouragements.

She still, however, took various other tasks that offered; and we did fancy-work in the evenings together, when music lessons and all lessons were over for the day, and when little Edith Barker had gone to bed, and we could sit and chat for a little while after the old fashion. But in these days we both worked hard, and had not much time for chatting.

And as the months went by, Bertie became more and more wrapped up in her one object, and advanced accordingly, both swiftly and surely.

"*He* told me to keep to one thing," she would say, with eyes glowing with gentle love and pride. "And I love to do as he said. I will show him that though I often used to be naughty enough to go exactly against his wishes in little things, in great things my greatest pleasure is to please him."

Mr. Murray had heard her say something of the kind once. He had remained our true friend. I had more than once seen a look of sadness in his eyes as he had watched Bertie, yet never by word or glance had he really betrayed himself; and very greatly did Bertie and I like and respect him.

"Your greatest pleasure *should* be to please God," he said, gently. "Will you forgive me for the reminder? But if ever we, however unconsciously, allow ourselves to place any human being, however near and dear, before our God and Saviour, then, for our own eternal good, trouble is—must be—in store for us."

"Do you mean to say that we ought to learn to love dear friends less dearly, Mr. Murray?" questioned Bertie, in her straightforward way, with the least touch of rebellion in her tone.

"No," he answered, gently as before, "but that we should love the Lord, who gave us our dear ones, and who will keep them for us to all eternity, *more*."

We liked as much as we had ever done to hear Mr. Murray talk of all things connected with the wonderful and beautiful life that is to begin when this is ended, and of the *love* which will be its deepest joy and perfection. Oldest truths fell fresh from his lips, because they were spoken in words that came fresh from his heart.

And listening to him, whether in church or out of it, Bertie and I got many a "glimpse into high places," and often felt ourselves wisely rebuked, and our feet drawn back into safe paths, when, in our eagerness after the magnified trifles of this world, we often forgot to walk so that we could ever view by faith the blessed world to come.

We had grown quite used to our little companion, Edith Barker; but she would not remain with us so

long as we had at first supposed. Her parents were unexpectedly returning to England, and at any time now she might leave us.

Nothing had as yet come of Mr. Saunderson's story, and we did not believe that anything ever would come of it—though Mr. Saunderson had by no means given up his idea, and unhesitatingly declared that we should see ourselves in print yet.

And so Bertie and I worked on together through all these happy peaceful days. How often, in after days, we in spirit went back to them, wondering regretfully that we had not prized and enjoyed them more while they lasted!

And sometimes, when Bertie grew tired, and perhaps slightly dispirited, she would get Frank's cap, which she still kept, and, setting it on one side among her short fair curls, she would, to little Edith's great delight, sing as gaily as ever the song of "The Gallant Middy"—Frank had made her sing it the evening before he left—and then she would declare that she had courage enough for anything.

And now, after this long digression, reader, I will go back to the afternoon on which I went up to take a look at Bertie in her painting-room.

CHAPTER XI.—TOO LATE.

THE picture upon which she was engaged was a pretty fancy portrait of little Edith Barker, with a lapful of spring flowers—primroses and violets and a gay crocus or two, falling from her tiny frock skirt, and lying all over her little bare feet. For background was a bit of cottage garden, and an open doorway — bricked floor, and wooden chairs, and dresser-shelves with cups and plates, showing within.

"Are you getting on, darling?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, Marian—famously, unless I am deceiving myself. Are you just going out to a music lesson? And are you going to have a cup of tea first?"

"Yes," I returned, smilingly, to both her questions; and she threw down her brush, and we were soon sipping our tea together.

And Bertie talked of Frank, and grew, I could see, a little dull. But presently she resolutely set down her cup.

"What is the use of talking?" exclaimed she, at once bravely and impatiently. "And what is the use of thinking either? I may just as well put Frank out of my mind altogether till he comes back again. Life is not all love; and it is just as well to remember it sometimes. And for the present, at any rate, I may say—

> What have I with love to do?
> Far sterner cares my lot pursue.

And I am glad that it is so. Girls as a rule think too much of love, or at least, not too much of it, but too much about it; and it spoils them for real life—every-day working life. And why do they do so? Because they have so little to call their thoughts and interests in other directions. Let us be thankful, Marian, that we are obliged to exert ourselves; it is wonderfully the better for us. Oh, I should do something wild and inexcusable, I know, if I had not more than I know how to do already!"

"No, no, dear," I said; "why 'wild and inexcusable?' Because a young girl is not *obliged* to work, why should she either fold her hands in idleness or else rush into some foolish extravagance? Though man may not have set her her work, her Maker has. Why cannot she do *her* part in making those around her happier? 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,' whether for good or for evil. Why cannot she begin with being the good angel of her home? Her work would soon grow, and gain strength, and spread. And what a happy and useful girl she would become—doing all for love, and not for self-righteousness' sake, or for reward. And what man in his senses would not rather choose such a girl as this than one who, thinking nothing of life's responsibilities, lives but to dress and amuse herself, and to fritter away the time as best she may until she gets married!"

"Oh, dear, Marian! You are very hard upon young ladies, are you not?" And she smiled now, and put her cup towards me for more tea. Something or other that I had said had evidently roused pleasant ideas in her lively happy mind.

"No," she said again, gaily this time. "Life is not all love. It is work, and money, and study—and just a *little* pleasure, Marian?" And she looked at me with dancing eyes. "And cups of tea in the afternoon when one is beginning to feel tired; and a dear sister to chat with, and to give one long lectures for bringing out exactly two words by mistake; and a merry little girl to play with," as Edith came running in. "At least, that is what life means for me. Come along, Edie, and have some tea. What is that?"

"A note for Miss Lynne. Fanny is waiting outside for an answer." And the little girl put a tiny envelope into my hand. She had been spending the afternoon with Mrs. Bourne's little boy, with whom, as well as with his mother, she was somewhat of a favourite.

But the note was from Augusta, asking me to spend the whole evening with her, if I could, as she was feeling very low-spirited, and far from well.

I went out to Fanny, who was Mrs. Bourne's servant; but Augusta had seen her passing with the child, and had sent out the note, I found.

She, Augusta, had settled with her husband in Melton, having chosen a roomy and comfortable house not far from Colneside. But the marriage had turned out unhappily, as Bertie had predicted. It had not taken the wife long to discover that her husband had not married her for love; and she had never forgiven him the wrong. He was not positively unkind to her, but he was coldness itself; and she, in undying indignation and with a temper nowise improved, returned for his cold-

ness all the hard cutting words and looks, and haughty contemptuous manners that she was mistress of.

She and I had seemed more drawn to each other since her marriage. We were more nearly of an age than she and Bertie; and there were times, especially of late, when Bertie's youthful lightness of heart appeared even to oppress her. Poor Augusta! Once I had been totally indifferent towards her, then I had been inclined to envy her, next I had pitied her, but I could truly say that I loved her now.

Fanny promised to call on her way back, and to say that I would come the moment I was at liberty; and then I returned to the sitting-room. But Bertie had gone up-stairs, and I could hear a great deal of laughing and shouting going on. Little Edith was being dressed for the final sitting for her portrait.

Bertie came running down at my call, leaving Edith behind. She read the note, and then stood looking very serious indeed.

"And you are going out to give a music lesson now, Marian; and then to Augusta's? You will stay with her for the rest of the evening?"

"Yes, dear."

She sighed softly, and then I saw big tears gathering in her eyes.

"Poor, poor thing!" she murmured. "Oh, why isn't John Bourne good to her? Do you think that she will die, dear?"

"I don't know, Bertie darling. . . . It is very sad altogether. . . . Yet she may live, and do well; and if she does, she will be much happier now she has a dear little child to take care of. And John may love her yet, and they may be happy, after all."

"But she is so cross to him! Why does she not leave bygone grievances alone, and start afresh?"

"I will ask her, dear; and I will tell her that the question was yours."

About an hour and a half later I entered Augusta's house, passing through the hall, and into the drawing-room, and next being ushered up-stairs, and into what would have been in any other house a bright pleasant little sitting-room.

But in this house, though it was well and handsomely furnished, everything had—or Bertie and I always fancied so—a stiff cold forlorn look, as though forgotten or uncared-for by its mistress. There seemed nothing homelike anywhere—no books or pretty pieces of work lying about, no flowers in stands, or even in vases, peeping up lovely and cheerful here and there—nothing, in short, that told of love or happiness.

Augusta was sitting by a glowing fire—though the day was mild—in a dressing-gown, her face pale and weary, her hands folded listlessly before her.

She received me quietly, watching me with some sort of interest as I laid aside my hat and jacket and gloves, etc., and saying, as I took a seat near her—

"It was very good of you to come, Marian."

She was generally very reserved, and for half an hour or more we talked on indifferent subjects, but at last I asked her how she felt.

"Ill, ill," she said, "always ill. And I shall never be any better." And, after a moment's silence, she added, in a low tone, "I shall die, Marian; I feel sure of that."

"Oh, no, no!" I said. "You will live, I hope, to be happier than you have ever been. People often think as you do."

"Yes," she interrupted, half impatiently, "but there is a great difference, nevertheless. I shall die simply because I have not a single wish to live. Other women—and weak and feeble women, and I am neither—have an interest in living, and they make a corresponding effort. But when the worst comes to me I shall not be able to call up one thought that will help me back to life again."

"Your child," I said, feeling tears of sorrowful pity rush to my eyes.

"John will take care of it," she rejoined, almost coldly. "He is fond of children. He will be far kinder to it than he has ever been to me."

What could I say? The next moment she continued—

"And he would have been kinder to me—I can see it now—if I had behaved differently to him. . . . But I gave him all the love I had to give, and then, when I found that he had deceived me, and that he had none to give me in return, it all turned to contempt—almost hatred. I taunted and upbraided him continually. We quarrelled daily, sometimes hourly. Who does not know all this? though I have never uttered a word of it before—even to Mrs. Bourne. And now"—she had been growing excited, and now for a moment her voice faltered slightly, but in an instant it had sunk again to more than its former indifference—"my death—and who can wonder at it?—will bring no sorrow to my husband."

"You cannot tell," I said, earnestly; and I took her cold, passive hand. "He may love you more than you suppose. And, oh! I think we often, often make our own unhappiness. Dear Augusta, you will not be angry with me for saying so? How many women would think themselves blessed if they could have a tithe of what fell to you! You were young and rich and beautiful, you had health and strength, you married the man you loved, and now—God has given you a dear little child. Suppose you think of this, and pray for wisdom and submission to look upon life in a new light—living neither for yourself nor for your husband *first*—but for *God?* Forget the past, and begin anew. Dear Bertie made me think of this, and I promised I would say it." And I paused.

"Go on," she returned, a little less coldly, I thought.

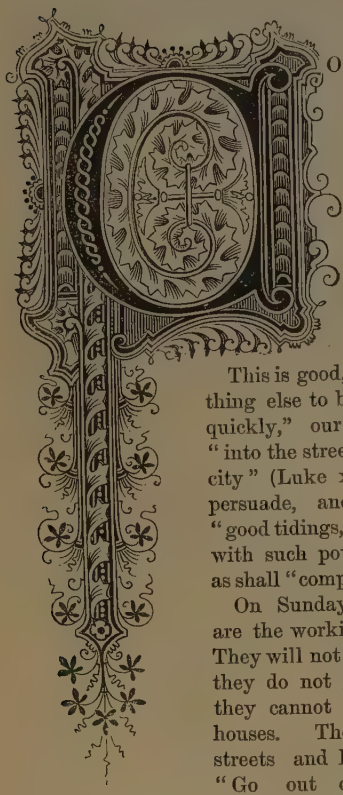
"Set yourself to win your husband's love, dear Augusta. He will be inclined to love you for his

child's sake. And nothing is impossible with God; ask *His* help. And, who knows? you may rise up at last from all the bitterness and all the sorrow to the beautiful and natural life of love and tender care which you hoped for when you were married."

"Too late," she said, in subdued tearful tones. "You do not know all that has passed between us. What with my pride and his—my hot hasty temper and his cold sullen unforgiving one—no, there is no hope. I own that I have been wrong, but it is too late to alter now. Let us talk of something else."

(To be continued.)

THE OPEN-AIR MISSION: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.



"COME, let us reverently worship God, confess our sins, tell our needs, learn His truth, believe His word, and thank and praise and pray in secret, alone, or as a congregation in His house."

This is good, but there is something else to be done. "Go out quickly," our Lord commands, "into the streets and lanes of the city" (Luke xiv. 21), to preach, persuade, and reason; to tell "good tidings," the "Gospel," and with such power from the Spirit as shall "compel them to come in."

On Sunday afternoon where are the working men of London? They will not go to the churches; they do not go to the chapels; they cannot go to the public-houses. They are in "the streets and lanes of the city." "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city."

The invitation, "Come unto Me," and the command, "Go out unto them," are both given by God; but the acceptance of the call "Come" may be separate from obedience to the command "Go."

It is this second privileged duty and commission of "Going out" which we consider at present.

We are to "Go out *quickly*," because "the time is short;" and we are to "compel them to come in," because "yet there is room;" and many will "make excuse;" yet the feast must be "furnished with guests."

Christ's disciples (and are you not one?) must be "fishers of men." The sea to fish in is "the world," indoors, out-of-doors, everywhere, for every man, woman, and child.

Let us look at one little part of this sea to fish in, this field to work in, the largest city in the world—London. Here, as in a focus of good and evil, the "Open-Air Mission" began to work, about thirty years ago, and the circumstances attending many thousand services out-of-doors have been recorded, and much of their meaning extracted for use. There is thus available a large amount of information about the people regarded in an aspect altogether new to many disciples.

We can judge now of the season of the year, the day of the week, and the hour of the day most proper in each locality for preaching the Gospel out of doors. We know what sort of people may be expected; what they will listen to or laugh at; what they will comprehend or cavil at, and how; the questions likely to be put respecting particular doctrines; the arguments of the Mormon, Infidel, or Romanist; the manner in which every class will behave—the policeman, gentleman, tradesman, and cabman; what each will be likely to say or do, and what *we* had best say and do, if we desire to make good use of our time.

There are two of these points, upon which the information obtained is encouraging, and the testimony is unanimous.

1. The people are ready to come, and willing to listen.

2. If they are to hear with profit, you must speak with simplicity.

In by-gone days the scoffers and indifferent were usually a majority in any assembly representing an average of the passengers in a street, or the inhabitants of a narrow court. But now those predominate who are ready to weigh the words of any man who speaks soberly, and who, by his tone and manner, shows that he is *really in earnest.*

Not one service in fifty is interrupted, not one in a hundred is stopped by opposition. Except in the very dens of vice and misery, interruption generally calls forth the spirit of fair play, and it is very seldom indeed that the blasphemer can face a public opinion, which is often distinctly manifested, sometimes perhaps too roughly.

If the people be willing, think how many there are of them! In the three hundred and thirty-eight public-houses of Marylebone there were one Sunday evening twice as many persons as in the forty-nine chapels and churches of the district. Now where

are all these when the churches, and chapels, and even the gin-shops are closed?

By the well-advised closing of the public-houses, the people are more than ever thrown into the streets on Sunday. They find a substitute for rum and gin by an increased consumption of fruit and shell-fish, and the sweetmeat-shops are driving a large and growing trade. But the talk and the news of the gin-palaces are now suddenly wanting on the Sunday, and thus again have the people more leisure to listen.

Awake, every Christian in London, to this. Four millions of people must hear of a Saviour, and they are all within a walk of each of us! They seem actually listening. "We cannot but speak" to them with Peter and John. But if *we* shut our mouths, is there silence?

Here is what I found in the streets all on one Sunday afternoon, and that without seeking them:—First, there was a Mormonite exhorting, and accompanied by others giving tracts; then a Formalist, preaching ordinance, and not Gospel; and then a Romanist, with vehemence upholding idolatry.

These false preachers are not called forth by the preaching of truth, but are fewer in proportion to the increase of Gospel missionaries.

And here, too, is a remarkable fact: though nearly every cardinal doctrine may occasionally be opposed, and that of the fall and sinfulness of man, when plainly stated, excites more than any other doctrine the rancour of the wicked, yet the doctrine of the atonement by Christ is heard with attention. Its mercy and justice seem to satisfy the longings of mankind.

And how has the work been simplified?

By preachers and people observing the distinction between a *worshipping congregation* and a *listening crowd.**

An appointed minister is undoubtedly the best, if not the only man, to lead the former; but it is far too clear to need proof that a layman may well speak to an assembly of the latter kind. In Sunday and in week-day schools, laymen address thousands of persons on spiritual subjects, and there are few now who would dare to say that all sorts of doctrines may be preached by any man under slates, or tiles, or thatch, but that truth may not be spoken by all under the blue-arched heaven.

Pulpits may be altogether abandoned—even a chair is not required by the best preachers. The whole operation resolves itself into this as the essence:—In a crowded alley or thoroughfare, converse with some idle men, or careless children, or gossiping loungers. Read the Word, and begin "open-air *speaking*." Don't call it "preaching;" and if asked "By what authority?" say "By *no* authority."

*Get them to listen outside that they may worship inside. They suspect at first. They would not to join you cross a chalked line on the ground. Their taunt is, "Ah! you are paid!" Yet many ask, "Where is your church, sir?"

To use the parish fire-engine indeed you must have the keys, but any one seeing flames in the street may surely call out "Fire!"

Such efforts should be systematic; time, place, and text arranged; encouragement and advice immediately within reach, and communion promoted between fellow-labourers. Hence it is that a committee is useful, and, as a nucleus for others, a few are regularly engaged as voluntary preachers. Generous friends have always provided for the expenses of management.

But we should not write thus without a much more definite purpose than that of arousing general attention to this subject.

The people are so anxious to hear, and the best mode of speaking to them is proved to be so simple, that we boldly appeal for *large, immediate, and personal* assistance.

Not that we would call forth enthusiastic young men to stand up in the crossings and harangue the people. There is no need for "display;" the work may be done comparatively in private, and so we have no hesitation in earnestly inviting Christian men to help. At first they may visit one or two of the many scenes where others are engaged in this wide unoccupied field of exceedingly interesting ground.

There are thousands of boys on Sundays in Trafalgar Square, the Parks, on Primrose Hill, at the steamboat-piers, and gambling in back streets. Will nobody speak good to them, that they pass not all the day in carelessness and mischief? Sunday-school teachers, be pastors here, and spare a brief minute to gather the lambs!

Would our regiments in war be victorious if no officers went to the trenches? Is it *quite* clear that Committees should attend to the business of a Society in the office, and cast upon other agents the souls of the people in the streets? We are expecting too much of our preachers, as if Apostles must all be fishermen.

A man teaching a Ragged School from love alone, was spoken of as admirably bold forty years ago; now we have happily many, and the experience thus acquired will do well out of doors. Let two men of this stamp enter a back lane in St. Giles's, or go to the Brill in Somers Town. They will at once find some one to speak to, and very soon a dozen anxious to listen to a parable read from the Bible.

Even the vilest places in London supply attentive hearers. There is a street, with a row of bad houses on one side, a dead wall on the other. The dusk of Sunday afternoon finds this place crowded by abusive women, and by seven, eight, or nine groups of pale-faced, keen-eyed, weary-looking young men, say twenty in a ring, and all gambling, swearing, and quarrelling. A new comer puts down his pence to play for, but another gathers them up in disdain and tosses them over the wall. "Silver only may be staked here." Silver and men's souls. Sovereigns are sometimes thrown upon the ground.

Here indeed is a stronghold of the devil. Here a giant evil defying the armies of God. And shall there be no David?

Even here they will listen eagerly to the simple truth—to the story of Nicodemus, or the Prodigal Son, or the deed at Calvary. They will listen, I say, or they will disperse every one. Either way it is good; but we wish the first. If you have forgotten your Bible, ask at the neighbouring houses. Dr. Duff told me he got one readily at a pawnbroker's. Now walk cheerfully to them, begin in good earnest, and you must have listeners. The oaths are loud, the quarrels become fights, and the police passing by, openly say before all, "It's no use, sir, speaking to *them;* they are every one thieves, and ought to be in gaol." But still they listen, ay, and the tear is seen in withered-looking eyes. Believe it, the Gospel is stronger than we know or think.

No other duty or privilege need be neglected for this. It is a variety and therefore little fatiguing. It is out of doors, and thus easily associated with healthy exercise. It calls forth the whole power of the mind, and gives room for every talent and all kinds of learning; therefore nobody can be above it. It may be effectually done by simple words and simple knowledge of the Scriptures, and therefore nobody need be below it. It is social, for it is found well that friends should join. It sends men to church, to school, to read, to feel, to think, and to pray, so it helps every other means of good.

Let those who will take part in such a blessed work burst through the false shame which Satan ties up many hands with, cast aside the slothful habit with which the flesh paralyses even active spirits, and brave the sneer of a world which *must* sneer if both it and they are consistent. Once having begun they will not soon stop, for they are in a track well trodden by saints and martyrs, and sprinkled with the blood even of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

The above facts and convictions, which we gathered together and placed on record some ten years ago, have been added to and strengthened by later experience. We shall hope to record in another paper some of the experience obtained and the good effected by the Open-air Mission. ROB ROY.

OLD REUBEN.

"IS the scythe ready, Simon?
Just put it on the stone,
That it may cut with keenness
The clover fully grown.
I've had no other helper
Since Charlie went to sea
A-fighting in the frigate,
So come and mow with me.

"If peace were always practised
Abroad and at the board,
We should not need the soldier,
We should not need the sword.
More useful is the plougher
Within the rural glen,
And he who moweth clover
Than he who moweth men.

"Be this thy maxim, Simon,
That sword and spear shall cease,
And men of every colour
Bind up the sheaf of peace.
Then trumps unheard by mortals
Shall on the heights be blown,
And glow along the valleys
A glory yet unknown.

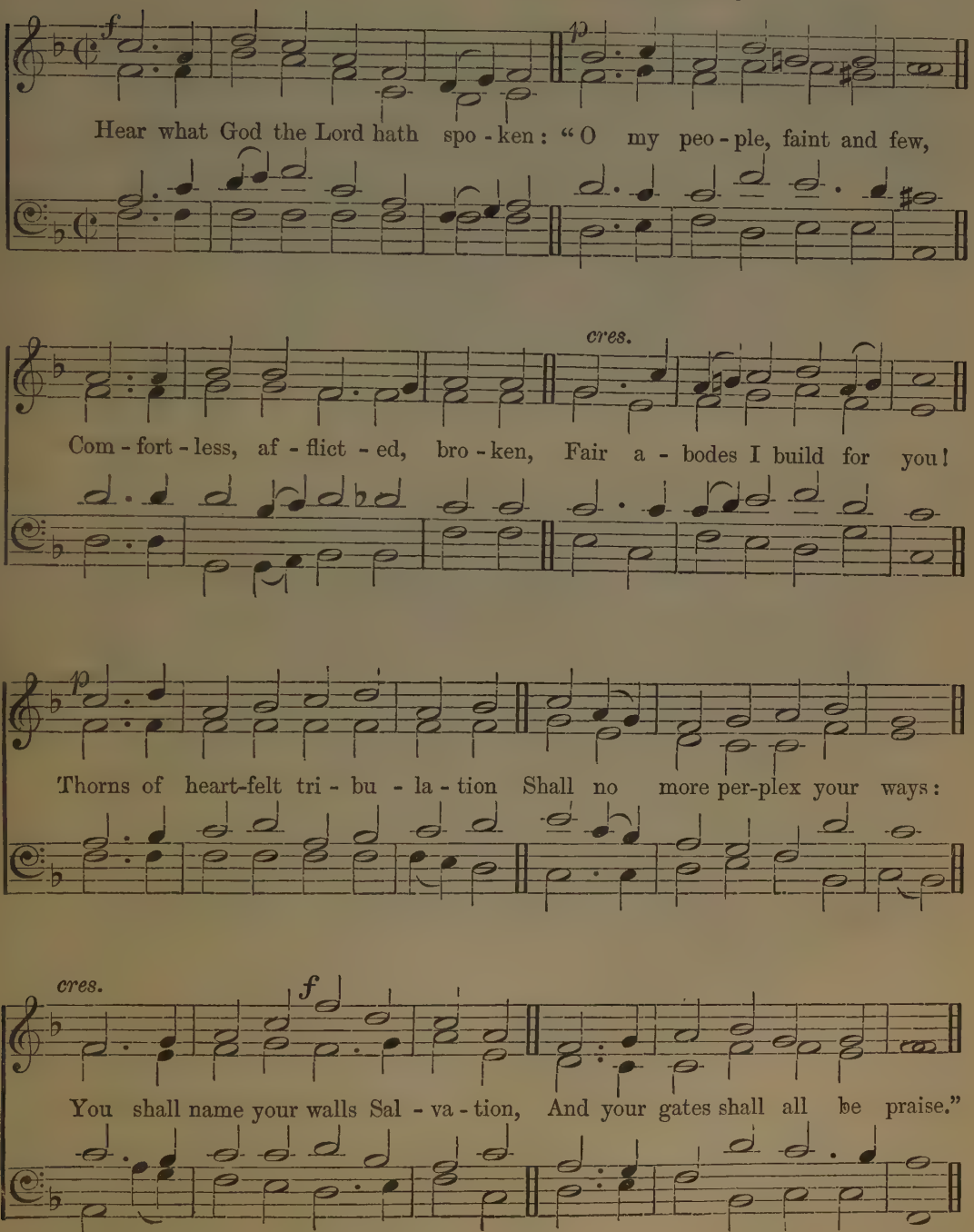
"The time is speeding, Simon,
When strength will yield to worth,
And the delicious olive
Shall flourish o'er the earth.
Then charity shall conquer,
As overcome it must,
And every battle weapon
Be buried in the dust."

The scythe was in the clover;
Old Reuben's words were there;
They came with every rustle
That laid the meadow bare.
In Simon's ears they tingled
Like some angelic chord,
That charity should conquer,
And not the lifted sword.

JOHN HARRIS, F.R.H.S.

Hear What God the Lord Hath Spoken.

Music by CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. D.,
Organist of Lincoln's Inn.


f
p
Hear what God the Lord hath spo - ken: "O my peo - ple, faint and few,
cres.
Com - fort - less, af - flict - ed, bro - ken, Fair a - bodes I build for you!
p
Thorns of heart-felt tri - bu - la - tion Shall no more per-plex your ways:
cres.
f
You shall name your walls Sal - va - tion, And your gates shall all be praise."

STUMPY'S MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TWO GARRETS," "LITTLE JACK," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.

WHEN Stumpy was quite recovered, he and his little mistress were inseparable companions.

They created quite a sensation the first day they appeared in the court, and the boys tried very hard to get Lily into one of her tantrums on his account.

"Call that a dog?" cried one.

"He's as ugly as you, Spitfire!" screamed another.

"Who'd have a dog without a tail?" bellowed a third.

Now, though Stumpy was no beauty, Lily thought him nearly perfect, and she was about to reply in a very cross manner, when her anger was arrested by seeing how coolly Stumpy took these insults, for, apparently thinking that words broke no bones, he stood among the childish group with every appearance of good humour, wagging the stump of his tail in his usual placid way, so that Lily was rebuked and quiet.

Presently, however, the dog made the boys understand that while they might take great liberties with him, Lily must not be interfered with, for when they began to push her about, he growled, and showed his teeth so threateningly that they deemed it wisest to give up their amusement at once.

Lily grew fonder of Stumpy than ever after this, and gradually the children noticed with surprise that it was much more difficult to make her angry than it used to be. She bore their teasing with greater patience, evidently struggling hard not to get out of temper.

They would have laughed had they been told that it was Stumpy's love and patience which had wrought this change in Lily. But it was true. Stumpy was her first teacher, and one who, though he could not teach her all she needed to learn, could teach her something. He had been the instrument of God's message to Lily's soul. For this dumb creature's love had lifted her out of the savagery of hate and malice in which she had been living, and through his affection she had caught a glimpse of those tender loving feelings that have their home among the angels. But though Stumpy had taught her to love and care for something beyond herself, his lesson could not go above that, and Lily required a higher one still, which she was now to get in another way.

One summer morning Lily was strolling through the close streets, with the dog at her heels, when she came to a waste piece of ground, on which some men were erecting a large booth.

At first she thought it was a show of some kind; but as there were no yellow caravans standing by, she knew it could not be one of those travelling exhibitions that are taken all over the country; so, after she had watched them at their work for some time, she asked one of the men what it was being put up for, and he told her it was a Gospel Tent, in which there would be preaching and singing the next night.

Lily did not know what a Gospel Tent was, but she had a vague idea, gathered she hardly knew how, that the Gospel had something to do with a Man called Jesus, whom they spoke about in the buildings with the tall spires, where the ladies and children who had beautiful faces and nice clothes went, and where they kept the big organs that made such pretty music. She had always felt too ragged to go to these places, but her old frock would not be noticed in a tent like that, so she determined to go.

The following evening, as the clock struck six, Lily took her seat in the booth, with Stumpy in her arms, for he was so docile that she knew he would at her slightest word lie perfectly quiet through the whole service.

The service was short, but very bright and full of spirit. The gentleman who conducted it did not read a chapter right through, nor preach a long sermon, but gave a running commentary on detached passages from various parts of the Bible, all bearing on the patience with which Jesus bore His sufferings, his object being to show the poor struggling people before him that, much as they suffered, Christ had endured far more, and they could gain strength to bear their trials manfully and well by remembering the patient submission with which He bore His.

Some of the beautiful texts he quoted came like strange but lovely music to Lily. The tears ran down her cheeks as he read, "He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." "Then did they spit in His face, and buffeted Him, and others smote Him with the palms of their hands." "And when they came to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him." "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The speaker was deeply in earnest, and his soul was stirred within him as he saw the rapt attention with which the people were listening; but as his eye glanced from one to another over that large assembly, his attention was especially arrested by the figure of the burnt girl, who was holding the ugly dog. They were anything but an attractive pair. He had never seen a child with a

face so sadly marred; and yet, as he looked at her beautiful hair and lustrous eyes, he thought that, had she been properly cared for, she might have been as pretty as his own fair young daughter at home. He saw she was very interested, and he silently prayed that he might be able to lead her to

borne it as none have ever borne theirs, and had come into the world for the purpose of helping all who sorrow and suffer; and Christ would complete the conquest of her heart.

The services were continued for some weeks, and every night Lily was in her place listening to the

"Lily took her seat, with Stumpy in her arms."—*p.* 232.

Jesus. His prayer was to be answered; but he would have been greatly surprised had he known that the ugly dog now sitting upright in the child's lap, and staring about him with a staid and dignified air that was amusing, had commenced the work in the girl's heart that his words were to complete. From the dog Lily had first learnt the germs of self-control, and had taken her first lesson in rightly bearing the heavy load laid upon her; and now she was to hear of the One who, having a heavier load to bear than any who have lived before or since, had

story of Him who bore her sins and carried her sorrows, and with whose stripes she could be healed. Soon she began to love the Christ; but she felt very ignorant, and often longed for some one to talk to her about Him, and she was therefore very glad when one evening the preacher stopped her as she was going out. He had watched her from the first occasion, but had no opportunity until now of speaking to her. He soon learned the sad story of her miserable home and unhappy life, but found to his joy that she was loving the Saviour, though he could

hardly repress a smile when she told him that the dog had been the first to teach her love and patience. But when he heard Stumpy's history and all he had been to her his amusement subsided, and as he patted the dog he felt he had another proof that God uses very varied means to bring about the end He has in view. Lily was pleased with the notice Mr. Percy took of her four-footed friend—and Stumpy made his usual unsuccessful attempt to acknowledge the gentleman's attention.

After this Mr. Percy often spoke to Lily, and his sister visited her in the court, and they were glad to know that as the weeks passed her trust in Jesus increased, and she became happier and more gentle. But she still had to maintain a constant struggle against her besetting sin, for the boys continued to annoy her. They had ceased to strike or push her now, from the fear of Stumpy's teeth, but they would stand some distance away, and endeavour to goad her into a fit of passion, by the old cry of "Spitfire," or the new ones, "Hypocrite," "Saint," they had given her as soon as they knew she went to the Tent. But though this vexed her, their favourite and most successful way of making her angry was to jeer at Stumpy and call him names. And much as she tried to conquer herself, this roused her temper when everything else failed, for she loved the old dog so much that she could not bear to have him reviled and spoken against.

The lad Spotty was the ringleader in all these persecutions. He was one of those bad boys who, thorough cowards at heart, show their mean nature by oppressing and worrying those weaker than themselves. He had always taken a keen delight in teasing Lily, and the more angry he made her, the better pleased he became. But lately it galled him to find that, from some unknown cause, his power to excite her temper was much less than it used to be, and he began to hate her for spoiling his fun; for he thought teasing a poor amusement, unless he could make a person angry by doing it. He was the first to see, however, that Lily could be most easily wounded through her affection for the dog, and so he never ceased to try and annoy her by this means.

He happened to succeed one morning at the very moment Miss Percy was walking down the alley. The lady heard the children at their wicked amusement, and though too far off to prevent it, saw Lily, in spite of an evident effort to restrain her temper, at length turn round in a very tempest of wrath, and return railing for railing. She could not help sympathising a little with the child, for it was a very cruel taunt that had excited her, but Lily hung her head in shame when she saw who had witnessed her outburst of passion. Miss Percy, however, instead of rebuking her then, turned to the boys, and with a flash of anger in her own eyes, said, "Boys! you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to tease a little girl like this. The dog has been a good friend to her, and she loves him. I should scorn to act in such a cowardly manner."

The boys had not expected Lily would find a champion to defend her, and they slunk away at once.

Then Miss Percy drew the sobbing child to her side, saying, gently—

"Never mind, dear. I know all this is very difficult to bear; but you must remember how patiently Christ bore His lot, which was so much harder than even yours is."

"Yes," Lily answered, "I know He did, and I 'm crying now because I forgot about Jesus, and spoke to the boys just as wickedly as I used to do. I 'm sorry also you saw me. But it 's hard always to remember all we ought, just at the right time."

"I am sure of that," her friend replied; "but you must try and forgive the lads; for if we do not forgive those who injure us, how can we hope to be forgiven?"

"I will try," she sobbed, "for I do want to be good. I 'm always saying over to myself the beautiful words Jesus said on the cross—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;' but somehow I forgot them to-day, when they called Stumpy such ugly names. I don't mind so much now what they call me, but it hurts me when they speak against him, for I love him so."

This talk helped her, and from that time she spoke so pleasantly to the children, trying to do little acts of kindness for them, and bearing her fresh injuries so meekly, that in a little while her loving and uncomplaining manner made most of them so ashamed of themselves, that gradually they ceased to tease her, and began to be a little sorry for her in her great misfortune, and love her. So true is it that "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

But Spotty was not so easily moved. The fact that the others had ceased to tease Lily made him tease her more, and he exhausted his ingenuity in devising fresh schemes of annoyance. He would get on a wall out of Stumpy's reach, and pelt Lily with bits of mortar and stones; put bricks on the dark stairs when she was coming down, so that she fell over them; and invent new and opprobrious words to call after the dog; but she bore it all so patiently that the wicked lad was nearly maddened by his inability to make her angry.

The change in Lily's character was indeed wonderful, for in the patient gentle child, who, while forgiving the cruellest wrongs to herself, was always compassionate with those of others, no one would have recognised the fierce angry girl, whose tempests of rage used to be the talk of the neighbourhood. Even her mother noticed the difference, and gradually began to treat her a little more kindly than before.

But her reformation was soon proved in a still more decisive way, by the noble Christian spirit in which she bore a great sorrow, and overcame a great temptation, which she was now called upon to endure. For one day, as Lily was in the street, and

Stumpy had lingered behind to eat a bone he had found in the gutter, Spotty, not seeing the dog anywhere, suddenly ran up to her, and seizing her roughly by the wrist, said, savagely—

"So I've got you alone at last, you canting little hypocrite, have I? See if I don't make you remember it. You ain't got your ugly brute with you now to show his teeth at a respectable person. So take that!"

And lifting his fist, the coward struck her two or three severe blows on the shoulder.

As Lily cried with the pain, a motherly-looking woman, who was passing, and had heard what Spotty said, and seen his cruel act, stopped and began to give him what she called a piece of her mind.

He had turned round and was very impudently defying her, when suddenly Stumpy, who, having finished his meal and followed his young mistress, had come up in time to see Spotty strike her, leaped up, and with a growl of rage, and eyes gleaming like fire, gripped his arm, biting it through, until Spotty howled with pain and fear.

The boy's shrieks soon attracted a crowd, but, though the dog was immediately taken off, the woman's account of why Stumpy had bitten him quite prevented the people sympathising with Spotty, and he was plainly told he richly deserved all he had received, and a great deal more.

But, trembling with fear as he was, he still showed his true character as he sneaked away, for he muttered between his teeth, "See if I don't make that wretched dog and 'Spitfire' suffer for this," and he emphasized his threat with an oath we dare not write.

Stumpy was made such a hero of by the crowd that Lily felt quite comforted. She was sorry Spotty had been so hurt, though she could not help feeling it served him right, but she fully forgave him the blows he had given her.

Poor girl! she little knew the revenge he was now plotting, and how hard she would soon find it to exercise forgiveness.

For the next morning when she went into the court, Stumpy was nowhere to be seen. It frightened her at once, for it was the first time since his leg had got well that she had not found him waiting for her at the door when she came out after breakfast.

She called him again and again, but there was no response, and on inquiring of the neighbours she found no one had seen him. Feeling thoroughly alarmed, she got some of the children, over whom she had now gained great influence, to assist her in the search, and they scoured every nook and corner of the locality, but without finding him.

At last one of the girls said, "I wonder whether Spotty knows anything about it. He always had a grudge against your dog, Lily."

As her friend spoke, Lily remembered the threat Spotty had uttered the night before, and with a sinking heart she owned to herself the fear that this was the cause of the dog's strange disappearance.

Her companion, on hearing of the previous evening's incident, was certain of it, replying, "You may be sure he's poisoned Stumpy, or killed him somehow, for he's a very vicious chap. But there he is—let us go and ask him."

The lad was coming along with his arm in a sling, and he looked a little shamefaced and confused on seeing Lily, but he denied altogether knowing where Stumpy was. Yet as he turned away there was such a malicious grin on his face, that they were quite sure he had done something to the dog, and that most probably Lily would never see her old favourite again.

And their suspicions were correct, for Spotty had poisoned him. When he uttered his threat of vengeance, he meant to carry it out, and not giving his wicked resolve time to cool, he got a small piece of meat, which he poisoned and put in Stumpy's way, and then threw the dog's body in the river.

One of the boys found it in the mud the following day, and took Lily to see it. A stranger would have cast a look of disgust at the dog, which, ugly in life, looked still uglier in death; but Lily, who knew his faithfulness and affection, felt as if her heart would break at seeing the last of the friend who had been such a blessing and comfort to her.

Of course there was no proof how he had come by his death. There was no proof against Spotty. Yet every one felt certain it was his cowardly act, and Lily had to battle with herself long, and pray very earnestly for help, before she felt she had fully forgiven him, and could say in all sincerity, "Forgive us our trespasses *as we forgive those that trespass against us.*"

The angels have often looked down on battle-fields in which worthless victories have been won at the cost of awful bloodshed and bitter woe, but they gazed on a nobler victory when this little girl conquered her feelings of anger and hatred against Spotty; for "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The loss of her dog was one of the severest trials Lily had ever known, for she had got so accustomed to have her four-footed friend pattering at her heels, and talk to him, that her sorrow was very great at his loss.

But soon an opportunity came for her to show clearly that she had really forgiven her enemy. For Spotty was taken ill. He had no father or mother, but lived with an uncle in a filthy underground cellar, and there, with no one to take care of him, "he was sick nigh unto death."

Lily heard of it, and in the spirit of the loving Master she was now following, she went to him, and, in the crisis of his fever, sat with him day after day, giving him the medicine left by the parish doctor, moistening his lips with water, and doing all she could for him; and she did not leave him even when, in his delirium, he over and over again described in what manner he had killed her dog.

In spite of all her care, the boy died; yet before

his release he had a few hours of consciousness, during which Lily whispered to him the story of the Cross. With longing eyes and labouring breath the lad listened and believed. And when in weak stammering tones he had told her of his wickedness to Stumpy, and begged her forgiveness, with the tears running down her cheeks she assured him he had had that long ago. Then he asked her to kiss him; and as she gladly did so, with a smile upon his lips he passed away.

Spotty was the first-fruits of her ministry for Christ, and when in after years she became a Sunday-school teacher, she was never tired of telling the children how Stumpy's mission had been the first means God used to bring her to Himself, and make her thus useful to Him.

"EPHRAIM IS A CAKE NOT TURNED."

SCRIPTURE TEXTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

Hos. vii. 8, 9.

HOSEA prophesied through a very long and eventful period. Of his personal history we know nothing; Scripture being silent, and the utterances of tradition untrustworthy. The prophecies of Hosea are chiefly, and, indeed, almost exclusively, addressed to Israel or Ephraim; for though Judah is often mentioned, sometimes as presenting a contrast to Israel, and sometimes as sharing in her transgressions, these allusions occur incidentally, and in such a way as to show that the prophet regarded his mission as being to Israel rather than Judah.

Called to minister to Israel at such a time, he could do nothing else than bear witness against prevailing corruption and apostasy, and announce the judgments which in swift and terrible succession were to fall upon the nation. Yet in this book, while words of threatening and rebuke predominate, we meet with many great and precious promises. Things have come to such a pass that the destruction of the kingdom is now inevitable; and the prophet does not attempt to disguise or gloss over this fact, but at the same time he announces that the mercy of the Lord is such, that when His people shall have been sufficiently humbled and chastened, by the severe and long-continued discipline to which they should be subjected, they shall be restored to the Lord their God, and David their king. This idea that God's love to Israel is seen in chastisement, not less than in promise and restoration, is that which runs through this entire book of prophecy.

If we bear in mind the condition of Israel at this time, we shall not wonder that the note of warning and threatening so decidedly predominates. The root of their sin was apostasy from the Lord God of Israel, yet they did not stand in undisguised opposition to God; they did not formally abjure the worship of Jehovah; they celebrated His feasts, they offered the sacrifices prescribed by the Mosaic law, they regulated in general their religious institutions according to the requirements of that law. But in doing this they discovered, as they thought, a method by which light and darkness, truth and error, the worship of Jehovah and the worship of idols, might be combined. They feared the Lord, but served other gods. They imagined that they could at the same time satisfy the demands of the God of Israel, and propitiate the gods of neighbouring nations. The result of this attempted compromise was most disastrous and deplorable; for while the worship of Jehovah remained externally the only prevailing one, the only religion which was formally recognised, in reality idolatry was obtaining almost sole dominion throughout the land; and the people who were thus insulting the Majesty of heaven were flattering themselves into a sense of false security, talking of God's covenant and promises, and boasting of the external services which they were so punctiliously rendering to Him. The natural consequence of this spiritual apostasy was dreadful corruption of manners. "There is," says the prophet, "no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. By swearing and lying, and killing and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood." And besides all the mischief and misery which flowed directly from their misdoings, there were the special judgments, the distinctively penal consequences, with which the Lord was visiting, or was about to visit, this guilty people, and which it was the office of the prophet to announce.

In the passage referred to at the head of this paper, we have a vivid, impressive, but most melancholy portraiture of the character and condition of Israel at this time. "Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people; Ephraim is a cake not turned. Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not: yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not." Here we have at once the sin of Israel, and the miserable consequences of Israel's sin described. How wonderfully have we exhibited, by a few graphic strokes, the actual condition of

that unhappy and guilty people—unhappy because guilty. Mixed with strangers, alienated from God; a cake not turned, burned on the one side, dough on the other, worthless on both; enfeebled and not conscious of declining strength; bearing the symptoms of decay, which ought to have been regarded as the unmistakable signs of approaching dissolution, and yet not knowing it. The words of the prophet are simple and homely in the extreme, yet they call up a striking picture of Israel's condition and circumstances.

But while we look with astonishment and regret on this picture of Israel or Ephraim, let us be ready to receive and lay to heart the lessons of instruction and warning which these words should convey. Leaving out of view all those considerations and circumstances which limit the application of these words, what do we discover in them? We have a very faithful, however humiliating, portraiture of some of the more prominent and essential features of all sin. We see in sin that which alienates from God, that which is inconsistent in itself, that which enfeebles and destroys its victim, while it renders him insensible to the enfeebling and destructive influence it exerts. Wherever you see a sinner, you see one to whom this description of Ephraim will apply as to all essentials, a man who, in his apostasy from God, has joined himself to and mixed himself with strangers; a man who is inconsistent with himself, as a cake not turned, burnt on the one side, unbaked on the other; a man who, however unconscious he may be of it, is being drained of all true vitality and strength, by sin, which ever exercises an enfeebling influence; a man in whom is going on the process of decay, and on whom are the multiplying indications of approaching dissolution, and yet he knoweth it not. Wherever sin reigns, we may be sure that it will sooner or later do for all its victims what it did for Ephraim.

If we look to the case of Ephraim, we see sin alienating men from God—leading man, in the spirit of apostasy, to separate himself from God, and join himself to, and mix himself with strangers. This is the very essence and root of all sin. To this, as the originating cause, may all the forms and manifestations of evil be traced up. Sin is the perverse and wilful breaking away from God, as the great controlling centre, and the source of all true blessedness. It is the turning away from the light of heaven to walk in the light of sparks of our own kindling. It is the forsaking the fountain of living water, to hew out for ourselves broken cisterns, which can hold no water. It is abandoning Him who would give us wine and milk without money and without price, and spending our money for that which is not bread, and our labour for that which satisfieth not. It is to exchange the safety and plenty of the fold for the sterility and peril of the desert—the peace and abundance of the Father's house for the destitution and suffering of the far country. It is to leave the service of the true and living God, who can help, and bless, and save, to engage in the service of idols which are insensible to the homage that we pay, and deaf to our cry of entreaty.

Wherever you see a sinner, you see one who is an apostate, who is an alien, a stranger, a voluntary outcast—one who, for all the higher purposes of being, is without God, without Christ, without hope in the world. And apostasy from God involves idolatry. If a man breaks away from God—ignores Him—he will join himself to, he will mix himself with, strangers; and from the history of Israel at this time, we may learn that men may become chargeable with the sin of apostasy and idolatry, while they professedly reverence the name of Jehovah, and scrupulously maintain the outward and recognised forms of His worship. It is so with many still. There are those who are professedly worshipping the true God, who are the slaves of their own lusts, their pride, their envy, their malignity, their love of wealth, of honour, of pleasure. We must remember that our God is a jealous God. He will have an undivided service, an undivided heart. The question then is, whom do we serve? Who is Lord over us? What is the dominant, regnant principle in our hearts and lives? Are we joined to the Lord in a perpetual covenant, all the conditions of which we are seeking faithfully to observe; or are we joined to Him only by a vain profession, while we are really mixing ourselves with strangers?

In looking upon the picture with which we are here presented of Ephraim's condition, we are reminded of the inconsistency of sin, or rather the inconsistency in which it involves its victim. Ephraim is a cake not turned. The figure is a very homely, yet most significant one. There is a cake baking upon hot ashes, or a hot plate, or stone. It needs to be watched, tended, turned, if it is to be properly baked. Neglect it, leave it unturned, and it will be burnt to a cinder on the one side, it will be so much unbaked dough on the other, and equally worthless and unprofitable in each extreme. So was it with Israel—burned up with a worthless zeal for the outward service of God on the one hand, utterly given over to the dominion of an idolatrous spirit on the other. The idea expressed being that of the irreconcilable inconsistency, and self-contradiction, in which sin involves its victims and votaries. "Come," says Jehu, on one occasion, "come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord." But we are significantly told that Jehu took no heed to walk in the ways of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart. He was an unturned cake, burned to a cinder on the one side, unbaked, uneatable dough on the other. Such, according to the prophet, was the condition of Ephraim or Israel at this time.

It is wonderful in what inconsistency and self-contradiction sin involves men. The cake not turned may denote formalism, hypocrisy—all those cases which are so numerous and which differ so widely among themselves, where there is respect shown to the outward forms of religion, but where the power, the reality, the life of religion is absent. Take the cake which has been lying uncared for on the hot ashes or hot stones; you look on the one side, and you say it is baked, more than sufficiently baked even, but it is not done through; turn it over, look at the other side, and you will find something very different. So was it with Israel, so has it been with many ever since. There have been always those who have sought to compensate for the lack of reality in religion, by paying scrupulous attention to its outward forms—those who draw near to God with their mouths and honour Him with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him; who say, "Lord! Lord!" but unto whom the doors of the Kingdom will not open—who have a name to live, while they are dead.

A cake not turned may denote indifference and neutrality in religion. There is, indeed, no such thing possible, but there have been many vain attempts made to secure and maintain such a condition. This was the great endeavour of Israel at this time, to keep in with God, by rendering to Him an outward service, and at the same time to propitiate and serve the gods of the heathen; and the result of this dishonest compromise is miserable failure. The prophet likens Israel to an unturned cake, which is neither one thing nor another, partly cinder and partly dough. How many are there who are repeating the vain experiment of Ephraim? They would occupy some neutral territory, some debatable ground between the Kingdom of God and the kingdom of Satan. They would like to reconcile contradictories, and be two different things, to go in two different directions at one and the same time. They suffer from all the discomfort of double-mindedness. They are as the waves of the sea, driven to and fro and tossed. We see them halting between two opinions, or standing in miserable, hopeless bewilderment in the midst of many; they are neither cold nor hot, neither one thing nor another; they are as an unturned cake, which, while burned, it may be, to a cinder on the one side, remains as so much unbaked dough on the other.

The unturned cake suggests the idea of serious, and possibly fatal deficiency and imperfection; the deficiency, the imperfection of an uncompleted process. With the unturned cake, for a time, and up to a certain point, everything goes on well enough; then the process is arrested, and from that point the changes which take place are those not of improvement, but deterioration. How many are there who in the religious life seem to advance well enough up to a certain point, but who do not get beyond! They know the sorrow of conviction, but not the joy of faith and hope. There are some who are all right as to intellect, but who are all wrong as to heart. There are some who are distinguished by great emotional sensibility, but there is no depth, no root. There are some who are always purposing and resolving, but who arrive at no practical determination. There are those who are always learning, yet never coming to the knowledge of the truth. There are those who, like Herod, hear the Word with pleasure, and who do many things gladly and pleasantly enough, but they arrive at last at a point in the way of compliance and obedience beyond which they resolutely refuse to advance. In all, or nearly all such instances we see the extremes of an ill-balanced character—defect on the one side opposed to excess on the other; as in the unturned cake, burned on the one side, unbaked on the other.

The picture with which we are presented in the passage reminds us of the enfeebling and ruinous influence of sin. Strangers—the strangers with whom he so thoughtlessly and sinfully mixed himself—devoured the strength of Ephraim, so that there were all the symptoms of decay, ruin, and dissolution upon him. And so is it with every sinner: sin enfeebles and devours the strength of its victim. We sometimes talk of the power of sin, but sin has power only to enfeeble and destroy. The power of sin is the power of a disease which feeds upon and devours the strength, drains the vitality of its victim, and brings him daily, hourly nearer to the fatal end. Nothing is more difficult, however, than to convince those who are subject to it that sin is as a disease enfeebling them, devouring their strength. Sometimes, indeed, it displays itself in its most hideous form, in the assertion and exercise of its most terrible power, and none can question whether it is a destroyer; but often, and more commonly, there is a hiding of its power. But in these cases the same process is going on, the same fatal result is being secured, though in a more subtle and less obtrusive way. It is so with all disease—now it is like some savage beast of prey coming forth openly in its resistless might against its victim, and devouring him in cruel haste; sometimes, as a more crafty but not less deadly foe, it secretly gains some position of advantage, lurking in which, it scarcely indicates its presence, till after long and patient waiting its prey comes completely within its reach, when it is at once stricken down and leisurely devoured. And what is true of sin viewed generally, is not less true of sin in its particular manifestations—pride and passion, hatred and revenge, drunkenness, uncleanness, untruthfulness; in all such instances do we see the moral power of resistance paralysed, and the victim hopelessly enfeebled by these strangers who devour his strength.

If we look to Ephraim we see him not only subject to an enfeebling and destroying power, but the ever-increasing feebleness is indicated by certain outward and visible signs. But sin, which is exerting this enfeebling and destroying influence, has a deadening power, steeps him in insensibility so that he knows it not. He knows not these things so as to be moved or influenced by the knowledge of them, so as to be humbled on account of them, so as to repent and seek amendment. We can conceive of no worse condition than this into which Ephraim had lapsed, declining strength, multiplying indications of approaching dissolution, and ever-deepening insensibility. Things were becoming worse and worse with Ephraim every day, the terrible and long-threatened doom was drawing nearer and nearer, and yet he knew it not.

BORNE BACK.

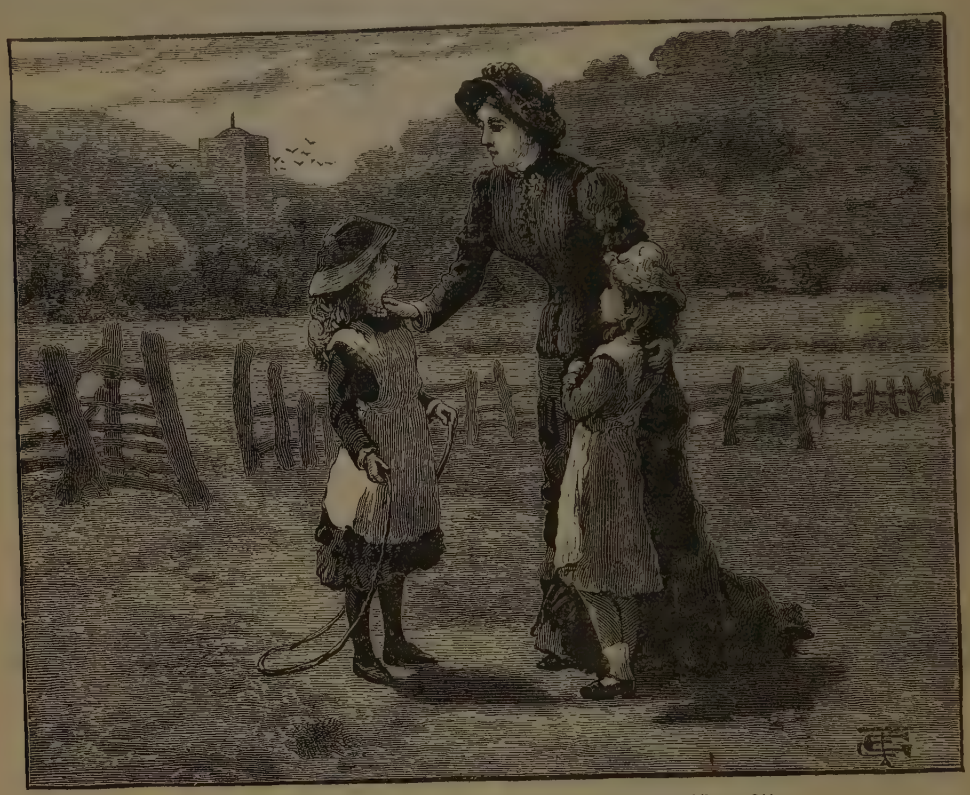
BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.—FAMILY GREATNESS.

WE lived in the suburbs of a small town in England — my mother, brother, and I. Why we lived there I cannot tell, unless it was for cheapness; for we had a view to economy in everything. My mother was the handsomest woman I ever beheld; she had a high forehead, dark eyes, a clear complexion, and beautiful straight nose. Her nose was at once her weak and strong point; she was justly proud of it, for it was the nose of the family. My mother *had* family; I suppose there was no one in the country round, with the exception of one great resident, of whom we shall speak again, who could at all come up to her in this respect. Even the vicar's wife could not, though she was first-cousin to Lady Naughtbury; or the squire's daughter. Of the good things of this life we had very little; indeed, it is a marvel to me now how little we could live upon then. I often look abroad in thought over the face of the earth and see what a scene of suffering it is, and how "the mystery of pain" rules hydra-headed, in its thousand-and-one forms. But of all the phases of trouble and care from which honest humanity suffers, I don't think there can be one harder to be borne than genteel poverty. Those born in humble station are not ashamed to own their needs; they are avowedly poor, and from the hope of relief come to obtruding the fact upon any one's notice in the meanest ways. But for those who have known "better days," who have desires far above their means, who strive to "keep up an appearance," as it is called, and shrink from the imputation of poverty as a crime, no one but a fellow-sufferer can tell what privations they secretly endure. The dinnerless days, the saving and pinching, the haggling and looking-out for bargains everywhere; how it all comes back to me now! Many a time the fashionable hat purchased at such cost covered an aching head, or the gay pelisse a young heart heavy with a load of secret care. I understood how empty were our pretensions almost as soon as I could understand anything, and hated them just as soon. At the same time, I sympathised with my mother in her efforts to maintain the dignity of the family and keep up our respectability, to a certain extent, though I often wondered why poverty should be a disgrace if it did not lead to one's doing wrong. To her credit be it spoken, everything we got was scrupulously paid for, and no one could charge us with the dishonour of debt. I like to think of this now, for, indeed, it must have been hard for her to keep out of it with our insufficient means and undeniable needs.

As for my brother and I, of course we took our mother's position, she being our only surviving parent, and took for granted our father's. Of the latter we knew nothing. I once asked mother if he had been in the army, as I had seen an officer at the head of his troop, and thought it the grandest profession, and therefore worthiest her mate. She told us then he was a gentleman; that was all. We thought from this he lived on his property; though how it happened that so little of the property was left behind him never occurred to us. The truth was (and I may as well state it here, though the knowledge did not reach us till long afterwards), he was a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, but he taught music. My mother often said I had not "a spark of proper pride," but whether from force of early habit or not, I know that, when I became aware of my father's calling, I always liked to call him a Professor, and to remember he composed music. Ay, and verses too, full of refinement and pathos, like (as it seemed to me) the very heart-breathings of one who had missed

something in life he had hoped at the outset to gain. I could fancy I saw him pouring forth his whole soul in the sad or powerful strains of the organ which first brought him into notice in the suburbs of London. Passionately fond of music as I was, what would I not have given to have been there to listen? My whole being was stirred at the bare imagining. I am sure he would have become famous had he lived longer. Many a tear I shed in secret over the verses which I found in manuscript among some old papers. One or two I have set to music, but others I never could publish, from the impression—almost amounting to pain—which they left on my own heart. I think the one word "Unsatisfied!" might have been written across each line. May it not be written across most lives?



"'This little girl's mother is the daughter of a King.'"—*p.* 241.

At all events, if he had genius I had none, for I never was, and never shall be clever.

"Set Miss Wyld down at the end of the class," was the comment of the mistress of the first school I attended, after she had tested my abilities and progress in learning.

Miss Wyld was set down, and never rose to the head of it that I remember.

"Never mind, Suey," my brother Leopold said; "if there is anything wanting in the head, you have a double portion in the heart, you know."

With this I was fain to be content, as I always was content with commendation from him.

But if I was neither very wise nor very beautiful, Leopold was accounted both. He had my mother's nose—that was enough for her, and perhaps, should have been enough for me; but it was more to my yearning heart that he had a more affectionate nature and a softer will than hers. I looked up to and admired him as I admired no one else on earth. Whatever he said or did *must* be right. I loved him tenderly—I loved him passionately. I loved as one who has nothing else, and wants nothing else on earth. I loved him unwisely, because I was a foolish little thing, and he so much above me, and if he afterwards had faults, I suppose I helped to foster, if not to create them.

Not being clever, I must tell my story in a roundabout way—in bits and scraps, put together as they occur to me. I was five years younger than my brother, and still an infant in arms at the time of my poor father's death. As I grew old enough to seek companionship outside our own cottage home, I found we had few friends—or, at least, little society—and learned from repeated injunctions that it was not to be expected we could mix with the people of the town.

"Are you respectable?" I asked on one occasion when a little girl offered to play with me.

I remember it well, on account of what followed. I had lisped the inquiry as one of my earliest utterances, and am ashamed to say it was too common of itself to awaken remark or stamp itself upon my memory. Now, however, a lady dressed in black was passing, who seemed amused at it. She stopped, and turned to me a face which attracted by its mild sweetness, though I did not quite like the smile that rested upon it. The child I addressed did not understand my silly question; the lady did.

"She is," the lady answered. "This little girl's mother is the daughter of a King."

"Then she must be as high as the Castle," I went on, in a childish manner.

I had seen a famous ruin in the neighbourhood, in which monarchs had once dwelt, and strangely confounded their abode with their persons.

"A great deal higher," rejoined the lady, still smiling; "her home is in the skies."

Then, seeing me look astonished, she added—

"Every Sunday I gather around me a few little ones, who will live in the King's palace by-and-by, I trust. I shall come to see your mother, and if she allows, will gladly show how you may join them there. Good-bye, dear."

Her tone was very kind, and she bent down over me as I stood gazing up into her sweet face, wondering at a beauty which was so wholly unlike my mother's. Then she looked straight into my eyes, perhaps trying to read the puzzled expression she saw there, and bending lower kissed me. With that kiss came a new element of joy into my life, and my whole being seemed refreshed. It was the beginning of a friendship that was to brighten my days, and for which I shall praise God throughout eternity.

CHAPTER II.—A COMING DOWN.

OURS was a curious old town; it was approached by two main roads and two less important cross roads. It was built in the form of a square, two sides having the most fashionable shops, the other two quieter stores, where goods of an inferior description were sold at a low rate. The latter we visited at dusky eventide. It was situated in a valley, from which the hills rose on either side as diverse one from the other as were the shops, or the customers who frequented them. One was comparatively barren; one cultivated in small patches all the way up to the top; a third one dense wood, with a woodranger's house peeping out of a clearing in the midst; while the fourth was crowned by a mansion grand enough for my mother to dwell in. Not a blade of grass on the beautiful rich lands that surrounded it, not a rustle of the whispering leaves but seemed to speak of plenty and of peace. A great calm settled down on the spirit, in keeping with the calm without, when, stepping out of the sunlight, one came upon the broad shady avenue, or a lovely side-path out of the many, where sometimes little rills ran murmuring on, and foreign ferns and strange reed-like plants drooped from grey columns that never looked as if placed there by the hand of Art. This was the residence of the great man of the neighbourhood, General Capel, an old Peninsular hero, who had retired to his ancestral estate to enjoy well-earned repose. Tired of war, he courted peace; weary of fighting, he set himself so high up here on the brow of the hill that his nest might as well have been on a rock, for no one thought of mounting up to contend with him. From bearing himself so long uprightly and bravely he had stiffened into an erect position figuratively as well as literally, and never unbent. He never descended, that is, from his greatness, but lived in a sort of dignified isolation named seclusion. My mother gloried in the remembrance of what she had been, General Capel in what he then was—above ancestral greatness, yet not wholly independent of it. The world deemed hers an empty honour, and his a full one, as it had broad lands and gold pieces to support it; but I have often thought, since I learned to reason about such things, that his honour was empty too, for it lacked in it a chief element of joy. His full cup never overflowed in blessing to others; it was borne by a steady hand right to his own lips. When he did good it was to gratify himself, to increase his importance or renown. There was no room in his life for self-sacrifice; no care in his heart for those who lodged lower down. Their apparent need he could meet with a princely dole, but their happiness was no concern of his. Of course, he could not descend one step to meet them on their own ground. Wrapped in his mantle of pride, he walked singly and apart. I don't think such a separate path can be a happy one; nay, I am sure it is not. Blessed be God, the General had a daughter, who, like her Divine Master, knew what it was to make herself "of no reputation," and live for others only. She was the lady to whom I referred in the last chapter, and who lost no opportunity for usefulness within a Christian woman's sphere.

It was not all at once I learned her history; some from herself, some of it not till long years had passed away. To General Capel was given no son, which was a bitter disappointment, and from the three daughters who blessed his union, two were taken away in infancy. To the surviving daughter, Agnes Capel, came much trial. Early brought to the knowledge of Christ, at the age of twelve she saw her Christian mother depart to be with the Lord she loved. A great responsibility now devolved upon her, and well, I am sure, did the child-woman, tiding back all selfish sorrow, fulfil her part. A few more years and there came into her life a brightness which was to shed its mild ray over all her future path. But this blessing was suddenly and mysteriously withdrawn. Attached to one in every way worthy of her, she saw him go forth to serve his country in the terrible Afghan war, from which he was never to return. Agnes Capel tried to whisper, "It is the Lord!" and to trust His love where she could not trace it. In answer to the upward look came the

downward strength. She rose from that crushing blow in a spirit of more entire consecration, thenceforth to sit loose to earth and all its joys. She had been trained in the highest school for the highest service. As one who had received consolation, she could minister the same, and became a very angel of mercy to the sick and sorrowing. She had passed through deep waters, but One like unto the Son of God bore her safely on, and she found He not only could pacify, but satisfy. He can fill every void. Truly,

> All our life is mixed with death;
> And who knoweth which is best?

Sometimes methinks it is easier to die than to live.

Oh, how I loved Miss Capel's sweet face, when, having called on my mother, and won her way by quiet friendliness, she obtained permission for me to attend her Sunday-class. It was there I first heard the words of life—the Gospel of our salvation. We had not been brought up religiously, nor learned, as other children do, to lisp the letter of truth from our cradles. I knew a wonderful Person named Jesus Christ had lived and died, just as I knew any other historical fact, and believed in Him as I believed in Alfred the Great, or some other good man of whom I had read or heard. I am sure I felt a greater interest in the latter. It never occurred to me that I had personally anything to do with a Saviour, or, indeed, to rank myself amongst sinners at all. They were a fearfully low class; I had seen some of them reeling out of a gin-shop in the town. Our little maid-of-all-work, Hannah Thomson (sad to relate), might be numbered amongst them, for I had heard my mother, in a time of worry and fret, address her as a "young sinner." That I could come down to their level, as involved in a common ruin, was beyond my conception. I am afraid (ridiculous as it may appear) mine was the popular idea that "ladies are not sinners," and I might in truth have taken my place beside the one who refused to go to heaven with her footman. Miss Capel first showed me the consequences of the fall: that I was lost by nature, had gone further astray by practice, and would be lost for all eternity unless I hearkened to the voice of the Good Shepherd who had come "to seek and to save," to rescue and restore. She was speaking to us one Lord's Day on the fifteenth chapter of Luke, when, turning suddenly to me, she gently said—

"You are a sinner. Do you know this, dear?"

"No—o," I stammered.

A bright but somewhat saucy-looking child sat next me. Miss Capel turned to her.

"Are you a sinner, Fanny?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating rejoinder.

"Can you describe yourself?"

"A great sinner."

"Quite true," replied our teacher, gravely. "You have judged rightly. You are indeed a great sinner."

The child tossed her pretty little head until the cherry-coloured ribbons in her hat waved like the poppies in a field, and there was a pouting expression on her lip. I could not but marvel to see she was offended at having her opinion confirmed, her ready answer approved. I have since learned that people in fancied humility often condemn themselves, but will not bear to have their unfavourable judgment confirmed by another.

Then the last question ran round the class, eliciting various replies. One said she was "a poor sinner," another "a great," another "a lost," another "the chief of sinners;" but I did not think any of them seemed disturbed by the humiliating confessions they were making. It came to the little girl who had been so rudely repulsed when she offered to play with me.

"Lucy, can you describe yourself?"

A flush mounted to the child's cheeks, but there was a strange light in her face which was met by one as radiant on the teacher's. They looked into each other's eyes with ready intelligence. Slowly but distinctly the answer came—

"A pardoned sinner."

There was a pause. It was strange but powerful testimony, coming from such young lips, and impressed us all more than the longest speech would have done.

Then Miss Capel passed on to a girl evidently of a different class and character.

"Hannah, do you know any person who is wholly bad?"

"Yes, sure, miss," was the somewhat pert rejoinder; "there 's——"

"Hush!" Miss Capel interrupted. "I don't wish to hear their names. God knows them, but He knows us too. Can you take your place beside them, as by nature ruined and undone?"

There was a puzzled look on the girl's face; then a defiant expression crossed it as she returned—

"No, that I can't. I may not be all I ought to be, but there 's a lot of difference between me and them."

Miss Capel simply made us open our Bibles, and read aloud from the third chapter of Romans—

"For there is no difference; for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"And you, dear?" she said, turning again to me.

"I 'm very respectable," I replied, true to my early training, in a way I blush to recall.

"I know that," the young lady rejoined, checking the smiles of the class with a glance; "but no amount of earthly good—no earthly position—will avail here. It cost the life of the highest Man who ever came on earth—the Son of God—to redeem the soul from hell. For you who do not acknowledge yourselves sinners, and also for you who acknowledge it with your lips while your hearts are unmoved by the sad confession, I have heavy tidings. There is no salvation for fancied sinners: Jesus came to save bad people. As He says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

Then she went on to show that some were respectable and even religious, others openly profane; but

until they saw their guilt and helplessness, and came to Jesus for life and liberty, all were "captives sold under sin," all were on one broad platform of ruin, all on one level—unsaved. The gate into Christ's Kingdom was low as well as narrow, and every one must come down from their fancied greatness and stoop to enter in. It was a terrible assertion to make, and yet I admitted it as proved from God's Word.

On returning home (my mother being absent), I went into a dark corner of a little closet that opened out of her room, and breathed aloud, "Lord, I don't want to be very high or very clever, or even to be thought very good, but I want to come down and sit at Thy feet!"

And His own loving hands placed me there as surely as if He were still on earth. And sitting there He showed me many things I needed to learn, such as my utter ruin and His remedy. I saw, too, my former ignorance and folly in despising those of lowly birth, and thought if the Son of God did not contemn business when He came on earth, why should I pride myself upon having no connection with it? A light seemed to shine around me, a strange deliverance to come, a strange whisper to fill my heart with joy—"Thou art mine! I have bought thee with My blood."

And so I cast myself wholly upon His proffered mercy, and said, "Yes, Lord, yes; Thine for ever. Oh, may I give my life to Thee!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

BY A FORMER MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

SPEAKING the plain language" was another of their most observable peculiarities; and this not only implied the use of the singular instead of the plural pronouns, the designating the months of the year and the days of the week by numbers, but also the entire disuse of all ceremonious modes of address. "Friends" always addressed the outside world, as well as each other, by their Christian names, but when they spoke to a person entitled from age or circumstances to greater respect, they almost invariably added the surname, and would say, "Wilt thou have this, William Smith?" or, "Hast thou seen that, Susanna Thompson?" but very rarely have I heard them use the expression, "*Friend* So-and-so," which is commonly put into their mouths. I remember an old Friend saying to me that she "believed *Jane Lind* to be a very respectable young woman"—no doubt considering *Jenny* frivolous and familiar. They fully recognised hereditary or civil titles, but they never used the terms "my lord" or "his grace," or "her majesty," and on the rare occasions of their presenting any address or petition to those in power, the quaint simplicity of their perfectly respectful "May it please the Queen," or, "We would hope, O Prince," reminded one of the Bible phraseology.

The domestic life of Friends was, I think, very peaceful and happy, and this from various causes. Their separation from the rest of the world in dress and manners, habits and amusements, led them especially to cultivate the simple pleasures of every-day home life and the domestic affections. The extended personal knowledge and sense of brotherhood in their own community gave a family character to all their social gatherings; and this was doubtless increased by their marriages being strictly confined within their own pale, so that their actual relationships were widespread; and, "cousin" being a more respectful address than the plain name, they "called cousins," as the Scotch say, to very far-away connections.

Their education was devoid of much of what we call accomplishments. Drawing, though permitted, and, indeed, taught in their schools, was not warmly encouraged; whilst music in any shape was strictly prohibited, and even when Nature had given an intense love for it, and a sweet voice and correct ear were amongst her gifts, no encouragement whatever was given to their exercise even in sacred melodies. But, on the other hand, the intellectual powers were carefully cultivated, and every branch of a solid education thoroughly studied, and a real practical acquaintance with chemistry, astronomy, and natural philosophy was no uncommon attainment amongst the young Friends. Works of fiction were much disapproved; indeed, there was a special caution against them in the "Rules of Discipline," so that any knowledge of them was obtained by stealth; but poetry (properly selected) was a favourite study. Thomson, Cowper, and, in a lesser degree, Milton, were their standard works, whilst the younger generation delighted in Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans. Shakespeare, of course, was to Friends a sealed volume; but with the general literature of the day, as connected with travels, biography, or science, they were very familiar.

From their earliest years they were taught to control their feelings, to repress outward emotions, and to avoid all exaggerated expression, so that, although there was really no lack of playful fancy, or a keen sense of humour amongst them, there was a cautious tone and want of enthusiasm which gave a calm and somewhat formal character to their inter-

course. Even in circumstances which might seem to excuse a little perturbation of speech, habits and education maintained their hold. Some friends of mine, Quaker ladies, were returning from a visit late in the evening, and were attacked by highwaymen in a lonely part of the road, though not far from a large town. The lights of their carriage attracted the notice of another Friend, who chanced to be near, and going up to see what was the matter, he was himself robbed of his property, and thrust into the carriage with its other plundered occupants. After a time, all being still, one of the ladies said to him, "Wilt thou be so kind, Joseph Jones, as to look out and see if the robbers are gone?" But he, being in a terrible fright, could only reply, "If it makes no difference to thee, Sarah Robinson, I would *rather not!*"

Also I recollect another case, where a female Friend, residing in a solitary country place, showed presence of mind as well as consistency of demeanour. Hearing a noise, in the dead of the night, of some one attempting to raise the parlour window of the low cottage in which she dwelt, she opened her chamber lattice above, and quietly leaning out, touched the head of the intruder below with her umbrella, saying, "I did not think *thou* wouldst have done such a thing!" Whereupon the man, imagining she recognised him (which she did not), made off as fast as possible. And certainly somewhat peculiar was the way in which a very clever friend of ours (a member of a committee of Quaker ladies who managed most admirably a school of some hundreds of children gathered out of the lowest depths of a large town), being struck by the countenance of a little girl whom she met on the stairs, accosted her with the rather startling exclamation, "If the archives of thy pedigree were searched into, I believe thou wouldst be found to be a Chinese!"

But this very precision of speech, combined with the absence of all coarse and rough expressions, and the most exquisite neatness and propriety of dress and habitation, gave a refinement and dignity to the manners of even the poorest members of the Society which I have never seen in the same class elsewhere. Anything more neat and pure-looking, at all times of the day, than the dwelling of the humblest "Friend" I have never beheld; anything more snowy white or more exact in its folds than the cap, the clear muslin handkerchief, and the apron of the lowliest and most diligent housewife; whilst however poor or however busy, they always appeared composed and self-possessed, and were rarely prevented from attending their various meetings for worship or discipline.

A kind of Jewish exclusiveness reigned in many of the more orthodox families. I have known young girls in their teens, who had scarcely, if *ever*, in their lives *spoken* to a person, unless a servant, or in a shop, who was not "of the Society;" and any intimacy with those who were "not of us as a people," was always looked upon with suspicion. Indeed, the barrier, or as Friends, with much self-congratulation, termed it, "the hedge" which their peculiarities formed around them, prevented that free unrestrained intercourse with others which alone could make it agreeable to either party. I remember I fell many degrees in the estimation of my stricter schoolfellows after the visit of a fashionable lady and her daughter; and I do not think I ever *quite* recovered my standing when it was known that I had many acquaintances and relatives who were not Friends.

As I before said, the Quakers were brought up to avoid all exaggeration of speech, and strictly to adhere to the truth; and although doubtless amongst them, as in other communities, a fair seeming sometimes covered a crooked spirit, still, as a body, I do think they were very truthful both in word and deed, occasionally carrying their literal adherence to fact to an absurd extent. I knew an old Friend to whom, and his brother, their father left his property, with the injunction that it was "to be equally divided betwixt them." This was done until of all the goods and chattels a table and a conch-shell along remained. Here was a difficulty, as the two things were certainly not of equal value, so, after due consideration, they decided to cut each of them *in two*, which they actually did, each son becoming the lawful possessor of half a table and half a conch-shell!

It was remarkable that in so grave and conscientious a community general conversation on religious subjects was by no means encouraged. In most families the Scriptures were read aloud to the assembled household at least once a day, followed by a reverent pause. At meals the family always "sat quiet" for a minute or two before they began to eat, but no outward expression of prayer or praise took place on either occasion. This arose from one of the fundamental doctrines of the Quakers that no words on religious subjects were acceptable to God, or profitable to man, unless uttered under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit. This prevented all *discussion* upon the meaning of passages of Scripture, except in rare instances; and the most serious would have shrunk from talking upon religious doctrines, even with their children or most intimate friends, unless under the influence of some spiritual intimation, considering such conversation as "resting in the letter," or "savouring of man's wisdom."

Whilst on this subject, I must allude to the mistaken, though common, belief that any Quakers might rise up in their meetings for worship, and preach, if they felt "the Spirit move them"—an expression, by the way, rarely used. Certainly any one believing that they were so called upon, might stand up in their place, and utter the words which they believed were given them; but this by no means made the individual a minister. Many such utterances must have taken place, and a general feeling gained ground that what was said was "acceptable," before any recognition was taken of such speaking; and then searching were the tests, and solemn were the meetings held, and grave were

the deliberations, before, by the united assent of his brethren, the speaker was acknowledged as a "minister" according to the regulations laid down in the "Rules of Discipline," wherein are many for the guidance of the elders in their watchful supervision of those already acknowledged; and no minister, however approved or long established, could be received upon any religious mission, by any part of the community beyond the bounds of his or her monthly meeting, without a certificate from the latter.

Sometimes the early attempts at speaking were not approved; and more than once, when the stillness of a meeting was broken by some one in its midst uttering a few hesitating words, I have been present when another member has risen, and in a solemn decided manner said, "I believe it would be more acceptable to the meeting if thou wouldst sit down!" Whereupon the speaker generally did sit down, and rarely rose again for the same purpose.

Of late years many changes have taken place in the Society of Friends. Great numbers, both in England and America, have separated from it on points of doctrine; less stringent rules regarding dress, etc., have obtained, and a much wider intercourse with those of other denominations has gradually broken down "the hedge" which kept it so isolated and self-contained. When, however, George Fox and his fellow-labourers stood forth as witnesses for the gift of the Holy Spirit, and the necessity of His immediate teaching to the spiritual life, that doctrine had fallen into great comparative neglect. No doubt the preaching of these devoted Quakers was one of the means used by God for the revival of this great truth in all the churches. M. H.

MR. JAY:

A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE OF A COMMONPLACE PERSON.

SMALL and neat—very; age uncertain; spectacles, thin faded hair, faded overcoat to match, and an alpaca umbrella. He may be good, Will, but he is one of the most common-looking persons I have seen for some time."

"Did you ever see an original-looking clerk?" queried Will, reflectively, from his sofa by the fire. "It seems a moral necessity that they should all be fashioned after the same pattern."

"Is he a clerk?" I asked, turning round from the window.

"So Ford told me this afternoon. Jay, his name is; he 's the cashier at Grimsby's."

The said cashier had just come up the street, and let himself in at the next house. A wood-yard on one side, and a long low store shed on the other, separated the two houses, that and ours, from the rest of the street. The other had been empty for months past, but a week ago the bill had been taken down from the narrow dusty window; some old-fashioned furniture had arrived in a cart, under the charge of a grim-faced deaf old woman, and lastly the tenant himself appeared upon the scene, and from the open laths of the Venetian we anxiously surveyed him, and straightway came to the aforesaid conclusion.

Will was an invalid—there was something wrong with his spine, and often for weeks together he never left his sofa. There were only the two of us now, and necessarily spending the greater part of our lives shut into our tiny house, we had fallen into a habit of watching and speculating upon the stray threads of busier lives that sometimes drifted past the quiet corner where our barks had stranded. This was one. We had built up tall castles round the coming unknown, and it was rather a descent to find such an insignificant commonplace personage for the occupant.

For two or three months his comings and goings were a matter of careless indifference to us. There was not the shadow of a peculiarity about him to waken any interest. Punctually at twenty minutes to nine every morning he let himself out of the front door; punctually at twenty minutes past six every evening he let himself in. Every Sunday morning he went to church, and in the afternoon read a big brown volume that might have been either a family Bible or a Shakespeare, and after a lengthened discussion the first week upon his possible reasons for wearing such a remarkable drab overcoat, we left our little neighbour's movements unnoticed and uncriticised.

At length, in the middle of one bleak October night, we inaugurated an acquaintance with him. Will was seized with one of his worst attacks; the doctor's house was nearly a mile away, and our one maid was a stranger and knew nothing of the place; there was no time to lose, and in utter perplexity I slipped out at our front door and knocked loudly at

the next. It was opened, after what seemed a terribly long interval, by little Mr. Jay himself, with a candle in his hand; he looked slightly amazed at the sight of me.

"Isn't it Miss Bryce?" he asked; "is anything the matter?"

"It is my brother—he is so ill, and I haven't any one to send for the doctor; would you mind——"

"Of course I will," he interposed; and I remembered after how promptly the response came; "where does he live?"

I told him, and hurried back. The doctor came; he had helped us through many previous illnesses, and shortly after the paroxysm passed, and Will quietly dropped off to sleep.

He was not able to come down the next day at all, and we took our tea up-stairs together in the evening. In the midst of it there came a gentle knock at the front door, and a message was brought up that Mr. Jay would like to see me for a minute.

"The first call of the series," commented Will. "Mind you thank him for me, for fetching Ford."

Mr. Jay was standing on the rug in the half-lighted sitting-room, and I delivered Will's message in due terms. I wound it up rather abruptly, finding that my eloquence was not making the impression I expected.

"Miss Bryce," he began eagerly, the moment I stopped, "I wanted to ask you something. Do you think I could take proper care of a young baby? it's a girl."

I looked at him in considerable astonishment. "I—I don't know exactly—have you got one?"

"I found one last night as I came back from the doctor's; it's at the police station now. The mother was in a fit in the street, and she died this morning."

"Don't they know where she lived? Has she no friends?" I asked, dubiously.

"No; I went round to-night. London's a large place, and they can't find anything about her," he returned; "and the baby will be sent to the workhouse, unless I take it."

"Babies need a great deal of attention," I sagely observed. "Do you really want it?"

There was a minute's silence before he answered.

"Miss Bryce," he said, "I am a good way past forty now, and since I was sixteen I have never had anything to care for or to belong to me. I'm poor and plain, but this little creature would not know that, and I would be better for her than the workhouse."

"What does your housekeeper think about it?"

"I haven't said anything to her yet; she's old, you know; besides, babies sleep nearly all day," he explained, with an air of calm confidence, "and I am always back by six; don't you think it's possible? I thought you would understand."

I thought of the little man's forty lonely years—Will and I had each other—and turned to him suddenly. "Mr. Jay, you helped us last night, and if you take it I'll help you all I can with it. I don't know anything about babies, but it can't be very hard to find out."

"Thank you," he said, gratefully. "If you would look at it sometimes in the day, or tell me what to do, I 'm not at all afraid of the nights."

At half-past six the very next evening there was another low knock at the door, and Mr. Jay came in with a big bundle in his arms. There was not a shade of anxiety in his bright face as he proudly opened the rough shawl to show us his new possession.

"There! isn't she a bonnie little creature?" he demanded.

"Indeed she is," assented Will, warmly, stretching up from his sofa to look at the tiny face and placid blue eyes nestling among the grey folds on his arm. It lacked no welcome from any one of us that night. We solemnly debated over the merits of various feeding bottles and vague fragments of half-forgotten nursery lore for an hour; and when Mr. Jay gathered up his little waif and left us, it seemed almost impossible that only two days before we had been perfect strangers.

Before a week was over, Mr. Jay's baby was an institution; but ah! the anxious hours before we got into that baby's ways—it had to come to that, for it utterly declined to fall in with ours. We read aloud elaborate theories from ponderous tomes on the propriety of regular hours and firm training, but one pitiful baby-cry scattered them all to the four winds; and, ah! the humiliating blunders I made in trying to fashion the little garments and make it look like other peoples' babies. Hitherto, I had ranked as a moderately intelligent and accomplished person, but those melancholy failures brought me down from that pedestal for ever.

Through the day the basket that did duty for a cradle generally occupied one corner of our tiny sitting-room, but punctually at twenty past six, Mr. Jay appeared and took his treasure home; we did not hear much of the after proceedings from him—he was not a communicative person; but through the thin partition wall we often listened to his hurried quarter-deck walk for hours together, trying to still its crying. Mr. Jay's hair was rougher now, and his general appearance lost much of the neatness that had originally distinguished him; but there was a lightness in his step as he went down the street every morning that there had not been heretofore, and a look of quiet content was gradually dawning upon his insignificant face that completely transfigured it at times.

He had mentioned his new responsibility at Grimsby's, and made inquiries in every likely direction, but the little waif seemed as completely unknown as though it had come—as we sometimes fancied Mr. Jay verily believed—straight from heaven.

She grew very quickly into a part of his life. I

asked him merrily one night what he would do with her if he chanced to fall in love, and his lady-love objected to this claimant.

He looked at his reflection in the chimney-glass a full minute before he spoke. "Do you think I look like a man for any woman to fall in love with?" he asked.

I could not conscientiously say that he did. "But if you——" I began, hesitatingly. I had read or heard it somewhere that any man not absolutely deformed might win a woman if he wished, and wanted to put it as politely as possible.

"That 'but' was over long ago for me," he interrupted. "That is why I wanted the baby."

And that was all we have ever learnt, then or later, of his past.

We might tend the little one in his absence, and he was grateful for it; but once he reached home he seemed to prefer that she should be left entirely to his care. It was a curious mixture of the pathetic and ridiculous to see the methodical little man promenading up and down before the woodyard with his treasure, when the early spring evenings began to lengthen out, to give it the benefit of the fresh air, and the smell of the pine boards, which it was one of the articles of our creed to believe had a genuine country fragrance.

"He always reminds me of the old parable of the poor man and his one ewe lamb," Will once remarked, looking after him as he passed the window on one of these constitutionals.

"Don't you think it 's time she had a name? What are you going to call her?" he asked, as Mr. Jay suspended his pilgrimage a moment to tell us of another tooth that was shortly to make its appearance. It was a profound mystery to me in those days—is still, for that matter—why babies are not sent into the world ready furnished in that particular. So many of this one's grievances seemed to be connected with the getting them.

Mr. Jay rested his arm on the window-ledge and looked down at Will's cushion. "Theodora," he said, briefly.

"Theodora," echoed Will; "it sounds quite impressive. Is it after any one you know?"

"N—o," he answered, slowly, and a little unwillingly, "it was because—it means something, you know."

A little silence fell upon us, and he went back to the neighbourhood of the pine boards.

"I rather think," observed Will, meditatively, after a long pause, "that Jay was originally intended for a great man—it comes out in stray things occasionally; but unfortunately he has not the slightest capacity for either looking or expressing the character."

Early the next morning (it was Saturday) Mr. Jay came in. There was something wrong with the baby, he thought—would I come and look at her? She was lying in her basket flushed and heated, and when Mr. Jay had reluctantly gone away to business, I put a blanket over it, and carried the whole concern back with me. The morning wore on and brought no change, and at noon we sent for Mr. Ford. His face grew serious as he listened to her breathing.

"Keep her in one room, and have plenty of steam and hot water about; there are symptoms of croup."

Our hearts failed within us at the word. Croup was a fell destroyer we had heard of and read about in books, but we had not counted upon finding it at our own gates. Mr. Ford gave us some further directions, and went, promising to look in again in the course of an hour or two.

"Will, what are we to say to Mr. Jay?" I cried, as the door closed upon him.

"It will be a case of doing, not saying, I fancy," he returned; "though she may be all right again by then—children often are."

But she was not. Mr. Jay came in with the doctor about five, and there was no need to tell him; he saw it for himself. Mr. Ford stayed a little while, then he told us he could do nothing further—it depended on the child's strength—and he left us to our vigil. It was the first time we had ever seen a baby suffer. Hour after hour the old church clock down the street tolled out the long night, while we watched the fluttering little life that had been so bright and vigorous only yesterday—only yesterday, and it seemed almost a lifetime. The fair spring morning was breaking across the houses, when at last the hoarse breathing grew soft, and the tired baby limbs relaxed into quiet sleep. Will's eyes were suspiciously bright, and my tears fell like rain in the blessed relief. Only Mr. Jay stood over her without one word, and yet I think we both felt that his silence was deeper than our tears.

Theodora seemed the right name for her afterwards; we never gave her any other.

That summer was a very happy one to him. The blossoming-time, we used to say, of little Mr. Jay's life; his treasure flourished like a rose in June. She was beginning to recognise him now, and creep across the floor after him, baby fashion. Midsummer-day she had her first pair of little blue shoes; Mr. Jay brought them back with him that evening, and proudly fitted them on. Will laughed at their unserviceable appearance.

"She will cost you a small fortune in shoes alone, Jay, if you are going to keep her in that sort of thing."

Mr. Jay lifted his radiant face from the contemplation of them. "Ah, if you had had only your own to buy for as long as I have, you would understand the difference of those."

"All right; only there *is* such an institution as the workhouse. She ought to be running to meet you in them in a few more months."

Mr. Jay looked down at the tiny feet in his hand. "I don't know; if I could, I would keep her always just as she is now—my little Theodora."

Yet there were not many days that he did not bring back some remarkable article that would be of

"It was opened . . . by little Mr. Jay himself."—*p.* 246.

little use till she had reached a far more advanced stage; the extraordinary toys, and books, and little garments that were laid up ready for her some distant day; the contrast between the worn middle-aged face and the bonnie golden head, always in such close juxtaposition—it is a good many summers ago now, but it comes back as freshly as yesterday.

The first little cloud came with the shortening days. It was an advertisement in one of the morning papers, that Will suddenly read out one day at breakfast—

"Information is earnestly requested of the whereabouts of Jane Dawson, late of 31, Camber Street, last seen on the evening of 10th October, having in charge a young baby five months old." A description of her dress and appearance followed.

He dropped the paper, and we looked at each other in sore dismay.

"Oh, Will, I hope Mr. Jay has not seen that," I broke out.

"Jane Dawson's friends should have looked for her sooner if they wanted her so earnestly," was his comment. "It 's late in the day to begin now. We are not obliged to help them, at any rate."

And with reprehensible want of principle we put the paper in the fire, and preserved a discreet silence about it.

Two days later, sitting by the open window, we saw a policeman come down the street, and knock at Mr. Jay's door. Will put his head out—

"There is no one there; what is it?"

The man leisurely descended the two steps, and took up a position whence he could survey our interior.

"I 've come about that baby, sir, as your neighbour got from us last year."

"What about it?" said Will, abruptly.

"We thinks the lawful owners has turned up. They was in Australia, and left the baby out at nurse; we sent round to them yesterday; they was advertising for it. Maybe you 've seen it," he added.

"Is it the mother?" I asked, quickly, without going into that last item.

"No, mum; a *haunt*, or something in that line."

"Then she cannot have it," I decided, promptly. "No aunt could take better care of it than Mr. Jay has; it would be cruel to take it away now."

"Very sorry, mum, but right 's right, and he can't expect to keep other people's children if they wants them; perhaps I 'd better come when he 's at home."

Will shut down the window sharply. "Kate, I 'm afraid poor Jay's is a losing game."

She was lying cooing to herself in the corner, and

I took her up with a pitiful sob for the little man, whose one ewe lamb she was in very truth. He came in an hour after, and she gave a merry little crow at the sight of him; he took her almost jealously out of my arms. "Come, my blossom! say good-bye till after tea," and with her on his shoulder, her basket under his arm, and the drab hat very much on one side, he disappeared into his own premises.

As we sat at our little tea-table, we saw the dreaded policeman go past again and knock at Mr. Jay's door, and the old housekeeper admitted him. He was there about half an hour, and Mr. Jay let him out himself. We waited up till late, thinking he would come in and tell us, but we heard nothing more of him that night.

I slipped in at nine o'clock the next morning. He was sitting by his untouched breakfast, little Theodora on his knee. I faintly tried to suggest that there might be some mistake; there were so many servants and babies in a place like London.

"I am afraid there is none," he said, rising up. "I am going to make inquiries about it to-day. The lady is at some hotel in Bloomsbury.

"Let me go and see her, Mr. Jay," I cried out, impulsively; "it 's hard for you."

"I thank you," he said. "You are very kind; but I took her, and it is right that I should arrange it myself."

And somehow, for almost the first time, in spite of his stature, I recognised the fact that he was a man, and beyond many men in his capacity for loving and suffering, and therefore to be safely left to act as he thought wisest.

Will was worse that day, and I never left him; on the next, which was Sunday, he limped down-stairs late in the afternoon, and lay on his sofa drawn up close to the fire, which began to look cheery in the September evenings. Winter promised to set in early that year. Just at the edge of dusk Mr. Jay came in, with little Theodora wrapped in a thick grey shawl—the one she had worn on her first advent in our midst.

"I brought her in to say good-bye," he said, quietly. "She is going back to her own people."

"You are going to give her up entirely?" asked Will, incredulously.

"Yes; they are rich people, and they will take her back to Australia with them. If it had been to save her from want it would have been different; but it would be a selfish thing to tie her down to my

"'Isn't she a bonnie little creature!'"—*p.* 246.

poverty because I loved her—the love would not be worth the name."

We looked at him in silence. Pity! he needed none. His commonplaceness had risen to heights where we could not follow—he was beyond us now.

And then he gathered her up in his arms, and went.

Our little neighbour goes in and out still in the old methodical fashion. His hair is a little more faded than in the days we watched him first; his step a little slower; but to us the halo of that great unselfish love is about him always, and by it we have learned a deeper sympathy with all the vast brotherhood of the rank and file—the commonplace persons.

E. K. O.

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.

EMINENT MEN OF GOD AMONG MERCHANTS.

NO country has been so distinguished in the commercial world as Great Britain. Her ships and her traders are to be found everywhere; indeed, the race seems to be gifted with a skill, an energy, an enterprise, an indomitable courage, well fitting it to lead the van in every branch of trade and in all quarters of the world. It has not been the case always that where British commerce and the English language and her enterprising merchants have found their way and pushed their conquests, all that is noblest and best in the British character has followed. Her myriad merchants and traders have not always been men of God, and followers of Christ; alas! in many cases very far from it; and yet, we venture to assert that among no class of men devoting themselves to any particular calling will there be found so many men of real earnest manly piety as among our merchants and traders. The country and the world owe very much to them for their enterprise, their integrity, their philanthropy, and, most of all, for their Christian faith and their zeal and liberality in diffusing it. Confining our attention in this paper to our own country, and to men who have made their mark in the annals of the present century, we shall see amongst them characters most worthy of imitation; who, being dead, yet speak.

The founder of the firm of "Peek Brothers," a house still honoured in its mercantile character and distinguished in some of its present representatives, was of humble origin. Born in an outlying part of a parish in South Devon, Richard Peek found his way, when a youth, to Plymouth, where he obtained employment. England was at war, and soldiers were wanted, but for this life Richard had no mind; so to avoid conscription he made his way to London, where he arrived without a single friend, and with very little money in his pocket. His efforts to obtain employment were at first unavailing; day after day and week after week passed, and he was still unsuccessful, and he was at his wits' end. But he would not beg—he would rather starve—and at last, by dint of perseverance and the sympathy his appearance excited in a benevolent shop-keeper, he obtained work as a porter at a large tea-dealer's. This was a small beginning, but it *was* a beginning; and as his character and diligence commended him to his employer, he rose from one post to another, until he became a partner, and when the principal died the whole concern became his. The business still prospered and increased, and he amassed considerable wealth.

At what particular time of his life the foundation of the Christian character was laid on which so noble a structure of earnest faith and active benevolence was reared cannot be stated here, nor is it of importance to know it. By works his faith was made manifest, and his whole life was marked by thorough sincerity, profound humility, unostentatious goodness, and Christ-like love.

The estate in Devonshire on which he was born was purchased, and in a beautiful spot a house was erected, where his venerable father resided with him, reaching the patriarchal age of nearly a hundred years.

As in London so in the country, Mr. Peek's life was one of large activity and usefulness. The poor found in him a steady, judicious, and sympathising friend, and every good cause, both religious and philanthropic, a ready and liberal helper. As a county magistrate, he was respected and esteemed for his faithfulness, unflinching integrity, and large-heartedness, where he was not loved for his own and Christ's sake, and where his faith and his zeal in seeking to extend the Kingdom of Christ were not appreciated.

The writer's acquaintance with him, and the visits paid at his house, were when old age had ripened and matured the Christian graces of his character, and when, like a shock of corn fully ripe, he was ready for the garner. He can picture to himself the countenance, full of meekness and love, as he sat in his

accustomed place in the village sanctuary, or as he appeared on those great annual occasions when all the Sunday-schools of the neighbourhood were assembled at Hazlewood for their festival, and when from all the villages and farmsteads for miles round people assembled to witness the games and enjoyments of the children and partake of the ample "tea," the whole proceeds of which were always devoted to some good cause. Delight and pleasure sat on every face, but on none more so than upon that of the generous donor as he moved about the various groups, and especially as the vast concourse assembled in the open air on the lawn for the singing of hymns, and prayer, and an address from some minister of the Gospel.

Mr. Peek has left no book as the product of his pen; his interesting biography has not been given to the world, but his life was his monument, and his name and Christian virtues, his beautiful character, and his noble and well-directed benevolence, will be remembered by thousands, especially in his native county, for generations to come. His life bore one uniform testimony to the power and excellence of the grace of Christ; his profession of the doctrines of the Gospel being adorned with good works, while his invariable witness was, "By the grace of God I am what I am." The fragrance of his life still remains, the beauty of his character still shines, and the charm of his saintly virtues still endures; and though his form will no more be seen, the purity of his faith, the warmth of his friendship, the fervour of his piety, the grace of meekness and humility that ran like a silver cord through all, and the various streams of benevolence which flowed from his heart and hand, will still win, as they have won, the admiration and gratitude of not a few; while it may be hoped that in imitating his example and following him as he followed his Saviour, many will find their happiness and realise a rich reward.

In the town of Wrington, Somerset, where John Locke first saw the light, a child was born on the 27th of July, 1794, who was destined to make his mark in the world, and to be known and respected, nay, esteemed and loved, by thousands very far beyond the bounds of his native town. As a shrewd, painstaking, ever-diligent, and successful man of business, Samuel Budgett was widely known in the commercial world; and, as "The Successful Merchant," his character, his thorough consistency, and the methods and animating principles of his life, have become known to the world at large by means of the eloquent pen of the Rev. William Arthur.

Mr. Budgett was born to be a merchant, and the propensity to buy and sell and make trade discovered itself quite early in life. He had a genius for trading, just as Watts had for rhyming, Arkwright for mechanism, and Davy for chemical experiments. He began in a very humble way, when he was only ten years of age. His parents were then keeping a small shop as general dealers at Coleford, a town in the Forest of Dean, somewhat out of the way, but including among its inhabitants many excellent people. His own account of the transaction, written late in life, shall be given for the sake of the characteristic mark at the close:—

"The first money I ever recollect possessing, was gained in the following way:—I went to Mr. Milk's, of Kelmersdon, to school, a distance of three miles. One day, on my way, I picked up a horse-shoe, and carried it about three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. This was the first penny I ever recollect possessing, and I kept it for some time. A few weeks after, the same man called my attention to a boy who was carrying off some dirt opposite his door; and offered, if I would beat the boy, who was a bigger boy than myself, to give me a penny. I did so; he made a mark upon it, and promised if I would bring it to him that day fortnight, he would give me another. I took it to him at the appointed time, when he fulfilled his promise, and I thus became possessor of threepence; since which, I have never been without, *except when I gave it all away.*"

This last remark is worthy of notice, as indicating one feature in his character, that of benevolence, and as marking a broad distinction between those who trade for gold that they may amass wealth and, miser-like, store up their gains for themselves and for the mere pleasure of possessing money, and those who, like Samuel Budgett, and, thank God! many others, trade that they may gain, and gain that they may give, dispersing abroad and giving to the poor, and laying on God's altar a large proportion of their accumulations, practically marking off a large share of their profits under the designation of "Holiness to the Lord."

Of his other attempts at money-making during his school-days, we cannot stop to speak, only that when, at the age of fourteen, he left Coleford to be bound apprentice to an elder brother at Kingswood, near Bristol, his penny had increased to thirty pounds. The way in which he disposed of this sum shows another side of his character—his filial duty and love. "When I was between fourteen and fifteen years of age," he says, "I had saved thirty pounds, which I presented to my parents; which they intended returning, but were incapable." The incidents of his apprentice life were not very numerous, but some of them, as recorded in the work alluded to above, are very affecting: his love for money-making still continued, though his opportunities were fewer, and his readiness to do good with his savings was as great as ever. On his journey back from visiting his parents at Coleford, he bought a jay for threepence, and made ninepence by selling it in Bristol the same day; and when his savings amounted to fifteen shillings, he laid the whole out in coals for two of his sisters, who had commenced a small business in Bristol. What, it may be asked, was the foundation and mainspring of his liberality? It was his religion. He knew how to drive a bargain, and, in future years especially, no man was keener; but he feared God, he kept His Sabbaths, and re-

verenced His sanctuary, and strove to prosper by the means of grace, so that all his actions might be influenced by his faith, and his whole character moulded by the doctrine of the Gospel.

Kingswood at that day was just rising out of that extreme degradation which had characterised it in the days of Whitfield and Wesley. The former had built a tabernacle, the latter a chapel and a school. In this chapel Samuel Budgett might have been seen as regular as the Sunday morning came, with a mind eager after mental improvement, and a soul craving for spiritual food. From six in the morning, until nine, ten, or eleven at night on week-days he was in the ceaseless grind of toil; but on Sundays he was free. The services were his delight; the sermons his meat and his drink; the hymns his heaven. "Often," says Mr. Arthur, "often, when Samuel had heard a sermon, he would put his fingers in his ears to exclude every sound that might drive away one thought from his memory; and, hurrying from the chapel, would not stop till he reached an old quarry that lay behind their house." Here he would seat himself on a piece of "slag," and go over every point of the discourse; or turn to his hymn-book or Bible, and lay up in his memory a store which should supply good thoughts and mental food during the week. In subsequent years his shrubbery flourished over the site of the old quarry, and masses of slag furnished the edge of a piece of water in his grounds.

The north of England has witnessed the rise of many a noble man, and the erection of many a firm of magnitude and influence. Not a few of these men have been men of God, men of strict business integrity and perseverance, men who, while their kindness to the poor, and their liberality to the cause of God in its different sections, have shown that they hated covetousness, have nevertheless grown rich and mighty in the earth, leaving to their children an inheritance of a noble example, a large influence, and an ample fortune.

Jonas Sugden was one of these; not one of the greatest in wealth, but one of the most excellent in Christian character, humble and true in Christian faith, abundant in labours and good works. He was one of a family of nine, and was born at Dockroyd, near Oakworth, Yorkshire. His parents were, as their ancestors for several generations had been, earnest Christian people, the ministry and example of Grimshaw having been useful in training up some of them in the ways of God.

Always a steady and hopeful boy, it was in his seventeenth year that the great change of his inner life took place. The crisis was marked by much inward conflict, but after many fears and struggles he emerged into the light. While engaged in prayer, he felt the Holy Spirit empowering him to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in these exercises Christ was manifested to him in such a manner as to remove all doubt, darkness, guilt, and condemnation, and fill his soul with joy and peace. This happy season was followed by severe inward conflict with sin and the fear of death; but Divine grace triumphed, and he became established in the faith and in the ways of God.

His father was united with another in the woollen manufacture on a small scale, but his affairs were embarrassed, and Jonas set himself to get the partnership dissolved, and to place the business on a more stable footing. He succeeded beyond expectation, and the mill was given up to him and his brothers, under whose management it grew until their works covered two acres, their reservoirs and watercourses six and a half acres, and their steam-power was sufficient to turn 17,000 spindles. Strict integrity marked all his dealings, and merchants wrote opposite his name in the lists of the inexperienced, "Safe here." "His transactions," said some who knew him long and well, "are always as broad as daylight; we never had any misgivings when dealing with him; just as he represented it, everything was found."

Mr. Sugden was a man of God, and a man among men. In the church, as a class-leader, local preacher, a diligent visitor of the poor and the sick, and a patron of Sunday-schools; in the family, where he walked before God in faithfulness; in the closet, where he held communion with his Almighty Friend, commonly spending two hours in devotional exercises every morning, and rising at four o'clock to accomplish it; in his mill, among his work-people; and as a merchant, among traders of differing principles and characters, he was the same man, always seeking to approve himself unto God, and to conduct himself honourably before his fellows. He studied the welfare and comfort of his work-people. Every day his mill was sprinkled and swept, every month washed, and a room was set apart for the work-people to take their meals, Bibles being supplied for their use. There were no strikes there, for they knew and trusted him too well for that; his sympathy and help in times of sickness, and his strenuous endeavours in various ways to promote their health, prosperity, and happiness, showed plainly enough that he had their interest and well-being at heart as well as his own.

His career on earth closed at the age of fifty-seven, after considerable suffering. Speaking of the dear friends who had gone before to the better land, he said, "I am going to join them in my Father's house, and to unite with all the blood-washed throng; but, pleasing and rapturous as these prospects are to my soul, my greatest bliss will be to behold Him who redeemed my soul from death and hell." So he fell asleep.

Our space is all too limited for a fitting reference to one who has more recently departed from among us, leaving behind him a name and a memory which will never die. George Moore had few equals, and very few, if any, who surpassed him in nobility and energy of character, purity and simplicity of faith, and abundance of charities and good works.

Born in a Cumberland village, the son of a small farmer, with a slender education, and an inauspicious apprenticeship, he went to London at the age of eighteen to seek a situation behind a draper's counter. After many disappointments and much patient perseverance, he succeeded in obtaining an appointment, notwithstanding his rough country appearance and his strong Northumberland dialect. Once started, he lost neither time nor ground, and in a few years passed from the counter to the road, and from being one of the most energetic and successful of commercial travellers, accomplishing prodigies of labour and business, to be a partner of what was then a small and rising firm, but what became, and largely through his energy and skill, one of the most influential and respectable of wholesale houses in London.

Mr. Moore was a man with a strong will, a determined spirit, prodigious strength, business capability, and endurance, immense brain-power, varied capacity, a large heart, and a generous nature. Providence favoured his endeavours, and crowned his enterprises, and, before he knew whence the influence came which led him to avoid or give up the wrong, and pursue and hold on to the right, the Spirit of God worked silently within him, and the preventing grace of God marked his career. Naturally a man of generous impulses, with whom benevolence was a ruling passion, his character shone with no common lustre when the grace of God made the conquest of his heart; for it was not of his judgment or of his emotional nature only that it took possession, but of his whole nature, his entire being. Besides helping every good cause within his reach, his house of business, his palatial mansion in town, and the fine old renovated baronial residence of Whitehall in Cumberland, in his native parish, were centres of every kind of religious and benevolent enterprise. His liberality dug out for itself numerous deep and broad channels, and flowed in constant streams. Bible and Missionary, Pure Literature and other Societies, Sunday, Ragged, and other Schools, Hospitals, and Orphan Asylums—especially the Home for Incurables and the Commercial Travellers' Schools—the City and Country Towns' Missions, Colportage Societies, and, in fine, every institution and enterprise having for its objects the glory of God and the good of mankind, had his sympathy, his strenuous assistance, and the substantial support of his purse. Splendid instances of his liberality could be cited, did space permit.

We may well close with a sentence or two from the pen of Dr. Close, the excellent Dean of Carlisle; and with the prayer that all merchants and traders, each according to his sphere and degree, may become what George Moore was:—

"The noble generosity of the man has been much extolled by the public, but I am fully persuaded, from what I know myself, that his private, unknown, and unrecorded deeds of benevolence, and of most delicate kindness, at least equalled all his more public acts of charity.

"I never knew a man less spoiled by unexpected wealth, or less elated by the marvellous attention and sometimes painful flattery paid him by men of rank and influence. He prospered in the world, and had riches in possession, but he was uninjured by them in his honesty, simplicity, and natural urbanity. The humblest, whether kinsman or stranger, was as welcome to him as the proudest or the most titled. There must have been some roots struck deep into truth and godliness, or he could not have produced such rich ripe fruits of morality and goodness. The tree is known by its fruits!—God, by His grace, had made the tree good, or such goodness could not have been produced.

"Could he speak out of the ground, he would echo my words, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name, be all the praise!'"

JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THOSE WHO MOURN FOR SIN.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit (Ps. xxxiv. 18).

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise (Ps. li. 17).

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy (Ps. cxxvi. 5).

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds (Ps. cxlvii. 3).

To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word (Isa. lxvi. 2).

Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones (Isa. lvii. 15).

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted (Matt. v. 4).

SHORT ARROWS.

SYMPATHY FOR THE BLIND POOR.

A SHORT time ago, passing along one of our crowded thoroughfares, we overtook a man whose cautious manner of progression, assisted by a stick, told the sad truth that he was blind. We were about to offer him our assistance to cross, when a boy stepped forward, and escorted the poor man safely through the cabs and omnibuses. We were glad to perceive such true sympathy in an office lad, and we have every reason to hope that many who read these lines will also give their sympathy, when they reflect upon the blessings they enjoy in sight, hearing, and speech. Perhaps few are aware how many blind, deaf, and dumb people there were in the United Kingdom last census: there were 31,159 blind, and 19,237 deaf and dumb. It is the object of the Protestant Blind Pension Society, Southwark Bridge Road, to provide pensions at the homes of the blind, so that the family ties are not unloosed. It is a very melancholy fact that the great majority of the blind become so afflicted after reaching manhood, so the trial must be indeed great. The opening for their industry is very limited, and even the employments they can undertake are not remunerative. Let all who read these words reflect upon the great blessings they derive from God's precious gift of sight, and make some little effort to obtain a vote in the elections by bestowing only half a guinea. Such a good work will be blessed, and the happiness of many a poor and helpless fellow-creature be insured.

FRENCH PROTESTANTISM AND DR. PRESSENSÉ.

It would appear that the internal affairs of the French Reformed Church are in a very grave condition. We have this on no less an authority than that of Dr. Pressensé, who assures the sympathisers in this country that, owing to the removal of all religious conditions from the electorate, Protestant electors will be convoked upon a purely civil basis, as under the old forms of 1852. It seems that the Synod of 1872 required from the electors a declaration of their belief in Holy Scripture, justly thinking that "in a Church in which all authority is elective, the composition of the electoral body" is very important. This decision rendered certain elections void, and appeal was made to the Council of State, which has resulted in a victory by the anti-Synodical section. So the work done in 1872 has been all undone and destroyed. We learn that there is now an electoral body without any religious qualification at all, and all sorts of doctrine may find its way into the Church. The change is owing to the different aspect of the political world of France, and a Ministerial circular has decided the question as already stated; so the Protestant electors next March will be convoked upon a civil basis only, which Dr. Pressensé maintains is to be regretted.

RAILWAY MEN'S SUNDAYS.

We lately spoke of an effort made near Nine Elms by a Christian gentleman to ameliorate the condition of railway servants; and now it is our pleasure to record that a Sunday service has been set on foot for railway *employés* at London Bridge station. Although this is a tardy following of a good example, originally set at Brighton, there cannot be any doubt that it is a step highly to be commended. The good such a service must do is very great. It is a rest for the hard-working porter, who for the public convenience is obliged to give up his Sunday quiet or pleasant change of scene. The testimony of those who attend the services at the railway station leaves no doubt as to the high appreciation of them by those for whose benefit they have been instituted. Before we speak against the impiety of the Sunday worker, we should ask ourselves what we have done for his benefit. Have we ever attempted to draw him aside for good by pointing out to him the way of salvation? There are, no doubt, many earnest Christians waiting for an opportunity to do good. Will such as these obtain the permission of the station superintendent at one of our great termini, and for half-an-hour in a waiting-room assist to direct the railroad men in the true way? Verily, such a one will in nowise lose his reward.

A CHRISTIAN KAFFIR COLONY.

We are all apt to assign to the Kaffirs some of the most repulsive attributes; but news comes to us that the continued and noble efforts of a Lutheran missionary have resulted in the establishment of a colony of Kaffir Christians at Middleburg, in the Transvaal. A handsome church, built of brick by the converts, now affords accommodation to 1,500 worshippers. Not only that, but a series of workshops have been erected, and many industrial pursuits are carried on busily. Furniture and other necessary articles, wagons, etc., are here made in abundance. Schools have been established, and farms are worked under mission superintendence. We see from this short description that much good may be done by steady perseverance and prayer, even amongst the least enlightened of the heathen.

REST AT THE SEA-SIDE.

A few months ago there was opened at Margate an institution deserving of more than a passing notice. Who is there amongst us who has not at some time or other—and we trust very frequently—felt the

blessings attendant upon their pastor's visits? who has not felt the better for his pious ministration or encouragement? In our churches are many hard-working clergymen, whose worldly wealth is all too easily reckoned, and who cannot afford the change to the sea-side which everyone now almost regards as a necessity, or a duty, and which lately has extended more than ever. We all enjoy such a relaxation. Think, then, what a boon it would be to the wearied labourer in the Lord's vineyard, who in the exercise of his holy calling has no Sunday rest to look forward to, and whose toil is frequently unappreciated and unrequited. Think of the many clerical homes in which sad worn faces can be seen yearning for a breath of fresh sea-air for wife and children. To meet this crying want a Clergy Sea-side Rest has been established at Margate; and thither at any season of the year some hard-worked clergymen and their wives can go and rest. All orders of the clergy will be admitted, subject to certain rules. The rooms are free—so the great expense of lodgings is done away with. No doubt many people will thankfully accept these means of testifying to the value of their pastor's ministrations, and assist the worn and weak to become strong. The Rev. H. Woods Tindall, at Margate, will furnish all needful particulars to those desirous of forwarding this very excellent work.

LIFEBOAT WORK.

All readers of THE QUIVER are, no doubt, much interested in the Lifeboat Institution, not only because it is a national good work, but because they have themselves placed three life-boats upon the coast, which have done excellent service. In 1878—79 the number of vessels lost or damaged was 3,716, and the number of lives lost in the United Kingdom 490. A glance at the wreck-chart will show us that casualties were exceedingly numerous on the east coast. From Beachy Head, northwards along the coast, the black dots are exceedingly numerous. Putting aside the actual number of vessels engaged in collisions, etc., we find that 3,002 wrecks occurred during 1871—9, but only 397 were total losses; and the loss of life was only from 118 ships, or about 1 in 25. These figures show pretty conclusively that the work done by the National Lifeboat Institution is no easy or unsuccessful work. Those men who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in the great waters, see how wonderfully grand is the sea, and how puny in comparison the efforts of man. But, thanks to the noble example set by the unselfish lifeboat crews, and the devotion they always display, the loss of life is small in comparison with the loss of vessels. We need not go into particulars. The institution is worthy of all support, and the readers of THE QUIVER will need no apology for our having reminded them of a most deserving object for their continued practical sympathy.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

Not very long since we were visiting an institution on Ham Common; and now another Orphan Home, near Bow Common, demands our sympathy and recognition. The success of this institution is owing to the Rev. A. Brown, and, from a pathetic beginning, has gone on increasing. We learn that some time ago a poor widow confided her child to the care of Mr. Brown, who undertook the charge in the true Christian spirit. Subsequently it came into his mind that if he could undertake the care of one orphan he could perhaps manage several. The idea gained strength, and his congregation joyfully assisted him, and the result is an almost perfectly-managed institution. The arrangements are excellent, and the appearance of the boys themselves is quite sufficient to prove the great care that is taken of them. They receive a good education, and there is every reason to hope that this sphere of usefulness will shortly be enlarged. To those who penetrate to this neighbourhood, the contrast with the surrounding misery is striking. We will take an early opportunity to visit the scenes to which we refer, and give our readers some idea of the great efforts made by Mr. Brown to ameliorate the condition of those amongst whom he has, fortunately for them, been placed by a loving Providence.

A GLIMPSE AT THE EAST END.

We just now remarked that we should pay a visit to some localities in the East of London in contrast to the comforts of the Home we mentioned. A few words will explain the difficulties of the Christian minister in the districts referred to. No one who has not visited these "rookeries" can form an adequate estimate of the wretchedness and squalor in the midst of which our fellow-creatures live and in many cases thrive—physically. We have visited many of these places under the escort of policemen, and our hearts bled for the poor creatures we met, laden and bowed down with misery and sin. It speaks volumes for the energetic missionaries who penetrate into the scenes, of which we cannot venture to give a full description. Naked children huddled together, tipsy girls, and drunken women, sickness and death, and then——! In both Western and Eastern London—within sound of fashionable thoroughfares in the West, and near broad streets in the East—are many places which we who pass quickly along, never dream of. The Visitor, the Reader, the Curate, and the Missionary can tell us tales which would make us weep. The neighbourhood of Bow will interest many, and the work done in connection with the Orphanage already mentioned is doing a great deal of good. This wintery weather we can most of us spare a little to alleviate the sufferings of our poorer fellow-creatures, "fast bound in misery and iron." Shall we not, then, bestir ourselves and lend a helping hand to those who need?

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S INSTITUTE UNION AND ASSOCIATION.

This Union, in connection with a Christian Association, has been instituted under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, with the object of promoting the welfare of young women. There are three forms of membership—viz., honorary associates, working associates, and associates. Facilities are offered for Christian teaching and intercourse, mental improvement, and social enjoyment. Agencies in connection have been adopted, and institutes, boarding evening homes, women's restaurants, a prayer union, a provident and sick club, and temperance union, have all been set on foot. Affiliated to this Union is the Christian Association, the aim of which is the temporal and spiritual benefit of young women in London, the circulation of the Bible, and the formation of Bible-classes, and thus to form a link between all sorts and conditions of women. A payment of sixpence will admit an associate, which will entitle her to the use of the library, and a copy of a magazine. To young women arriving from the provinces, such shelter as the Union provides is invaluable in both a moral and physical sense. The London Association is in communication with a country branch, of which Miss Moore, Cossington, Clifton, is the secretary.

Nothing can be too insignificant for the attention of the wisest which is not too insignificant to give pleasure or pain to the meanest. *Bacon.*

Actual duty faithfully performed, even in that circumscribed sphere in which God has cast our lot, is more acceptable to Him than theories of the most extensive good, than distant speculations and impossible projects for the benefit even of a whole district; while, in the indulgence of those airy schemes, our own specific and appointed work lies neglected, or is performed without energy and without attention. Distant projects are too apt to slacken present industry, while the magnitude of schemes probably impracticable may render our actual exertions cold and sluggish.—*H. More.*

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them once again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

49. Which of the Apostles speaks of David as a prophet?

50. What former "treatise" is supposed to be referred to in the opening verse of the Acts of the Apostles?

51. How did David become possessed of the crown which Saul wore?

52. What Mount is noted as the place where Saul and Jonathan were slain?

53. What engagement is recorded in which all the men on both sides were slain?

54. What noted captain of Saul's army was foully murdered, and his body afterwards buried in honour at Hebron?

55. Whose head was afterwards buried in the same grave?

56. What reason is given why God punished Uzza with death for touching the Ark?

57. What proof have we that there were others besides the Apostles who followed our Blessed Lord throughout the whole of His ministry?

58. How many days was Jesus upon earth after His resurrection?

59. What treasures were set apart for the maintenance of the Temple at Jerusalem?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 192.

37. The miracle of healing a person possessed with a devil, both blind and dumb (Matt. xii. 22, 23).

38. By allowing his hair to be shaven off (Judges xvi. 17—19).

39. The valley of Eshtaol (Judges xviii. 10).

40. Saul, king of Israel (1 Sam. xi. 5).

41. "And now behold, I know well that thou shalt surely be king, and that the kingdom of Israel shall be established in thine hand" (1 Sam. xxiv. 20).

42. Because he (Saul) was the Lord's anointed (1 Sam. xxiv. 6; xxvi. 9).

43. Saul's neglect in not executing God's "fierce wrath upon Amalek" (1 Sam. xxviii. 18).

44. "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me" (1 Sam. xxviii. 19).

45. Achish, king of Gath (1 Sam. xxviii. 2).

46. That he was a great favourite with the king, in whose eyes David's conduct was as that of an "angel of God" (1 Sam. xxix. 4, 9).

47. The town of Ziklag, which was afterwards burned by the Amalekites (1 Sam. xxviii. 6; xxx. 1).

48. In the plain of Jordan—in the clay ground between Succoth and Zarthan (1 Kings vii. 46).

THIRSTING NO MORE.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC. ETC.

Rev. vii. 16, 17.

MEN have for the most part drawn their ideas of heaven from the imagery with which its joys are set forth in Scripture. How, except by symbols, could there be communicated to us, in our present state, any notion of the glories of the other life? But men have tarried in the symbols, and allowed their imaginations to be fired with golden crowns, and their senses to be entranced with golden harps, and so have made to themselves, for the most part, a heaven of sense.

Underneath these glorious symbols there lies a deeper glory, which unveils itself to us in proportion as we learn here below the needs and pleasures of the divine life. It is impossible to live the spiritual life, with all its varied experiences, without feeling that under these symbols lie the satisfaction both for our aspirations and our needs.

The man of God is at once an aspiring and a needy man, and to the future and to heaven he looks for what the fairest realisations of earth cannot give.

The idea of many seems to be that they will be in some sort of everlasting intoxication, or dream of happiness, or pleasure of some kind. Some imagine that they will be for ever looking at Christ in a sort of ecstasy; some that they will do nothing but sing for ever. There are, I doubt not, many poor, whose chief thought is that there they will want no more, and that, all toil over, they will rest. Rest, long, unbroken, even everlasting, is what they look forward to. So hard-pressed are they in life that this will be the one absorbing compensation for all.

And these poor way-worn ones shall have what they desire. Truly, amongst other things, "there remaineth a rest for the people of God;" but they shall have all that they seek for in a way that they know not of, in a way above anything they can conceive. Their eye has not seen, their ear has not heard, neither has it entered into their heart to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. Truly, if we can sympathise with any mistakes about heaven, we can with this.

But these ideas are untrue to even the very constitution of our nature. If we examine ourselves we shall find that no harps, no crowns, no rest would satisfy us, and a heaven made up of these would leave us with what would undeniably be a great part of hell within our breasts—that is, dissatisfaction. We should be ever craving for more. Each part of our being would be crying out for its own appropriate food, and in heaven itself we should be in want. The crowns, the harps, the rest, would not satisfy us even here, how much less there!

It is dishonouring to God to think they would; to think that He made us for no higher things than these; that to make us inheritors of no more than these, Christ died. No! these ideas of heaven are given to us to read, so far as our own spiritual natures give us to understand, that we may believe that a grand future lies before us, and that for the joy that is set before us we, too, may endure our cross and despise its shame, and be accepted at the right hand of God. Let us gather up some of the thoughts that present themselves to us here, connected with the promise that the saved ones in heaven shall "thirst no more."

The idea of contrast is brought very forcibly before us here. Those who are now with God have come out of great tribulation. Hungerings and thirstings, and earthly wants and sorrows of all kinds, were the lot of the saints. They are a people with a past; and herein, as in many other things, they are like their Lord. He had the days of His flesh (Heb. v. 7); days of "strong crying and tears;" days of weariness and want, and of heart-hunger and thirst; and both Jesus and His people live with the Father in the joy of contrast.

I do not think we shall ever forget in heaven that we are a people with a past. I think we shall remember that the way was long and rough, and that on it we were footsore, and shed tears, and suffered thirst. I believe that Jesus lives in the memory of His past, and that we shall do the same. Here we think of such experiences with a shuddering dread lest they should occur again—memory makes us wince—we are still, perhaps, within the reach of the old troubles, or, at any rate, the compensation for them has not come. We are afraid of the word "again." In John xi. 7, our Lord says to His disciples, "Let us go into Judæa again." The words terrified His disciples. They said unto Him, "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee, and goest Thou thither again?" These "agains" are always hanging over us here, but they are met there by the words "no more."

What potent words are these! How shall they enable us to face every memory of the past,

how to look forward into the ages of the future! Now we say, "What has been, may be;" but we shall not say this there—we may say of all with suffering in it, of which we have had experience, "What has been, never will be." I can understand a past sorrow becoming an element of present pleasure, in the full assurance that it never can be again.

"No more!" Blessed words, however used in heaven; but sometimes sad, heart-sore words, as they are used here. They are, perhaps, the saddest wail, and deepest death-knell that the human heart has ever heard. No tongue uttered those words in the empty room, by the open grave—it may be even on the platform, crowded with many rushing here and there, while some one we loved was about to be borne away from us to some distant land—but an inner consciousness whispered the words, a heart-sinking struck the knell; it was a curfew-bell when all fire of human kindling was to be put out, and when there was a cold and empty hearth before us, and, it may be, a dark and starless sky above us. "No more!" And our heart died within us, and became like a stone. The "no mores" of earth are often full of its very deepest sorrows—the "no mores" of heaven are often the security of its greatest joys.

There is brought before us very vividly what the future is to us here, and what it shall be there. Here it is connected with fears and forebodings, with uncertainties, with decays; there none of these thoughts can have place. The imprint of "no more" shall He put upon them all. Experience tells us we cannot look to the future without expecting these things. Things must perish to us, even if they do not perish in themselves; and then who can tell what shall be? We have seen enough in the past, to make us very slow in placing dependence on the future. How many things have turned out altogether differently from what we expected—how many on which we leant, saying, "This will comfort me—this will stand by me," have perished altogether from us! We live by a shore strewn with the wrecks of our own ventures after happiness; how can we look into the future without some sinking of heart, except so far as we do so with God?

And if this future of ours on earth were to be a *very* long one, we should only look at it with more apprehension still. It is in mercy to us that it is so short. A long future on a sin-stained earth, amid all the disorders and punishment of sin, would be anything but a boon to man. But in heaven there stretches out before the saints an everlasting future—life eternal—a future which contains no death, no separations, no decays, no causes for any fear. Heaven must have its future as well as its present; and that future must come into contact with thought. For ever and for ever—nothing of possible gloom in that "for ever and ever"—the very consciousness of this lot will be one of the abiding joys of the saints.

"Thirst" and "fountain," "hunger" and "feeding." The ideas here are not self-containedness or stagnation, but supply. True! Living water is elsewhere described as being *in* the man, and springing up into eternal life, but that does not imply that there will be no need of the living water. If there is to be no need of it, why should it be promised? The promise is that we shall not be dependent on others, that there will no longer be unsatisfied desire, that all we need we shall be sure of, and sure of abundantly, and sure of from the hand of God Himself. The future state will be one of intense life, of intensity far greater than what we have any idea of here; the mind will not be stagnated, nor will the affections nor the energy of being; and none shall be starved, none thirst within themselves, none shall wither for want of food on which to live. Continual, rich, full supply, these are the ideas we have here. And we can understand how this is needed. All we learn of God will only make us desire to know more; all the love we feel will only make us want to feel more; all the service we can render will only make us want to render more. It is unsatisfied desire that consumes the heart, and of that we shall know nothing there.

Stagnation in the affections or life of His people, would be quite out of harmony with the mind of God, and with the mind of man which He has made. And it is thus that in intensity of life they shall live hereafter on their Lord. They shall feel as dependent on Him then as they do now, and a great deal more so, for now we often think and speak as though we had resources in ourselves. It shall be the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne that shall feed us, and shall lead us unto living fountains of waters (ver. 17). Here we have the Lord in active provision for His people, giving an abundant supply for every high desire, and that supply meeting the demand will form happiness. Our misery comes here in great part from having desires which cannot be satisfied at all, or from having desires which, if satisfied for the moment, leave an intolerable craving behind which never can be satisfied at all. This is the hell of many a man here, and will probably form the hell of many a man hereafter. But how much of our happiness lies in the alternations of hunger and food, thirst and drink for the heart and mind! Even for the body these alternations have pleasure. All our acquisitions are made by an excitement of desire, and that desire is hunger and thirst. Here we have these feelings in their torment, and as such they shall never be known to the saints. It is one thing to have a thirst for which there are no living waters, another to have one for which there is a constant and ever-present supply. We shall never thirst as men thirst on

earth; but may there not be a heavenly thirst, the excitement of desire, which would not become real thirst which will torment if unslaked, but which will contribute to heaven's happiness by its supply? And thus free from a distracting hunger and thirst, and from the pressing and disturbing need of thinking about and seeking a supply, the saints shall be in service to the Lord. They are represented as being able to serve day and night. They have no need to think of any supplies; all that pulls them down here will be absent there.

How full will be the supply we may in some degree imagine from a thought of the One through whom it is to come—that One is He into whose hands the Father has given all things. He will administer to His people out of the fulness of His absolute riches, and out of the memory of His own former needs and theirs. All of Christ is concerned in the fulness of the supply of His saints—His honour, His feeling. They will get not only because of the need that they may have, but because of the abundance of the supply that He has.

And let all this have its influence upon us now. It is a mistake to suppose that the people of God are to have no benefit from this position now, that their blessing can do them good only when they actually enter upon it. The promise that we are to hunger no more and thirst no more is intended to help us now upon our way. We are to look forward—we are to have the strength and power of hope.

It must needs be, that as we are travelling on, we shall find many places which are dry externally. Yes, and that many a now well-watered place must dry up. And these trials will give us heart-sorrow; but when we think of the well-watered land that lies before us, we shall pluck up courage, and go forward. The thought will cool the fever of many an earthly parching; it will sustain us in many an earthly fight, it will cheer us on to take up our cross again, and venture forward, even though what lies before us appears to be a dry and thirsty land in which no water is.

Enough let it be for us that all the future is in the hands of Christ. In the Father's house are many mansions, and He went to prepare a place for His people. We need not have a single anxious care, or thought, about it. It is He that will lead to the living fountains of waters. He knows where they are. He can show them to His people. He can bring them both together. We shall have only to allow ourselves to be led. It will be there even as it is here—there will be supply only for those who follow. To follow Christ is the way to all refreshment, satisfaction, and wealth.

Let Jesus lead—lead evermore—lead now. He must lead now if He is to lead hereafter; and whither—whither, O Blessed One—dost Thou lead? Ever unto the quenching of the soul's thirst—unto the living fountains of water.

Blessed Jesus, we will follow!
Blessed Jesus, do Thou lead.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

LOVEST thou Me?
Are friends growing cold
And losing their hold
On affections set free
From loving the creature to love the Creator, to centre in Me?

Lovest thou Me?
The sheep that were Mine
Were ninety and nine,
But one I could see
Far off on the mountain in danger, one sheep that was dear unto Me.

Lovest thou Me?
The hireling will sleep,
Nor care for the sheep;
The hireling will flee;
But I am the Shepherd who sought thee, My sheep that had wandered from Me.

Lovest thou Me?
When the morning was bright,
And no shadow of night
Had fallen on thee,
Thy heart was not happy, forgetting the Giver, forgetful of Me.

Lovest thou Me?
When the light of the day
Began to decay,
And thy trouble could see
No gleam in the darkness, in mercy that darkness had fallen from Me.

Lovest thou Me?
Thou art weary of sin,
And the light enters in;
And happy for thee,
Thrice happy the angels in heaven, for one who is coming to Me.

Lovest thou Me?
Oh, answer My call,
And the burden will fall;
And thy spirit, set free,
Will rest from its labour and sorrow, and find its redemption in Me.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

YIELDING, BUT NOT CONTENT.

MRS. ANSTEY was a prudent woman; she neither added fuel to fire by exclaiming at Kythe's determination, nor expressed the disappointment she felt on finding that what had been intended as a pleasant surprise had proved quite the reverse. She could think of nothing, talk of nothing, she said, briskly, till she had satisfied herself that her dear little girl was as much improved in health as she appeared to be; and then, with motherly questions and caresses, she drew her daughter down beside her and gazed at her lovingly, and stroked the cheeks that were no longer thin and pallid; while Alessie, guiding herself by their voices, crept to where they sat, and crouched on the floor by her sister's side with her head resting on Kythe's knees.

The contrast between the sisters was very great, for the one was well formed, her complexion clear, her face bright with intelligence; the other sallow, and stunted in growth, and blind, with none of Kythe's vivacity, but a fretful droop at the corners of her mouth, and a querulous tone in a voice that should have been as clear and sweet as a bird's. No one had ever called Mrs. Anstey a bad mother, and she would have been indignant at such an injustice, had she been accused of neglecting her sightless child; she was careful to supply all her actual needs, and would deny herself absolute necessaries for her sake; yet she had never suspected how much Alessie missed and pined for the more tender affection with which she had been cherished by her father. He had been very pitiful to his afflicted child, and hopeful of seeing her sight restored as soon as she was strong enough to undergo the necessary operation; for Alessie had not been born blind. It was after some ailment common to infants, that a film began to obscure her blue orbs, and gradually shut out the light of day; and a skilled oculist had given the anxious father the hopes he cherished till his rather sudden decease.

But Mrs. Anstey had never shared them; and as time went on, and she grew more and more accustomed to Alessie's blindness, it ceased to grieve her. The helplessness and irritability of the poor girl might harass her at times, but the only effect it had was to make her turn for comfort to Kythe, in whose prettiness the mother exulted proudly. It was a labour of love to adorn her darling. Many an hour was spent in devising dainty collars and frillings to set her off, and she cared not how shabby her own and Alessie's clothes might be, if Kythe's toilettes were fresh and becoming. Her maternal pride exaggerated her child's attractions; it even whispered that so beautiful a girl ought to marry well; and it often fretted Mrs. Anstey that a young creature so fair and charming should be shut up in a dull suburban street, where there were but few to admire her.

She had therefore accepted with thankful eagerness Mr. Raynor's offer of the cottage by the fir clump. Once settled there, she would be among her own people; the acquaintances she had dropped when she married would revive; old friends would be pleased to find her employment, and pay her liberally for fashioning their dresses in the latest style from Paris; while Kythe—always supposing her partial relatives at the Grange would permit her to leave them—would be seen and known; and the too-partial mother drew mental pictures of seeing her surrounded with so many wealthy suitors that she would not know which to wed.

"My cousins have been so kind," said Mrs. Anstey, deprecatingly, when Kythe insisted on returning to the subject of their removal to Hartswood; "so very kind, that I cannot behave rudely to them. Mr. Raynor is excessively generous; at least, I should judge so by his behaviour to us," she added, hastily, as she saw Kythe's brow lower; "but I know very little of him; he was a mere boy when I married. It is Mia I am thinking of—my old school-mate. I cannot hurt her feelings. There was a little rivalry betwixt us once, and as I came off conqueror, it makes me very anxious to avoid vexing her again."

"Why should our returning to London vex her?" queried Kythe, obstinately. "She is kind in her way, but it cannot gratify her to have poor relations living at her gates unless she would find pleasure in patronising them; and, mother, I cannot endure to be patronised!"

"Nothing can be farther from Mia's thoughts, I am sure," Mrs. Anstey asserted. "She knows that the rent of this cottage is but a trifle to her brother; and if she feels that it will be nice to have so old a

friend near enough to give her a little help when she needs it——"

"This is the first time," Kythe interposed, "that I ever heard such a thing hinted as Miss Mia wanting help! She always disdains it."

make up the sum of her requirements. But even if I could be sure that Miss Mia is really anxious to have us here——"

"Ah!" said her mother again, "you don't know all; Mia seldom speaks of herself. But why am I

"'Why should our returning to London vex her?'"—*p.* 260.

"Ah, Kythe, you are young, and don't know all," her mother responded, mysteriously. "You don't take into consideration that she has Mrs. Robins on her hands as well as the work of that great farm."

Kythe laughed. "My dear mother! while Mrs. Robins is able to dress herself she cannot be much trouble to her sister; for eating, drinking, and sleeping taking so much trouble to explain my reasons for coming back to my native county?" Mrs. Anstey added, with dignity. "I should think my own child can trust to me to do what is right."

"It cannot be right to lie under obligations to Mr. Raynor," murmured Kythe, uneasily.

"Why not?" her mother was about to ask, but

checked herself. She could not enter into her daughter's scruples, partly because she had been accustomed to the open-handed hearty hospitality of the Yorkshire folks, and partly because her long and trying struggle for daily bread had blunted her delicacy of feeling; but she knew Kythe inherited from her father much independence of spirit and a passionate scorn of anything that was mean; she had seen her in her childhood submit to punishment rather than shield herself behind an excuse put forward by a play-fellow, and was often disconcerted by the honesty that would not stoop to that shabby vice called "expediency."

"While we can help ourselves, it is not right that we should be indebted to Mr. Raynor," persisted Kythe, who was vexed at her mother's silence.

"Nor to any one else, of course," Mrs. Anstey retorted, with some irritation. "But you may content yourself, child; I do not intend to be a burthen to my relatives. You ought to have known this; who can have denied herself more, or have worked harder than I have, rather than be beholden to my friends? I did not think you would have met me with such a display of temper, as if—as if you were ashamed to have me here because I am poor."

"Mother, you know I am incapable of such heartlessness!" cried Kythe, with a quiver in her voice.

"Well, well, child," said Mrs. Anstey, relentingly, "if I have made a mistake I am sorry; but the invitation was kindly given, and I cannot permit myself to be swayed always by your whims and wishes."

"I don't think it was a whim," Kythe replied, colouring and hesitating, for she could not bring herself to repeat the silly report that had rankled in her mind ever since she heard it. "I don't think I ought to be called whimsical because I object to being so deeply indebted to the Raynors. I have reasons—and I think good ones—for accepting no further favours from them."

Mrs. Anstey eyed her curiously, but still forbore to question her. She was not as frank and truthful by nature as her daughter, and now thought it wiser to temporise with her, and conceal the fact that she had not the slightest intention of relinquishing the pleasant little home with which Mr. Raynor's liberality had provided her.

"Very well, dear," she said, good-humouredly. "We will be as independent as you please; but having promised to make a dress for Mrs. Robins, and alter another for Mia, I shall certainly stay where I am till I have done so. Two or three weeks of the moorland air will do Alessie good. You seem to have quite forgotten her."

For once the reproach was well merited, and Kythe hastened to atone for her neglect by leading her sister into the garden, and while the breeze wafted the scent of the heather towards them describing the surroundings of their new home. But while she talked, her thoughts were very busy with other things. She could not regret that she was not going back to London, for she had grown fonder of country life than she had deemed it possible to be, and she would have consented gladly to occupy Mr. Raynor's cottage for a time if she could have divested herself of her dread of what the world would say.

If Lucilla had never made that unlucky speech, but left her in happy ignorance that even in this secluded dale there were tattlers who made themselves busy with the affairs of their neighbours! She could not brook the thought of being supposed by these people to have settled here that she might prosecute the designs she was said to entertain on the wealthy yeoman.

If her mother's words recurred to her memory—"I don't know whether he did this for your sake"—they were banished instantly. Mr. Raynor was too many years her senior, and too grave to be regarded by a lively romantic girl as an acceptable suitor; neither had he ever said anything to lead her to think that he regarded her with more than a friendly liking. He was too prompt to see her faults; too ready to criticise, in his slow satirical fashion, her hasty speeches. It was true they had been on more amicable terms since the accident that made him so dependent on her attentions; but this had not prevented their disputing whenever they spent an hour in each other's society.

Kythe rejoiced to find that Mr. Raynor avoided the cottage, contenting himself with a nod or a wave of the hand as he rode by to the market town; but she was not prepared to be met by Miss Mia with a cloudy brow when she walked over to the Grange during Noel's absence, to ask that her trunks might be sent to her mother's at the first opportunity.

The request was granted so curtly, and the spinster's manner was altogether so perplexing, that Kythe, going to the point at once, followed her into the dairy, and put the query—

"Are you displeased with me?"

"Hoot, lassie, no! why should I be?" Miss Mia replied, with rising colour. "A little vexed at being left in the dark; that 's all. Hester might have told me her plans; or you might have done so, which is more to the purpose."

"Then it was not at *your* wish that my mother came here?"

"Eh, don't get red and angry, or run away with the notion that I 'm not glad to have her at Hartswood!" cried Miss Mia, more pacifically. "Poor soul! it was hard for her to be so far from all her kith and kin, and a widow too! I 'd have gone over to the cottage, and taken Nanny with me, to scour the paint and ruddle the bricks, if I had known she was on her way. It 's your fault, Kythe, that the place was not made more home-like for her."

"I could not tell you what I did not know myself. Mr. Raynor meant it kindly, no doubt, but I 'm not fond of surprises."

"Then it was done to please *you*," Miss Mia observed, meditatively, and she stood with half-closed eyes contemplating Kythe, till the young girl flushed

and winced, and wished heartily that she had not exposed herself to such an ordeal.

"It was done out of pure good nature, I suppose," she responded, as lightly as she could. "But I cannot thank Mr. Raynor for making an arrangement on which I was not consulted. I meant to have gone back to London and worked hard for a berth under the School Board, that would have enabled me to support Alessie as well as myself."

To this Miss Mia made no reply. She led the way back to the kitchen, where she moved about, filling a small basket with eggs, butter, and the delicate rolls on which she prided herself, but still bestowing on Kythe at intervals a long steady gaze, and breaking in upon her lively chat with Mrs. Robins to inquire how old she was.

Whatever might be the subject-matter engrossing her thoughts, her manner was so irritating, and so suggestive of the detestable suspicions Lucilla had entertained, that Kythe refused to accept the refreshments proffered her, and saying her adieu coldly and hurriedly, ran away, half tempted to vow that she would never enter the Grange again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STILL DISSATISFIED.

ALTHOUGH it was early in the afternoon when she turned her steps homeward, the sun was setting when Mr. Raynor, riding home from the market town, caught sight of her seated on a stone by the moor side, at least a mile from her mother's cottage, and looking as if she had walked so far as to be thoroughly fatigued.

Her resting-place was at some distance from the road he was following, and Kythe expected him to greet her with a nod and pass on; but, a little to her surprise, he dismounted and came towards her.

She had been cherishing a rather unreasonable displeasure at his proceedings. However kindly they might have been intended, they savoured too much of patronage and that masterly feeling against which she always rebelled, to be acceptable. Moreover, they would give fresh food to the gossips, and Kythe clenched her hands in a rage as she imagined some officious acquaintance hinting to Mr. Raynor that she must have been glad enough to have her family settled here, as it gave her such an opportunity of prosecuting her own manœuvres.

Yet as he drew nearer, she began to feel ashamed that she had suffered such thoughts to prejudice her against him, or make her ungrateful. Was he likely to be affected by the tittle-tattle of the thoughtless? Strong, erect, resolute, more capable of inspiring respect than affection, he always went his way undeterred by the opinions of others. There was a rugged nobility about him which Kythe began to recognise; she could appreciate a man who had such firmness of purpose, such thorough mastery over himself, that he wanted nothing but religion to make him a fine character, and give him higher aims and ends than mere money-making. And so her wrath died out. After all it was very improbable that he would misunderstand her, or suffer any one else to do so, and, thinking thus, she gave him her hand with a smile.

But there was a touch of embarrassment in his address that she was prompt to detect; and, fancying she could divine the cause, she cried, gaily—

"Don't be afraid that I am going to thank you for what you have done. Other people will be sure to tell you that it is very generous to take up your poor relations; but if you knew how many cherished hopes and dreams you have destroyed by compelling me to bury myself in this obscure corner of Yorkshire, you would acknowledge that I have more reason to scold than praise you."

"Is this to be taken with a grain of salt, or in sober earnest?" Mr. Raynor queried, as he stood looking gravely down at her mobile face, on which the colour came and went with every change of mood. "Are not you pleased to have your mother and sister with you?"

"Pleased!" she echoed, with sparkling eyes. "Of course I am; I never knew how dear they were till I found myself kissing and hugging them again and again to assure myself that it was not a dream. Alessie must have missed me sadly; she looked worse than I ever remembered her; but I should have been better satisfied to go to them, than to see them come to me."

"Indeed! I fancied you had quite reconciled yourself to this neighbourhood."

"And yet I should have left it a fortnight ago if the Harwins had not been in trouble, and wanted me."

"True," said Mr. Raynor, still studying her face so intently that she picked up the shady straw hat lying beside her and put it on, to shield herself a little from his scrutiny. "But I thought you were hurrying away because you had told yourself it was time to take up your duties again. Could you have any other motive for being in such haste to leave us? You are not the sort of girl who would fancy herself slighted if Mia neglected to ask you to take a third cup of tea, or I read my letters at the breakfast-table."

"I was very happy at the Grange," she answered, softly.

"And yet you were impatient to be off. On whose account? But I asked you a similar question once before, and got such a snubbing for my pains that I dared not consult you as to inviting Mrs. Anstey here; and so made matters worse, eh? You don't approve of what I have done?"

"I have never doubted your meaning it kindly," was the hesitating response.

"But, like many other people, I have been over-officious, and should have pleased you better if I had not interfered."

"I will not be so ungrateful as to say that," Kythe responded. "My mother is very glad to

be here, and will enjoy the change. As for my sister, it is such a novelty to her to be able to go out-of-doors alone, and wander about a garden, that she is almost wild with delight, and is learning to know by touch, as well as by their scent, the flowers that grow on either side the path."

Then, as she recalled Alessie's pleasure and the happy look her thin features had worn only that morning, she repented the grudging thanks she had given to Mr. Raynor, and said so.

"Yes, it was very, very kind of you; and for my poor little sister's sake I ought to be—nay, I am, more grateful than I can express."

"What an effort it has cost you to say that," Mr. Raynor observed, with one of his provoking smiles. "You have been summing up the advantages and disadvantages of this removal all the time I have been standing here, feeling it incumbent upon you, I suppose, to be civil, yet not wishing to flatter me into the belief that I have done a sensible thing; you looked quite relieved when you were able to bring in your sister, and make her the obliged party."

Kythe could not help laughing a little.

"Frankly, then, Mr. Raynor, my pride is hurt by the arrangement; and will be till you consent to take rent for the cottage."

"In other words, consent to be regarded as neither friend nor kinsman, but simply as your mother's landlord. Is this your meaning? Very well. I will bring you in a debtor and creditor account at Christmas."

To this Kythe assented, refusing to notice the half-jesting tone in which it was said, and adding, slowly—

"I shall be glad to let our first payment stand over till the time you mention, as I may not receive my salary earlier."

Mr. Raynor was too much astonished to hide it.

"'Why should I not think the best of those who are kind to me?'"—*p.* 268.

"Your salary! I don't understand! You have not decided to leave home?"

"Oh, no. Only to act as daily governess to Captain Harwin's little girls. I have just been to Lucilla, and arranged to commence lessons to-morrow morning."

Kythe did not venture to look at her auditor when she had made this announcement, but employed herself in gathering a bunch of harebells for Alessie, for she knew that she should see disapproval of the plan depicted on his countenance. He had never concealed his dislike of the Harwins, but held aloof, and expected his household to do the same; not even the sympathy engendered by the sad fate of little Cis reconciling him to the other members of a family whose habits and modes of thinking were so thoroughly at variance with his own.

Apparently Mr. Raynor could not trust himself to speak, for he tightened his girths and sprang into his saddle before he addressed Kythe again, and then it was with studied indifference.

"Daily governess, I think you said. That will involve some long walks and lonely ones."

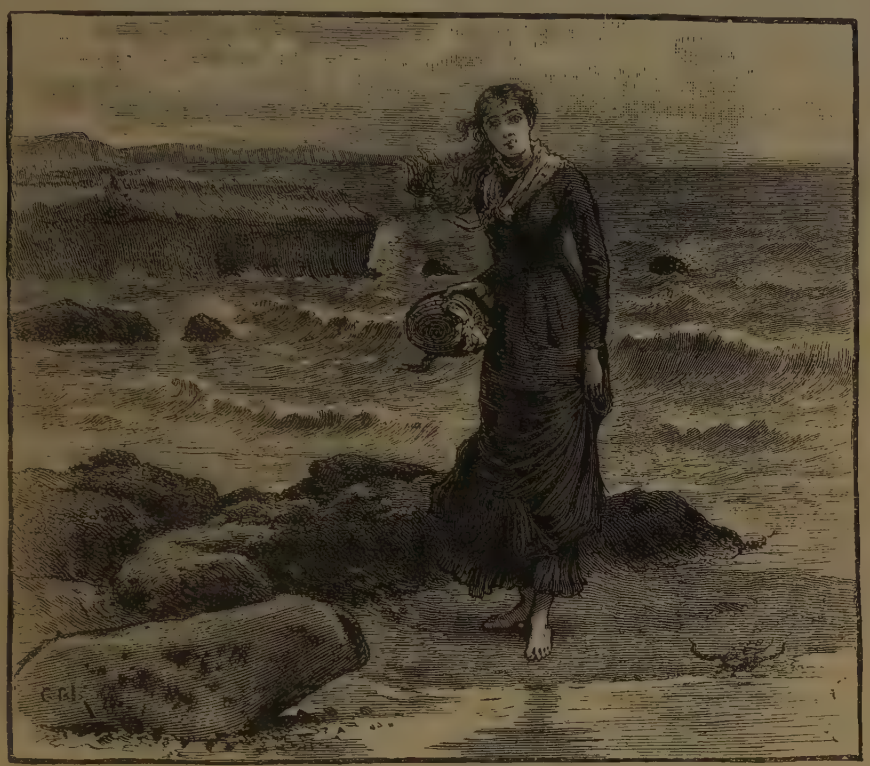
"I shall not mind the distance; or, if I feel nervous, Rupert has promised——"

The sentence was never finished, for, unconsciously, Mr. Raynor, in his annoyance, was jerking and twitching the reins, till his horse was goaded into retaliating, and suddenly reared and pranced, and lashed out with hoofs so violently that his rider was nearly thrown. His great muscular strength enabled him to retain his seat, and reduce the animal to subjection, but not till he had been carried some distance from where he had been standing with Kythe.

Was it worth while returning to be exasperated by further details of a plan so distasteful to him? She had spoken in the most familiar terms of Rupert Harwin; she must have been about to tell him that the companion of her walks to and from the residence of her pupils would be this reckless, dissipated young fellow, whose conduct was already scandalising all the more sober-minded dwellers in the Dale, and Noel Raynor was furious.

"Why do I trouble myself about it?" he muttered, "or why should I go back to lay myself open to more annoyance? Kythe is never so well pleased as when she can prove to me that she is provokingly indifferent to what I say, or what I wish!"

He turned in his saddle to bow a formal good-evening, but she was no longer to be seen. Had the prancing of the horse frightened her into flight? She was easily terrified, and he could have fancied that he heard a faint shriek while he was engaged in the struggle.



"Not a creature was now in sight save the blind girl."—*p.* 270.

He rode on a few paces, but soon turned back. Angry though he was, he reflected that it would be unmanly to ride away without apologising for alarming her.

The next moment he was out of his saddle and kneeling on the turf, for there lay Kythe bleeding and insensible.

CHAPTER XIX.

READING HIS OWN HEART.

How had this happened? When he caught his last glimpse of her she was standing with her head slightly thrown back, ready to defy him if he attempted to express his disapproval of the step she had taken; now, the peachy bloom was fading from her cheek, her lips were colourless, her eyelids closed, and crimson drops were oozing from beneath her curly tresses,

and staining the sleeve of his light coat as he tenderly raised and supported her.

His horse must have kicked her. Hemmed in between the creature and a steep bank, she had been unable to make her escape; and when he adjured her to speak to him, to tell him what injuries she had received, her white still face only seemed to grow whiter and more rigid in the fading light.

Overwhelmed with horror, he looked around him for aid, but not a creature was in sight. What should he do? At that moment, when to all appearance Kythe was dying, the wave of uncontrollable anguish that swept over his heart, told him how very dear she was. He would have given his life for hers, and yet he could do nothing, positively nothing but hold her fondly to him, and listen to the irregular breathing that grew fainter and more faint.

Had he learned how very precious she was to him only to lose her, and thus?

But her eyelids stirred, and, his hopes reviving, he raised himself to his feet, still holding Kythe in his arms. His first idea was to carry her to the cottage of her mother, and this he would have attempted if he had not recollected that there was a spring in a hollow at no great distance; and that if he could procure some water, it would not only stanch the bleeding, but perhaps arouse her from her stupor.

Laying her down on some moss at the foot of the bank, he dashed away in search of it, but the heat of the summer had dried up the spring; nor was he more successful when he hurried to where a tiny streamlet usually meandered through the turf. He had only lost time, he told himself, with a groan; and Kythe, his little Kythe, killed by his carelessness, might have breathed her last while he was away from her.

With the same mad haste, he rushed back to the spot where he had left her. But she was no longer alone; an old countrywoman, jogging home from market, with her empty baskets piled up behind her, in a miniature cart, drawn by a sleek mule, had caught sight of the prostrate figure, and was rubbing Kythe's hands, and watching the effect of a few drops of liquid she had poured into her mouth.

"It 's certain sure to bring her round," she asserted, confidently. "It 's the finest medicine in the world for the rheumatism; that 's why I am taking a bottle home to my husband; an' if its good for one thing, it mun be for another."

Whether it was owing to the potency of the dose or no, Kythe was soon able to sit up, and look dreamily about her; but it was not till her eyes met the anxious gaze of Mr. Raynor that she began to comprehend what had befallen her. On inquiring into her hurts, it was a great relief to find that she had not been kicked by the horse, but received them in trying to get out of his way. She had caught her foot in a long trail of bramble, and fallen down with sufficient force to cut her head slightly, the pain and fright combining to throw her into a swoon.

She was still faint and trembling, and only too thankful to accept the old woman's offer to drive her home. Mr. Raynor rode by her side silent enough, for he was too much moved for speech. In one short half hour he had gone through such acute mental distress that it would be some time before he could recover his equanimity. To Kythe herself he scarcely uttered a word, even when he assisted her to alight, and half carried her up the path to her mother's door; but once, as she sat in the little cart with her fingers grasping the side to steady herself, his hand was laid upon them, with a clasp so long and strong as to be quite painful.

He refused her invitation to enter the house; but two or three days after this occurrence he walked into Mrs. Anstey's sitting-room one afternoon, and finding her at needlework, and alone—he had passed Alessie in the garden—exclaimed, in startled tones, "Is she too ill to be up? Have you had advice?"

The mother's heart gave a throb of exultation, for his alarm betrayed him, and she pictured her darling no longer poor and shabby, but the mistress of Hartswood Grange, with an adoring husband eager to gratify her lightest wishes; yet, with the wariness on which she prided herself, she took care to answer coolly—

"Do you mean Kythe? Oh! she was as wilful as ever this morning, and insisted on keeping her appointment at Captain Harwin's, although I did not consider her fit for so long a walk."

"Why have you let her go there at all?" he questioned, angrily. "Setting aside the danger to her health if she is allowed to over-exert herself, she ought not to associate with a family so indifferent to appearances, so unscrupulous in every respect, as those Harwins."

"My dear Mr. Raynor!" expostulated the widow, "you must not blame me for what I could not help. I was not aware that Miss Harwin had asked Kythe to teach her sisters, till she had accepted the offer."

"But if you had exerted your authority——"

"She would have reminded me that my earnings will not suffice to maintain three of us. Kythe says she has been idle too long. Poor child! She begrudges herself the first holiday she has ever had."

"Are you prepared, then, to risk her making an unhappy marriage?" asked Mr. Raynor, sternly. "Now I have told you how careless, how thoughtless these Harwins are, will you continue to throw her in the way of two idle young fellows, neither of whom is worthy of her?"

"You frighten me!" said Mrs. Anstey. "But what can I do? My life is uncertain, and Kythe will have nothing to depend on but her own exertions. She must therefore go out into the world, and depend upon her own good principles to shield her from harm."

"Do you think I should ever let her want? She is very dear to me," he added, in choked accents, and then there was a pause, which the delighted mother was careful not to break; her agitated com-

panion walking to the window, and standing there till he could accost her with more composure. "If," he said, "if you do not forbid it on account of the disparity in our ages, I shall do my best to win Kythe for my wife; but it is not from merely selfish motives that I oppose her intimacy with the Harwins. If either of the brothers deserved her, I would stand aside and never say a word about my own wishes; but they do not. They do not," he repeated, vehemently, "and it would be torture to see her throw herself away on a ne'er-do-weel, who would make her the slave of his family, or perhaps neglect her."

"What would you have me do?" asked Mrs. Anstey, fluttered and joyful. "It would make me very happy to see my child united to such a man as you; but Kythe is—is peculiar, and I have had no opportunity of learning the state of her feelings. She must esteem you."

"I am not so sure of that," Mr. Raynor interposed, much to the discomfiture of his hearer. "If I were to speak to her now, as frankly as I have to you, I haven't the smallest hope that she would accept me."

Mrs. Anstey's dismay was heightened by this avowal. She had just been construing favourably to her own wishes Kythe's reluctance to be regarded as a pensioner on her kinsman's purse, and applauding her for a delicacy which, under the circumstances, was quite right and proper; but that her daughter would infallibly reject such an eligible suitor as Noel Raynor had not entered her mind.

"What would you have me do?" she asked again.

"Nothing," was the abrupt reply. "At least, I wouldn't have you interfere on my account. I prefer to bide my time—it is my only chance of success; but if you can break off all connection with the Harwins, so much the better for Kythe and all of us."

"I will do my best," said Mrs. Anstey; but it was doubtfully, for she was reflecting that Captain Harwin was a gentleman by birth, who lived on his means; and Kythe had spoken of his sons in much more favourable terms than Mr. Raynor had been employing. If she should refuse to marry her kinsman, might not one of these maligned young men reform himself for her sake?

"I will do my best," she repeated; and Mr. Raynor, who did not know how crafty a worldly and ambitious mother can be, shook hands with her warmly, and went away satisfied that in her he had secured a faithful ally.

He allowed a few days to elapse ere he sought the cottage again. As before, the sun was sinking towards the horizon when he climbed the hillside, and turned his face towards the clump of firs that sheltered Mrs. Anstey's modest home. But whose was the slender figure that came tripping through a copse he was skirting, stopping short to drop him a curtsey, with a saucy smile, as soon as they met? Whose but Kythe Anstey's?

She lifted her hair to show how but the merest trace of the cut on her head was now visible, and asked merrily if he had told Miss Mia that he had taken to such equestrian feats on a fiery courser that it was dangerous to stop near him; but his brow grew dark while she jested.

She saw this, and her pride was up in arms directly; what right had he to look a reproof of her actions? So she raised her eyebrows with a mocking gesture, and passed swiftly on. But as he chose to walk with her, keeping close to her side, her impetuous temper would not let her keep silence long.

"If you are bent on lecturing me, Mr. Raynor, pray begin at once. I prefer to listen—if I must listen at all—while there is no one else to hear you."

"There ought to be no necessity for lecturing you," he began.

"There is none—there can be none!" she hotly interrupted. "I do not choose to be answerable for what I do to any one but my mother!"

"And her wishes you set at defiance."

"Who says so?" she demanded, astonished at this charge.

"Do not my own eyes tell me this?" he retorted. "You are just coming from Captain Harwin's house"—why did Kythe blush so vividly, and suddenly avert her tell-tale face?—"you persist in going there, although you are well aware——"

"Well aware that you have been trying to infect my mother with your prejudices! Yes, I have learned this; but pray go on—you may be able to make me understand what they have to do with me."

"But I am not unjustly prejudiced against this family," Mr. Raynor declared.

"Possibly not," said Kythe, carelessly. "They may be as bad as you represent them; but they behave very well to me. I wanted employment, and, when they offered it, I was only too glad to accept it. It never entered my mind to say to Lucilla, 'I cannot teach Nettie and Beta to write and spell, because Mr. Raynor at the Grange thinks ill of your brothers, and magnifies their boyish follies into grave misdemeanours."

"There are other reasons why your intimacy at Captain Harwin's vexes your friends."

"Indeed!" she replied in an incredulous tone; "but I'll not trouble you to repeat them, for I must confess that they would not have any influence with me. I have entered into an engagement with Miss Harwin, and intend to fulfil it."

"At all costs?"

"I do not know what you mean," Kythe protested, resentfully. "I am to receive fair payment for my services; I have stipulated that my pupils and I are not to be intruded upon during the hours for lessons; nor is my authority to be appealed against."

"You should also stipulate that you are not to be detained till an hour far too late for you to return home alone."

Again Kythe blushed and looked confused, as she

"Kythe described to her the changes in the scenery, as the stout horses slowly climbed the hills."—*p.* 270.

replied that this was already understood. Lessons were always over by three o'clock.

"And now it is seven. Then it is Miss Harwin who thoughtlessly keeps you there so long? She ought to have sent a servant with you."

"I have not been quite alone; I had an escort part of the way," Kythe admitted, with such a conscious air that her hearer bit his lip and positively scowled.

"This, too, is Miss Harwin's doings. Has she no consideration for you?"

"Poor Lucilla! What has she done? I stayed with her just long enough to drink a cup of tea; so you see, my lord judge, she is 'not guilty' on this count at all, at all!"

"Then I wish she were!" was the stern rejoinder. "I had rather hear that you loitered to gossip with a girl of your own age, however frivolous, than that you suffered yourself to be detained by — her brothers."

"Do you know, Mr. Raynor, I am beginning to consider this cross-examination little less than an insult?" exclaimed Kythe, raising her crimson face to survey him angrily. "I will not submit to it any longer! I am not living under your roof; I owe you no allegiance; and I protest against your interference with me!"

He shrugged his shoulders provokingly.

"I expected it. I knew your self-will would lead you to spurn my advice."

"Have you given me any? or, if you have, has it been in the moderate tone and friendly spirit without which it is always intolerable?"

"I cannot remember what I may have said," Mr. Raynor replied. "I only know that I have been anxious to shield you from the consequences of your generous determination to think other people as warm-hearted and right-minded as you are yourself."

"Why should I not think the best of those who are kind to me? Should I be better employed in holding aloof because censorious persons pick holes in their coats which I should never see? You are tempting me to turn the tables upon you, Mr. Raynor. I know that one of the charges you bring against Rupert and Roland Harwin is the disgraceful way in which they spend their Sundays. No, you need not think I am going to defend them," she went on, when he regarded her inquiringly. "I was only going to ask if their open irreverence is worse than such a mere pretence of devotion as carries a man to church, to say his prayers in the sight of his neighbours, when he knows that the remainder of the day will be spent at his desk or his cash-box."

Mr. Raynor was so mute after this home-thrust, that Kythe had time to repent it long before she reached her mother's door. If he would but speak, no matter how sharply, she would be able to qualify her sarcasm; but he did not open his lips, and she rejoiced when Alessie, detecting the approach of footsteps, came to meet her, too full of fretful complaints of the length of her absence to take any notice of her companion.

Putting her arm around the blind girl, Kythe led her towards the little chamber they shared, stopping as she was leaving the room to answer a question put to her by her mother.

"Have I been to old Anne Beacham's since I left my pupils? Yes, and she sends you the recipe you were asking for. Here it is."

One swift glance of triumph was flashed at Mr. Raynor, and then she was gone; and he saw her no more that evening.

And so he had done her injustice. She had not loitered those sunny hours away with Rupert; and yet how could he forget that the pleasantest route to Anne Beacham's cottage lay through the woodland, that came within a hundred yards or so of Captain Harwin's residence; and Kythe had blushed. Why had she blushed and drooped her head when she confessed that she had not rambled along those shady paths alone?

CHAPTER XX.

BY THE SEA.

It was a time-honoured custom at Hartswood to cross the hills at least once in the early autumn, and pay a visit to the sea coast; and there was a beautiful and secluded bay within a reasonable distance to which this yearly pilgrimage was generally made, for the reason that a cheery couple, renting the only hotel within a couple of miles of it, were natives of the Dale, and as pleased to receive old friends and neighbours as the latter were to have ocular demonstration that they were doing well.

By common consent, the first Monday in August was thus observed. A few of the more ambitious would wend their way to the popular watering places, but they were very few; for where could a day be spent more pleasantly than in the pretty bay where boating and bathing, searching for sea-weeds and curious pebbles, offered plenty of amusement for the young; and their elders would stroll about the well-kept gardens of the hotel, and talk over their own youth with the obliging host and hostess?

At a very early hour, every one in the Dale was astir. Those who never dreamed of making holiday at any other time were of one mind with the gayest on this occasion; even the Beachams, in spite of their growing infirmities, thankfully accepting seats in a neighbour's vehicle, and going to feast their eyes once more on the grandeur of the open sea. Some of the farmers lent their teams, and large parties of merry lads and lasses climbed into the tilted wagons, and jogged slowly but pleasantly to the shore in this fashion. It was true that they started earlier and arrived later than the rest, but they lightened the tedium of the journey by their songs and laughter.

The Harwins chartered a *char-à-banc* at considerable expense, reserving a seat in it for Kythe; but though she defended them against Mr. Raynor's strictures, she was too keenly alive to much in their manners

and principles that was at variance with her own to accept the invitation. Moreover, it had not included Alessie, although when Lucilla called at Mrs. Anstey's to press Kythe's acceptance of it, the blind girl sat by, listening wistfully to the details of her preparations, and her hopes that the weather would be favourable.

Mrs. Anstey herself was to spend the day with Miss Mia, who would be the only person left in charge at the Grange; for Mrs. Robins, who always spent a few weeks at Kirby Bay in the autumn—to give her strength, she would say plaintively, to struggle through another winter—had elected to start when there would be plenty of help on the road in case of a break-down; and as she would not trust any one but Noel to drive her, he was drawn into the holiday keeping whether he would or no.

Mrs. Anstey hinted her conviction that the back-seat of the Raynors' substantial vehicle would be willingly given to Kythe; but they, like the Harwins, had overlooked her sister; and she, fully determined to accept no pleasure Alessie was not permitted to share, accepted instead places in the roomy wagonette in which a farmer living near proposed to drive his flock of happy children.

Mrs. Anstey was annoyed at the arrangement, and though she could not muster up any reasonable objections, she made others. It was absurd to take Alessie; she would only excite herself, and be unbearably ill-humoured afterwards; besides, she had nothing to wear that was fit to be seen. Nor was she pacified when Kythe met this plea by dressing her sister in the holland and turkey-red seaside costume, contrived with so much pains for herself, and going contentedly in an old dress that inflicted more mortification on her mother than herself.

But if Mrs. Anstey's last words to her daughters were so ungracious that they sent Kythe away pouting and Alessie tearful, her ill-humour was soon forgotten in the pleasure of that long day's outing. The farmers' children were stiff and prim for the first hour, weighed down by the thought of their best clothes, and when they grew fidgety were persuaded to make amends for the hurried breakfast they were too eager to eat, by devouring some of the pies and cakes with which their mother had provided them; but the sisters nestled together in a snug corner—Alessie with her pale face upturned to the blue sky she could not see, and Kythe describing to her the changes in the scenery, as the stout horses slowly, slowly climbed the hills, crossed the rugged plateau on the summit, and then, by winding roads that would have startled a Southron from Essex or Middlesex, descended to the coast.

Would Kythe ever forget her first glimpse of the sea, heaving and glittering in the morning sun? After one long raptured gaze, enjoyed all the more because the horses were resting after the pull up the hill, she looked around for some one to share her delight, and found that some one in Jock Beacham. He had started at dawn to walk the distance, and now was so heartily invited by the farmer to "get in along with the bairns," that he took the seat beside Alessie one of the little boys vacated for him.

Like all observant men who have lived much in the open air, he could descry exquisite changes in the clouds that flecked the horizon, and point out curious veinings in the cliffs, and tell something, though in simpler terms than a geologist would have used, of the different strata, and the wonders that may be seen in what are called the common objects of the shore.

But if Kythe was delighted with what she saw and heard, what words can describe the ecstasies of Alessie? Her pale face grew rosy as the breeze ruffled her hair, and when she had been led to where a wide expanse of sand had been left bare by the receding tide, she sat with her hands clasped round her knees, hearkening to the ceaseless rush of the waters, and forgot everything else. Even Kythe's voice lost its power over her, and she begged to be left alone. By some faculty inexplicable to those who see, she was able to comprehend something of the might of the resistless waters that came and went with varying tones she was already learning to distinguish, soon knowing when they broke and buffeted against a rock, or swirled over the pebbles they strove to drag back with them into their depth, or came rippling up the sands and in and out the groves of seaweed.

The holiday came to an end but too soon; there was the long homeward drive to be considered, and prudent mothers remembered that the children would be cross and sleepy before they reached home if allowed to over-tire themselves. So Kythe assisted the farmer's wife in gathering her flock together and packing them in the wagonette, then ran down to the shore for Alessie, whom she had left there not an hour ago so absorbed as to be a very unsatisfactory companion.

But while Jock Beacham had been assisting her to scramble up the cliff side and gather the wild flowers still blooming there, the scene in the bay had changed. The tide always came into it with great force and rapidity, and the young people who had been paddling about the sands, being forced to retreat before it, had trooped off to eat fruit in the hotel gardens.

Not a creature was now in sight save the blind girl; and when Kythe saw her she uttered a despairing cry, and sank on her knees; for Alessie had not retired with the rest—indeed, she had been too much entranced to hear them depart—but, with naked feet, and her fair hair streaming on the wind, was still standing on a hillock in the midst of the waters that filled the bay. Faster and faster the tide was coming up; the boats belonging to the hotel-keeper had sailed away long since, to land a party of excursionists at a little port some miles hence; and only a strong swimmer could save Alessie, who as yet was happily unconscious of her danger.

(To be continued.)

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

EARLY MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

THE SPREAD OF THE KINGDOM.

OF British evangelistic societies, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, founded in 1698, was the first to engage in the work of Foreign Missions. Its agents, however, were not Englishmen, but Germans of the Lutheran Church, the majority of whom had been trained under Professor Francke of Halle. The object of the Society was to "promote Christian knowledge" in England and the Colonies; but subsequent to the year 1709 its records are largely occupied with missionary transactions.

The King of Denmark in 1705, with the assistance of Professor Francke, had despatched a mission to his subjects at Tranquebar, on the Coromandel coast. The pioneers of this, the first Protestant Mission to India, were Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutchau, two Halle students. In 1709 the reports of their labours came under the notice of the Christian Knowledge Society, and excited great interest. A grant in aid was made from the Society's funds, and thenceforward the Tranquebar brethren were assisted from time to time until 1727, when the Society assumed the entire support of a South Indian Mission. A succession of able and devoted men, among whom was the apostolic Schwartz, carried on this mission in Madras, Tanjore, Tinnevelly, Trichinopoly, and Calcutta: Tranquebar remaining a Danish station. As the result of these enterprises after a century of labour, it appears that not less than 50,000 natives of India had abandoned heathenism and embraced Christianity.

In 1826 the missions were transferred to the care of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, instituted in 1701. Some very striking results have attended the Society's labours in South India. For instance, in Tinnevelly no less than 23,564 persons applied for Christian instruction in the years 1877—1878. Again, in Chota Nagpore (Western Bengal), the Gospel has spread with marvellous rapidity among the Kôls, an aboriginal tribe, over ten thousand converts having been gathered within a very short period. The Society has also laboured very successfully in North America among the Indian tribes; and it has missions in China, Japan, East and South Africa, and other portions of the globe.

In 1709 the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Islands was formed, and under its auspices David Brainerd entered upon his short but glorious missionary career in 1743. During the four years of his ministry no less than two hundred Indians became sincere Christians;

while a still larger number gave evidence that the Truth had influenced their hearts.

The Rev. Jonathan Edwards published the "Life and Diary of David Brainerd," and also a tract entitled, "An Humble Attempt to Promote Union in Extraordinary Prayer for the Revival of Religion." The perusal of these publications created in the minds of a few Baptist ministers in England the desire to commence a new enterprise for Christ in the heathen world; and in 1784 the Northamptonshire Association urged upon its members the propriety of holding monthly prayer meetings for the spread of the Gospel.

Marshman and William Ward were amongst the new arrivals, and, with Carey, they formed what Dr. Duff calls "the immortal triumvirate of Serampore." The translation of the Scriptures had already been commenced by Carey, and it was now pushed on with the utmost diligence. From the mission press streamed forth Gospels and tracts, and by the energy of the brethren, in conjunction with the labours of some who were stimulated by their example, before 1816 portions of the New Testament had been translated into thirty-one dialects and languages of India.

In 1801 the first convert, a Brahmin, was baptised.

MATAVIA BAY, TAHITI.

The recommendation was adopted, a missionary spirit began to operate, which the fervour of William Carey elicited during a sermon preached at Leicester in May, 1792. In the following October, the Baptist Missionary Society was formed at Kettering, and within six months Carey and Mr. John Thomas were ready to start for India. The East India Company at that time required all persons entering their territories to procure a license, but to Carey permission was refused, because his errand was evangelical, and it was feared commercial interests would suffer. In November, 1793, Carey and Thomas reached Calcutta in a Danish ship, but being unlicensed, they were compelled to seek secular employment.

In 1800 the Society sent out additional missionaries, who met with the same prohibitions as their predecessors. Ultimately it was decided that the brethren should proceed to Serampore, a Danish settlement, about twelve miles from Calcutta, and, under a foreign flag, prosecute their labours. Joshua

Within the next fifteen years, seven hundred converts had been baptised, and over ten thousand children had received religious instruction. The results of the Serampore mission were hailed with delight by all sections of Christians, whose feelings were, however, outraged by the despotic treatment of the missionaries by the Government; and it was therefore resolved that, when the period arrived for the renewal of the Company's charter, an effort should be made to secure the right to preach the Gospel in Hindostan. The question came before Parliament in 1813; and, in spite of the most violent opposition from the Company, and the direst predictions of Anglo-Indians, all restrictions upon missionaries were removed. The Society was not slow to avail itself of the right thus obtained, and its agents were soon found working in all parts of Northern India. Indian missions have ever since been its principal care, no less than thirty-five out of sixty-eight European missionaries being engaged among the Hindus. The

chief success in India has been obtained in the district of Backergunge, in the Delta of the Ganges, where there is a Christian community of some four thousand persons.

In 1813 a mission to the West Indian negroes was commenced. A very large measure of blessing has visited the Society's efforts in Jamaica, the churches now containing over 28,000 communicants, who mostly support their own pastors. Other West Indian islands have yielded most encouraging results.

The Ceylon Mission was commenced in 1812, and the work of the Society is progressing satisfactorily. In 1841 a West African mission was instituted, and though it has been much hindered by the hostility of the Jesuits, and the evil example of Europeans, there is evident progress. The Society in 1878 entered upon a mission to equatorial Africa. China and Japan are also receiving the Society's attention.

The General Baptist Mission was commenced in 1821, in the province of Orissa, one of the centres of Hindoo superstition, containing the famous temple of Jaganath, at Pooree. The progress of the mission will be seen from the following figures :—In 1850, there were 564 Christians ; in 1871, there were 2,169 ; and in 1879, there were 2,704, of whom 994 are communicants.

In 1795, the London Missionary Society was formed, chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Bogue, the historian of Dissent. It appears that the perusal of the first letters received from Carey and Thomas gave the missionary impulse to Dr. Bogue's mind. Associated with Dr. Haweis and other representative Christians, he was instrumental in organising a Society whose design was "not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of Church order and government, but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to the heathen." Though the principal supporters of the Society are found among the Independents, this catholic Constitution remains to the present day.

Missionary operations commenced in the South Sea Islands, and the magnitude of the first effort created a lively interest in the minds of the Christian community. In 1796, no fewer than twenty-nine missionaries embarked in the *Duff*, the Society's ship, for Tahiti. On this island the majority of the brethren landed, the remainder going to the Friendly Islands and the Marquesas, but these two stations were soon abandoned. In Tahiti the mission passed through severe vicissitudes, and the efforts of the missionaries to evangelise a people among whom cannibalism, human sacrifice, and infanticide were prevalent, appeared wholly unavailing. But the blessing came at length. In 1812 Pomare, king of Tahiti, renounced idolatry, and his example was speedily followed by many chiefs and their people.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF TAHITI.

The arrival of fresh labourers led to a considerable extension of the mission; but it is a fact to be noted, that the success of the Society in Polynesia is in a great degree due to the native agency which it has fostered and developed. Now whole groups of islands are Christianised. Idolatry is a thing of the past; sacrifice and infanticide are utterly abolished. Nearly all the people are able to read God's word in their own language; and many of the older Polynesian Missions are now largely or entirely self-supporting. In the South Seas there are 30,000 converts, and nearly 600 native ministers and teachers.

In 1798 Dr. Vanderkemp commenced a mission on the frontiers of Kaffraria. He was followed by Dr. Philip, and much good was done amongst the savage tribes amongst whom they lived. But the romance of African missions still clings to the labours of Robert Moffatt, who in 1818 commenced the Bechuana Mission. The recent disturbances in Zululand have adversely affected South African missions; converts have been scattered, and the spirit of war has caused many to fall away. But in the district of which Kuruman is the centre, there are hundreds who are living witnesses to the truth that the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The labours of the heroic Livingstone began in the service of the London Society, but of these we must speak hereafter. The Central African Mission has experienced sad reverses; but the prospects are now brightening.

In 1807 Robert Morrison landed in China, then a country closed to missionary effort. The hostility of the government compelled Morrison to live for many years in absolute retirement, which he employed in acquiring the language, and in translating the Scriptures. In 1822 the whole Bible was printed in Chinese; but it was not till more than twenty-one years later that missionaries dared orally to announce its blessed truths. Now a missionary may preach the Gospel from Shanghai to Yunan, protected by a Government passport. The people listen eagerly, and vast numbers hear the message. There is great hope for China in the future. Dr. Legge says that in 1843 there were possibly six converts in China. By the efforts of the London and other societies, the number up to 1878 had increased two-thousandfold; and the 12,000 or 13,000 communicants are the centre of a Christian community of probably not less than 50,000 persons. If the same ratio of progress is maintained, in 1913 there will be in China 26,000,000 communicants, and a Christian community of over 100,000,000. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

In South India the Society's work has advanced rapidly. In the Travancore Mission, begun in 1806, the converts number nearly 40,000. Madagascar, too, is the scene of signal success. The history of the mission commenced in 1820, has three distinct periods; the first covering sixteen years, the time of planting; the second covering twenty-five years, the time of persecution; the third—the period of progress. During the twenty-five years of persecution the flame of religion was kept alive by the simple perusal of God's word, which, during the first period, had been translated into Malagasy. When persecution ceased the Christians were found to have increased twenty-fold, and now there are 253,000 converts in the island.

The Church Missionary Society was founded in 1799. Its formation was strongly opposed by the bishops and clergy, but "the most serious obstacle was the difficulty of obtaining missionaries." The Society's first agents were German Lutherans; and it was not till 1815 that the English Church was able to send her own sons into the field. In 1804, a mission was opened among the Susus, a West African tribe; but the effort was soon abandoned. The settlement of Sierra Leone was next occupied, and here, amongst the slaves liberated from Portuguese and Spanish slave-ships, the missionaries found ample employment. A self-supporting Missionary Church is now established in Sierra Leone. The Yoruba and Niger Missions have also been greatly blessed. Bonny, once notorious for its terrible superstitions, "is now become a Bethel," and crowds of natives attend the Church services on the Sabbath. The East African Mission was commenced in 1844, and is progressing steadily. The Nyanza (Central African) Mission has passed through severe trials, but the latest accounts are more favourable. In Palestine, "the land of promise, and the cradle of truth and freedom," there is a mission for the *spiritual enlightenment of Mohammedans*, but the results are at present small.

In India, the operations of the Society commenced in 1813, and it now occupies 74 principal stations. Its chief successes have, in common with the Propagation Society, been witnessed in Southern India. In Tinnevelly, where the two Episcopal Societies labour side by side, the baptised Christians have during the last twenty years increased from 18,000 to 34,000, and there is a native community numbering 53,000. In South India generally, there are 90,000 Christian adherents in connection with the Church of England. The Society has also a flourishing mission in Ceylon, with 8,000 converts. In China there is great cause for encouragement, especially in the history of the Fuh-Kien mission. Some very striking results have been experienced in connection with the New Zealand Mission, the number of native Christians being now 16,500. In North West America there is a Christian community of over 12,000 Red Indians; while on the shores of the Pacific, at Metlakahtla, we have "a splendid proof of how by founding Christian colonies, missions may become the means of preserving the national life of Indian tribes who must otherwise have become extinct."*

Wesleyan missions were originated by Dr. Coke, a devoted servant of God, who founded stations in the

* "Christlieb: Foreign Miss.," p. 94.

West Indies in 1786. In 1813, he projected a mission to Ceylon; but he was prevented by death from entering upon the work. Nevertheless, the men he selected occupied the island; and the Wesleyan Missionary Society, founded in 1817, has now a flourishing mission there. In the West Indies the Society has conducted extensive operations, with corresponding results. Its adherents in this part of the world number 46,000, a large proportion being in Jamaica, where the Wesleyan missionaries laboured side by side with their Baptist brethren during the worst times of slavery.

The Society's missions in Southern and Western Africa are conducted on a large scale, and with great success. But we turn to the South Seas for the most remarkable of the Society's triumphs. The following extract from a speech by Sir A. Gordon, Governor of Fiji, will show what the Gospel has done there. He says "within the memory of living men" the condition of the islands was "perpetual tribal wars, cannibalism, infanticide, murder of widows, every kind of evil and wickedness perpetrated universally. Those were the characteristics of the people of the Fiji Islands. What is their condition now? . . . Out of a population of something like 120,000, more than 102,000 are regular attendants at Wesleyan churches, and the remaining 18,000 are not heathens, but for the most part members of other Christian churches. . . . The people of Fiji are now a Christian people."

Our space will not permit of more than a passing mention of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society—a truly missionary organisation. Since its foundation in 1804, 82,047,062 Bibles, Testaments, and portions have been distributed, translated into 238 languages and dialects.

"CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT."

(EPH. v. 14.)

AROUSE thee, thou that sleepest,
And from the dead arise,
And Christ shall shine upon thee
To fill with light thine eyes.

The light that shines in darkness,
The day-dawn from afar,
The light that lighteth all the world,
The bright and morning Star.

Come forth! 't is Christ that bids thee,
As erst, in Bethany,
He bade dead Lazarus arise,
From grave and grave-clothes free.

Thou dead in trespassing and sins
Arise, 't is Christ that calls;
Fling off each cerement from thee
That heart and soul enthrals.

Step forth from out the darkness,
And stand within the light;
And, in that light illumined,
Thou shalt thyself be bright.

Arise! shine forth, O Christian,
For now thy Light is come;
The glory of the Lord is risen
Upon thee in thy gloom.

In darkness now no longer,
A child of light thou art—
With psalms and hymns and songs divine
Make music in thy heart.

Walk ever circumspectly
In wisdom, without blame,
To God the Father giving thanks,
In Christ's most holy name.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

A POETESS OF HUMBLE LIFE.

IT is difficult to realise how much dignity is reflected on any class by honourable distinction gained by one of its members. The proverb, "What man has done, man may do again," applies to the whole race generally, but we cannot help applying it particularly. Hugh Miller has shown us that a working mason can become one of the leading scientific men of his day; Elihu Burritt has proved that a blacksmith has time for engrossing and exact study; while still nearer our own place and day, Dick the baker of Thurso, and Thomas Edward the shoemaker of Banff, have made manifest that daily labour of the simplest kind is quite consistent with a passionate love of Nature and a devoted study of her works. The wise schoolmaster of antiquity made reverence to his pupils because there might be a great man among them; and it is such men as these who teach statesmen to reverence those "masses" among whom such moral qualities as theirs, rising ever and anon into view, vindicate the existence of a great silent depth of worth and integrity; for one of the most striking points in the biography of genius is the grouping of noble character around it, revealed but not created by its flash.

Women of the humbler ranks have suffered something by the want of notable examples of intellectual struggle and aspiration among themselves. The education of women is a later development than that of men, and most instances of female genius and enterprise have arisen in those classes whose intellectual opportunities are comparatively favourable. Below that line, the difficulties in the way of self-cultivation have hitherto been so great as to be insurmountable by anything but the most ardent love of knowledge, united to almost superhuman determination and energy. The more honour, therefore, is due to the few heroines who have shown what is possible for the lowliest and most hard-working of their sisters. The story of their struggle and triumph is the best landmark which can be set up to guide others into their tracks. And in simple pathos and dignity the history of none can surpass that of Janet Hamilton, the poetess of Langloan, near Glasgow, the daughter and wife of working shoemakers.

She was born in October, 1795. Her maiden name was Janet Thomson, and on her mother's side she was descended from a Covenanting hero, John Whitelaw, who was executed in 1683, for taking part in the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Her maternal grandfather appears to have been a remarkable man. Left an orphan in childhood, and earning his bread first as a "herd laddie," and then as a village cooper, he seems to have looked on life with a thoughtful and understanding eye, treasuring up historical facts, romantic incidents, and characteristic traits, which Janet received and treasured, both from his own lips, and from those of his daughter, her mother.

Her birthplace was in the village of Shotts, Lanarkshire; but her childhood was passed first in the town of Hamilton and afterwards in the village

of Langloan. A graphic picture of this place in those days, and the sort of life she lived there, is given in her sketch of "A Scottish Roadside Village Sixty Years Since," when, as she says, "the giant Steam—firstborn of the wedded elements fire and water—had not put in motion his million machines," and the sunshine "lay lovingly upon the lowly thatched roofs of two long irregular rows of cottages standing on each side of the road, containing between four and five hundred inhabitants, and in almost every instance consisting of only a single apartment, fifteen or sixteen feet in width, and front, with a space between for the inner door, held the beds of the family. The gudewife's clothes-press stood against the wall on one side of the house, and the aumrie or more modern dresser and rack on the other; and in most houses a dark-faced eight-day clock served to mark the lapse of time to the industrious inhabitants. A chest, half-a-dozen coarse heavy chairs, a deal table, with two or three stools, completed the furniture of the Scottish villager's home."

But though it was a life bare of all which most regard as life's comforts, if not its necessities, it was

THE HOUSE OF JANET HAMILTON.

nearly square; two of these—opening upon a common passage—leading quite through to the cottage garden behind, form what is called in Scotland 'a but and a ben.' Entering in, you trod upon an unmade earthen floor, worn into a hundred hollows. The ceiling above is constructed of rough sawn boards, black with smoke; and there, in undisturbed security, venerable spiders hung their webs from every coign of vantage. You ascended by a ladder to a loft, where, if the family is large, the young men and boys slept upon pallet beds, with the thatch for a canopy, surrounded with the lumber of disused hand-loom furniture. There was a heap of peats in one corner, and some bundles of bed-straw in another—a bunch of oat straw, laid beneath a tick filled with chaff, being the only mattress known to the Scottish housewife of that period. In the house below, two large wooden boxes, with sliding or folding doors in

also a life full of cheerful industry and simple social pleasure. Though Janet was never in a school for one single day, and learned to read standing by the side of her mother's spinning wheel, spelling out letters and words from the Shorter Catechism, the conversation and interests of the home and the neighbourhood were neither sordid nor dull. As a very little girl, Janet's daily task had been to spin two hanks of yarn, and as she grew older, she found employment at the tambour frame. She declares that "being always intimately associated with the operative weavers of that period, I can say with confidence that, taken as a class, they were the most intelligent, enlightened, and by far the most independent body of working men in the kingdom." And when we are told of the discussion between her father and "old Robin the sawyer, who opposed all the revelations of science, astronomical and geological," we see how far

the rays of mental light had penetrated into the dark interior of these Scottish dwellings. She tells an amusing story how her father once addressed the old man:—"Robin, is it not wonderful to think that the sun is such a distance from the earth, that a cannon-ball shot from it would not reach us for many thousands of years?" Robin was taken aback, and sat with a surprised look and open mouth for a minute or so, till he had consulted with himself on the subject, when he blurted out, "Man, if I knew that a cannon-ball had been shot from the sun right down above my head, I wouldn't stand beneath it for ten minutes."

About thi time (the beginning of the present century), a library was formed in the village, and Janet Hamilton records that the full half of the books voted in at the first general meeting of the subscribers—to wit, the reading working men—were works of divinity, and the other half biography, travels, voyages, essays, history, and geography; no poetry, no drama, and but one work of fiction.

We must not thence infer that these hard-headed people were void of all love of romance or melody. In a stationary society, the true history of families is drama and legend in itself, and at the lowly hearths such songs as "Burd Helen," "Tiftie's Annie," and "The Flowers of the Forest," were nightly sung by maid or matron as she whirred her wheel.

Here at least was carried out in its severest integrity the principle of "plain living and high thinking." The daily fare was Spartan in its plainness—porridge for breakfast, barley broth, salt herrings, and oatcakes for dinner, never varied except in the month of November, when two or three neighbours would club together to purchase a fat cow or ox for slaughter, to be daintily consumed during the winter months. For a woman to be called "a tea-drinker," conveyed as much odium as the term "dram-drinker" would now. And such abstinence seems to have had its rewards. Few can boast, nowadays, as could Janet Hamilton's old spinster neighbour, "Kirsty Dinsmore," that "she'd never had a sair head, and, God be thankit, ha'en keepit mysel' clear o' the men a' my days, I ne'er had a sair heart." "Kirsty" had never taken any physic but a strong decoction of "green kail," drank at intervals during twenty-four hours' fast—a heroic medicine, which she considered had set all the doctors at defiance during her long life of ninety-five years.

Janet had been a great reader from her earliest remembrance. She married very young, "with no capital in the world but the honest paid-for humble house-plenishing, and two pairs of hands." Her husband was her admiring and sympathising friend, going to a distance to fetch her books from another library when she had "used up" the nearer one. Once and once only, could she remember having been betrayed by her studies into neglect of domestic duty, and as she said, "Need ye wonder at it, when it was the first time I turned Shakespeare's wondrous pages?" She declared that Shakespeare not only awakened her love of poetry, but trained her in grammatical expression, though she added, "You might as well ask the laverock [lark] how it can sing as ask me how I can write according to the rules of grammarians."

Janet composed a little poetry in her girlhood, and then remained silent amid the duties and cares of married life until she was past fifty. She had ten children, each of whom she began to teach to read at the age of five years. She did this while busily employed at the tambour frame; and her boys as well as her girls were trained in household duties, to keep them in habits of industry till they were old enough for trades.

It must be borne in mind that all this time this student of Shakespeare and Milton, of Plutarch and Rollin, *could not write*. When she was fifty-four, she taught herself a curious print-like character, which she could use herself, but for ordinary purposes her husband or a son acted as amanuensis.

She sang, "as the birds sing," for her own delight, until about the year 1854, when she saw in the newspapers the invitation issued by the late John Cassell for contributions to his Literature of Working Men. To this she eagerly responded, saying, it must mean working women too! Her son believes that the first thing she sent was the "Essay on Self-education," which has a place in the memorial volume of her works, recently published in Glasgow. She always regarded John Cassell as her first literary friend, and at his death wrote a few touching lines to him as "the true and esteemed friend of the working man"—

> A leader in the van of knowledge still,
> He won his laurels on the field of mind,
> In combat keen with ignorance and ill—
> The trophies of his power remain behind.

Many of her verses are full of touches of pathos and humour, as when she speaks of single women as those—

> Wha keep their haun's to serve themsels.

Or tells—

> Oor grannie was just a real auld warl' wife,
> An' buttered her cakes wi' an auld-fashioned knife,
> An' that was nae ither but grannie's ain thoom,
> But the chiel bein' yaup, ne'er thocht o' the coom.

The "Scotchness" of her verses may spoil many of them for Southern ears and understandings, but all can appreciate the good style and sterling sense of her prose essays. Dr. Guthrie, in his enthusiasm, declared "some of Janet's poetry is worthy of Burns, and some of her prose worthy of Hugh Miller." And Lord Haughton says that she illustrates his proposition "that good composition in prose is always sure to go with good composition in verse."

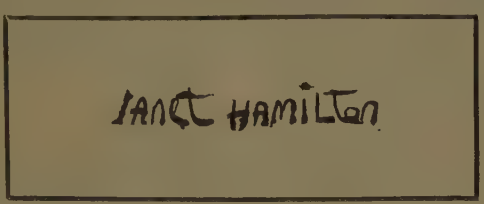
She entered warmly into the larger contemporary politics. The struggles for Hungarian, Italian, and Grecian liberty all had her sympathies. General Garibaldi, in his prison, called out some stirring lines, and very proud was she when in her old age she received a visit from one of his sons.

Her heart was much with her toiling sisters, whose wrongs she fully recognised, but whose rights she always insisted could be won only through their duties, saying pithily, "We greatly lack that most important and necessary adjunct to the 'schoolmaster abroad,' and that is 'the mother at home.'" Of her own mother she tells that "during all the years of childhood, every night when I laid my head on my pillow, my mother's mouth was close at my ear praying for me, and teaching me to pray for myself."

She was also a warm advocate of temperance. Among the neighbours on all sides she had seen the terrors of the drunkard's end, and the wretchedness he deals around him ere it comes. As she says, she

> Teuk notes, as I jogit alang
> The rough road o' life that a' wark bodies gang.

And amongst these "notes" are some on the influence of the drink traffic on those engaged in it. She gives five sketches of this from the village she lived in "maist feck o' her life." They are all pictures of moral and mental degradation, ending in misery, disease, and death. Grimmer still is her description of the well-to-do publican in her essay on the "Moral Perversions of Intemperance," who, dealing out his fiery destruction to palsied wretches, miserable women, and skeleton children, liked to "tell of an experiment made to prevent the pressure of business on Saturday night from encroaching on the Sabbath," and would go on to narrate—"I said to my wife, 'I do not like keeping open shop till twelve on Saturday night [it was before the Forbes-Mackenzie Act]; we will shut up half an hour earlier, and if we find by the end of the month that we have lost nothing, we will take another half hour off.' We did so, *and by the blessing of God*, we found our gains had not decreased. I was the only spirit-dealer in our quarter that did so," he would say, "and at the great day when the others are called to account for breaking the Sabbath, the Judge will say, pointing to me, 'Had you not this man's example before you? Why did you not follow it?'" Well may Janet Hamilton comment, "I never knew a man to whom the term 'whited sepulchre' could be more aptly applied."



AUTOGRAPH OF JANET HAMILTON.

Janet lost her sight when she was sixty years old. But, poor as her home had always been, the grand old woman found her age tenderly cherished and supported. Her "ain aud guidman" had read to her till, as he said, his voice had "got doon to a deid hoarseness." Her son James' pen was ever at her service, and he kept her supplied with wild flowers, of which she said, "They're all in my heart—I loved them too well ever to forget them." This son was the stay of the family, the bachelor, needed, as his mother said, for "home consumption," and not inclined to grumble at his lot, but rather to "thank God for giving him the privilege of doing something for the comfort of his parents in their old age and troubles." For personal attendant she had her daughter Marion, "specially great in the reading of her mother's ballad poetry." The family never moved from Langloan, now almost absorbed in Coatbridge, "a rapidly growing town," with "flaming furnaces and great mounds of slag," as Janet described it—

> Smoorin' wi' reek, an' blackened wi' soot,
> Lowin' like Etna an' Hecla to boot,
> Aught of our malleables want ye to learn?
> There 's chappin' an' clippin' an' sawin o' airn,
> Burnin' an sotterin', reengin' an knockin',
> Scores o' puir mortals roastin' and chokin'.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> An' oh, siccan Sabbaths! oh, siccan weans!
> Rantin' an' playin', an' castin' o' stanes.
> Hearken, the toddlin' bit things, hoo they swear!
> Had I wings like a doo [dove] I wadna' be here!

Yet, even in this dark hard place a visitor records that every face softened when he mentioned the good woman's name, and a rough collier cheerfully volunteered to lead him to her house. He found her in her neat little dwelling of two apartments—distinguished from the poor homes around, only by "a small book-case, containing a choice collection of books." For Janet, to her last days, remained what she had been in her first—a gentlewoman of the working people. Let the frivolous factory girls of the period, with their pinchbeck jewellery and perfumes and ever-changing fashions, think of her, the lady of their own order, who "never had a finger-ring, earrings, brooch, or scarf-pin, never a silk dress, a pair of boots on her feet, or a pair of stays on her back, all her life."

Janet died in October, 1873, at the age of 78 years. October had been her birth-month and was always her favourite—

> Again, again, and yet again,
> I have sung of thee, October!

and—

> The very soul of quietude is breathing
> O'er field and lake, with sweetest peace enwreathing
> My tranquil soul from fonts of blissful feeling;
> Sweet silent tears adown my cheeks are stealing.
>
> Spirit of meekness, brooding in the air,
> On thy soft pinions waft my lowly prayer,
> That I may meet, calm, meek, resigned, and sober,
> My life's decline, my solemn last October.

She dwells on this idea so often, that it seems almost like a prophecy.

Her devoted husband, who knew so well, as he said, "hoo the burnin' thochts within her wadna let her rest," survived her five years, and died at the age of ninety. The dutiful daughter Marion is now her-

self a bed-ridden invalid in the old house at Langloan. In that little home she and her brother must often feel what Maria Edgeworth's sister said, after Maria's death—"You cannot tell what it is to live without the light of genius after you have once grown accustomed to it." But they are still consoled by gleams from a pleasant past, and by

> That light abune,
> That cheers the darkness o' a life
> That maun be endit soon.

It is pleasant to think that during her lifetime Janet Hamilton found the genial recognition which best suited her simple and upright nature, and that since her death loving reverence has erected a memorial fountain near her dwelling-place. But her best monument will ever be, not even the writings which live on earth after her, but the story of her life itself, with its patience and industry, its genuine *womanliness*, from which neither head, heart, nor hand were omitted. Think what the world would be if every woman, each in her own place, was as Janet Hamilton!

EDWARD GARRETT.

WORK IN SOME OF THE DARK CORNERS OF LONDON.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

IT was a cold January night, a few winters ago, when, just before retiring to rest for the night, my house bell was timidly rung. I knew, of course, that a visitor at that time of night must either mean a person in temporal want, from the very poor part of the parish, or a call to visit the dying. The message soon came.

"There's a little girl, sir, wishing to speak to you—her father's very ill, she says."

Going into the hall, I saw a poor half-clad little girl, about ten years old, standing shivering with cold.

"Well, my little girl," I said, as kindly as I could, "and what has brought you here so late, this cold night?"

"Please, sir, an' father's very ill, mother says, an' would you come t' see him, cos he's very ill, sir, please."

"And what is the matter with your father, does your mother think, eh?"

"Please, I don't know, sir, but he fell off the chair to-night. He doesn't speak now, only a bit, sir, to mother sometimes, an' mother said I'd better come for you to speak to father—he's so ill, sir."

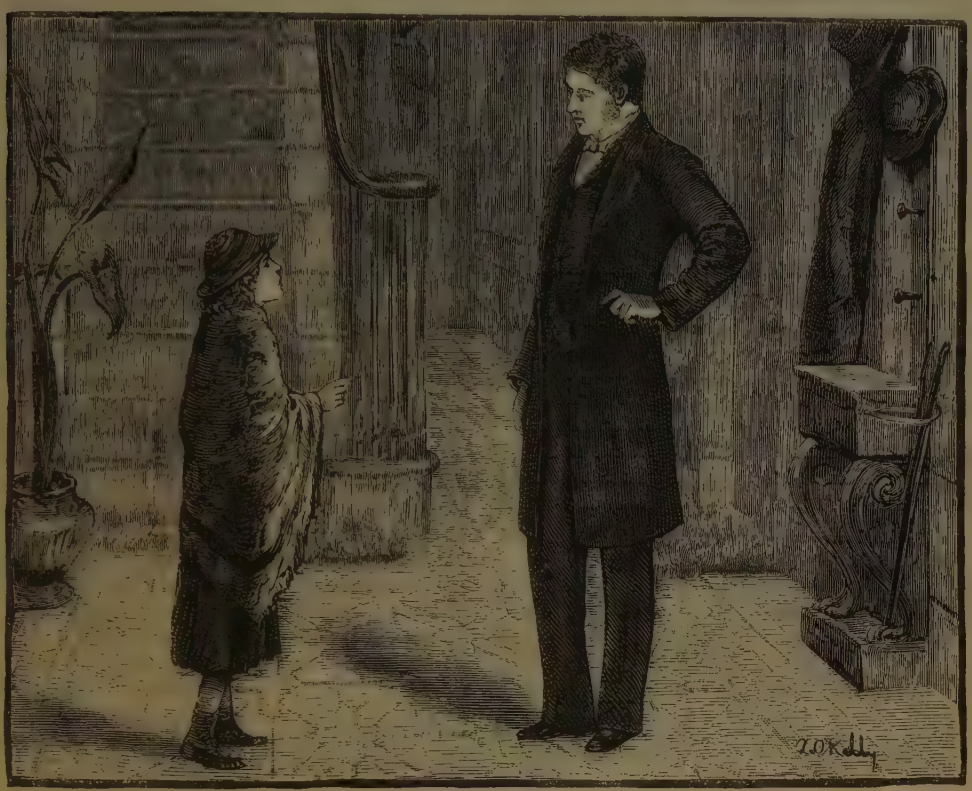
I much pitied this little object of misery as she stood and told me this tale of her sorrow. It was a cold night, as I have said. The snow lay thick upon the ground, which the frost had made crisp to the feet. The east wind was whistling through the key-hole of my door, as if pursuing this little frame-work of bones and skin to death. She was wrapped round with a dirty grey shawl, slit at the shoulders. Her little toes could be seen through her boots, and her frock seemed nearly the only covering her body had as a protection from the searching wind. I confess I had no heart to walk alongside of this slim, dejected, half-clad child, on such a night as this. It did not require much effort, and it called for no sacrifice to cover these frost-bitten feet and that shivering frame. I could not ask myself even, were it wise to do so? I could see it was needed, so I did not care to wait to make cold inquiries. I knew it could be no fault of hers, this nakedness.

I need not tell you, reader, how bright those little eyes looked; how gratitude expressed itself in every feature of that emaciated face; how changed, in a few minutes, was the appearance of that tiny creature, under the kindly hands of my wife and servant. Yes, she smiled upon us all, poor child, and I can fancy the "Good Shepherd" would do the same, as He saw this winter night's trifling care for one of His shorn lambs.

Soon little Julia and I started for her home of sorrow and affliction. The shops of the narrow streets were closed, and only a few stragglers were met here and there. These were mostly noisy drunkards, bawling out the pot-house song; a few were sullen and threatening, as though the wrath and foam of a home disturbance were already working. The beer and spirit houses were closed or closing. I looked at those closed doors as I passed by, and thought of the many hearts that may, that very day, have sought a grave for their sorrows inside of them—a grave, indeed, that is sure to yield up its dead again in a few hours, with increased vigour to torment, or hurry on to despair. The lights in most of them were turned down—types, to me, of extinguished hopes, lost characters, squandered means, homes made wretched, bosoms torn with remorse. What histories attach to these places! What revelations respecting

them will one day be made, when small and great stand before God!

Turning into a court, a besotted woman stumbled against me. She was bawling out, as she reeled along, "What jolly dogs are we!" Little Julia snatched hold of my hand, drawing herself as close as possible to my side, when she saw this miserable creature. I could hardly understand this, for it seemed to me that her little body had received an electric shock from the sight of this drunken woman.



"I much pitied this little object of misery."—*p.* 280.

"Don't be afraid, little girl," I said; "you shall not be hurt. Why are you so afraid of her, eh?"

"It seemed like mother comin' to me," she answered, with a voice that trembled with fear.

"But that woman is drunken and wicked," I said.

"Yes, sir; but mother gets a drop too much, an' then she's wild, an' knocks us about if father's out. She hit little Sarah once, an' she fell on the floor. I was so frightened, an' I wanted to pick her up, only I was afeared to come out."

"Then where were you, Julia, when your little sister was knocked down?"

"Under the bed, sir. Little Sarah wasn't quick 'nough. Mother come to th' door still, an' I didn't hear her comin' afore she open'd the door, an' Sarah was asleep abit, an' father out—he'd gone for work. We gets under the bed when mother comes home in that way an' father's out, else she might hurt us bad, father says. It's the drink that makes her so, father says."

"And what became of your little sister on the floor?"

"Why, when she didn't get up, mother stormed at her to get up, but Sarah didn't hear her—she was hurt. Then mother fell on the floor, an' shouted to me to come an' put Sarah on the bed, an' she'd not hit me if I'd come from under, so I did; but Sarah didn't speak. I called 'Sarah' many times, then she opened her eyes just a bit an' looked at me."

"And what did you say to Sarah when she opened her eyes?"

"I only kissed her face where mother hurt her—it was all red about her cheek, and a big lump came, an' then father came."

"And what did your father do?"

"He put some rags on Sarah's face from the water in th' pail. He likes little Sarah, an' me too, only he says Sarah's the baby, cos she's not so old as me, an' can't fetch harrands."

I asked Julia where her mother was all this time, and what her father said to her mother when he found how "little Sarah" had been served. She said—

"Mother was in the corner, on the floor, when father

came in. She didn't wake till father had made Sarah better almost. He talked to mother then, an' showed her Sarah's face, then mother said she was sorry, but it was the drink, she said."

Here little Julia stopped me, saying, "Please, sir, this is our court; it's 26 we live in, on th' top floor, front."

The court was a narrow gloomy place, not more than three yards wide, with not even a lamp to relieve its gloom. The houses were four storeys high. Most of the people were gone to bed; only a dim light could be seen here and there through the smoke-dyed curtains.

"This is our door, please, sir," said Julia, and so turned into a passage blacker than night itself. I could see no trace of the little creature; the moment I entered, she was totally lost to me.

"Please follow me, sir; it's up here we live," said Julia in the darkness, from the other end of the passage.

"But I can't see you, my dear girl, nor where I am coming to," I rather anxiously exclaimed.

"Come straight on, please, sir, an' mind th' underground—it's on the left, just round the corner—it's dang'rous, father says, to strangers if the trap 's left open; come right on, please—I 'm here."

This "underground," I confess, alarmed me somewhat, so I called to Julia—

"Come here, little girl, and take my hand to guide me, then I shall be all safe, probably."

"Yes, sir; it's so dark to them as doesn't know the road."

Julia came, and felt for my hand, saying—

"I 'm here, sir; I 'll take you—it 's dark at night, cos there's no light."

I was led along like a blind man.

"Please, sir, keep to me, cos the underground's there."

I required no second admonition to obey.

"What underground? What is it? What do you mean? What? Where? I hastily and quite earnestly asked.

"It 's the trap as leads to the lumber—the trap's left sometimes, an' any one might fall in, as mother did once," said Julia.

Julia, however, led me quite safe to the stairs. My chief difficulty, if not my chief alarm, now began, since Julia could not act as guide so well up-stairs as along the passage. I had, therefore, to feel my way, which I did, up three flights of stairs; but not without some damage to my hat, from frequent collisions with the low ceiling, nor was I without fear that I might miss my footing and fall backwards down the stairs. I could not proceed further in the dark, so I told Julia to fetch a light, that I might *see* my way. This was a want she appeared not to feel. She, however, was soon up-stairs, and soon down again with a light when I had expressed my need. I soon now reached the room where they lived; and then what a sight of complete misery I saw!

The room itself was fairly large for such houses. The light with which little Julia had guided me up-stairs was the only one to relieve the gloom of this room of approaching death. There was no table there. An egg-box, resting upon two smaller boxes, served as a table. There were only two chairs, with bottoms more than half-gone, while another large box was the seat for the two girls. The wife was tall, of a dark muddy complexion. Her hair was black, and hung neglected over her shoulders and down her back. The dress she wore but partially covered her body, which had little other protection. I saw "Little Sarah," Julia had spoken of. She was sitting on the box I have mentioned, near the fire, wrapped in a red-and-black shawl. She seemed thoughtful and sad. I looked for the sick man. He was lying upon some old clothes in one corner of the room. There was no bed—that and the bedsteads had been sold some time ago; why, I do not know, but I judged.

I went to the sick man's side, and then I saw that he had on his old coat, trousers, boots, etc., just as he fell from his chair exhausted from starvation. I could see the signs of approaching death on his face. He was still conscious, and after the use of some restoratives procured for him, he revived a little, but only for a short time. He recognised me. I took his cold hand in mine, and kneeling by his side, whispered in his ear, "Very ill?" With some effort, he whispered in reply—

"Y-e-s, go-in' home. Soo-n be there. Hou-se of m-ma-ny man-sions."

He could hardly articulate the last word. Thought I, What a hope is this for fallen dying man! What a blessed hope for such a man as you! You, thought I, in gloom, rags, cold, want, and yet "going home—soon be there—house of many mansions!" I thought, too, of the Saviour's words to the disciples of John the Baptist, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." What a deep significance there must have been in that fact, that we, in this day, cannot fully understand. Blessed Gospel, thought I, that sustains, cheers, and comforts, under circumstances like these. Blessed Saviour, thought I, who brought such a Gospel for all men; and who, by His Spirit, makes it the power of God unto salvation to men, under all conditions, who by faith embrace it. I whispered back to the dying man the interrogative—

"Going to the house of many mansions, brother? What way leads to them?"

Feebly he answered, "Je-sus the Way—the blood of Je-sus cle-anseth m-e from a-ll sin."

I could not fatigue him with many words of mine after such a testimony as to the ground of his hope. I therefore only repeated in his ear a few gracious assurances from God's Word. He could not now even whisper out his words—he looked his appreciation of God's promises. I could see he wished to say something. I tried to catch his words, and bent still lower to do so, putting my ear to his lips. With difficulty I caught, "Please think of Julia and little Sarah—lambs needing a shepherd—and poor wife."

Here he ceased; he could not finish the whole sentence. He then looked at his two little girls with eyes so full of loving pity, and then at his wife, with looks of forgiveness and admonition. I told the children to come nearer to his side and bid their father adieu, as he would soon pass away to the other world. Julia kissed him very affectionately, and so did "little Sarah," both weeping. Their tears were left upon their father's cold cheek. The wife held his hand in hers, as though she could not let it go. She kissed him, bitterly weeping. Soon after this he entered the "house of many mansions."

When her husband was dead, the wife vehemently gave vent to her pent-up feelings. Her anguish seemed intense. Pressing her hands together, she cried, "Oh, my dear husband is gone! he's dead! he's gone!" Julia and "little Sarah" clung to their mother, crying aloud, "Won't father come back no more? Oh, dear father, father! not come back no more! Oh!"

So ended a visit I shall never forget. I could hardly leave that room—that widow and her children; and yet I could do no more then, in the night. After committing them to God's care, I passed down those stairs, along that passage, through that silent court, home.

I need not say, particularly, what was done for this poor wretched family before the funeral; nor will I say more of Julia and "little Sarah," than that they were not left without a shepherd, but were placed in "green pastures, and by the side of still waters" of sympathy, truth, and kindness, and that they have satisfactorily shown their gratitude for the interest and care taken in them by Christian friends.

It may be asked, perhaps, what brought this family to such an extreme condition of misery and want? Let me say, in answer, that that poor man was once possessed of considerable means as a large tradesman. It was becoming surety for friends for large sums of money that made him a poor man. Against circumstances so reversed the wife had no courage to struggle, but gave way, gradually, to habits of intemperance, as an antidote for her trouble. The husband worked hard to mitigate their domestic miseries, but in vain. The wife more and more resorted to the gin-shop when she got possession of her husband's hard-earned money, and so sunk themselves lower and lower in wretchedness and want. The husband ultimately bore his terrible reverse with Christian resignation, but quite failed to reform his wife's habits of intemperance. Poverty, while it undermined his constitution, was, nevertheless, a means, in God's hand, of his laying hold, by faith, of that strength and grace of the Holy Spirit, which, while purifying, at the same time fortified his heart in his adversity, and made him, in death, more than conqueror, through his Saviour Jesus Christ. G. B.

THE HELMET OF SALVATION.

BY THE REV. J. A. FAITHFULL, B.A.

"And take the helmet of salvation."—EPH. vi. 17.

IT is at first sight rather singular that salvation, or, as it is explained in the Epistle to the Thessalonians, "the hope of salvation," should be regarded as an attribute of the Christian character. But when we think over the matter our surprise is removed, for the child of God can have no stronger motive for action than this hope. Let a man be once thoroughly persuaded that he is an heir of eternal life, that he has a home beyond this uncertain world, that he is saved in the sense that, being pardoned, full salvation is his inheritance, and he has the power of doing right. He can walk, so to speak, with no uncertain gait, relying upon the power of the grace of God and encouraged by a sure and certain hope of reward.

The word rendered "take" has a peculiar colouring in Greek. It contains the notion of *taking that which some one else gives.* It might properly be translated "receive." It is especially appropriate in connection with the subject before us; for salvation—that is, eternal life—is the gift of God. Whatever may be our views of God's

sovereignty and man's free will, there is ever a mystery which will find no solution in this world. Why influences should have been brought to bear upon us of such a character as to result in our being justified, while others no worse than ourselves, as far as we can judge, and in many cases possessing a far more beautiful natural character, should remain impenitent and unbelieving, is always a source of perplexity. It is ever a cause of wonder to the Christian that he or she should have been the object of God's grace, that we should have had our eyes opened to our lost condition out of Christ; that we should have been enabled to grasp the great truth of the atonement for our sins. Are we not constrained to exclaim with St. Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am"? I cannot tell how it is that that grace was not bestowed upon me in vain. The more we learn of our sinful self, the greater our astonishment is, that we should have been called to some degree of self-knowledge, and to the knowledge of what He has done for us. Who has made me to differ from another, and from what I myself once was? What have I that I have not received? By grace I am saved: it is the gift of God. It is God that worketh in me both to will and to do of His good pleasure.

Let us turn to the text. "Receive ye the helmet of salvation;" that is, ever remember that you are a saved man. Do not lose sight of the fact that you have in Christ the title to eternal life. Many people are afraid of the doctrine implied in this precept—the doctrine, as it is termed, "of assurance:" they think it savours of presumption; and so it does when improperly represented. There is no truth more abused. There is no truth which the devil is more active to distort. First, he tries to persuade his victim not to believe it, thereby causing him to do dishonour to the truth of God, and robbing him of peace of mind. When he fails in this, when the soul has accepted this great truth, he then changes his tactics, and sows erroneous views upon the subject—he distorts the truth. The subject of assurance needs to be most carefully guarded. In the first place it is purely a practical and experimental matter. No mere theory of assurance is of any use. Secondly, it is objective—that is to say, it is the resting of the soul upon an object outside of itself; that object is God Himself. Let me explain what I mean. I ought, as a child of God, not so much to realise I am being saved, as that God is saving me. My attention should be drawn away from myself and concentrated on Him. He is doing the work. He is preparing me for my place in heaven, and my place in heaven for me. I am so far passive. As regards *merits*, I have none, absolutely none, nor yet have I any power. It is only in proportion as I recognise this that Christ can be strong within me. Thirdly, it is desirable to use the word assurance very carefully. All I can be *sure of* is of what Christ has done. I know He died for me; I know He has pardoned my sins, because He has assured me of the fact. I know He is sanctifying me because I find sin more distasteful to me than it used to be: I am conscious of a new moral power controlling my life. I know further that He can be absolutely depended upon, and therefore I have a strong and reasonable—nay, more, "a sure and certain hope" that I shall be finally saved. Not only would it contradict all my past experience if He were to leave me to my own evil ways, but in doing so He would be inconsistent—He would belie His own character. As to *myself* I am sure of one or two things (not that I realise them as I should, nor yet that I always act in view of them). I am sure that one part of my nature loves sin still, and that "in *me*—that is, in my flesh—dwelleth no good thing." I am as prone to fall as ever, if God's sustaining grace were withheld. But I *dare* not believe that He who died to redeem me, and has sent His Spirit to begin a good work in me, will ever desert me, for His character is unchangeable in spite of my fickleness. Not, of course, that I can depend upon myself; nothing would be more fatal than that, much less that I can ever afford to be untrue to His spirit operating upon my conscience. If I resist that spirit it is proof positive that my hope is false, and that my assurance is the devil's counterfeit, a rope of straw without any power of cohesion, a house built upon the sand which will not stand in the day of the wrath of God.

This is the only safe and scriptural view of the doctrine of assurance. It cannot be too modestly held, nor can it be too carefully guarded. However high the degree of assurance, it is never more than a hope—an intelligent, reasonable, powerful, peace-giving hope, having God's character as its basis—the hope of salvation.

We shall now consider what the use of the metaphor "helmet," as applied to the hope of salvation, suggests to the mind:—

I. The helmet defends the most exposed part of the body. So the hope of salvation defends the soul from the enemy's most dangerous assaults.

There are times, more or less frequent, when doubts and difficulties, which no argument seems powerful enough thoroughly to satisfy, suggest themselves to the mind. The tempter makes use of unanswerable questions to harass the child of God. What is the remedy in such cases? Only one. The tempted Christian should go at once to God and tell Him of the difficulty. "Such and such doubts present themselves to my mind, O God! I cannot solve them, therefore I bring them to Thee. I know there is a solution, and I shall see it some day. Let me not on account of these

difficulties distrust Thee. Thou art my Father, I am Thy child. Enable me, in spite of my doubts and fears, to trust Thee."

This is one way of using the helmet of salvation—to fall back upon one's covenant relation with God.

II. Secondly, the helmet enables a soldier to hold up his head without fear of being injured. So assurance of salvation gives the Christian confidence in the conflict. He is encouraged to look the adversary in the face, and enabled to wield the shield of faith with advantage. With his head protected, he is able, looking over and beyond the shield, to watch the enemy's movements. He fights in no blind and wild excitement. Confident in the quality of his helmet, he is able coolly to anticipate the shafts of Satan. His eye soon becomes quick to discern the flying arrow. His spiritual perceptions become keener. Nothing can give him greater confidence of success than a lively consciousness of the fact that he is redeemed, that his Saviour is preparing a resting-place for him after the conflict is over.

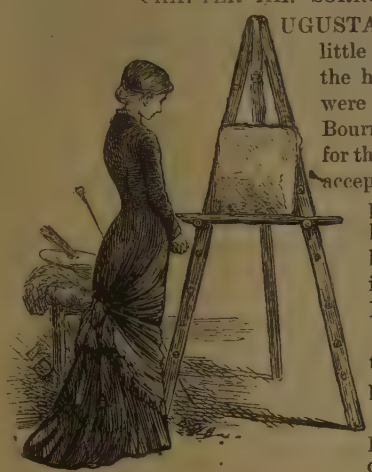
Dear reader, are you afraid of taking God at His word? Are you afraid of putting on this helmet of salvation? Does a feeling of false modesty rob you of assurance? Be assured of this, that Satan is fully alive to the fact that he can only ruin you by undermining your trust in God. You cannot be seriously injured if you place implicit confidence in Him. "Reckon ye therefore yourselves," says the apostle, "to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto righteousness;" that is, act as if to commit sin were a moral impossibility. When Satan makes evil suggestions, remember whose you are, and whither you are bound. Forget not that you are an heir of heaven, ransomed, forgiven, justified, and being sanctified. Leave not behind the helmet of salvation—ever rest assured that Christ has redeemed you; that He is preparing you a home beyond, and none of the enemy's javelins will avail to wound you.

BERTIE AND I.

A HOME STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEEP ON SOWING," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—SORROW.



AUGUSTA died, and her little babe also; and the house and effects were sold, and John Bourne left Melton for the present, having accepted a business appointment which had been offered him somewhere in the south of France.

A little more than a year passed away.

It was half-past four o'clock on a warm and beautiful summer afternoon. The last of my little scholars had only just departed, though nothing in the way of study had been so much as thought of this afternoon, for we had been having a merry break-up, before separating for summer holidays; and what with games, and refreshments, and prizes, the time had passed rapidly enough.

The schoolroom was now in woeful disorder, and besprinkled with crumbs of cake, scraps of paper, fragments of broken toys, and not a few nutshells. Baskets, and trays, and small plates stood about, and one chair thrown down here, and another there, told as plainly as chairs could that little heedless children had been romping with them. For ours had been no model break-up; and the reader must remember that in my "happy family," as Bertie called my school, I counted many boys as well as girls, and also I had some very little ones—indeed, some, Mrs. Robins declared, were "no more than babies;" and when they were all playing together, it was not to be expected that they would remain quiet and gentle for very long, especially as I put off the schoolmistress for to-day, and took up instead, as well as I could, the part of friend and playfellow. Moreover, I did not *wish* to see the little happy creatures so unnaturally quiet and gentle. I liked to see them romp like so many little mischievous kittens; and as long as they would obey me when I did speak, I loved to allow them the greatest possible freedom.

Bertie had played with us for an hour or more, and had then hurried away to give a drawing lesson. I had expected her to return before this; but she had taken Edith with her, and they were probably lingering in the fields, the one sketching, the other gathering wild flowers. Only the day before I had gone home, and waited tea for them till I was tired, and then, setting out to look for them, I had found Bertie sitting on the step of a stile, in the shadow of

an old oak; her hat off, her fair little face bent gravely over her sketch-book, and a luxuriant wreath of wild roses on her head; while Edith sat at her feet with a lapful of buttercups and daisies, of which she informed me she was making "bracelets," and a very rich and wonderful "necklace"—also for Bertie.

For little Edith still remained with us. Her parents had arrived in England, and she had spent some weeks with them, and had then returned to us, while they paid a round of visits. And we had grown very fond of the child, and Bertie made her her almost constant companion.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker had been greatly pleased with their little daughter's portrait, and Bertie had presented it to them, and had since painted many small pictures for them, and also for a good many of their friends and acquaintances. But now she was engaged upon one which she hoped to exhibit when finished. And in this particular picture I was greatly interested; and, on reaching home, my first business was to go up-stairs and into the tiny studio to see what progress it was making, for I had not looked at it since early morning.

It was small—all Bertie's pictures were small; and it represented an open latticed window, draped with roses; and giving a view of sunny sky and blue sea flecked with foam, and the sails of a vessel just visible in the distance. Before the window sat a young mother, holding her little son on her knee, as he stood with one arm round her neck, and the other stretched out, with baby hand pointing towards the vanishing vessel, while his little face was turned to his mother; and he was looking into her large dark eyes, full of deep love and sorrow and longing, of which he could understand nothing, happily enough.

The title which Bertie had chosen for her picture was "Far away at sea."

And now I went down-stairs again, intending to go out and look for the truants; and, perhaps, I would spend half an hour with them in the fields before tea, I thought.

I stood for a moment at the door, drawing on my gloves, and admiring Mrs. Robins' patch of garden with its heavy clusters of large fuchsias, one or two beautiful standard roses, and a side border of mignonette.

"Yes, dear Bertie is getting on fast," I murmured in a satisfied tone. "She may make a name as an artist one day, as poor Augusta always said she might; who can tell?"

I was stooping to gather a bit of mignonette, when I heard some one running and panting for breath, and, looking up, I saw Mrs. Bourne's servant Fanny entering the gate with pale frightened face and eyes swollen with crying.

"Why, Fanny!" I exclaimed in surprise and alarm, and I took her hand and drew her into the sitting-room, "what is the matter?"

She covered her face with her hands, and began crying bitterly—

"Oh, Miss Lynne!—poor Mr. Frank!—cook said I had better run and tell you at once, for poor Miss Bertie's sake."

She was sitting down; I sat down now.

"What has happened, Fanny," I asked, as calmly as I could, though my heart stood still with fear.

"His ship, Miss Lynne!—poor Mr. Frank's ship—gone down in a storm with all hands, the paper said! Master and mistress are in a terrible way! Oh, I do feel so sorry for poor Miss Bertha!"

I heard all she said, and made what reply I could; and then I watched her as she went slowly away. And when she was out of sight I gazed once more upon the roses and fuchsias—upon which a blight seemed to have fallen, for I could see no beauty in them now. I felt as one stunned.

"Oh! my darling, my darling!" I moaned. "How will she bear it?"

I could not go out to look for her now, and, with feverish dread, I sat and watched for her appearance.

At last I saw her coming—her portfolio in one hand, and flowers in the other—hurrying merrily along, with little Edith at her side. I can see them now, as in a picture, in their simple summer dresses of brown holland, and broad straw hats, wreathed with natural flowers and green wheat-ears.

I locked my hands together tightly. She saw me at the window now, and I could neither draw back from her view nor give her the faintest smile of welcome.

She gave me a gay loving glance; then suddenly her lips parted slightly, with an expression of astonishment, almost of fear, and she ran in—sending Edith on up-stairs, and telling her that she would come to her in a moment.

"What is it, Marian darling? Are you ill?"

And she was standing beside me, with one arm round my shoulders, and one little trembling anxious hand softly stroking mine. How could I tell her? I could not, and instead I burst into tears.

And now she knelt down before me, and, drawing my face close, she kissed me lovingly again and again.

"What is it, dear Marian? Do, *do* tell me!"

I raised my head, and looked at her; and she rose to her feet, and said, faintly—

"Oh, Marian, you do frighten me so! What *has* happened?"

"Take off your hat, darling," and I strove to speak steadily; "and come and sit down by me."

She snatched it off, and some of the flowers and wheat-ears fell to the floor; and throwing, rather than seating, herself at my feet, she laid her arms on my knees, and, looking up, fixed her eyes full on my face; and then in an instant exclaimed, in sharp agonised tones—

"Frank! Oh, Marian, Marian, say that your tears are not—not for him!"

I could only shake my head; and, leaning down,

I would have folded my arms tightly round her, but she released herself, and, rising, stood before me, her eyes dilating with her great fear.

"Oh, Marian, tell me, tell me! the suspense will kill me." And her voice was like a low sad wailing, with words scarcely articulate; and then she sank into a chair.

"We cannot be sure yet," I gasped. "There may be some mistake."

And then, bit by bit, I told her what I had heard. It was not much, and I had soon finished, and there followed a terrible silence.

My poor Bertie sat there beside me, like one turned to stone. No word, no sound, no sigh escaped her. I would not intrude upon a grief so sacred; yet I could not leave her. At last I softly took one of the poor little listless hands in mine, and pressed it; but I felt that I could not utter a word.

Presently little Edith came singing down-stairs. Lightly the childish voice rang through the house—

"I'm still the gallant middy!"

Over and over again she sang the words, as she had so often heard Bertie do; and at each repetition of them I felt poor Bertie shiver. I was rising to leave the room, when the same low faint voice, that was no more like Bertie's than the veriest stranger's, said—

"Don't stop her, Marian; she is doing me good."

And as Edith entered the room she added—

"I can't go to Mrs. Bourne, Marian. Will you go?"

"And leave you, darling?"

"Yes, yes; I do not mind." And now she feebly rose from her chair. "I will stay and give Edith her tea. I want to know *all*, Marian. Ask them to tell you everything—for me. Ask Mr. Bourne."

I went. All was but too true. Heavy-hearted, I returned, and repeated to Bertie the few sorrowful particulars that were known. Quite calmly she listened. Nothing that I said seemed to move her in the least, and there was no sign of tears in the beautiful weary eyes.

Little Edith had some lessons to learn, as she had been out in the afternoon; and when she was ready with them it was Bertie who heard her repeat them; though she gave her back her books without having uttered a word of either praise or blame.

By-and-by she got out her fancy work, and also set mine before me. And there she sat the whole evening, and far into the night, in almost entire silence, and working fast and feverishly, as if striving to keep away thought.

How long would this unnatural calm last? It was more terrible to me than the wildest grief. Eleven—twelve o'clock struck. Still she would not put away her work.

"If you are tired, dear Marian, go to bed. Don't mind me. If I go——" she paused, and a strange look crossed her face. Then she recommenced her sentence. "I am better up. I feel as though I should never sleep again."

Without the faintest trace of emotion the words were spoken. Another hour passed; she spoke once more—

"Do go to bed, Marian."

"Not without you, darling," I answered, gently. "If you wake, then so will I," and I felt the tears choking my voice. "Oh, Bertie, Bertie, my darling!" and I leaned forward till my head rested against her arm, "what can I do for you?"

I heard the chink of her thimble against the scissors as she laid down her work, and then I felt her little soft hands on my head.

"Hush, Marian!" she said, in the same still passionless tones. "I cannot bear it. But you will be ill, darling sister; you must not sit up for me." And after an instant's pause she added, "I will go to bed now, if you wish it."

We went; and though I scarcely closed my eyes, I rested; but there was no rest for poor Bertie. Yet, there she lay, giving no sign, making no movement, all through the long, long hours, from dusk still night till early dawn, and from dawn till the summer sunshine streamed into the room, and another warm beautiful day had fairly begun.

I rose, and opened wide the window, and the pure morning air came softly in, bringing with it the fragrance of the flowers below, the happy twittering of birds, and the careless laughter of men going to their work.

But Bertie turned her face to the wall, and at every sound she shrank and shivered; and presently she murmured, in a tone that frightened me—

"Never sleep again! Never sleep again!"

I went down presently to Mrs. Robins.

"You must make her cry," she said, crying herself, as she made the cup of tea for which I waited. "She will go out of her mind, poor thing! Do anything to make her cry."

The long day crept slowly by. Bertie rose and dressed, and then sat down on the horse-hair sofa, getting out no work this morning, poor child.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bourne came, and stayed some little time; Miss Mann also called, and took little Edith away with her. Later in the day Mr. Murray came, and most kindly and gently did he talk to Bertie. Kind and motherly Mrs. Robins, too, had been in many times, and she had talked, and wept also; but nothing had as yet moved Bertie to tears.

Night had come again, and we were once more alone, standing in the soft summer gloom by the open window.

"Put your arm round me, Marian."

I did so, fearing every moment lest she should faint and fall from mere weakness, for she had tasted nothing the whole day, save the cup of tea which Mrs. Robins had made her in the morning; and her voice told that her strength was fast failing her.

"Sing to me, Marian; but only softly, please, dear. I feel as though a noise would kill me."

How I did it I do not know to this day; but I began almost at once, choosing a verse from the ballad that had suggested my poor Bertie's picture. And, oh, in what aching suspense I sang—and how I longed to see her weep!—

"Far, far away at sea,
There are many that we love,
But, wherever they may be,
There is One who rules above;
And we breathe a prayer to Him,
Who has power alone to save,
When the night is dark and dim,
And the tempests loudly rave;
And the stars that o'er us glide,
Seem to answer, 'Trust in Me,
For My hand is on the tide,
Far, far away at sea.'"

I felt my darling's quickened breathing; then her form grew rigid, and, with a strange wild shriek, she would have dashed herself to the floor had I not held her with all my strength.

CHAPTER XIII.—ONWARD.

BERTIE had a long and severe sickness. Of that time of sorrow and anxiety I do not care to write. When she was beginning to recover, I fell ill; and poor Mrs. Robins nursed us both. Weeks passed; my schoolroom had to be given up; and my scholars were scattered. Little Edith Barker was now gone; and Bertie and I were alone; and earning nothing in any way.

Our savings during this period of enforced idleness had done us good service; but they were fast wasting. What was to become of us when they were finally spent?

It was a chill evening late in the autumn. Bertie and I were sitting by the fire, as we had been sitting for the last hour, in almost entire silence. I had been trying to do a little knitting, but my fingers had trembled so, that at length I had laid it aside. Bertie, with her hands folded listlessly before her, sat as she very often did sit now, doing nothing; and evidently not intending to do anything. All her ardour and enthusiasm, and continual industry, and her bright dreams of honourable independence, seemed simply to have passed out of her life and remembrance. Very greatly and very sadly was she changed.

A coal fell from the fire; the slight sound roused her. She sighed.

"Marian," she said, suddenly, in plaintive far-away tones, that had, too, a touch of querulous complaint in them, "do you know that we shall soon be as poor as ever?"

"Yes, dear;" and now I also sighed. And then I lay back in my chair, and closed my eyes, while I tried to think. And for half an hour we said not another word. At the end of that time it was Bertie again who broke the silence.

"I am as well now as ever I was," she said, in the same half-impatient tones; "or almost as well. Why do I not work? The days are long enough and tiresome enough, without allowing stupid aimless idleness to increase both their length and their dreariness. Why, then, do I not work? You can't, poor Marian; but as soon as you can, I know you will."

"Poor child!" I returned. "It is very weak and foolish to give way to vain wishes, but I do wish that you could go away for a change, Bertie. Supposing we could manage it in any possible way, what would you say?"

"I should say no," she answered, quietly. "I have no wish to go away."

"Have you not, dear? But now another thing; do not trouble yourself about me. I feel getting stronger every day, and I would like, if you would agree, to be mistress again, Bertie."

She did not smile mischievously, as she would once have done, but only said—

"No, indeed; I like being mistress. And I really must do something, Marian. I wish for independence as much as ever, I suppose; but what is the use of wishing, if I sit still and fold my hands? And have I not motive enough? What did"—and her voice in an instant became low and sweet—"what did my darling Frank say—long, long ago? That no matter what further misfortunes might come, or however many dark clouds might overcast my sky, I must never give way to despair, and that all in the storms as well as in the sunshine I must be ready to sing my song!"

But she did not sing it, and her voice had trembled and quavered sadly long before reaching the end of her sentence. A little breathless pause, and then she cried out, piteously—

"I have not done as he said! I have not done as he said!" And, turning her face away, she suddenly burst into bitter weeping.

I leaned forward, and took one of the poor little thin hands.

"Dear, dear Bertie! do not cry like that! Who could be braver than you have been? We *must feel* trouble; how could it ever benefit us else?"

"Brave!" exclaimed she, dashing away her tears, and starting up with something like her old impetuosity. "I haven't been brave at all! I have been a coward! But oh, I will start afresh to-morrow, Marian! To-night, when I pray, I will ask for help to do so, and then I shall not fail. Perhaps, if I keep on praying, I may not even falter again. I will try to fill up every moment. I will become an artist yet—a real artist—for my Frank's sake. He said many times that I could be one, if I tried. Oh, we will go on in the old way, Marian, steadily on, and then we must reach the goal some day."

Morning came, and she kept to her word. The picture upon which she had been engaged, and of which I had thought so much, I had packed carefully away long before; and she did not ask for it, but

began at once upon another, taking the idea from a pretty little valentine which she had long ago in pleasant school-days received from poor Frank. And she called her picture "Onward." And the very

"I stood for a moment admiring Mrs. Robins' patch of garden."—*p.* 286.

word was an encouragement to her day by day as she painted.

And all this time Mr. Murray had been our regular visitor, and very greatly we always enjoyed his kind quiet conversation.

Having finished her picture, Bertie showed it to him. He appeared greatly pleased and struck with it. Yet it was very simple: only a young girl in a little boat, rowing over high and foaming waves towards a pleasant green island in the distance, while from her boat waved a tiny flag, on which was the word "*Onward.*"

"Yes, always 'onward,'" he said, thoughtfully, as he looked. "That is the one word for a Christian here. From day to day, and from year to year—

"Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Look for day, Christian,
When night is longest.
Onward and upward still
Be thine endeavour,
The rest that remaineth
Shall be for ever.

Go out, little picture, and do your work in the world. I for one, please God, will never forget the lesson that you have already taught me. Through sorrow, through joy—onward, ever onward."

And might not his words have taught my Bertie a lesson? I saw her eyelids droop, and her lips tremble, and then a sweet patient expression came over the dear little face that was always now so sorrowful, and, turning from the picture, she invited us to go down to the sitting-room again.

Did she think of the hidden meaning of Mr. Murray's words, I wondered? I say "*hidden* meaning," though it seemed only too plain to me. Yet I was thankful to see that our kind friend could practise what he preached, and that if he had once loved Bertie, and thought to win her, he could, in submission to his God, give up his dream of happiness when called upon—like a brave man, and like a loving Christian, without a murmur—and starting up, once more press "onward" towards the happy land where he would know love in its fulness, and where it could never, never wound any more, for ever.

And, our desultory day's work being over, we sat for an hour or more by the fire, Mr. Murray, Bertie, and I, and talked, as Bertie would once have said, of "religion." But she did not like the word now. This very evening she began to speak of it.

"Not that its real meaning is anything but beautiful and good," said she; "but it has come to signify hard irksome senseless bonds, and the Christian's life, you say, Mr. Murray, is a life of liberty?"

"All liberty," he answered, quickly, and I saw his quiet eyes flash with real heart feeling, as they could sometimes—"the liberty of love."

Bertie seemed to think for a moment, and then she said—

"Mr. Murray, will you please tell us exactly what you understand by the word religion?"

"If you love a person," he rejoined, after pausing an instant, "you are in heart bound to that person. Where he goes, if you can, you will go; and you feel that you fully live only in his presence. Your greatest joy is to please him; your worst and most terrible punishment is to be under the cloud of his displeasure. You would give up life itself for him any day, freely and with rejoicing, not thinking that you had done anything great or noble, but simply compelled to your sacrifice by love; and yet the force would be the sweetest that could be exercised. And this is what a writer has called the 'awful force of love.'"

He paused; but Bertie did not speak. She was listening intently, and her large violet eyes were suffused with tears.

"And so it is awful," he continued, "when, with a feeling akin to idolatry, it binds us to an erring fellow-creature. But when this same sweet subtle force, that is acknowledged on all hands to be the most powerful thing in the whole universe—the one thing that 'never faileth'—binds our hearts *to God;* when we can say, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I *love* Thee,' then we have true religion, no matter by what name we may call it; then we are the happiest of the happy, for we can never lose sight of Him we love, and He will never lose sight of us. And He will never repel nor refuse our love after having called it out, for He is not a man that He should lie, nor the Son of man that He should change while we love still. And we can never be disappointed in Him, for the more we know Him, the more we shall love Him, and the more we shall love to worship Him; and so loving and so worshipping, our whole natures—body, soul, and spirit—will rise, and rise, and rise towards Him who made us, throughout all the ages of eternity. Ever happy, ever secure we shall be; so secure that, though the stars fall from their spheres, and the powers of heaven itself be shaken, we can never be moved, for we shall be dwelling in the secret place of the most High, abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, and His banner over us will be *Love.*"

We sat quite still for a long, long time, when Mr. Murray had finished speaking. I liked what he had said, but I feared lest he had too nearly touched my Bertie. But presently she said, gravely and softly—

"Now I understand the verse which says, 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.' How could we ever have any real love for God if we were left to pursue our own ways here? It is only when trouble comes that we remember how much He has done for us, and begin to seek Him with our whole hearts."

And daily we saw this more plainly. And so in these dark sorrowful times the true light shone more and more brightly upon us both. And by slow degrees my dear Bertie's face lost its first wan changed look, and settled into an expression of quiet gentle submission—touching to see in one so young; and yet I felt, and this was my comfort, that just because she was so young, it was improbable that her sorrow would last for any great length of time, and that while it did last it would but strengthen and ennoble her character, developing also much in her of the very existence of which she was now unconscious.

Christmas came again, and John Bourne was once more at home.

He came to see us on the very first evening after his return, and spoke so kindly and sympathisingly, that Bertie seemed quite pleased and comforted by his visit.

"He was not cold at all, was he, Marian?" said she, after he was gone; "though of course he had to get up a little extra warmth on seeing us again after such a long absence. But he is my Frank's brother"—very softly and lovingly, as usual,

the name was spoken—"I must not say anything unkind about him."

John Bourne called again and again; at first always making some kind of excuse for his appearance, but by-and-by seeming to look upon it as a matter of course that he should take us out for a walk almost every evening.

He was thinking of Bertie, my darling Bertie!—it was easy to see that; though he seemed, I thought, particularly scrupulous to allow no difference to appear in his treatment towards us. What should I do if I lost my little sister? Dull and dreary indeed would my life be then.

And she certainly liked John Bourne better than she had ever done in the old times: and as certainly he was better worth liking. Poor Augusta's death perhaps had softened him.

CHAPTER XIV.—LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

"Oh, Marian, what do you think?"

It was a cold clear winter evening. Bertie had been spending the afternoon at Colneside. Not feeling very well, I had chosen to stay at home alone. And now John Bourne had just returned with Bertie; and, instead of coming in to sit for a few moments, as I had fully expected him to do, he had merely accompanied her to the gate, and departed.

She pulled off her gloves, and knelt down before the fire, holding out her hands to the blaze.

"Put away your work; you look so pale and tired, dear Marian. And you haven't answered me yet. Do you know"—and she leaned forward and caressed me, half wistfully—"that you have been just a wee bit cross with your little sister lately? What is the matter, darling?"

"I can guess your news, Bertie," I rejoined, without for the present noticing her last questions. "John told me this afternoon, while you were putting on your things. The Miss Katharine Pearson whom we knew has changed her name, and is now Mrs. Kaye."

"No! I had really forgotten that, though it is a wonderful piece of news, isn't it? But they might as well have married a poor person each, I think; they will have more money, between them, than they will know how to spend."

A sudden surmise now made my heart beat fast.

"Tell me, then, Bertie—tell me your news, dear!"

"I wish you would try to guess it, Marian!" And there was a strange light in her eyes; and in a moment she turned from me almost shyly, and laughed half nervously—half, as I could almost have imagined, indignantly.

I bent towards her, taking both her hands—it was all I could do not to betray myself.

"Tell me, Bertie."

Her face was still turned away.

"I don't know how to tell it; it surprised me so. He said—he asked: you know whom I mean, Marian?"

"John Bourne?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you he loved you?"

"Yes."

An instant's silence; I had partly regained self-control.

"And what did you say to him, dear?"

"Marian!" And now her beautiful eyes met mine fully. "How can you sit there and ask such a question so quietly? What *could* I say? I told him that I liked him, of course, but only because he was—my dear Frank's brother. My poor darling Frank! as *if* I could forget him so quickly! Oh, Marian! and even *you* thought I could! Your eyes said that you thought I had accepted—John's offer!"

"No, no darling! I only thought it possible that you *might* have done so. How could I tell? Bertie never does what other people would expect her to do. And as for me, I never know what to expect!" I spoke lightly now, for I felt as though a weight had been lifted from my heart. "Well, and what was the end of it, dear?"

"Oh, I do not believe that he was hurt; his heart is too cold for that. His *pride* was hurt; he is prouder than ever. I know him better than he imagines. He would not have me tell what he said to any one but you for the world—he does not mind you. How he could even have fancied for a moment that I *loved* him, I cannot think! But we are to be friends still, he says; and that no difference need be made; and that, if *you* do not object, he will come here as usual."

I said nothing.

"And when he does come, I shall keep out of the way, Marian; and then you will have the conversation to yourselves. But whether we make any difference or not, *he* will be as cold and as cutting as ever now, you will see."

And Bertie was right. And, moreover, whatever he may have purposed, he all but discontinued his "friendly" visits, as Bertie had always considered them.

Meanwhile Bertie went steadily on with her painting; and her pictures found, as usual, a ready sale, and soon she was able to save again.

And I did tolerably well as music teacher, though it was very little indeed that I could save.

Only a few weeks went by; spring was coming on again. It was evening, and Bertie and I were dressing to go to Colneside.

Bertie was soon ready, and helping me.

"How well you look, dear Marian! But you always do look well in black silk; and with that white lace, and the white and blue violets!" She broke off suddenly—"But it is not the dress at all, it is your face! You are very much changed lately, dear sister!" And her voice took a plaintive tone. "I can't understand it. I feel sometimes that I am not *first* with Marian now! That somebody or something has mysteriously stepped before me!"

And she put her arms round me as she paused, and laid her little face against mine. I kissed her fondly.

"But Marian is never cross now," she whispered.

"I could cry for sorrow, darling," I whispered, in return, "to think that I ever once spoke sharply to you!"

"But it was that something else was putting you out. You were not well and strong, and you were anxious, that was all. But you always loved your little sister all the same, didn't you, Marian?"

"Indeed I did, my darling!"

"And we are doing very well again now—don't you think? I shall save every shilling I can, and so will you; and we will be independent yet, if all is well. For I do not mean to be so improvident as artists are generally supposed to be. Do you think that I may call myself an artist, Marian?"

"Having finished her picture, Bertie showed it to him."—*p.* 289.

"That you may, dear! and the world—that is, the artists' world—will call you one also before very long, unless I am greatly mistaken!"

Her eyes sparkled as I had not seen them for many months. I had wakened her sleeping ambition once more, and I was very glad to have done so. She

would have an all-absorbing interest in life again, now, and greatly, I felt sure, would it benefit her.

We were presently seated in Mrs. Bourne's drawing-room, prepared to pass the evening in the usual fashion—with conversation and music. Many friends were present, and among them Mrs. Kaye, on whose account it was that we had received a special invitation, for she had expressed a wish to meet Bertie. Her husband had not accompanied her, and she was only at Colneside for a day or two. Formerly I had not thought her good-looking, but I changed my opinion to-night; her manners, too, were very pretty and engaging, and her voice was richer and fuller and more musical than ever. Easy enough was it to see that she had married for love, and was happy.

Young Harry Johnstone was also among the company, and once or twice I saw Bertie and he talking to each other. Bertie liked him, and patronised him. By-and-by he came up to me, and, in the course of conversation, he happened to say that he had never been able to shake off the effect of Mr. Murray's words and of the text, "Godliness is profitable unto all things," and that he hoped as soon as might be to become a missionary.

"Fruit," I thought, "of kind conscientious words: encouragement for all seed-sowers. Blessed are they that sow beside all waters; but they must *wait* for the precious fruit, and have long patience for it; and in the end, either here or *there*, they will as surely receive it, as the husbandman of the fruits of the earth receives his.

James Reardon, too, was present: the Reardons and the Johnstones both, as I think I have said, were old Melton families, and well known to the Bournes.

James Reardon had not improved in any wise. He tried to talk to Bertie, but she would have nothing to say to him. With young men in general she was simply herself, pleasant and genial and gentle; but she always, as I believed, remembered Frank's words, and never gave way to anything approaching coquetry. James Reardon had—for I had noticed it—tried her on this point; consequently towards him she held her head very high indeed.

She did not sing to-night; but sat still, and during the greater part of the time talked to Mrs. Bourne, with whom of late she had become a great favourite.

I both sang and played; and, wonderful to relate, John Bourne paid me the attention of standing by me, and turning over my music. The last time I had seen him do such a thing it had been for Augusta, before their marriage.

And when I by-and-by returned to my seat, he brought some architectural drawings for me to look at, and seemed indeed quite inclined to be more friendly than he had ever been since the days when we had both been young and happy together.

And while he sat by me I looked just once for Bertie, and saw that Mrs. Kaye and she were now in the midst of an apparently deeply interesting conversation. But I had no leisure to speculate as to what could possibly be their subject, for at that moment John Bourne said something that made me forget to look again; and the rest of the evening passed almost like a few moments.

Bertie and I were at home again.

"Why, Marian," she said, taking off her things meanwhile, and laying them neatly away, while I stood still and watched her, "you look like a person in a dream. What is it, darling?" and the next moment she came and stood beside me. "And I have told you something *twice*, and you haven't listened to a word. You have enjoyed yourself, I am sure, for your eyes are shining, and you have quite a nice bright colour, though it is so late."

"Yes, dear," I answered, slowly, while I felt a warmth and glow at my heart quite new and unusual. "I have enjoyed myself." But then, glancing at Bertie, I saw tears gathering in her eyes; and, clasping her in my arms, I kissed her passionately.

"What have I done, darling?" I asked. "What is the matter? Oh, I never, never mean to neglect my Bertie!"

As soon as I released her, she looked up at me rather wonderingly, as well she might.

"Well, I shall tell you again, shall I, Marian? You remember that afternoon that I met Frank with Miss Pearson, and I told you that they both looked very confused? My poor Frank! Mrs. Kaye explained it all this evening. Only think, dear Marian! she loved Mr. Kaye all that time ago! And she had his portrait. I don't know how she got it. And she said that she was just looking at it when Frank came along, and startled her so that she dropped it; and he saw it, and picked it up, and gave it to her, laughingly saying that he was not surprised, for that he had already guessed her secret. And she said she felt so ashamed that she did not know how to answer him. And just then Mrs. Bourne came up, and, only a few moments after, I passed. She said that she begged of Frank not to mention it, and he promised that he would not. Oh, how could I have misjudged my dear, dear Frank!"

And she caught her voice with a little sob.

I comforted her as well as I could. I, too, had something to tell her; but I did not know how to begin. I should surprise her very greatly, I knew.

Long after her soft regular breathing told that she was peacefully asleep, I lay awake, thinking, thinking; yet happier than I had been for years and years.

Yet a doubt mingled with my happiness. Was I doing right?

The change had been very sudden. That morning I had been, save for Bertie, alone in the world; now I was the promised wife of one whom I had loved from childhood.

A turn in the tide of affairs had come at last, and I blessed and thanked God for it. All joy had come, I said to myself—all that was good and worth

having in the whole world. But then at heart I trembled a little; for I had still kept my secret. John Bourne had offered himself to me in anger at Bertie's rejection, I felt certain. He did not really love me; and I had accepted him, allowing him to suppose that my affection for him was no deeper, no stronger than was his for me. Had I done right?

In the morning, at breakfast-time, I told Bertie.

She gazed at me with a countenance that expressed utter astonishment, and even disbelief. Then, setting down her coffee-cup, she said, earnestly—

"*No*, Marian, darling! Oh, no! You cannot really have promised yourself to that hard cold man! Oh, you surely did not say yes?"

"Yes, I did, dear."

"Oh, Marian, Marian! why did you? He will never make you happy; he cannot possibly."

I did not care to tell her that I *loved* the man whom I had accepted; she would only have imagined that I must be deceiving myself. No; when John Bourne loved me, then I would own to my love for him, and not before. Bertie would think that at last I had made up my mind to marry for money—for position—for anything but love. And he might do the same.

* * * * * *

Our courtship was short: then came the wedding; and I left my darling Bertie alone—Mrs. Bourne promised, however, to take good care of her—and went to Paris, and spent a month there with my husband.

And well was it for me that I had not expected love; for I only got, what I did not doubt poor Augusta had got before me, namely, cold ceremonious politeness.

(To be concluded.)

A CONCERT IN A WORKHOUSE.

OUR MUSIC AND FLOWER MISSION.

NOT very long ago we had the pleasure to attend a concert given under peculiar circumstances. It was an afternoon concert. The audience was most appreciative and attentive, the performers entered into their work *con amore*. In these circumstances perhaps you do not see any peculiarity at all; still, the concert was unique. The audience was mainly composed of poor people; yet the entertainment was not for "charity," in the common acceptation of the term. The performers were amateurs; a basket of flowers the chief ornament—indeed, the only embellishment of the large room. This room had served for other and varied purposes: now a concert-room, lately a dining-hall, and not long previously a chapel. It would, as the week wore on, be put to these various uses again; for the great room is in a Workhouse, the audience is composed of the poor inmates, and the performers are those who love charity, and who forget not to do good.

The workhouse! What suggestions of misery the very name conjures up! We remember an old woman once saying to us, when we hinted that she and her husband could enter the workhouse, and at least find food and shelter—"Is it the work'us? I 'd rather starve than enter it!" Yet here we were, on a certain early autumn day, in a pretty suburb of London, close to the dear old river we know so well, going to the workhouse!

Is it in its holiday garb to-day, or are we in good spirits because of the sunshine and the clear sky that spreads above us as we drive down the hill? The sun is declining as we enter the House, for the hour fixed for our concert to commence is half-past five, and autumnal days draw in. We entered, and at once passed into the room, where we found a large audience of all ages and both sexes, and all inmates of this house. Seated upon benches, they waited in close array and in delighted anticipation for the beginning of the concert.

Yet as we glance along the rows of faces—passing from one to another quickly—noting the expectant and even bright looks we frequently encountered, we could distinguish here and there a countenance upon which sorrow had set its seal and pressed it hard. Who could tell what remembrances had been called up in some hearts by the association of ideas? Sad indeed were some; and we recalled the poet's lines—

> For sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things.

But we had no time for reflection. Before the appointed half-hour had come, the six ladies who had volunteered to amuse their poor brethren and sisters ascended the slightly raised platform at the side of the room.

On one side of this daïs stood a pianoforte, on the other a harmonium. In the centre was a large basket filled with bouquets—sweet-pea and sweeter roses mingled with the fragrant mignonette. Fastened to each "nosegay" was a card with some holy and pleasant words written thereon for counsel and comfort. When some residents in the neighbourhood had come in to assist, if necessary, and to encourage the movement as much as possible, the concert began.

The kind entertainers sang one of the old and prettily harmonised "Minstrel" songs, which all the poor audience could recognise. Many a nod and cheerful smile welcomed the well-known melody, and when the voices united in the refrain, the

"The applause was loud and long."

"A WORKHOUSE CONCERT." p. 295.

strain was caught up timidly at first, and then with gusto and delight, as the chorus passed from men to boys, from boys to girls and women. In many cases the words were previously read aloud, that all might seize their meaning.

Nor were more serious songs less enjoyed. Moody and Sankey's hymns, such as "Hold the Fort," and other favourite tunes, were eagerly welcomed and sung by all, even the youngest. At the close of each, the applause intended for the soloists was loud and long, and if sound be any test of sincerity, the performers that afternoon had no reason to complain of want of appreciation. One old woman thought that the applause was too noisy. She evidently fancied that in the presence of her "betters," a more modest manner of pronouncing their gratitude would be more becoming. "Hush, hush!" she cried; "that ain't manners!"

"But," suggested a lady who was seated close to the worthy dame, "you know they intend that for thanks!"

"Do they, ma'am?" she replied. "Then let them clap, for indeed we ought to be *full* of thanks."

Amidst the vocal music the instrumental was not forgotten. Solos and duets were performed, and fully, if not discriminately, applauded. Then more songs. The plaintive sadness of "Auld Robin Gray" was dissipated by the inspiriting "Huntsmen's Chorus," while "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and the cheery "Cherry Ripe" found a welcome everywhere. The singing was excellent, and he would have been hard indeed to please who would not have enjoyed those simple cheerful melodies, simply and pleasantly sung by such kind entertainers. No praise we can bestow can equal the testimony which was universally given to the labour of love so ungrudgingly provided for the poor inmates by their well-to-do neighbours. An hour and a half was thus pleasantly consumed. Ninety minutes of the autumn day had had compressed into it an amount of happiness scarcely ever experienced by the crowd of poor listeners to the music, which was, in the desert of their lonely lives, an oasis seldom to be met with.

"Ah," said one, "we thinks a deal of it afore it comes and after it's gone," and this testimony to the pleasure such entertainments afford should be an incentive to the kind and charitable to assist by every means in their power these poor people. There are many who would willingly do something for Christ, did they but know how to set about it. We often hear it said, "Oh, it is no use my doing such and such a thing. I cannot teach, I cannot go district-visiting, I cannot go to the hospital! No; but you can play, or maybe sing. Your voice is a talent you need not conceal. You have passed many days in perfecting your touch on the piano. Go, then, to the poor and afflicted and let them hear all the charms that music hath—"that so sweetly soothe and not betray."

We mentioned a basket containing bouquets as a feature of the entertainment, and until the conclusion of the concert we were not aware of the destination of the "nosegays." Now we learnt that in another portion of the building—in the infirmary—were many sick and sorrowing ones, who had been prevented by illness or old age from attending the concert. For these the charitable hands of the visitors had prepared the nosegays of bright flowers, late in the season though it was. The music had ceased, the delighted audience was resting, when the beautiful flower-basket was carried away, followed by all eyes. To the infirmary, perhaps, the sound of the singing had been borne, and the welcome song and music had cheered up the occupants. As we passed through the ward many a pretty bouquet, bearing upon it words of consolation and hope, was left with a kind word and cheering smile. How tenderly, how lovingly in more than one case, the withered fingers were outstretched to clasp the flowers! We noticed some whose quick touch and sense of smell were all that they were permitted to use, for they were blind. The restless fingers passed quickly and deftly over the bright and sweet-smelling blossoms that for the possessor had no bloom and no brightness. Yet the rose and mignonette were quickly recognised, and their scents inhaled with thankfulness—without a murmur or complaint. Thanks and blessings fell from all, as we passed along; and we, too, were happy in the knowledge that we had for one night made the poor people happy.

The roses will fade and die, the scent of the blossom will pass away, but the holy work done by those Christian ladies will not fade, nor will the sweet smelling savour of their offerings be lost. "The thought to give us this pleasure must have been sent the ladies by the Lord Himself," said one of the occupants—a woman. Is not such testimony as that worth earning, and worth all the conventional applause of a social circle? We are greatly in hopes that the example thus set will be eagerly and frequently followed. So, Christian readers, awake! Take your music, your flowers, your fresh young voices to the poor. The memories of many may be sad; the long life has had its trials, and the reflection at the sun-setting of our days cannot always be roseate and hopeful. The day of the workhouse inmate has been dark and dreary. Will you not bring in a little light to cheer the declining hours of evening? You, in the sunshine and heyday of life, cannot realise the great sadness that sometimes falls upon the aged. A few Sundays ago we were visiting an old lady who was born in the first year of this century. "Ah," she said, "I am very weary. I wish I were at peace." And she is not in want. She is surrounded by comfort; but even she feels the terrible sadness of age, and the loneliness of her lot. Therefore you who read this, go and use those talents with which God has blessed you in ministering to His poor; remember the gracious promise of our Saviour, and be content —"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." H. F.

"He gazed at a forlorn-looking shop opposite."

THE NEXT THING.

CHAPTER 1.

"WHAT shall I fly at next, master?"

A young man who stood in the bake-house door-way burst out laughing.

Old Joe appeared just a little bit offended.

"Ah, it is all very well for you, dressed in your best, and going off to see your sweetheart—you can afford to laugh. But it is a very different thing with a poor shiftless old chap like me, whose day for enjoyment is over."

"Never mind, Joe," retorted the young man, gaily. "I'll take care of you, and see that nobody puts upon you but myself, anyway. I haven't got a father of my own. *You* shall be my father. And you shall be best man at my wedding, too, if you like. And when Marjorie and I open a shop of our own, you shall help us keep it. There, what do you say to that?"

"Oh, ah! A very likely thing, I dessay! Howsomever, I'm much obliged to you for your kind feeling, all the same, Master Twineham."

Meanwhile, the master had set Joe to work again. He, the master, was a stolid, portly baker, with a face as pale as his own dough, and a mind far too deeply occupied with business to be able to spare even a thought of amusement at old Joe's invariable question as to what he should "fly at next."

Poor old Joe, bent and stiff with rheumatism, it was a manifest impossibility that he should *fly* at anything; but he was thoroughly industrious and trustworthy, and so "worth" more, as his master said, than many a young man.

Young Harry Twineham went his way. He had been let off early this evening, and now wished to make the most of his time. He was only a journeyman baker, but just now he was a very great deal happier than many an envied favourite of fortune.

For had *he* not had quite a little fortune left him? And might he not now prudently marry Marjorie Browning, and begin business on his own account? No wonder that he was happy.

He was a good-looking young fellow, and intelligent and enterprising: he had carefully laid his plans, and now he was about to act upon them: and he walked with a brisk step, and very uprightly, straight through the village, till he came to the east end of it.

And then he stood still, in the shadow of a luxuriant hedge, drooping with fragrant honeysuckle blossoms, and with shrewd thoughtful eyes he gazed at a forlorn-looking shop opposite.

The evening sun shone full upon it, pitilessly showing up every defect.

The windows wanted cleaning badly, while the frames stood sorely in need of paint. Swarms of flies might be descried travelling busily over a few stale cakes and faded sweets, and a pale loaf or two of bread. From the open door came the sound of a complaining voice. In the window over the shop, with its dark limp curtains, hung a soiled card, on which might be read the word "*Apartments.*"

Harry stepped across the road now, entered, and rapped on the counter, but no notice, for the present, at any rate, was taken of his summons.

"I can't imagine how it is," said the complaining voice, "nobody comes, even to ask to see the rooms, and nobody comes into the shop. I can't go on like it much longer! I shall have to give up altogether, I know I shall."

"You'll excuse me," said another voice, "but shall I just run up, and show you what I mean—about the curtains, you know?"

"Oh, certainly! But it won't be of any use.

"They made their way along the shadowy lanes."—*p.* 298.

People won't come. I have tried all I can; and people have promised this, and promised that, but nobody does anything. But, there! widows are always imposed upon. It would be very different if my poor husband had lived."

"Yes, yes," said the other soothingly. "Of course it would. We all know what a difference it makes. But now," returning to the charge, "shall I just run up, and explain about the curtains? I'd take away those dark ones altogether, and put up a pair of muslin ones—have them a little natty, you know—looped with ribbons. And then I'd have a flower or two between them. These things attract, do you see, Mrs. Manvell? I know I've found it so. The windows of a house will let it far before the inside."

"Then you would like me to spend a pound or two upon white curtains, I suppose?"

"A pound or two, my dear! what are you thinking of? Say five or six shillings at the outside."

But what was the use of talking? Mrs. Manvell either could not or would not see what was meant; and Harry, tired of waiting, now pounded on the counter once more.

"It makes you tired of spending when there's nothing coming in. Well, I must go into the shop; shall I see you again?"

"Oh, yes; I can run in again by-and-by, if you like—when you've closed. Of course customers must be attended to."

"Few enough of them come to me for attention," was the last complaining retort, and then the owner of the voice stood before Harry.

A tall large coarse-featured woman, in a shabby black dress, with dark discoloured-looking skin, and dusty brown curls, and cold staring eyes, with a most repellant expression, fixed just now upon Harry Twineham.

* * * * * *

Why, here was a customer indeed! For Harry wished to buy house, shop, business and all.

Mrs. Manvell had complained a great deal to him to begin with, but directly he stated his object she changed her tone, and tried to draw back again, saying that the business would no doubt do well enough with a man to look after it, and that perhaps she should hire one; also that the house having been in her family for many years she did not know that she wished to part with it.

All this was only said, however, as Harry could easily see, to make him more eager for the bargain; but he was very straightforward:—

"If you *don't* wish to part with it," said he, "well and good: you have a right to do as you will with your own; and I have nothing more to say. But if you do—and will take a fair offer for house, business, and all—why, then I am your man! Now, what do you say?"

After some further conversation, an agreement was at length arrived at, and Mrs. Manvell saw Harry depart, and then, secretly exulting at the sudden turn which affairs had taken, she closed her shop, and then made haste out, to tell her friend that there would be no need now for her to trouble herself concerning the tasteful hanging of window-curtains, or the effective display of flowers, for that she was about to leave her home altogether.

And Harry went to see Marjorie and to tell her everything.

His way lay through the fields now, cool and pleasant in the fading evening light. And soon he stood in the farmhouse kitchen, and watched busy Marjorie as she shelled peas in readiness for to-morrow's dinner, and smiled, and told her that she made him think of old Joe, when, having finished the peas, she jumped up, and said to her mother—

"And now what is the next thing, mother?"

"To go out for a walk with Harry, I think," returned her mother, smiling also.

Marjorie had never heard of the old motto, "Do the next thing," but she always acted as though she had. And that was how it was that she got through such an astonishing quantity of work. There is always a "next thing" waiting to be done, trifling (that is, seemingly so) or otherwise, and conscience generally tells us pretty plainly what it is. If we neglect it we must abide by the consequences, which are sometimes heavy; but if we resolutely take it up, and do it to the best of our ability, we shall certainly in time reap all manner of pleasant rewards.

Slowly and happily they made their way along the shadowy lanes, those two; *his* arm linked in hers, *his* voice telling her everything, while *her* heart beat with pride and pleasure at being taken so thoroughly into the confidence of the man she loved.

They would open shop, and have old Joe to help them, as soon as might be; his master had long ago promised to spare him to Harry; and Marjorie would content herself with her housekeeping, and perhaps a lodger to wait upon.

"Some dear old lady," said Marjorie brightly—"I love old ladies, and I should so like to wait upon one. They have done their work in the world, and it seems pleasant to think of letting them rest, and of doing all for them, as I would like any one to do for my own dear mother by-and-by, if I could not do for her myself."

Harry looked down at her lovingly, and pressed her closer to his side. It was this very quality—this tender reverence for old age—which had first attracted him in Marjorie. Nay, it had done more, it had roused the same quality in himself; it had made him behave more kindly to poor old Joe than he had been used to do, and had first put into his head the idea of having him in his own shop, directly he should get one.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. MANVELL had vanished, and the sun-dried cakes also. House and shop had been painted, and papered, and "done up" generally, and next a load of neat,

well-chosen furniture was seen standing before the door.

It was early morning: Marjorie was Mrs. Twineham now, and she was as busy as a bee getting everything into proper order, and Harry was as fully occupied in the shop.

The windows now were as clean as plenty of water could make them. Joe was there for the day, helping with all his might, and constantly inquiring what he should "fly at next."

They ate a hurried dinner in the middle of the day, and were all tired, and ready for a long and pleasant rest, when, late in the afternoon, Marjorie peeped into the shop, and announced that tea was ready.

"Look at my window, Marjorie," exclaimed Harry; "I mustn't put too much in it just at first, you know; but don't you think it looks very well to begin with?"

Everything looked very bright, and clean, and tempting, and Marjorie praised all warmly.

"And of course I must have my speciality," continued Harry, "and it shall he buns. Do you hear, Joe? All sorts of penny, and halfpenny, and twopenny buns! Not a bad idea, is it? And sometimes I'll make them in one way, and sometimes in another. And now and then I'll make them larger than usual, and call them bonus buns. And one day I'll give them two or three extra handfuls of sugar, and the next a good sprinkling of sultanas. Oh, I'll draw custom, never fear. And another thing—I won't trust. I don't care if I do lose a little custom by it just at first; I shan't lose that of sensible people. For this system of trust is ruining the country, Joe—it cripples everything."

"All you say is quite right;" returned Joe, "but now what shall we fly at next?"

"The next thing," laughed Marjorie, "is to come and look at the room that I have got just ready for my old lady—I hope she will come soon—and to sit down, and have your tea in it."

They were not long in obeying. And how good the tea was, after their labours, and how fresh and pretty everything was! There were a few flowers in white vases on the little mantel-shelf, and in the window lovely pendent fuchsias, and glowing geraniums—a present from Marjorie's mother, bright-red pots and all. And there was also a little hanging pot, from which drooped a mass of cool blue campanula blossoms. The window was open, and the new white curtains were waving gently in the afternoon breeze; and there already, among the flowers, Harry caught sight of the card which told that Marjorie did not intend to keep her pretty home all to herself longer than she could help.

"Well, you *have* made it pretty!" exclaimed Harry, and Marjorie blushed bright with pleasure. "Just see what *can* be done, Joe! You know what it used to be like! Well, if people won't come after a place like this, then I don't know what they will come after, that's all!"

* * * * * *

The old lady came: and she had not to be waited for long either. And she had a happy home with Marjorie for years. And then her only son returned from Australia, and *he* wanted to make a home for her: and Marjorie helped her to pack her things, and saw her off by the train, having bidden her an affectionate good-bye; and then returning to the now untenanted parlour, she sat down and cried a little.

Marjorie had three sturdy little ones by this time: but just now they were in the fields at play.

However, she had not been sitting there all alone, and crying, but a very few minutes, when Harry suddenly appeared on the scene.

"Well, Marjorie! Ah, I thought so! But you are tired out, that is how it is? Now mind, my dear—no more lodgers! We want all the room we have got: and you want all the time you can have, for the children and for yourself."

"But, Harry——"

"You are to do just as I say"—and her husband, looking well and hearty as ever, sat down by her side, and took her hand. "We have done what we could: and thank God I am getting on right well: and now, the next thing to be considered is my wife's health. Shall I let her work herself to death, and do her children no good into the bargain, just for the sake of a few extra shillings a week? No: not while I can work for her. Cheer up, Marjorie! You have been busy long enough: and now the next thing for you to do is to take your ease. There is a time for everything, you know. People must rest sometimes, or else their work won't be fit for much, or they either."

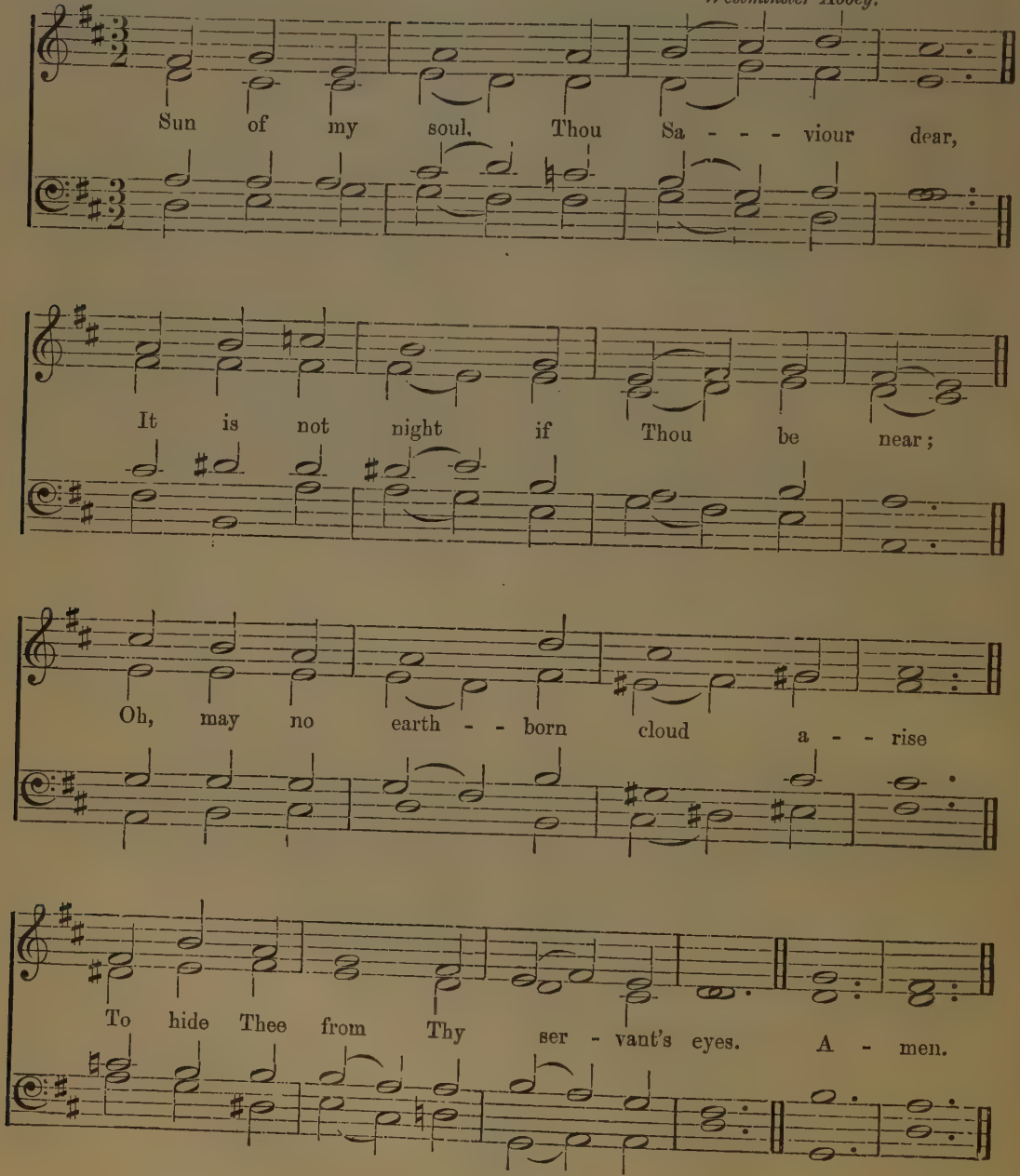
But now Harry had to run into the shop to attend to a customer, for Joe was in the bakehouse.

And Marjorie dried her tears, and felt relieved at the thought of rest; and she did not forget to thank God that she had a good husband, who did, what all husbands do not do—thought of her, and spared her, when she would not have spared herself.

Sun of My Soul.

Words by J. Keble.

Music by J. Frederick Bridge, D. Mus.
Westminster Abbey.


Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - - - viour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth - - born cloud a - - rise
To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - men.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy Love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

THE STORY OF THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D., PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY, ST. ANDREWS, AND A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY OF REVISERS.

IT had long been felt by scholars that, both for improving the text and the translation, a revision of the Authorised Version of the New Testament was urgently demanded. This feeling had several times found expression before 1857, but it was about that year that the question began to be seriously discussed. For a time, the most unworthy motives were ascribed to the advocates of change; and an immense amount of idle sentiment was expended in seeking to preserve the Authorised Version from alteration. People forgot that that version was itself nothing more than a revision of a previously existing translation, and allowed themselves to argue as if it were in fact the Divine original. By-and-by, however, almost every one became ashamed of occupying such a position; and the voices of most scholars connected with the various churches throughout our land were uplifted in favour of revision. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1855 (p. 429) had expressed himself as follows:—"Surely it is high time for another revision of the English Bible. It is now almost 250 years ago since the last was made. During that long period, neither the researches of the clergy nor the intelligence of the laity have remained stationary. We have become desirous of knowing more, and they have acquired more to teach us. Vast stores of Biblical information have been accumulating since the days of James I., by which not merely the rendering of the common version, but the purity of the sacred text itself, might be improved. And it is essential to the best interests of religion that that information should be fully, freely, and in an authoritative form disseminated abroad by a careful correction of our received version of the sacred Scriptures."

This was followed in 1858 by the publication of Archbishop Trench's (then Dean Trench of Westminster) work entitled "On the Authorised Version of the New Testament: in Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision." As coming from such a cautious writer as Dr. Trench, the opening words of his treatise showed unmistakably how much progress the public mind had by that time made with respect to the necessity for revision. He wrote—"It is clear that the question, Are we, or are we not, to have a new translation of the Scripture? or rather—since few would propose this who did not wish to loosen from its anchors the whole religious life of the English people—Shall we, or shall we not, have a new revision of the Authorised Version? is one which is presenting itself more and more familiarly to the minds of men. This, indeed, is not by any means the first time that this question has been earnestly discussed, but that which differences the present agitation of the matter from preceding ones is, that on all former occasions the subject was only debated among scholars and divines, and awoke no interest in circles beyond them. The present is apparently the first occasion on which it has taken the slightest hold of the popular mind. But now indications of the interest which it is awakening reach us from every side." He adds, "On the whole, I am persuaded that a revision ought to come. I am convinced that it will come. Not, however, I would trust, as yet; for we are not as yet in any respect prepared for it."

Dr. Trench's desire for further delay was abundantly gratified. The subject continued to be discussed for more than another decade. One frequently-urged objection was the difficulty of getting Churchmen and Dissenters heartily to co-operate in the work. But, as so often happens when a plain call of duty is obeyed, this difficulty turned out a mere chimera. Referring to it, Bishop Ellicott could write as follows in 1870, in his "Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament" (p. 194):—"If we are to make the extreme assumption that Nonconformists as a body would be likely publicly to disavow the revised volume, we must not fail to observe that they would thus find themselves committed to a disavowal of a certain number of corrections which every scholar in the world would pronounce necessary, if the duty of faithfulness to God's Word is in any degree to be accepted as a principle. But, in the second place, there is no reason whatever for thinking that Nonconformists would act in such a narrow spirit; nay, there is positive evidence to the contrary. This very year opened with a very able article in the January number of the *British Quarterly* on the subject of revision, from which it is perfectly clear that all the more intelligent

Nonconformists not only would interpose no sectarian obstacles, but would even readily take their part in the great work, if invited by competent authority, and on the equal terms of common scholarship."

Everything, then, was at last ripe, and the subject was formally brought before the Convocation of Canterbury in February, 1870. Several resolutions were then passed, of which the first stood thus:—"That it is desirable that a revision of the Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken." It was also resolved "to invite the co-operation of any eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they might belong." In accordance with this resolution, the New Testament Company was so constituted as to be truly representative of the various Churches in our country, as well as of the several divisions of the British Islands. Among its twenty-five acting members, there were natives alike of England, Scotland, and Ireland; while religious communions so divergent as Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Congregationalism, the Wesleyan and Baptist Churches, and Unitarianism, were all represented. The fact that almost all the scholars invited to take part in the work cordially accepted the invitation, and have continued, without the least pecuniary recompense, to prosecute it for the last ten and a half years, proves how widespread had become the feeling as to the duty and necessity of revision. The only two gentlemen solicited to join the company, who never had any share in its labours, were the late distinguished textual critic Dr. Tregelles, who was in very feeble health at the time, and the illustrious Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman, who, for reasons not difficult to understand, declined to co-operate in the work. In course of time, the Company lost by death Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, Dean Alford of Canterbury, and Dr. Eadie of Glasgow; but other scholars were selected to fill the blanks thus made, so that the number of the revisers remained much the same at the close of their work as it was at the beginning. The only resignation which took place was that of the present learned Dean of Ely, who did not originally belong to the Company, and was not long reckoned among its members. It will be thus seen that the work was prosecuted throughout by nearly the same persons, so that, to whatever qualifications they possessed at starting, was gradually added that of long experience.

The New Testament Company met, for the first time, on June 22nd, 1870, and they began by partaking of the Holy Communion together in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. That was a truly interesting occasion. Then, for the first time, did so many Biblical scholars meet together, who had hitherto been known to each other only through their works. The present writer found himself between Dr. Lightfoot, now Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, neither of whom he had seen before, and then, for the first time, had he the pleasure of meeting with Canon Westcott, Dr. Scrivener, Dr. Eadie, and many others who had, by their contributions to sacred science, long possessed his warmest admiration.

After the Communion had been administered to each of the revisers by the Dean of Westminster, the company adjourned to the Jerusalem Chamber, which was destined to be their usual place of meeting for so many years. Each one took his seat as chance determined, but that seat was, for the most part, ever afterwards retained. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol took the chair, and acted as chairman throughout the whole existence of the company, except on those rare occasions when his Lordship was absent. I well remember that he began by warning us not to be too sanguine as to the immediate success of our labours, and expressed his conviction that the very youngest member of the company would be enjoying the calm of the New Jerusalem before the work in which he aided was fully appreciated. Time will show whether or not this was a well-founded prediction.

Beginning with the Gospel of St. Matthew, we very soon had what the chairman called "the first of our many friendly divisions." The most important question which emerged in connection with the first chapter was, whether we should retain the Greek form of such names as Judas, Josaphat, Ezekias, etc., or should assimilate them to the Old Testament forms Judah, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, etc. It appeared to most of us that there could be no doubt as to the propriety of making this change, so as to indicate clearly the identity, *e.g.*, of the Elias of the New Testament with the Elijah of the Old. This seems a very certain gain which has been secured in the Revised Version. We have now got rid of such grotesque forms as Noe, Osee, Madian, etc., and the misleading term Jesus for Joshua no longer appears at Acts vii. 45, and Heb. iv. 8. Several of the company, however, at first opposed the change; but even they, I think, ultimately came to acquiesce in it as a decided improvement.

The greatest difficulty which the company had to encounter, respected the settlement of the text. We were here embarrassed with the abundance of our materials. As is well known, there are far more manuscripts of the New Testament in existence than of any other ancient writing; but it often becomes a most perplexing thing to say to which side authority inclines with regard to the various readings found in these manuscripts. Two great Schools exist among Biblical scholars concerning this matter, and were, of course, both represented in the New Testament Company. There is, first of all, the School of those who think that almost exclusive deference

should be paid to "ancient authority," that is, to the three or four manuscripts belonging to a date not later than the fifth century, and to the most ancient versions in their primitive form, so far as that has been preserved. There is next the School of those who cannot yield so much weight to what is called ancient authority; but hold that here the manuscripts should be *numbered* as well as *weighed;* in other words, that when a reading has in its favour a multitude of comparatively modern copies, it should not be set aside simply because it does not exist in the few very ancient manuscripts. Many an amicable contest took place in the Company on these grounds; and many a precious half-hour was spent in thus seeking to fix some minute point connected with the various readings, the importance of which, it is to be feared, will be but little appreciated by an ordinary reader.

The Company met for four days each month of the year, except in August and September. The hour of meeting was eleven o'clock a.m., and the sederunt generally lasted till 6 o'clock p.m., with about three-quarters of an hour for luncheon. It need not be said that the work was very exhausting. To bend for so long a period over books, to listen to such varied and continuous argument, and thus to undergo so great mental tension, could not but prove a heavy strain on one's physical powers. Nothing surprised me more than the exhaustless vigour of our chairman. He was almost always there, from the beginning to the close of the meeting. He had to give his careful attention to every suggestion which was made, and then submit in his own language the various proposals to the decision of the Company—his position and duties being thus far more trying than those of any other of the revisers. Yet, day after day, he never failed to appear exactly at the appointed hour, and was nearly always amongst the few who remained to the very last.

During our first revision, the rule was that a change should be decided on by a simple majority of the Company; but when we came to the second revision, this rule was altered, and the principle followed was to make or retain no change in the text of the Authorised Version, except with the approval of *two-thirds* of the revisers present. There were, therefore, many more changes introduced into our first revision than appear as the work now stands. Thus, the remarkable reading, "God only begotten," at John i. 18, took its place in the text at our first revision, but had to retreat to the margin at the second. Thus, too, the difficult expression which occurs in the Greek at Philip. ii. 6, assumed very various forms in English until it finally settled down into the rendering "a prize," as it now stands. Some of us would still prefer here the translation which was accepted on our first revision. Scarcely any one will maintain that the rendering in the Authorised Version—"Thought it not *robbery* to be equal with God"—is correct. But it may be doubted if the translation here given in the Revised Version is much of an improvement. The Apostle is inculcating the duty of self-abnegation, and enforcing it by the sublime example of Christ. He tells us that though the Saviour was originally possessed of Divine glory as one of the Persons in the Godhead, yet He did not deem even that "a thing to hold fast" (such was the rendering adopted in the first revision), but parted with it in order to fulfil His work of infinite benevolence. This appears to bring out the meaning far better than what has now obtained a place in the text. Again, with regard to small changes, a return was very often made in the second revision to the Authorised Version. An attempt, for instance, was at first made to translate pretty uniformly the Greek aorist by the English past tense; but experience by-and-by showed that this was impossible, so that perfect and pluperfect renderings were here and there admitted, as in the common version. Many other minute alterations were in like manner abandoned. Thus, the great text John iii. 16 stood for long as follows—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him *may* not perish, but have eternal life;" but a return was made at the eleventh hour to the Authorised "should." In the writer's opinion, there are still by far too many slight departures from the rendering of the existing Version. These simply mar the familiar rhythm without almost any compensating advantage; and, had they never been ventured on, the work might have been produced at a much less expenditure of time and labour, while it would also have been far more likely to commend itself to general acceptance.

The meetings of the Company were occasionally enlivened by the appearance of interesting visitors. We were visited once or twice by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who addressed to us some very kind and encouraging words. The late Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Wilberforce, was also sometimes with us, and took the chair during the brief period which alone his manifold engagements allowed him to devote to our work.

Thus the work was carried forward from month to month, and from year to year. The first revision extended over a period of nearly six years; the second occupied two and a half years more; and the remainder of the time was given to a consideration of the suggestions received from America. Much time—perhaps too much—was latterly devoted to *harmonising* passages in the translation; that is, to give, as far as possible, the same rendering in English to a particular word wherever it occurs in the Greek. In the present writer's opinion, this has been carried too far in the Revised Version. The principle is one

which no one would attempt to adhere to with rigid uniformity, for such an endeavour would often lead to absolute confusion. Thus, the Greek word rendered by the verb "to comfort," at Matt. v. 4, must be translated "pray," or "beseech" at Matt. xxvi. 53, and "exhort" at Acts xi. 23, and other places. So with a multitude of other words. The only question, therefore, is, how far variety of rendering should be admitted. The Authorised Version has certainly exceeded all reasonable limits in this respect. What reader of it would imagine that such very different statements as the following (Matt. xxvii. 45; Luke xxiii. 44), "There was darkness over all *the land* unto the ninth hour," and "There was darkness over all *the earth* until the ninth hour," represent exactly the same Greek original? Very much has been done in the Revised Version to remove such hurtful inconsistencies; but it may be doubted if this harmonising process has not sometimes been carried so far as to give rise to an obscuration of the meaning.

Such, then, is our brief account of the rise and gradual completion of the Revised Version. Ample materials are in existence for giving in detail a history of its formation. More than one of the members took careful notes from day to day of the various proposals which were made, and of the divisions which took place upon them.

Meanwhile, the Revised Version now waits the judgment of English-speaking men and women throughout the world. It will undoubtedly, and very properly, be subjected to a vast amount of criticism. Probably its warmest friends will be ready to confess its many blemishes, and will never dream of claiming for it anything like finality. But it has, at any rate, brought the results of Biblical criticism within the reach of the public at large, and has at least paved the way for that more perfect version which may afterwards be produced. If the present revision of the English New Testament fail to prove generally acceptable, it will probably be because *what the people wanted* has been too much overlooked. To see the reason for many of the changes which have been made, the microscopic eye of accurate scholarship is requisite. And perhaps too great a regard has been had throughout to what erudite Greek scholars would desire, rather than to what is necessary to secure popular favour. But, at any rate, much has been accomplished for the improvement of the Authorised Version, and never will those who took part in the work forget those ten and a half pleasant years which elapsed between that first gathering in Henry VII.'s Chapel already spoken of, and that special service in the Parish Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, on Thursday, Nov. 11th, 1880, when for the first time, a lesson—Eph. iv. 1-16—was read in public from the Revised Version.

BORNE BACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—OUR HELP.

OUR sole household help, Hannah Thomson, was the strangest mixture of shrewdness and stupidity I have ever known. Above all, impudence so much prevailed that it was hard to tell how many of her daily mistakes arose from wilful misapprehension, and how many from real inability and ignorance. I have often thought for ready wit and a keen sense of the ludicrous she was indebted to her Irish descent, while her stolid indifference suited better the country folk from whom we received her. She was by no means an efficient helper, but then we had her cheap, and, as we should have some one, this was the great matter.

"Hannah," my mother one day said, "we must do up Miss Susan's white frock, for she is asked to General Capel's this afternoon."

"Yes, sure 'm, 'cos Miss Capel han't got no white frock."

This being delivered with becoming gravity, we did not know how much of it was latent satire.

"Miss Capel is in mourning," my mother returned, with her usual dignity.

"She don't look very sad then," Hannah said, with a critical air, which was common to her; "only quiet and harmless, like one who han't got a sting for hanybody."

This was thrown out as a little slap at my mother, whose temper was none of the mildest; but it set me thinking. Thenceforth Miss Capel always reminded me of something from which the sting had been extracted, and to whose renewed nature it was foreign to do hurt. I never met one more careful of the feelings of others; and many a time I prayed

that I might follow her in this as she followed Christ. Ah, I did not see the wonderful blending of faithfulness with tenderness, of grace and righteousness, in His dealings then. Love may seek to heal, but only wisdom and love can wound to heal. Our affection may soothe. His too often must probe the depths of the wayward heart ere calm can be restored.

"'I thought you would come this way, Susan.'"—*p.* 307.

"Leopold," I exclaimed, as my brother entered, "Miss Capel has asked you to come with me to the Priory this evening."

"Wouldn't do," he replied, with a sage shake of the head; while a humorous smile, which was peculiar to him, and which always made me want to kiss him, lurked round the corners of his mouth.

"Why not?" I asked, in surprise.

"You see, my dear," he returned, "I couldn't go, on principle."

"What's principle?" I pursued.

"Principle! Oh, principle's anything you please. A rule of right. Little puss, you must swallow more of the dry old dictionary."

"And how can it be right for you not to come to The Priory?" I went on, really anxious to learn.

He laughed outright.

"You know she would be preaching to me, and I could not support a woman when doing the parson's work. She might be wanting his pulpit next, and how would a petticoat look there?"

This being an unanswerable argument, I should have been silenced had not Hannah, who, as usual, was idling when mother was out of the way, proved herself, in this instance at least, a help.

"Yes, sure," she chimed in, "Master Le'pold's right. It's a shame to do the parson's work and him paid for it, and all."

"It's not that altogether," my brother went on. (He was very clever, as I have said, and had a way of tacking one argument on to another, which bewildered me); "but dosing a fellow with religion when he's well turns him against it. It's a solemn thing, only fit for the sick-room."

"For all the world like an emetic, which gives you a chance to throw off the wrong thing you've took," again chimed in Hannah.

My mother here appeared and reprimanded us with due severity—Hannah for waste of time, and me for encouraging her thereto. Leopold always escaped easily.

"Can you not find something to do?" mother asked of our young domestic.

"I suppose I can, indeed, if I look for it," was Hannah's saucy rejoinder as she moved leisurely away.

My mother turned to me.

"I wonder at you, Susan," she said—"you who go to a Sunday-class and visit Miss Capel, and to whom I have endeavoured to teach your duty towards God and towards your neighbour, to encourage Hannah in wasting her time in direct defiance of my authority. Do you know, child, that waste of time is a sin, and one with which I cannot charge myself?"

There flashed through my mind the wicked thought that it might be a waste of time to make needless work for one's self, and to fret and fume over it afterwards, but I checked the reflection, and ventured on a little penitent expression, and, at the same time, the plea that it was to speak to Leopold Hannah had lingered.

"Don't throw the blame on another, child," mother concluded; "that is an excuse as old as the fall of our first parents in Eden. Your brother cannot be expected to understand a woman's business."

"Why, mother," Leopold burst in to the rescue, "Suey's only a little woman, and you can't put an old head on young shoulders. Come on, little woman, and dress for the General's.

And he drew me away with a kiss and the whisper, "I got you off!" but he did not go with me to the Priory that afternoon.

I remember well an incident that occurred previous to my leaving the cottage. I was relating it only yesterday to a group of little ones, amidst peals of laughter, though it was anything but ludicrous to me at the time, I can assure you. Arrayed in a neat white frock, I presented (as my mother said) a respectable appearance, and surveyed myself with no small amount of satisfaction, despite the many texts I had lately read against pride. I only wanted a few finishing touches—I think it was a blue ribbon to confine my hair—and ran hastily down from my little chamber to Hannah to tie it for me. Being rather late, I ran on unguardedly, not looking straight before me, just as she was crossing the kitchen with a small bowl of some dark brown liquid in her hand. I knocked against her, and in an instant the contents came streaming all down the front of my pretty frock. I gazed at it in dismay, then in a kind of hopeless stupor, but could not blame Hannah, seeing the fault was all my own. At last tears came thick and fast, and turning, I was about to ascend to my own room, when my mother suddenly confronted me. She surveyed me in ominous silence, then her nose came down very straight, and her lips got a sort of tight strain they always had when she was angry.

"How did you do this?" she asked, a great deal too calmly, pointing to the ugly stain.

"I knocked against Hannah," I answered, tremblingly.

"Hannah, how did you spoil Miss Susan's frock?"

"I did it myself," I interposed; "it was all my fault."

"And you can tell me that, you wicked child, after all my pains to make you look respectable, and send you out like a lady! You can stand there and tell me your carelessness has rendered my efforts useless, and my trouble been repaid by ingratitude! With my own hands I smoothed that frock, standing near a hot fire all the time. O dear, dear!" exclaimed my mother, almost shedding tears, in her vexation, "how I deny myself many comforts I ought to have, and scrape and save, in order to keep up my children's respectability, and all for nothing!"

I was wounded to the heart. I sincerely pitied my mother, and felt a very monster of ingratitude. I felt, too, she spoke truth when saying she denied herself many little things she might have enjoyed that she might keep us fairly clad. Yet such a goose was I, even at ten years old (children were children then, dear reader), that, scarcely knowing what I said, I sobbed out—

"Indeed, mamma, if I had a penny I 'd give it to you!"

My mother gazed at me in wonderment, doubtful of my meaning. Then her handsome nose became a little less straight, and the corner of her mouth began to twitch. Hannah nodded approvingly, and muttered something about "taking a leaf out of her book." My little speech, however, had a desirable effect. My mother removed the sullied frock, and giving it to Hannah to put into water, took me up-stairs, and having washed away the traces of tears, arranged me in a faded blue merino. She did this so kindly that, quite subdued, I put my hands round her neck, and kissed her, saying—

"I'm very sorry, mamma; please forgive me."

My mother returned the kiss, and with the parting words—"Never mind now, my dear; but it was very hard on me," which made me burn anew with shame, I was consigned to Hannah to be conducted to the Priory.

CHAPTER IV.—IN HIGH PLACES.

NOT by the main entrance, but by a side avenue, which was nearer to us, I first entered the Priory grounds. A single row of beautiful lime trees bordered it on either side, until the path suddenly turned, and we found ourselves in a thick plantation, where trees, shading from the lightest and freshest green to the dark copper beech, rose one above another in a gradual incline, like a terraced grove. Some in the far background appeared like aged parents stretching forth their mighty arms towards the younger ones, which had grown up beneath their care, and now vainly sought to climb to their altitude. I stepped off the path, further under the shadow of the broad border, and stood looking up—silent, yet enjoying.

I felt awed by the glory of which the American poet has sung—

> There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
> Its mellow richness on the clustered trees;
> And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
> Pouring new glory on the autumn woods.

It was indeed the glory of the autumn, when the foliage seemed everywhere taking a different hue, in tintings which no painter's brush and palette on earth could reproduce.

Hannah's voice recalled me to myself. We went a little further, and at another turning came suddenly upon a broad open space, where a large body of water slept darkly, and without apparent motion, until, at a certain point, it fell in a beautiful cascade almost to our feet, and we received a few drops of the cooling spray. Then it rushed on its way, as with the joy of a liberated thing, in a clear gladly-singing rill. On over boulder and through valley, on through meadow and cornfield, on under a rustic bridge, on to the broad river that swept majestically to the sea.

I don't know what the waters said to me, but I forgot Miss Capel, and the invitation to her house. I forgot my recent trouble, our poverty and annoyance, and only felt I could linger for ever by their cooling play, listening to their soothing song.

Hannah at length got impatient, and as I was unmindful of the lapse of time, for once was willing to remind me of it.

"Well, that is grand, sure!" she said. "But I don't know as it would look so well on a winter's day, when it is more wetter than it is now. I'm thinking whatever would the missus say if she saw us a-looking up so long? How she would blow out about the loss of precious time! Ay, it is worth while to hear her, though, for I never knew before I had anything precious belonging to me, and I suppose my time is my own."

"No, it is not, Hannah," I returned, stung at last into saying something right. "Miss Capel told us, if we belonged to the Lord (and we ought to belong to Him, Hannah), our time was the Lord's too. Just as you, who are a servant, should do everything to please your mistress, so we must try and serve our Master and Saviour even in the way we do our commonest work. But we must begin by giving ourselves up to Him, for we want His Spirit; but once we know His blood has bought us, we can go on to do what's right. And, Hannah," I continued, having gathered boldness by this confession, "you must not speak so of mamma to me any more: it is not right, and I do not like it."

Hannah only replied by drawing her lips into a little curve, as if she would like to whistle, after which she said slowly, "That's the way the wind blows, do it?" Then, as if she felt it incumbent on her to add something more, she admitted it was "very hard on the missus to have the new white frock destroyed. No matter if I was a rich young lady who had a nice magenta, or a sky-blue or scarlet to choose from at a moment's notice." Being thus recalled to a sense of my troubles, she sought to divert my mind by a repetition of the trite remark—"Would not look so well on a winter's day."

"You are right; it does not," said a sweet voice near us, as Miss Capel, who had come up unperceived, put her arm round me. "I thought you would come this way, Susan, and surely linger here, as strangers ever do. Your servant is right; I have often thought how gloomy this beautiful pond looks under the shade of the trees on a dark day in mid-winter. Like many other things, it appears very differently in changed circumstances, and even to different humours. But when there has been a heavy fall of rain, and the stream that supplies the pond is swollen, then it is grand. Your maid may now return, dear; I shall take charge of you, and send you home safely."

We lingered still beside the falling water after Hannah left us.

"Miss Capel——"

"Well, little one?"

"You said strangers like to stop here. Don't you?"

"I once did more than now," she answered, dreamily, and I thought with a touch of sadness in the tone. "I hear a great deal in the sound of the water, Susan, which you cannot hear."

"I thought it was saying a great deal to me just now," I began.

But there was a sharp ring of pain in her answer.

"Child, it is only those who have suffered who hear voices sighing past them in its song."

This was, of course, above my comprehension, but I said the first thing that occurred to me.

"It comes down."

"So it does!" she exclaimed, almost with a start of pleasure, "as all our blessings do, and the voices sound from above. Let us think of that, Susan, you and me—for trial may yet come to you. Remember, when it does, it is from above. Child, you have done me good."

Her arm was still round me as we issued from the shade of the trees into the broad light of day.

"'Truly, the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun,'" she said. "Do you know who is our Sun, dear?"

"The Lord Jesus," I whispered.

"True, He is 'the Light of the world.' Oh, what a dark place it would be without Him! Have you not learned this, Susan?"

She squeezed my hand gently as she spoke.

"I have," I answered, timidly; "I did not think it could be so bright as it has been since I know He is my Friend."

"Thank God, He has revealed Himself to you so gently, and while your heart is young and tender," she said, with a very bright smile. "It is a great mercy to know His love, and feel it closing you in while so many around us are ignorant of us."

"Miss Capel——" I stopped.

"Well, little Susan."

"It sometimes seems as if I was bathing in a big river of love. As if it was before me in the air, and above and around me; and I never could get out of it."

"And you never can," replied my teacher. "You may lose this delicious sense of it by getting your eyes off the Lord, and your feet turned into some wrong path—that is, doing something in life He would not like; but the love will be about and around you all the same. See, that dark cloud is about to pass between us and the sun, but the sun will shine behind it still. It is the cloud that has risen from earth which hinders our receiving its light and warmth. Sit down on this fallen tree, and I shall give you a little lesson on light. What do you think of it?"

"I don't know much about it," I returned, "but I know it is pleasant and nice, and it must be dreadful not to see it."

"You have met my points, little one. God is so high above us, we could not know much about Him had He not sent His Son into the world to show us His love. Jesus says, 'He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father.' Whoever believes in Christ, that is, trusts only in Him for salvation—has light and life—eternal life in his soul. Having got that life, we have then to give light to others; for all the unsaved people in the world are in darkness, no matter how clever they may be in other ways. Now you are a candle of the Lord, Susan. What is my little lamp to do for Jesus?"

"I don't know," I murmured, "I wish very much I could——"

"When you light a candle, where do you put it?" Miss Capel asked. "Do not hurry, but think."

I thought for a moment.

"Where it is most needed."

"Right," she replied, nodding approval. "And do you think God does not know where to place His lights? Would you put a candle in a place where it would flare and waste away?"

I thought how little my mother would, so answered, decidedly, "No."

"You expect it to burn steadily; so does God. His lights should be bright and clear—that is, with pleasant, gracious, *good* ways. He never puts them where they *must* waste away, or be hidden, but where they should give light to all that are in the house. It may not be a great tall candle, with a great strong light," Miss Capel went on, "but it should burn brightly according to its measure. Are there none on your mind whom you would wish to guide to the Lord Jesus?"

I looked up with swimming eyes, but without a word. She understood me well.

"What do you wish to be called, dear?"

"My brother calls me Suey," I returned, with a full heart.

"Then brother's name for his little sister must be best; I shall call you Suey, too," she said, with a laugh. "Now you have had enough for to-day; only I should like to give you two thoughts before we go on. Since light first began to shine upon our world, it has never failed. It gladdened mankind and ripened the fruits of the earth thousands of years ago, as it does to-day and will to-morrow. Now God is ever the same. When you read of the wonderful things He did for His people long ago, think, 'This is *my* God.' He may not deal exactly in this way for you and me, for we have a different state of things now, but He is just as powerful to protect, as ready to bless. Do you know how the light comes to us?"

"I have heard it comes on and on, till it reaches us," I replied.

"Quite right; it comes down at a wonderful rate: too swiftly for us to imagine. So, when you have a trouble or care, go and tell God at once, and faster than light can travel your prayer will spring to Him, and His help, in His own good time, come down to you. I am afraid I have given your poor little head too much to keep, my dear. You shall have a diversion now."

We rose to go on. Just then a dark cloud came between us and the sun, and a shadow was thrown over the path I was to tread. Oh, how often since then I have thought of that hour's sudden gloom! oh, how often wished I had been true to the holy lessons received that afternoon! I close my eyes, and sweet memories possess my mind, and forms come thronging back and encircle me around. Trooping back over life's weary path: trooping back, until my heart swells almost to bursting. But, hush! I feel a pierced hand clasping mine, and a voice of love whispers—

"Through all, I have never let thee go. Through false lights and real shadows, through silence, gloom, and din of earth, amid unfaithfulness, sin, and sorrow, have followed thee unwearyingly, until I brought thee back to rest in My love."

And opening my eyes, now blinded with grateful tears, I say—

"Ay, Lord, Thou hast been true to Thy promise—Thou didst never leave me, nor forsake; and now I find myself at last 'borne back to the haven where I would be.'"

We had not gone many yards before a fine manly boy, apparently somewhat older than Leopold, came bounding along, a large dog beside him. I was afraid of the dog at first; but the word, "Down, Luath!" from his young master, seemed to control him in an instant.

"This is my nephew," Miss Capel said; "I shall consign you to his care for a little while. Hugh, take Miss Wyld to the aviary, and bring her round by the conservatories; I shall join you there soon."

Hugh Capel proved himself an agreeable companion, and showed me so many pretty things, I did not know which to admire most. The rare plumage of the aviary, or a reedy pond where water-

birds of various kinds came curiously round to look at us; the trellised paths of clustering vine; the rich exotics of the hothouses; the rainbow circles of open garden, with its baskets of wild-flowers so artistically simple—all called forth my wonderment and delight. I said but little; but Hugh was so free and unembarrassed, and so manifestly enjoyed my interest in objects with which he had been familiar from infancy, that what I did say was not spoken as to a stranger. I longed to ask if he knew that the great God, who made those birds and flowers and exquisite foliage, who caused those noble trees to grow which stretched away far as the eye could reach, with the most consummate art in the planting because a perfect absence of design, was his Father. I could not muster courage for this, however, and he did not express his mind to me upon the subject, perhaps thinking I had enough serious converse with his aunt. And so I first hid the little light my dear friend bade me bear so bravely; first hid the little light which was to be one day apparently shrouded in darkness.

The next impression made upon me was by General Capel himself. He was high in stature as in birth, and looked "every inch" a general. He might have been handsome but for an ugly seam crossing one cheek, about which the skin puckered unpleasantly. I suppose, like my mother's nose, which was not only beautiful in outline, but from its significance, this token of hard fight in its suggestiveness rendered his countenance doubly interesting. I had not much understanding in this respect, for I never loved to be reminded of war, and would have sung with the French maid—

> Let those who make the quarrels
> Be the only ones to fight.

At all events, General Capel, his daughter, and grandson had a high and happy lot; truly, "the lines had fallen unto them in pleasant places, and they had a goodly heritage." Did the cottage where I dwelt look poor and mean as I re-entered it? Well, if it did, I checked the sigh of discontent with the reflection that mother and Leopold were fitted to grace the proudest home on earth, and that I was to dwell in a very high place—even in "the house of the Lord for ever."

(To be continued.)

THE FAMILY COUNCIL:

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

THE ELDEST SON STARTS IN DOUBTFUL PATHS.

DORA was gone. The others had to grow accustomed to the terrible blank in the family party.

"It seems almost the same to us as if Dora were dead, Aunt Mary," observed Elizabeth, drearily, on the morning of the old lady's departure to her own home. "When one knows people are gone away for years and years, one cannot feel that one will ever see them again in this world. But if it had been a death in the house, people would leave us at peace, and not make all sorts of smirking comments if my eyes look red or if mamma seems sad. And when Dora is so happy, I know it does seem selfish and almost sinful for us to be anything else but quite glad. Only I can't help it."

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Mary, "but if we could think of death as God means us to think of it, then it too is only a departing to more life and better life. We do not grieve for the friends we miss because we think they have lost something in exchanging earth for heaven, and are unhappy there. We weep not for them, but for ourselves, Lizzie! One or two of those whom I love dearest had had long years of languishing pain, or wearisome half-living, before God called them. They really left nothing behind which makes life desirable—for of course I did not believe they really left my love, because they merely passed out of its visible reach. Yet I wept for them, Lizzie. And even yet, though some of them have been in their graves for forty years, the sight of an old letter or the sound of an old tune will bring tears to my eyes, because I miss them—and must miss them—till that day when you will miss me, Lizzie."

The young girl gently stroked the old lady's hand, and then leaned her cheek against it.

"All pain is not alike, any more than all darkness," said Aunt Mary; "there is a world of difference between the sweet hush of a moonless summer night and the gloom of a dungeon. Pain may be necessary for the healthy processes of growth, as well as for remedial purposes. Young trees are pruned, as well as withered branches lopped off. 'The sting of death is sin,' and so too is the sting of sorrow. But with all the sting withdrawn they will still remain; only the facts of life need never make us afraid, if our hearts are right, and we can take our dark days as patiently and quietly as the cornfields take the showers of Spring. Don't chafe in your regret for the days that are no more, Lizzie. Let the past take its place in your heart and life. It has its own mis-

sion to fulfil upon your soul. I heard your father say yesterday that scientific men are beginning to assert that the education of the muscles affects the development of the mind—that, all things being equal, "the cunning right hand" is the most likely to be linked with the subtle thought. We all know that an idiot's fingers are as useless as his brain, and that the inertia of the latter is best reached by some exercise of the former. Therefore, we should not refuse to be either glad or sad, but let us welcome every experience, and let it deal with every feeling, and enter into our very being, for we do not know what it may build up of that strange future self which will be to our present self as is the flower to the seed, or as the philosopher to the babe he once was. And, Lizzie, my dear, even in this life, as we grow older, we do not shrink from much which we shrank from in youth, because we see that it comes direct from the will of God, and therefore can be only good, having proved that other bitterness which is bred of God's good will being put aside for a while, before our eyes, by some erring human will. A very blessed life may yet be full of sorrow. Sorrow is not misery. We know that she who won the title of 'the blessed among women,' stood, a lonely widow, beside her crucified Son. But think of Judas Iscariot's mother! I would not pray that God should keep sorrow from my dearest, but in the very prayer, 'God's will be done!' I do pray that misery may be kept from them!"

Lizzie looked up at her aunt with one quick glance, and seemed about to say something, but did not.

Aunt Mary noticed the look then, and felt it had special significance. But Aunt Mary was not the one to force confidences. She used to say, "Silence once broken can never be mended; speech can begin at any time."

Alas for the day when a shadow, not of God's sending, begins to steal over a household!—when everybody is aware of a subtle change, which each tries to believe is only a product of imagination! It is as if an invisible foe had suddenly entered the home-circle, and changed the daily life, once so genial and harmonious, into an endurance and a conflict. Eyes look into each other, and express what tongues will not speak; and if a sigh is heard, nobody playfully asks the reason why. There are some feelings that we are not quick to express in words—which are so apt to convey either more or less than we mean.

It is a stern fact to realise that the well-being and happiness of every home is terribly dependent on each of its members. We all know that one false note destroys a chime. When the prodigal closes the home door behind him, he shakes the very roof-tree. It is not only his empty chair he leaves behind; he leaves also bowed heads, broken hearts, and embittered lives.

And as in great things, so in small; for, indeed, do not small things contain all the possibilities and potencies of great ones, as the oak lies wrapped in the acorn? How could the Bristo family settle down to an evening of social or studious domesticity, when nobody knew at what time Gilbert would drop in, and whether he would stay for the remainder of the evening, or suddenly go out again, on some half-muttered, half-implied pretext?

Mr. Bristo at that time was often working late at his own duties, and so he was the last to notice the change creeping into his son's habits. The poor mother threw out her gentle hints and warnings, but she shrank from the definite form which a statement to her husband would give to her fears, and perhaps she trembled lest Mr. Bristo should fail to recognise the new young-manhood of the lad, and might provoke defiance by some peremptory assertion of parental authority.

But hints and warnings were of no avail. How could they be, when Gilbert had fallen among a set of people who held all the real delights of existence as "slow" and "goody," who called frequenting bars and cigar divans "seeing life" (about as rational as it would be to survey a city by rolling in the gutters of its back lanes!), and who openly spoke of all affection as a weakness to be played upon for one's own selfish purposes, and then thrown aside.

Did Gilbert hold these opinions himself? No, not exactly—not yet. But the desire to imitate is very strong in weak characters; and since evil is often more rampant and glaring than good, they often rush to imitate evil. All young people must be more or less weak, not being, as the old phrase has it, "formed;" and the best proof of strength they can give, is a desire and a determination to put themselves in the way of good influences, and within the restraints of wise habits and kindly authority. It is when first the young are set free to choose their own associates that the real bias of their nature is discovered.

Mrs. Bristo went on hoping against hope that her anxieties had little ground beyond her motherly solicitude. But still Gilbert grew ever more a stranger in the home circle, and ever more morose and "separate" even when there.

"You never seem to have any fun to tell us now, Gilbert," Lizzie once ventured to remark, when the two had sat together in total silence for nearly an hour, the sister busily occupied with her needle, the brother lazily turning over the newspapers, but scarcely reading them. "Doesn't anything happen in the office now-a-days?"

"Nothing worth telling," Gilbert answered, carelessly.

"Do you know, Gilbert," said Lizzie, "I almost wish you were not so friendly with William Falconer as you are."

"Why?" asked Gilbert, rather gruffly. "I am sure he is a jolly fellow."

"Well, he doesn't make you very jolly—at least, not when you are at home," said Lizzie.

"Just like you girls," grumbled Gilbert; "always

ready to condemn things and people you know nothing about. Will may not look or speak quite like a parson; but there is a great deal of good in him, for all that."

"I hope there may be," said Lizzie, quietly, "for none has ever come out."

"I 'm not going to be preached at by a chit like you!" retorted Gilbert. "How can you expect a fellow to stay in his home when it is made disagreeable to him? You needn't wonder if you don't see me again till rather late to-night."

And off he went. He knew he had made a prior appointment with William Falconer, but he could not resist such a splendid opportunity for turning the tables on his sister, and perhaps averting her criticisms on future occasions. He did not put it so to himself. He firmly believed that he had been a most genial companion up to the point of Lizzie's speech, and that she had "driven him away." If he had honestly examined himself, the previous appointment might have told against him. But when one goes adrift on a stream of small self-indulgences, one starts by throwing honesty of thought overboard.

Poor Lizzie was overwhelmed with self-accusation. She forgot the many dull evenings Gilbert had inflicted on her and the others; she forgot the schemes for study and pleasure which he had either poohpoohed entirely, or damped by the wet blanket of an unsympathetic presence. She only remembered her mother's silent patience; only feared lest now she had spoken unadvisedly, and spoiled all. And then her quick fancy ran on, and imagined Gilbert wandering away, offended, a prey to bitter feelings, and open to any temptation that might assail him. She felt as if Gilbert's downward career might date from that evening; and, in her pitiful love and longing, forgot that it was only the downward progress he had already made which had given significance to anything she had said or done that night.

Mr. Bristo, who had expected to be detained very late at his office, returned home about nine o'clock, accompanied by Mrs. Bristo, he having called for her at the house of a sick friend, with whom she had been spending a few hours. They found Lizzie in tears, and Gilbert absent.

Mrs. Bristo would not let her daughter blame herself, except so far as she could feel it was a relief to the girl to do so. She did not say much till Lizzie had gone to bed.

"I don't think Gilbert has been going on quite as we should wish for some time," she said, when she was alone with her husband.

"I have feared that too," answered Mr. Bristo. "I have noticed at meals that he is very taciturn, and when he does speak, he is captious and contradictory. Only it is not wise to emphasise these matters, while they may be only transitory. Young people entering on life are like skiffs sailing out of harbour; they must meet rough winds which may strain their canvas, and rude waves that may buffet their keel, and yet they may be steered aright and hold on to the haven where they would be. What seem like signs of defeat may be signs of conflict, only not yet entirely triumphant. Moods need not be much feared, if habits keep right."

He looked at his wife. She was gazing into the fire, but she shook her head sorrowfully. His last words could give her no comfort about her boy. Her husband understood her manner, and sympathised with her silence. There are facts which some of us can scarcely utter till a kindly question has come half-way to meet them.

"Has there been much of this vague, objectless absence from home in the evening?" he asked. "You know I have been so much away, lately."

"Yes," she answered, simply; "and he seldom tells me where he is going, and he seems to have nothing to tell us when he comes home. It feels hard," she added, "when we used all to have such happy times together. I miss Gilbert more than Dora, though I still see him every day. I have often wondered whether his missing her has unsettled him; and sometimes I have feared that perhaps Lizzie and I, missing her too, have not been quite as lively as we should be."

"Loving excuses for Gilbert, and excellent monitions for yourselves," said Mr. Bristo, "but, in reality, no justification of him. For him to desert his home because its sprightliness might be slightly impaired by a common loss, would prove his affection to be grounded on selfish gratification alone. Any stranger will delight in our society when our spirits are high and our wits are keen. Love that attends us only in full prosperity is like a house built merely for sunshine and summer weather."

"He is not often out very late," pleaded the mother. "You know he has been generally at home before you, though sometimes only for a few minutes. He is unusually late to-night."

"I shall take the opportunity of speaking to him," said Mr. Bristo. "It is best to rebuke betimes, before anything has been done which demands severity."

Mrs. Bristo hesitated. "I am always so terrified lest, in making restraint felt, it gets thrown off altogether," she said. "I have reflected lately on how we should feel if Gilbert, being checked, proposed, as he might, to leave home, and go forth, scot-free, to adopt his own ways and follow his own pursuits."

"I think you are falling into a very natural error," said Mr. Bristo. "Because a thing is good, it does not follow that its quality must be lowered to make it acceptable to perverted tastes. Because home-restraints are more wholesome than the license of strange lodgings, it does not follow that to keep a boy at home it is well to relax all the home restraints, till he actually stands less in awe of a mother's displeasure and a father's indignation, than he might of inconveniencing a landlady or over-taxing her servant. The Scriptures do not advocate unlimited indulgence as a bribe for submission to what we

vaguely call a 'good influence.' St. Paul's description of a Christian dignitary is of 'one who ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity.' A father must not be a despot, but neither must he permit anarchy. The one is as remote as the other from the true idea of government."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bristo, "but then one begins to mistrust one's self, and to wonder whether one is exercising authority, or only asserting one's own will. Manners and customs change with the times; and much that was forbidden to children in our young days is considered quite lawful now. And when one sees the sad disasters and failures which occasionally befall strictly-managed houses, one trembles the more, and fears to take any step, lest it be in the wrong direction."

"Because here and there we find a colt that cannot be tamed, shall we abolish all habit of breaking in?" asked her husband. "A scoffing world does not easily forget a well-brought-up child who turns out ill. But its remembrance and record of such is a testimony to the comparative rareness of such instances. Nobody could keep count of the ill-brought-up children who turn out ill, for they swarm all the highways of the world. And manners may indeed change; but the spirit of wise authority and glad submission can never go out of date, until the world ceases to progress towards that Kingdom of God which Jesus taught us to pray for.

"Cheer up, wifie!" he added, as he saw tears dropping slowly down Mrs. Bristo's cheek. "I will have a quiet talk with Gilbert. A little expostulation is often the gate by which parents and their grown-up children turn towards each other when the ways of life have led them a little apart."

"But do remember——" Mrs. Bristo began to plead, and then paused.

"I shall remember that he is a young man," Mr. Bristo said. "I shall recollect that my true claim upon him in these days lies in the value he may set on the authority I have hitherto exerted. I shall remind him that I cannot expect him to honour his home unless I maintain it as honourable. I shall ask him, as friend with friend, whether we have in any way repulsed his confidence that he thus withdraws it from us. I shall put him on his honour towards us, reminding him, myself, that I have now no control over him but that of love, and asking him to reflect over his actions, and not in mere thoughtlessness and carelessness to loosen old ties, and wander from tried ways of life."

"But suppose," said Mrs. Bristo, speaking very soft and low, "suppose he should not heed?"

"Then, for his own sake as much as for anybody's, we must remember our home and our other children," observed Mr. Bristo. "We must not let him do them the injustice of breaking up their peace, and setting them an ever-present ill example. As I said, we must not be strict to watch the boy's moods. Let us meet them with a cheerfulness and patience as little variable as possible. But we must draw the line at habits; there must be no late hours and no mingling with doubtful associates. I shall tell Gilbert to-night that he has only to inform us beforehand when he wishes to join a friend's party or to attend a concert, and then all home evening arrangements can be made independently of him, and he will find one of you ready to welcome him on his return. I shall remind him that he would not like us—even his father and mother—to have uncertain and mysterious comings and goings. And I shall give him a hint, that in making an acquaintance it would be well for him to ask himself if he would like to introduce such an one to you or to his sister Lizzie. I know too many young men have a sad way of forming habits of familiarity with people whom they never speak about at home, and whose ways of speech, thought, and life would horrify them if they saw them in their own sisters. They think it means no harm—it is only the kind of "chaff" in which nearly all their associates indulge. We older people know the wretchedness, the tragedies, nay the crimes in which such beginnings sometimes end; and we know, too, the awful coarsening of feeling, and blunting of thought in which they must always end; the terrible moral degradation they spread around on all sides."

"Ah, the whole world is bound together in a wonderful unity," said Mrs. Bristo. "I'm afraid I did not think enough of these things till my own boy went out into the world. This is how selfishness works its own punishment. We shut ourselves in our own safe households, and forget that a pestilence is abroad, till lo! it creeps in at some chink, and our own hearth is desolated! Oh, if Gilbert will only heed you now—before it is too late!"

"We can certainly hope he will," answered her husband. "And if once I get him into a right frame of mind, so that he will discuss all the bearings of his life in a frank and friendly way, we must make it as easy as possible for him to begin again, after the old fashion. You must not let your solicitude make you seem watchful or anxious. He would chafe under that and resent it. What a wise German writer says of the punishments given to children, holds equally true of the exhortations needed by young people. 'They are not of such importance as the succeeding quarter of an hour, and the transition to forgiveness.' Above all, we must not stir any false pride in rebellion against ourselves."

"I will have some definite plan to propose for several evenings to come," said Mrs. Bristo. "These will cheer us all up, and by giving us fresh conditions of thought and surrounding, may easily fuse us together again. Whereas, if we stayed at our ordinary posts, Gilbert's best intended efforts to replace himself would seem awkward and self-conscious in his own eyes, if not in ours."

"That is a wise plan," answered Mr. Bristo. "We will do everything we can to make the right easy and pleasant, only we must not fall from our own colours,

We must not sacrifice Gilbert's welfare to a mistaken kind of love for him. We must not let him spoil the home life for the sake of keeping him at home. If the prodigal of the parable could have brought his riotous living into his father's house, he might not have asked for his portion and gone away. He could not see the beauty and peace of his old home till he reached the standpoint of the sty. We must not forget that the loving father who welcomed his return was the same who had allowed him to depart. Those who love truly do not sacrifice right to their love. They sacrifice themselves instead. They bear the spoiling of their own hearths; the breaking of their own hearts. What did Jesus mean if He did not mean this when He said, 'He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me?'"

Mrs. Bristo was weeping; Mr. Bristo's own voice was broken with emotion.

"And what has to be left for God's sake," he said, "is surely left in God's keeping."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 9. ELISHA—II.

Chapter to be read—2 *Kings iv. (part of).*

INTRODUCTION. Elisha now firmly established as prophet in Israel. Read of many miracles done by him—more than were done by Elijah—how can this be accounted for? What had he received? Thus in God's name did many wonderful works, for God was with him. Shall read of some to-day.

I. THE WIDOW'S OIL. (Read 1—7.) Who came with tale of distress? Prophet would naturally be much concerned—for whose wife was she? Hard work for widow to earn her own living; had got into debt. What were her creditors going to do? This bondage in payment of debt allowed by Jewish law—but the slave would go free at year of jubilee (see Lev. xxv. 40). Christ alludes to same custom in Parable of unmerciful servant (Matt. xviii. 25). What did Elijah tell the widow to do? What a strange thing! Did she do it? Why? Because believed the prophet; was God-fearing woman (ver. 1). Went to God's minister in her trouble, and, without questioning, did as was bid. Picture the scene—the widow telling the boys what to do. They—delighted at being useful—running about getting all the jars and vessels—watching their mother pouring out the oil—taking away the full vessels, bringing empty ones till none left. What was she to do then? What a happy day! Debt paid—sons not sold, remain at home—family still united. What can we learn from the story? (1) *What to do in trouble.* Whose ear is always open to us? Can always go and tell God—He will hear, answer, help. His ministers cannot now work miracles, but always ready to advise and help as far as possible. (2) *The nature of true faith.* Just to do what are told without doubt or questioning. This is taking God at His word—by this faith are saved (Heb. xi. 1). (3) *How help comes.* Elisha told widow to use what she had got. So Christ told disciples to give the people their five loaves. So always God helps us by prospering the work of our hands—by making us skilful, diligent, etc., rather than by doing great things to help us.

II. THE SHUNAMITE'S KINDNESS. (Read 8—17.) Now have an event in Elisha's own life. Some one thought about him—who was it? What did this 'great'—*i.e.*, rich—lady do for him? First entertained him at meals, then received into her house. Probably his words at the meals touched her—he improved the occasion—just as Christ's words touched Mary (Luke x. 39). So he stayed at the house. Picture the chamber prepared for the prophet—its simple furniture—always kept ready—his welcome arrival—the hearty greeting. What did Elisha want to do in return? Shows how grateful he was for her kindness. What did he promise her? Just as the angel had told Abraham (Gen. xviii. 10), and another angel told Zacharias (Luke i. 13), all speaking in God's name, children being His gift (Ps. cxxvii. 3). Did the prophet's words come true? What joy there must have been in that house! May learn two things. (1) *Hospitality.* The Shunamite woman, with plenty of money and a good house, thought of others. Few people like to have a stranger living with them. She took him in (Matt. xxv. 35), and found him as it were an angel unawares (Heb. xiii. 2). Thus her kindness met with its own reward. She did it to him as to God, and was blessed in return. (2) *Gratitude.* Many accept benefits, but forget to give thanks. Remind of nine ungrateful lepers (Luke xvii. 17). How do we act? Are always receiving benefits from friends, relations, God—do we show forth praise?

III. THE SHUNAMITE'S SORROW. (Read 18—37.) Now a sad story. Happy house changed to a mourning one. How did it all come about? Picture the harvest field—the farmer directing the reapers—the boy playing about pretending to help—the sudden cry of pain—the sunstroke—the men crowding round—the child carried home—the mother's grief—the big boy soothed in her arms till his death. Now what does the mother do? Where is the child laid? Where does she go herself? The prophet has helped her before—he can again. Where did she find him? Who was sent to meet her? What did Gehazi ask her? Yes! It was well with the child, for it was God's doing. What did she do when she came to the prophet? Who tried to thrust her away? Perhaps Gehazi thought she was disturbing Elisha. But what did Elisha say? What was Gehazi bidden to do at once? Now picture Elisha and the mother returning sadly to the house—meeting Gehazi—hearing his

message (ver. 31). What does Elisha do? Nothing like prayer. As Elijah before him for the widow in whose house he lived, so Elisha for this woman. What was the result? Straightway God heard the earnest prayer, and the boy lived. What joy in that house once more! What did the mother do? Thus showing her gratitude. See what this teaches us. (1) *God the giver of life.* A healthy boy suddenly struck down. This may happen to any of us. In the midst of life are in death (Ps. civ. 29). Therefore be ready and live each day as if were to be our last. (2) *God the refuge in trouble.* Does not now raise the dead, but will one day. Meanwhile gives comfort in sorrow and patience to bear troubles. All He does is well, and therefore must be borne patiently.

Questions to be answered.

1. Which did most miracles, Elijah, or Elisha, and why?
2. Give in brief the story of the widow's oil.
3. What lessons does it teach us?
4. What quality did the Shunamite show towards Elisha, and he to her in return?
5. Give other instances of strangers proving angels in disguise.
6. What do we learn from the raising of the Shunamite's son?

No. 10. NAAMAN.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings v.

INTRODUCTION. Have had two lessons about a great prophet—who was he? For whom were his miracles done? But Israelites living close to another great nation in the north. Point to Syria on map and correct common confusion between Syrians and Assyrians. Israel and Syria often at war. Not read of war to-day but of message of peace.

I. THE LEPER. (Read 1—8.) Describe the Syrian captain. *Rich:* seen by having chariot and horses and many servants. *Great,* in honour and renown. *Valiant,* as seen by his success in war. But what spoiled it all? Remind what a fearful disease leprosy was—foul, contagious, so that lepers had to live alone; incurable. Money, greatness, valour, could not keep away disease. Was there no hope? Of whom did he hear? Who told him? But where did the little maid come from? Perhaps same part of country as Elisha; might have seen and must have heard of his miracles. But would she tell of the prophet? might have wished her master's disease to get worse; for him even to die—in revenge for her being made slave. But what did she do? What did this show? A forgiving spirit; wished her master good, not harm; did what she could for his cure. He was evidently a kind master, and so servants took interest in his welfare, as shall see presently. Who else took interest in Naaman? What did the king of Israel do? What did the letter say? Who was to recover Naaman? And what reward was Naaman to take with him? What was king of Israel afraid of? Did not want to quarrel with king of Syria, so did not like to send Naaman away uncured. What *could* he do? Nothing. How did he show his vexation? Could this help him? (Joel ii. 13.) Who heard of his rending his clothes? Why did Elisha wish him to come to him? Naaman was come in search of bodily health—he should learn of One who could cure both soul and body. For of what is leprosy a type? Who are diseased with this? (Ps. xiv. 3.) May have all that we want—money, honour, etc.—but till get rid of this disease can never have peace.

II. THE CURE. (Read 8—14.) Now Naaman drives up to the prophet's house. What did he expect him to do? What message did Elisha send to him? Did Naaman like this? Why not? How did his pride show itself? (1) *Thought prophet did not do him enough honour*—he ought to have come out and waited on him and been humble before so great a man. (2) *Despised the remedy offered.* Were not the rivers in Damascus much finer than this Jordan? (3) *Wanted to be cured in his own way.* What did he think the prophet would have done? Who came and spoke to him? Must have been a good master, for servants not afraid of him even in a passion. What did they say to him? He can easily do this simple thing, do let him try. What was the result? He listened to his servant and went down to Jordan. Picture the carriage drawn up by bank of river—Naaman going down—taking off clothes—dipping himself seven times—servants watching—the spots all disappearing—his flesh quite clean like an infant's—his joy and that of the servants.

Now point out how all this is typical of the cure of sin. Why did he go to the river? Because he believed and acted on his belief—took the means ordered, and was saved. Just so with the sinner. How can he be saved? In what is he to wash?

III. THE RETURN. (Read 15—19.) Once more goes to Elisha's house—did the prophet come out now? Gladly welcomes him now he is humble. What does Naaman want prophet to take? Why will he not? The cure not his but God's. What did Naaman ask for? He will take away some earth as a reminder of the cure, and of what else? Whom has Naaman learned to love and worship? Yes: he will henceforth serve the Lord alone. But is obliged sometimes to attend the king when he goes to temple of false god. May he be forgiven for this? What answer does Elisha give him? So he departs in peace, and the heathen Syrian has learned to fear God. Servants may learn two lessons. (1) *Interest in master's welfare.* Happiness of house depends on all caring for each other. (2) *Do duty where placed.* The little maid was contented and did what she could for others, though stolen from home.

Questions to be answered.

1. Who and what was Naaman?
2. How was he cured?
3. Why did he refuse at first?
4. What effect did his cure have upon him?
5. Why would not Elisha take a present?
6. What lesson may servants learn?

WHAT JOHNNY FOUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRAVE LITTLE HEART," "LITTLE EMPRESS JOAN," "MAID MARJORY," ETC. ETC.

"MOTHER," said a little lad of some eight years of age, as he gathered together his school books, "do you think I'll be able to have some new boots and a warm coat this winter?"

"I can't tell, child," his mother replied, with a sigh. "There's no chance of it as yet, anyhow. It's all I can do to find food and firing this bitter weather."

Little Johnny gave an inquiring glance at his feet, as if asking the old boots which covered them how much longer they would consent to hold together. As he wound his old threadbare comforter round his neck, he said, plaintively, "It's all waitin' and waitin', ain't it, mother? and I can't earn nothin' for ever so many years. Now, if I was only in luck like Stevey Dobbs, to find a crown piece!"

"You never forget Stevey's find," said his mother, with a faint smile on her careworn face. "But, Johnny, if Steve had been my boy I should like to have seen him try to find the owner of that five shillings, instead of going and spending it, and asking no questions."

"But, mother, he *found* it!" said Johnny, with wide open eyes, "and findin's keepin' always!"

"Oh, no, 't isn't, my lad," his mother replied. "That's a dishonest saying, that's what that is. If you find anything, you're right to seek the owner, and not to keep it, mind that, Johnny. If you ever kep' anything you found I'd call you a little thief, and that's what I hope my boy'll never be."

As Johnny trudged along to school he kept pondering on his mother's words, and thinking how strange and nasty it was to be obliged to be so particular. But he came to the conclusion that what she said must be right, for the little fellow was intelligent enough to know that his mother was a good woman, and that she never told even a little story. Johnny had often noticed grown-up people tell little stories, and he very quickly drew a comparison between them and his own mother.

"I never found nothin', and don't suppose I ever shall, so it don't matter after all," was the conclusion Johnny arrived at.

Weeks passed away, and the winter was very cold; still Johnny's old boots were doing duty. They had been patched up by a kindly-disposed cobbler once or twice, but even then were in a deplorable condition, and his great coat was still a thing to be dreamed of on a cold winter's night. Running home as fast as he could from school one midday he noticed a little piece of folded paper whirling over, and over, and over along the pavement. Of course Johnny chased it, and clutched hold of it after a pretty good run, and then when he unfolded it he saw written on it (for he could read quite well) something about "Five Pounds," in large black queer letters.

Those two words had a strange fascination for him, and, with his eyes fixed upon them, he carried the paper in to his mother.

"Lor, child!" she exclaimed, in a faint gasping way, "where on earth did you get this? It's a five-pound note!"

"What's that, mother?" asked Bob, eyeing her in amazement.

"Why it's five pounds, child," she replied.

"Five pounds!" echoed Johnny. "Oh, mother, how much does great coats, and frocks and jackets, and boots and shoes——" Then suddenly he stopped short, for he guessed what his mother was thinking about.

"It's a temptation; God forgive me, it is!" she said to herself in a low voice. Then sitting down, she questioned Johnny.

"We must find the owner of this money," she said, firmly. "It isn't ours, you know, Johnny, no more than if it was in the person's pocket that lost it. We might just as well put our hands in and take it out, as to spend it. "'T isn't ours at all, d' ye see, child?"

"Yes, mother," the little fellow replied, wistfully.

Johnny's mother folded it up and locked it in her work-box. Then she went to one or two of the shop-people who knew her, and asked them to put in their windows that a bank-note had been found, and might be had by any one who could describe the number written in the corner of it.

Although Johnny told no one, it somehow leaked out, and he was tormented out of his life by his school-fellows. "If it's true, Johnny, as you've found five pounds, why don't you get some boots?" some one would say; and when Johnny replied that it wasn't his to spend, and his mother was going to give it back to the person who had lost it, there would be a shout of derisive laughter, and many taunting remarks, intimating that the story was all a make-up, and so on.

But somehow these unkind remarks made Johnny feel the more disposed to uphold his mother, and whereas he had before felt rather doubtful whether God expected poor folks like them to be so very particular, now he felt that he would not spend that money on any account whatever.

Now, strange to say, no one claimed the bank-note; the papers tumbled out of the windows and were not

"'Where on earth did you get this?'"—*p.* 315.

replaced, for the shop people had grown tired of seeing them there, but no inquiries were made, and the magical piece of paper with "Five Pounds" printed on it, laid in Mrs. Goodman's work-box doing no good to anybody.

Towards the winter Johnny's mother fell ill, and that was a terrible to-do, for she was a widow, poor thing, and had no one but herself to keep her three little children. It went to Johnny's young heart to see her lying there so sick and ill, with no tempting food and no one to wait upon her except himself when he was home from school, for the other two were younger than he was. It was no wonder she did not get better, but it was very sad, for the rent was getting behind, and their landlord was a threatening sort of man.

One Saturday evening when things were very bad indeed, there came into Johnny's mind what he had quite forgotten—the five-pound note. That would buy his mother all sorts of nice things and pay the rent, and clothe and feed them all, Johnny firmly believed. It was stupid of his mother to keep it all this time, he thought, for the owner couldn't want it, or he'd have come to fetch it. If he spent it his mother would not know until it was done, and how thankful she 'd be for the nice things. He knew where she kept her keys, and he had a very great mind to open the box and take out the precious little piece of paper.

He went and fetched the key, and even put it in the lock, but when it came to that Johnny could go no further. His mother had brought him up so strictly never to do a deceitful thing, that somehow Johnny couldn't open that box. He had what he called such a strong "don't like" come over him that the key fell from his fingers, and he quite trembled at what he was doing. So Johnny's mother didn't have the nice things after all, the landlord came and made a noise, and the little boy cried himself to sleep, thinking what a nasty, bad world it was.

Next morning he dressed Bob and Liz very carefully and took them to church, having first done what he could for his mother. There was no dinner but bread-and-butter, so there was no need for any one to stay at home about that.

Johnny was very fond of church, and he soon forgot his troubles, what with the service and looking after the children. Bob was just learning to read, and of course he must have all his places found, and little Liz must have a book because her brothers did, and would have it opened fresh every time they did.

Now just behind them sat a lady, who watched with much interest the three shabby little children. And it chanced that outside the church door she came upon them again.

"There's goes Five Pound Jack!" cried out a boy who went to school with Johnny, and had come that morning to church with another boy.

Johnny fired up, and told the boy to mind his own business; then the other boy burst out laughing in Johnny's face, and scampered away, leaving Johnny crimson with anger and shame, for several ladies and gentlemen were looking very hard and suspiciously at the children.

"What did he mean?" asked the lady who had sat behind them.

"He means that I pretended I 'd found five pounds, and that I 'd told stories about it, and I ain't, for I never said nothin' about it; but it 's quite true, for mother 's got it now takin' care of it," stammered Johnny, between his shyness of the lady and anger at Joe Scott's rude behaviour.

"Do you mean to say you found five pounds?" the lady asked in astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am," Johnny replied, casting his eyes up and down her fur jacket, and wondering what it must feel like to be inside that.

"Well, how strange! when did you find it?" the lady asked.

"Near the 'ginning of the winter," Johnny replied.

"Well, I do believe that was mine," said the lady.

"It's all right, then; mother's got it safe at home," said Johnny, delightedly. "Won't you come and see her, ma'am?"

The lady readily accompanied the children, and found Johnny's mother very weak and ill. Mrs. Goodman was soon satisfied that the lady was really the owner of the money, for she had got written down in a little book some figures which were exactly the same as those in the corner of the paper Johnny had found. She had been going about to a great many different parts of London on the day when she lost it, so that when she found it was gone she had not any idea whereabouts she had dropped it. She quite concluded that it must have been in one of the shops in the City where she had been making purchases, and had never even thought of inquiring so near home.

All the while his mother and the lady were talking Johnny looked solemn and miserable, and when presently the lady praised him for his honesty he could stand it no longer.

"I nearly was taking it last night," he said, in a broken, miserable voice; and then he told them all the temptation that had come to him.

When he saw his mother's delight that he had not touched it, how pleased he was, and how sorry to think he should ever have thought to do such a thing. His simple story showed the lady a great deal that Mrs. Goodman would never have told her of the sad condition of the poor family, and as she was kind and good, she made up her mind that they should not suffer for their honesty.

"Look here, Johnny, my boy," she said, kindly. "I am going to take away that five-pound note because it belongs to me, and if I were to give it to you it would be like paying you for being honest. But I very much want a little boy to come and clean knives and boots, and if your mother will let you come directly after school you can have some tea at my house and then do your work, and you shall have two shillings a week to begin. I know I shall be able to trust you after this five-pound note."

Johnny's mother gladly consented, and the next day the little fellow went to his work. How happy he felt at being actually able to earn something every week!

When he sat down to his comfortable meal he wished his mother could have some of the plenty he saw round him, and this thought made him rather sad over his work. But when he was going, the lady of the house came down to him and put a basket into his hands, which he guessed directly had something nice in it. And so it had; nor was that the last that Johnny carried home.

At first he got on only poorly with his work, but by degrees he grew quick and clever, and then his kind mistress give him more money.

She found him a warm coat too, and some boots, besides things for the other children, so that altogether, whichever way he looked at it, Johnny could never feel thankful enough that his mother had made him a really honest boy.

"'Do you mean to say you found five pounds?'"—*p.* 316.

SHORT ARROWS.

A BARGE MISSION.

THOSE who live in the Midlands, and in districts through which canal navigation is extended, will fully appreciate the value of the Barge Mission. Mr. G. Smith, in one of his books, has shown us the degradation to which the inhabitants of barges have fallen, and a few notes concerning the noble efforts made to reclaim the erring population of these floating dwellings will have a great interest for all true Christian workers. The difficulties attendant upon such labour are manifold. The people are rough, careless, and often antagonistic. Even at the best of times parents will take no steps towards compelling obedience from their children. Let us glance at the situation. Sunday's work begins, let us say, at half-past nine A.M., at the Sunday-school, which we must premise is held upon a barge. The bell is rung, a flag is hoisted, and the gate of the basin is opened, and a watchman appointed to see that no damage is done. Meantime the chaplain has been visiting the various barges, and from the highways and hedges of water communication, has been compelling the people to come. The reception he meets with would discourage any one but a thoroughly earnest worker. The excuses are manifold, and nowhere does the parable of the King's Supper come more forcibly to mind than here. One says the children have not been washed. Another pleads that she cannot send them without shoes, as "I never likes to let children of mine go to school without them!" "I'll send them in the afternoon"—and so soon. But, notwithstanding, the chaplain collects a fair congregation in his floating church or school-house. Then again in the afternoon and evening the beating-up for children and adults has to be gone through, and much wicked and senseless badinage is indulged in by the bargemen, or the idlers in the basin. The task undertaken so cheerfully is no sinecure, and by no means a pleasant one, but by the assistance of friends, the mission will prosper, and Lloyd's Banking Company at Lichfield will take care of any subscriptions. An excellent work is being done by a most excellent man, and those who can appreciate the difficulties of the position will doubtless do what they can to remove them.

A HOME HOSPITAL.

We recently took occasion to notice the Home Hospital, Fitzroy House, Fitzroy Square, London, W. We are now glad to learn this Hospital—the first institution of the kind in England—has proved so successful that the Association propose shortly to open several other establishments for convalescents, for fever cases, and for a humbler class of patients. The popularity of the present institution is assured, and many applicants have been refused admission, as no room could be found for them. The Home Hospital Association have met a public want, and their well-organised plan has met with deserved success.

A PRACTICAL MOVEMENT.

The Rev. G. P. Merrick, Chaplain of the Westminster Prison, has addressed to us a letter, in which he says:—"Some time ago you were good enough to insert in your magazine an appeal from me on behalf of discharged female prisoners, to enable me to send abroad and provide with situations poor women, who, from lack of home, friends, character, and employment, were driven to spend their lives alternately on the "streets" and in the prison. I am happy to say that a sum of £131 10s. 8d. was by a charitable public forwarded to me for the purpose, and that I have thus been able to give fourteen women, of ages varying from twenty-one to thirty-three, at a total expense of £128 6s. 9d., an opportunity in another country of regaining their characters and of recovering their lost positions. Respecting eleven of them I have received most gratifying accounts, and even within these last few weeks letters from two who were formerly well known to magistrates, police, and prison authorities, announced to me the fact of their writers being in good and respectable situations, and proving by their behaviour their worthiness of the high wages of £35 and £40 per annum respectively given to them. From the remaining three I have not as yet received any intelligence beyond that of their safe arrival at their destination and of their subsequent engagement. This plan of mine has succeeded, I think, beyond ordinary expectation, and I am emboldened by that success to ask some of your readers to come forward and help me again, so that I may be able to send away four young women who are now under my care, and thus to give them a chance elsewhere—removed from vicious haunts and associates—of becoming creditable members of society. I may mention that it costs about £12, more or less, to pay the passage money and to provide the necessary outfit for each woman." We are rejoiced to hear that by means of THE QUIVER so much practical assistance has been given to this cause.

SUNDAY TEAS IN DRURY LANE.

Not unconnected with the foregoing comes a report of the efforts made during ten years in connection with the Whitefield Mission. The statistics, etc., have been kindly furnished to us by the Rev. C. J. Whitmore, whose efforts on behalf of the poor and homeless are unceasing. Let us accompany him to the Mission, where tea, etc., is given, and by these simple means hundreds have been rescued. During the ten years no less than thirty-five homeless women have been supplied with Sunday teas, and 13,000 adults have had suppers, and this besides the relief afforded to 66,000 children in winter. In addition to these physical advantages, it is extremely gratifying to learn that 600 have been received into the Church, and 10,000 children in schools and sewing classes, etc. The cases in which the mission has mercifully stepped in to rescue the homeless are numerous. Girls come up to London knowing nothing of its temptations and of the difficulty to procure employment such as they fondly have imagined. Penniless they wander through the courts and alleys, and in many instances have been rescued actually at the door of the Mission. Hundreds have been clothed and supplied with means to re-enter service or other employments from which sickness or a wish to "better themselves" had driven them. Missionaries have been trained, Bible women and Bible nurses sent out, and hundreds of thousands of tracts printed by this single institution, assisted by a charitable public. When we consider the great need that still exists for funds to carry on the work, and the undoubted great good arising from it, we are assured that Mr. Whitmore will not want for assistance and sympathy in his Christian efforts to rescue his suffering fellow creatures.

A SAILORS' REST FOR GIBRALTAR.

We have noticed a letter from a chaplain at Gibraltar respecting the great want there is for a Sailors' Rest at our great Mediterranean station. The very cosmopolitan population of Gibraltar, the mixture of sailors, from merchant vessels and ships of war, with soldiers and natives, and Jews, infidels, and heretics, renders it necessary that something should be done. True, there is a Sailors' Home, but it is insufficient in accommodation at times, and besides, no facilities are therein provided for the spiritual welfare of the men. We understand that a house has lately been taken with a view to its being fitted as a "Coffee-tavern and reading-room." It is also proposed to have beds provided for sailors on leave. By making it attractive, it is hoped that soldiers and sailors will both come thither, instead of visiting the low drinking-shops with which Gibraltar abounds. We give this good work publicity in the belief that many Christians will be pleased to assist it, and by their pecuniary aid effect the renovation of many of our unhappy sinful fellow-creatures abroad—of all sorts and conditions of men. Miss Weston, of Devonport, has promised to help the Rev. Melville Moore at Gibraltar in this undertaking. Those who know Gibraltar know the urgent need that exists for the want of such a refuge from temptation.

A LITTLE GRACE-BRINGER.

We have to relate a very interesting and touching incident which occurred some time since in China, showing how mercifully a child was preserved as an instrument in God's hands. In Silong (China) a father had determined to put his little daughter to death, but, fortunately, her grandmother, who had heard of Christ and His mercy, interfered, and the girl was saved, apparently by the merest chance, and taken to a missionary, who had her provided for. The child was named Yin-Kyan or Grace-bringer, and was destined to bring her family to the knowledge of the true faith. After a long separation, the parental feeling was awakened in "Grace-bringer's" parents, and she was sent home, where she was frequently visited by the missionaries, who taught her to read, and gave her Bible pictures. She studied, and imparted the information she received to her family, with the blessed result that last year (1880) this little Chinese maid brought with her for reception into the Church her whole family—father, mother, two brothers, and a sister-in-law. Not only had she induced them to embrace Christ, but the formerly brutal father is now a humane and gentle parent, delighting in the society of the child he was a few years ago only waiting an opportunity to put out of the way. Yin-Kyan had brought all her family to Christ, and she was well named the Grace-bringer by the old Chinese convert, her grandmother.

RESCUED CHILDREN.

A sheltering home! These words have a happy meaning for many poor widows and mothers in Liverpool, for in such an establishment many parties of rescued children have been received, tended, and afterwards shipped away. Last winter one hundred and fifty poor children were received within shelter at the Home, and many widows went away rejoicing that their little ones were cared for. A month or so ago the Home was filling fast, the penniless shoeless waifs and strays were being brought in to swell the numbers already admitted to the Bryom Street Refuge. That this Home has done good we are assured when we learn that all the children sent out from it to Canada last year are now comfortably and happily settled in situations, where they will be trained and brought up in the fear of the Lord, in useful and honest employment. The good work performed does not stop with the assistance rendered to the children. The distressed parents are also assisted to procure and to execute needlework for children, and they receive a small payment. We have

no doubt that many will make themselves acquainted with the requirements of this small but useful institution, and minister to the wants of the deserving poor.

We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honour God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.—*Ruskin.*

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

60. Who was the chief of all David's mighty men?

61. What alteration was made by king David, just before he died, in the age at which the Levites commenced their duties?

62. After Solomon's first appointment as king, what great event followed connected with king David?

63. To what three strangers was David indebted for food, for himself and his people, when he fled from Jerusalem for fear of Absalom?

64. What Israelite rebelled against king David after the death of Absolom?

65. Where were the bones of Saul and Jonathan his son buried?

66. What does our Blessed Lord say concerning religious persecution?

67. What noted captain of David's army was slain at "the city of waters"?

68. What special dress was worn by the unmarried daughters of king David?

69. Who was it spake the parable of "the Ewe Lamb"?

70. What words used by king David, in his time of grief and sorrow, are often quoted now in times of mourning?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 256.

49. St. Peter, in his first address to the Jews (Acts ii. 29, 30).

50. The Gospel of St. Luke (Acts i. 1).

51. It was brought to him at Ziklag by an Amalekite, who had taken it from the dead body of king Saul (2 Sam. i. 10).

52. The mount of Gilboa (2 Sam. i. 6, 21).

53. One which took place between some of David's men and the followers of Saul, at Gibeon (2 Sam. ii, 15, 16).

54. Abner, the son of Ner, murdered by Joab (2 Sam. iii. 27, 32).

55. The head of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul (2 Sam. iv. 12).

56. Because he was not of the tribe of Levi, whose duty only it was to bear the Ark (1 Chron. xv. 13).

57. St. Peter says, "These men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John (Acts i. 21, 22).

58. Forty days (Acts i. 3).

59. A portion of the spoil taken in battle was dedicated to the maintenance of the House of the Lord (1 Chron. xxvi. 27).

JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THE WEARY AND BURDENED.

The Lord raiseth up all those that be bowed down (Ps. cxlv. 14).

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength (Isa. xl. 29).

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest (Matt. xi. 28).

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it (1 Cor. x. 13).

God, that comforteth those that are cast down (2 Cor. vii. 6).

JEWELS FOR THOSE IN DARKNESS.

I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them (Isa. xlii. 16).

Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God (Isa. l. 10).

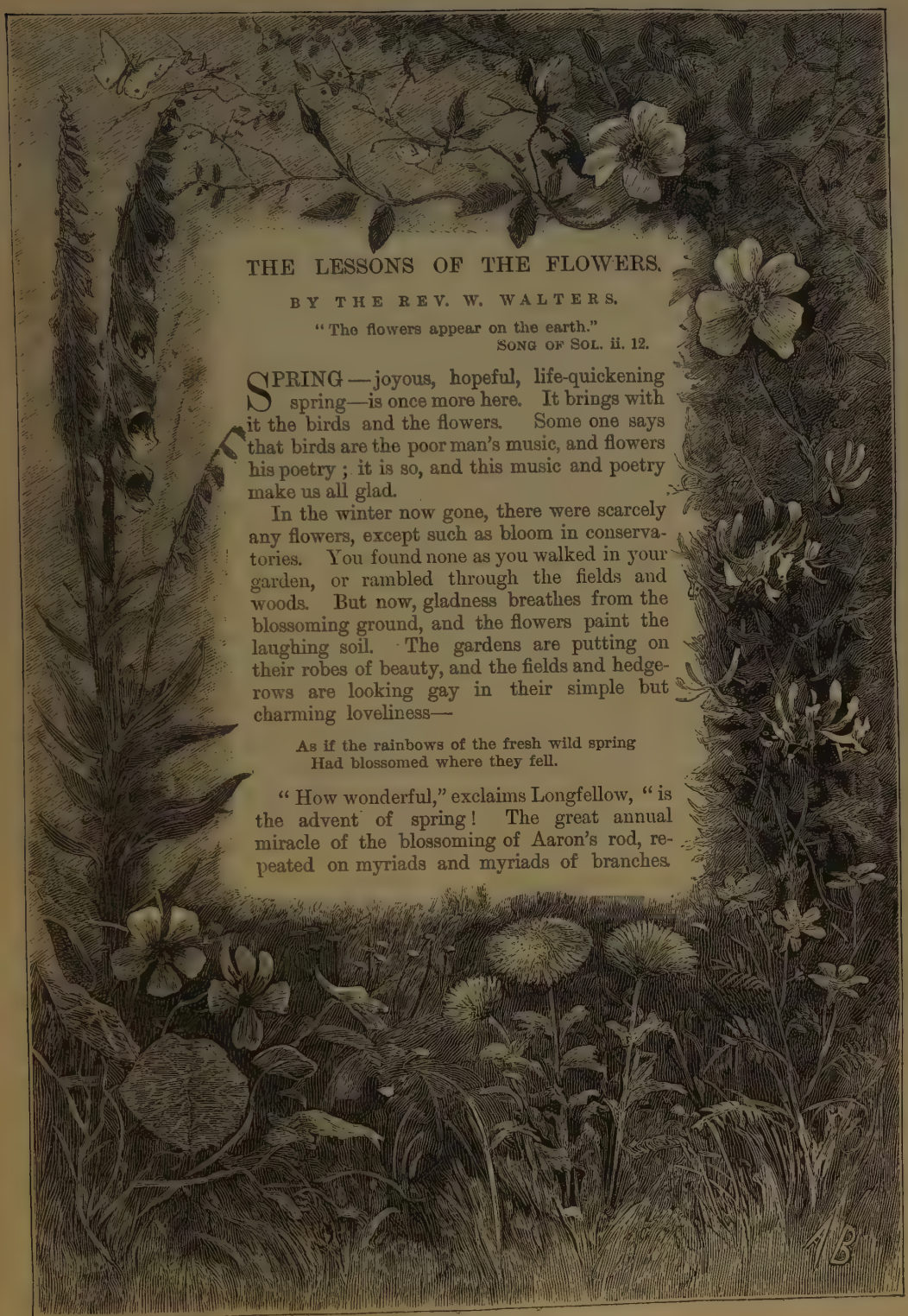
I am the Light of the World: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life (John viii. 12).

The Lord will lighten my darkness (2 Sam. xxii 29).

I will pour water upon him that is thirsty (Isa. xliv. 3).

They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing (Ps. xxxiv. 10).

I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness (John xii. 46).



THE LESSONS OF THE FLOWERS.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS.

"The flowers appear on the earth."
SONG OF SOL. ii. 12.

SPRING—joyous, hopeful, life-quickening spring—is once more here. It brings with it the birds and the flowers. Some one says that birds are the poor man's music, and flowers his poetry; it is so, and this music and poetry make us all glad.

In the winter now gone, there were scarcely any flowers, except such as bloom in conservatories. You found none as you walked in your garden, or rambled through the fields and woods. But now, gladness breathes from the blossoming ground, and the flowers paint the laughing soil. The gardens are putting on their robes of beauty, and the fields and hedgerows are looking gay in their simple but charming loveliness—

> As if the rainbows of the fresh wild spring
> Had blossomed where they fell.

"How wonderful," exclaims Longfellow, "is the advent of spring! The great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches.

The gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, and trees—gentle, and yet irrepressible—which no force can stay, no violence restrain; like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power."

The flowers are our teachers. In every one of them there is a lesson—a lesson which, if rightly read, and understood, and felt, would lead us to God. They speak to us amid the toil and care, the excitement and pleasure, the sins and sorrows of life, of the pure and the heavenly.

> The earth is one great temple, made
> For worship everywhere;
> And flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,
> That ring the heart to prayer.

All persons are not equally susceptible to their influence. Of many it may be said, as Wordsworth says of Peter Bell—

> A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more;

while some can say, as the poet says of himself—

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Flowers illustrate God's perfections. They speak to us of His infinite wisdom, a wisdom so perfect at first, that the Creator has adhered to His original plan in every subsequent growth, even of the smallest flower. Man, by culture, may produce varieties, but he cannot, in any case, destroy the original plan, or create a new plant. The violet and the heliotrope retain the same fragrance, the daisy and the rose the same structure, the myrtle and the crocus the same leaf, as when first created. The blossom and foliage of the almond tree follow each other in the same order as they did in the days of Solomon. "In closely looking at the small cup or calyx of a flower—a cup so small that even a drop of dew might fill it—we find that the thread-like ribs with which it is marked are, in the calyx of one family of plants, ten in number; and in another only five; and this is in all the individual blooms which have come and gone since Adam first looked on the flowers of Eden."

As the flowers teach us the wisdom of God, so also they teach His power. I have read of a devout man, who, walking one day in his garden, plucked a flower of exquisite loveliness, and, having expressed his admiration of its beauties, took up a clod of earth in his other hand, and exclaimed, "What but Almighty power could extract *that* from *this!*" Man, with all his boasted might, cannot make a single blade of grass, or the commonest blossom which adorns the roadside. Month after month, year after year, there is, in the creation of flowers, a perpetual putting forth of that Divine strength which fainteth not neither is weary.

What an illustration flowers afford of God's love of the beautiful! He who

> Ere one flowery season fades and dies,
> Designs the blooming wonders of the next

must be a God of perfect loveliness. The creature proclaims the Creator, and gives form to His thoughts of beauty.

> Not a flower
> But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
> Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
> Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
> And bathes their eyes with nectar.

He creates them because He loves them; and, having created them, He takes pleasure in the works of His own hands.

Flowers speak to us of God's benevolence. He creates them for our delight.

> He might have made the earth bring forth
> Enough for great and small;
> The sturdy oak and cedar tree,
> Without a flower at all.

Geologists tell us that there are few traces of flowers in the earlier epochs of the earth's history; and that such flowers as there were were small, and probably of the secondary colours—mere vessels for the ripening of the seeds. It was only when the human era approached that the fruit trees with their luxurious burdens, and all our brightest and sweetest flowers, began to appear. God has put within us a love of flowers; that love is universal. With what joy children gambol in the fields and woods, gathering primroses, and cowslips, and wild hyacinths, and buttercups, and daisies! Men and women take pleasure in flowers. In our conservatories bloom the exotics from other climes. With what fond delight the working man regards his cottage garden—

> Where rich carnations, pinks with purple eyes,
> Proud hyacinths, the least some florist's prize,
> Tulips tall-stemm'd, and pounc'd auriculas rise.

How those who live in the heart of towns nurse the love of flowers! Hence the geranium or fuchsia struggling for life in a spoutless teapot, and the musk or mignonette in a broken mug. The sick, confined to their rooms, hail flowers; their beauty awakens joy, and their fragrance imparts life. The aged delight in flowers, and as they gaze on them live over again many a joyous scene of childhood and youth. The love of flowers is planted deep in the heart of man, and God displays His benevolence by ministering to the gratification of this passion. Hence flowers grow everywhere, in all quarters of the globe—on continents and islands; within the tropics and in the Arctic regions skirting the eternal snows; in valleys and on mountain tops, and in the open country; in the woods and hedgerows; on the sandy desert and on marshes and swamps; in rich

meadows and on barren rocks and the sea-shore; in old walls of ruined castles and venerable cathedrals; on the cottage roof of the peasant and in kings' palaces; in the gardens of the living and on the graves of the dead. Some are showy, brilliant, flaunting themselves before our eyes; others are modest and coy, to be sought for before they can be found. By the law of compensation which runs throughout the universe some have rich colours but no fragrance, and others exquisite fragrance but no beauty of bloom. They are in all stages—in bud, and maturity, and decay. Here, then, we see God's infinite goodness. He meets our nature's passion and need, meets it everywhere and for all.

Flowers teach God's providential care. We may regard them as gracious consolers, sent

> To comfort man, to whisper hope,
> Whene'er his faith is dim;
> For He who careth for the flowers
> Will much more care for Him.

Jesus Christ teaches us to view them in this light. "Consider," He says, "the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" God cares for the flowers. His warmth quickens them into life, His light paints their beautiful colours, His dews and gentle rain nourish their strength. If He thus cares for them, much more will He care for us. An intelligent creature like man, endowed with a spiritual and immortal nature, is of more value than many flowers. "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Alas! that we should so often impoverish the present by wasting so much thought on the future.

> Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
> To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
> Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
> And heaven thy morn shall bless.

Flowers minister to the perfection of our character. This they do in many ways, and by virtue of various associations. How often they awaken memories of the past! We think of the days of childhood, the domestic scenes of youth, the mother's talk in the garden, the father's counsels in the fields. Such memories act as cleansing streams to purify the heart. They constrain to resolutions of amendment, and strengthen new efforts after a better life. What a silent protest flowers make against man's sinfulness! What a contrast they present to the soil and stain on human society! With what a charm they seem to allure to the ways of virtue, as, in the morning sunshine, glistening with dew, they stand in their freshness like angels of God. What ministers of joy they are to sad hearts! How full of gladness they seem themselves! One is inclined to endorse the creed of the greatest modern poet of nature when he says—

> And 't is my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.

As they lift their heads with refreshed beauty and fragrance after shower and sunshine, they teach us to rejoice in Him who gives the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

In their own peculiar way individual flowers fulfil their sacred ministry. The snowdrop, first in early spring, pointing us after the dreary winter to bright days in the future, inspires us with hope. The violet, sending forth its sweet odours from its secret home, teaches us humility. The sunflower, following with open and steadfast gaze the monarch of day, reminds us that we should be ever looking unto Jesus. The honeysuckle and the passion-flower, and the whole race they represent, suggest to us, as they entwine around their strong supports, that we should hold with a deathless grasp to our Divine Friend. Thus he who studies the flowers in devout thought will find that while they minister to his gratification they also promote the growth of his spiritual character.

Flowers remind us of our mortality. "When thou seest a garden in blossom," says a German writer, "it is as if God took a flower in His hand and said, 'This is what thou art, and thy whole life.'" Flowers are frail—they smile to-day in their loveliness, to-morrow they may be dead. A thousand dangers are nigh for their destruction. Should they escape them all, they must die in a few days by the very law of their existence. As you look at them they seem to say, "O son of man! we bloom here to-day; in a few days at most we shall fade and die. So must you. We may be the first to fall, but your fall will soon follow." What is this but the echo of the voice of God through His prophet of old?—"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass."

And as the flowers remind us of our mortality, so they foretell our resurrection. We cast them upon the coffin, when we lay our dead in the grave, as symbolic at once of human frailty and immortal life. They speak of decay and death; but they speak also of a triumph over death. Imagine a person who had never seen the effect of spring, whose knowledge of the earth was limited to its appearance in winter, when all nature is in a state of torpidity and death; with what wonder would he gaze on the joyful change

which is now taking place all around us—the resurrection, as it were, from the grave of all that is now bursting into a new life! The trees, whose branches have been for months leafless, are putting forth their foliage; the fields are growing green and golden with grass and buttercups; the early morn and the late twilight are lengthening the days; the birds are filling the air with the music of their songs; "The flowers appear on the earth." Spring is here, and the universal heart of man rejoices in the change, as an

> Emblem of our own great resurrection,
> Emblem of the bright and better land.

The present life of the flowers grows out of the past. The roots and seeds have all lived on the earth before. The flowers blossoming from them now are the only new manifestations of a previous life. So will it be with us at the resurrection. The new existence will be a continuation, under other conditions, of the life we live now. The living seed cast into the soil dies, and out of this death comes life—the life of verdure and beauty we now behold. So with man. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

Flowers speak to us of heaven. They adorn this sin-stricken and polluted world; but they also point to a better world. Spring has come; but it will not last for ever. There are other changes before us, and if we live long enough we shall see winter—sterile, cold, joyless winter again. The beauty of the flowers is transient—a beauty that will soon fade. The things that are most lovely and pleasant here are passing away; in heaven alone is immortal blessedness. Let us then set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth; and seek that better country—

> Where everlasting spring abides
> And never-withering flowers.

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

CONTRARY to his usual custom, Mr. Raynor did not drive home as soon as he had seen his half-sister comfortably installed in the rooms she was to occupy at the hotel, but carried a newspaper to a seat hollowed out in a convenient nook half-way up the cliff, and there wasted the greater part of the day in watching Kythe, and indulging the jealous wrath that he nourished against the Harwins.

She had declined a seat in his chaise; she had merely acknowledged him *en passant*, with a hasty "Good morning!" yet with Rupert Harwin she had chatted for some minutes, while Roland monopolised her for an hour.

With all the selfishness of a love not yet purified from its grosser elements, Noel Raynor begrudged every look and smile she bestowed on others, and was angry with her for not perceiving at a glance how empty-headed these young men were; how worthless the affection would be that they might tender.

What could they have to offer that could be as worthy her acceptance as the deep fount of love welling up in his own heart? They were mere boys, absorbed in frivolous pursuits of which he had long since discovered the folly. They were neither manly nor truthful, nor even well-looking enough to dazzle her eyes with their outward advantages; what, then, was the spell that made her such a willing listener to them?

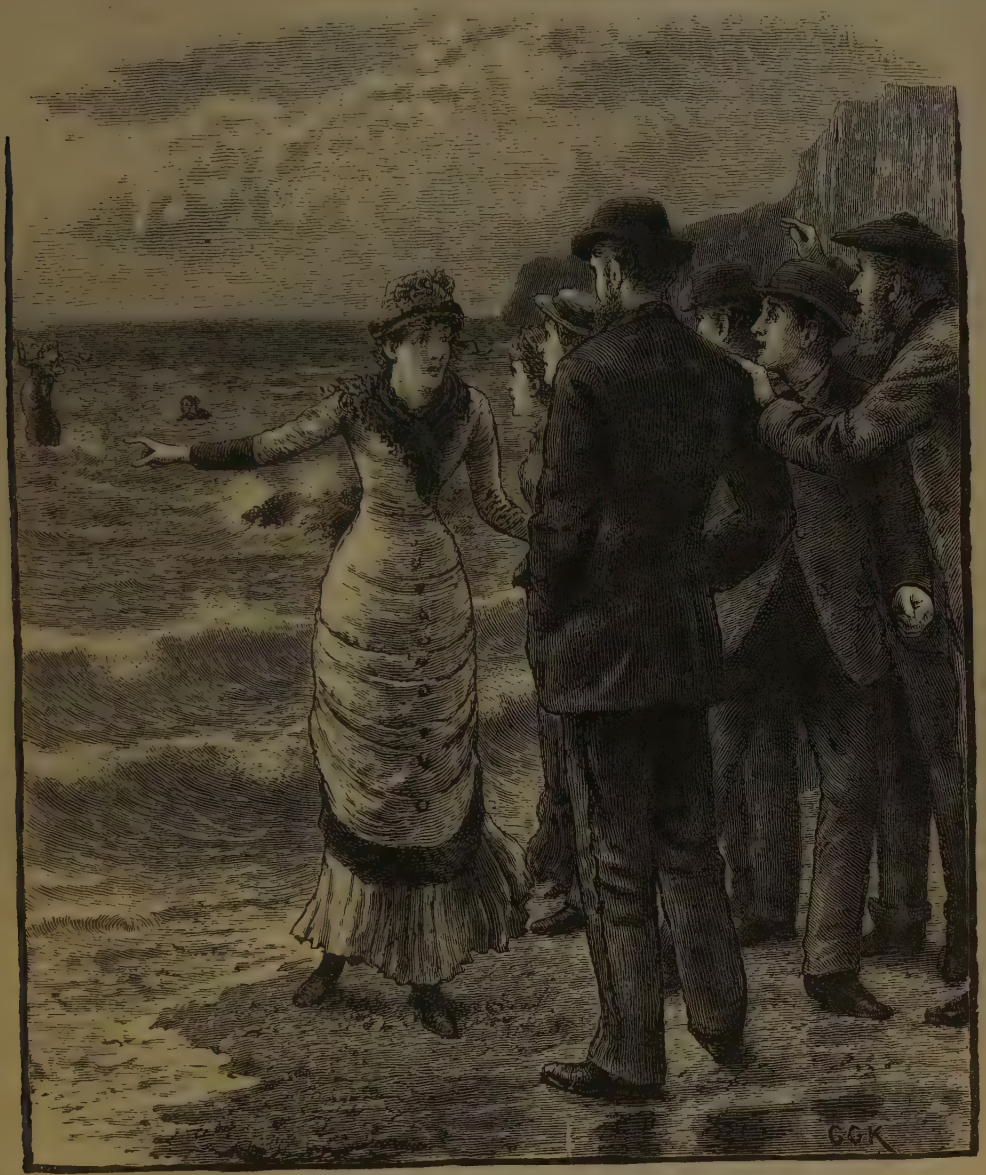
Was it their youth? Perhaps he despised them for the very quality that rendered their attentions more acceptable to Kythe than his own. They could laugh with her over a thousand trifles in which he found no pleasure; whilst he, grave, approaching middle age, and accustomed to think every moment wasted that was not devoted to the prose of life, was learning too late that it should have its poetry also; that the beauties and wonders of creation are great gifts that should be enjoyed and appreciated, and not looked upon merely in a monetary view, and valued only if they can be employed in adding to a man's possessions.

Mr. Raynor would have been ashamed to acknowledge, even to himself, that he was lingering at Horley for no better reason than the chance of having Kythe for his companion on the drive homeward. He had but just left his seat, where, in spite of several efforts to draw him into greater sociality, he had persisted in remaining till the bay was deserted, and was on his way to the hotel to have his horse put in harness, when her affrighted cry reached his

ear. As he ran down the steep incline, leading to the shore, she came flying towards him.

Towards him? No. When he would have caught her in his arms, and soothed the terrors of which he to him she had appealed; it was not his aid she asked, but that of the awkward country lout, whom at this moment he regarded with unmeasured hatred.

Little dreaming how cruelly she had stabbed a



"Must they be allowed to drown without an effort to save them?"—*p.* 326.

knew not as yet the cause, she evaded him, and ran on to meet Jock Beacham, whom her voice had also summoned.

"See, she is hemmed in by the tide! Alessie—my sister!" she gasped, "oh! save her, Jock, save her!"

With the bitterest disappointment he had ever known swirling and raging within him, Mr. Raynor set his teeth in his lip and turned away. It was not faithful heart, the half-distracted Kythe hurried Jock Beacham to the water's edge, and watched him breathlessly, as, with his coat and shoes thrown off, he began wading towards the spot where Alessie was standing.

He could not swim for more than a few strokes, but he was tall and strong, and had not hesitated to go as soon as called upon to the rescue of the blind

girl; and who shall blame him if, as the waves buffeted him and at every step he found them rising higher and higher, he was assailed with fears that would not be banished—if he could not help asking himself how he was to regain the shore encumbered with helpless Alessie? Not for a moment did he think of turning back. It was his duty to save life if he could. Kythe was on the shore praying both for him and her sister, and he went bravely on.

Once, when he was drawing so near the hillock that he could have spoken to Alessie and encouraged her with hopes of a speedy rescue, he had to cross the spot where an impetuous little stream that ran down from the hills entered the sea. The force of the current had made the bed of this little stream so deep that when Jock stepped into it he found himself instantly out of his depth and in danger of being swept away. As the waters closed over his head he heard Kythe shriek again. She had seen him disappear, and had given him up for lost. Had she sent him to his death? Must he perish as well as Alessie, and through her?

This time her cry was echoed by a few of the party, who, discovering, though they could scarcely tell how, that something was amiss, had hurried back to the shore. It also reached Alessie just as a wave had lapped over her ankles and drenched her skirts. Startled at last into a knowledge of her position, she would have groped her way to higher ground, but discovering this to be impossible, and that the sea completely surrounded her, she extended her arms, and in piteous tones called upon her sister to help her.

Kythe could only answer with a sob, for those who stood around were appalling her with their forebodings. They either forgot, or were incapable of comprehending, what they made her suffer!

"He'll never do it," one said to another, decisively. "He's big and burly, but he's not used to the water. You might tell that by the way he went under just now. Eh! why don't folks teach all their bairns to swim!"

"The worst of it is," some one else observed, "he's a stranger in the bay, and don't know which way the currents set. If he gets too near yon rock, there's an under-tow that'll suck him down, and we'll see no more of him. Eh! but it's a sad sight; and not one of the fishermen at home that might have helped him."

"He's up again, and nearly reached the place where the lassie stands!" cried a voice, joyfully.

"Ay, but he's got to come back," was the response. "He'll have enough to do to save himself, let alone the girl."

And Kythe, longing to fly the sound of their voices, yet feeling as if she were riveted to the spot, had to hear all this, moaning to herself the while that it was her own doing.

Oh, the agony of remorse that now assailed her! But for the miserable vanity by which she had been tempted to wander away from the shore with Jock Beacham, that she might amuse herself with his shy rapture at being near her, and, with coquettish smiles and questions, encourage him to talk to her, she had not left Alessie so entirely unprotected. How should she meet her mother? How endure her reproaches? Mrs. Anstey had not been willing to let the blind girl join the party, but Kythe had borne down all opposition, and this was the consequence.

Then she started from her knees to make a frantic appeal to the bystanders.

Could nothing be done for the twain who were in such peril—nothing? Must they be allowed to drown without an effort to save them?

And when those to whom she spoke turned away in silence, or shook their heads gravely, she assailed them with bitter reproaches.

"They were men, strong men; how could they stand there tamely looking on while others perished? Oh, it was cruel! it was barbarous!"

Some one answered, bluntly, that without a boat no help could be given, and if she blamed any one it should be the landlord of the hotel, who ought to have had one there at a time when the shore of the bay would be thronged with his customers; others, more compassionate, assured her that a lad had gone in search of ropes, and if anything could be done it should, but she must wait and hope for the best.

Hope! the word sounded like a mockery. Wait, did they say? Be patient! Ay, but how could she be that, when every moment was wafting towards her another of Alessie's piteous entreaties?

"Kythe, sister! why do you not come? If you would reach out your hand to me I should not feel so frightened."

Often and often, in her dreams, these cries recurred to the memory of the tortured girl, who, after a frenzied attempt to rush into the waves, which was prevented by those who were nearest, flung herself on the ground with her hands pressed over her ears to shut them out.

Meanwhile a number of persons had collected, and with intense interest were watching Jock Beacham's progress. Some of them were dalesmen, who had known him from his childhood, and all were breathless and awed by the prospect of a terrible catastrophe which it was not in their power to avert.

They saw him, sometimes wading, sometimes swimming, reach the hillock at last, pacify the terrified girl, whom another wave must have washed off it, and then turn his face towards the land, and cautiously set forth with Alessie clinging to him, and his left arm thrown around her.

Would he succeed in regaining the shore? Every one hoped, but few expected it. The distance was not very great, but there was a smart breeze blowing up with which he would have to contend: neither was he experienced enough to know which point to make for, nor how to support Alessie in such a manner as to make the burthen lightest.

Directions were shouted to him, but as these were imperfectly heard, and still more imperfectly understood, they could only have the effect of confusing

him. Still, he persevered manfully, and those on shore waved their hands and cheered and encouraged him with all their might.

Once safely across the stream to which we have already alluded, he would be comparatively safe; and two or three, carrying with them the coil of rope now brought from the hotel, waded in as far as they dared venture, prepared to meet and relieve him of Alessie.

But would he be able to cross the stream? The waters there were so deep, the current so strong. A few strokes boldly taken would do it, and the lookers-on held their breadth and clenched their teeth as they saw the struggle commencing.

Alas! he was faltering; he was letting the stream bear him where it listed! Now he buffets it again! he has nearly reached the comparatively shallow waters, but the wrestle with the current has left him faint and powerless; and the watchers give him up for lost, crying to each other that the desperate grasp of the poor blind girl is dragging him down!

And Kythe heard it, and would have rent the air with her wild cries; but as she raised herself she found an aged woman kneeling by her side, quivering in every limb, yet tearless; her eyes strained to catch a last glimpse of the boy she loved so dearly, but her hands meekly folded, and on her white lips the prayer that was first breathed in the garden of Gethsemane. Who dared rebel while those words were murmured by one whose grief was as deeply felt as her own? Kythe sank down again beside her fellow-mourner, and was mute.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HELP THAT CAME.

Intent on Jock, no one seemed to have known when it was that Noel Raynor quietly dropped into the bay. This he did from the end of a reef at a considerable distance from the group surrounding Kythe and Mrs. Beacham, but much nearer the stream that presented no terror to him, for he had been an expert swimmer from his boyhood.

Moreover he knew every inch of the ground, for the bay had been his favourite resort in bygone years, when his farming pursuits had been less engrossing, and he had indulged himself in an annual holiday. The skill acquired then was now put to good use; he not only went to Jock's assistance just as he stood most in need of it, but relieved him entirely of Alessie.

So silent were both men, that the blind girl, though she had been sadly frightened when she found Jock labouring for breath and felt herself sinking, had not known the extent of her peril till a strong hand held up again and bore her onwards swiftly. Then it was she heard Jock say, tremulously, "You have saved both of us, Mr. Raynor; I was well nigh gone, and the poor lassie with me."

"If you value your life, thank God for it, not me," was the curt response; and she heard his voice no more, for as soon as he saw that his assistance could be dispensed with, he swam back to the reef on which he had left the clothes he had thrown off, and it was from Jock that the thankful Kythe received her rescued sister.

Now it was that friends and acquaintances crowded round the sisters, weeping with them as they sobbed in each other's arms, or hurried to where the other actor in this exciting scene stood with his grandame's hand clasped in his, looking red and uncomfortable when he was patted on the back and lauded for his courage. As for Mr. Raynor, no one could give him his share of praise, as he had quietly gone his way, leaving his horse and trap at the disposal of whoever cared to use it.

Alessie was so exhausted with her drenching that it was proposed by the good-natured mistress of the hotel that the sisters should remain with her and Mrs. Robins for a day or two. When this arrangement had been acceded to by Kythe, every one else departed, Roland Harwin taking possession of Mr. Raynor's trap, into which he handed his sister Lucilla, promising to wake up the farmer's lazy horse on the way home.

Anne Beacham, always thoughtful, always useful, stayed till the last moment to assist in undressing the weary Alessie and make the hot decoction of herbs that was to guard her from any ill effects of her immersion. She also found time to kneel down and breathe a thanksgiving for the young lives that had been spared that day—in few and simple words certainly, but words that made a strong impression on both her hearers.

Then she departed, charged with grateful messages to her grandson, from Kythe, who followed her to the door to reiterate her thanks, nor even then felt satisfied.

"Did I say enough?" she asked herself, as she came back to sit by Alessie's bed and lay her aching head on the same pillow. "Will she make him understand all I meant, or will my words sound cold when she repeats them?"

Unconsciously, she spoke aloud, and while she was picturing how at their next meeting she would put her hands into Jock's and call him her hero, her sister's preserver, and requite him with the smiles and eloquent looks she knew he would prize more than a richer reward, Alessie's fretful voice dispelled her musings.

"You spoke very nicely, as you always do; but he need not have gripped my wrist so roughly; it aches now; and you might keep some of your gratitude for Mr. Raynor. It was he who saved us both."

"Mr. Raynor! impossible!" and Kythe reddened quite angrily. Why must she always be obliged to this kinsman of her mother's? It had been delightful to thank Jock Beacham, but it was provoking to know that as much or more credit was due to the master of Hartswood Grange.

However, Alessie persisted in her assertion, repeating what she had overheard, and expressing so much surprise at her sister's incredulity that Kythe was shamed into apologising for it.

"I like Mr. Raynor very much," the blind girl observed, recurring again and again to the subject which was so distasteful to her sister. "Yes, I like him very much."

"Did mother tell you to sing his praises to me?" asked Kythe, suspiciously.

"No; why should she? I like him because he is what our old clergyman in London used to call *thorough*. What he does, he does with all his might. Now doesn't he?"

"On his farm, yes; but how did you discover this?"

"By listening when Miss Mia talks of him, or when he talks himself to mother. I suppose this it is that has made him rich; he is very rich, isn't he?"

"I believe so; he ought to be, for he devotes all his energies to increasing his worldly possessions."

"Is he a good man, as well as a rich one?" asked Alessie, detecting the irony in her sister's tones.

"If you mean, Is he just in his dealings with his neighbours? I should say yes; but I'd rather not go any deeper into the question."

"That means—ah! I know what it means; but all the same for that, I wish he were my father."

"He is not old," Kythe hastened to interpose.

"Well, then, my brother. I should never be neglected if he were."

"My dear Lessie, what an unkind speech! Have I ever given you occasion——"

She was stopped with a kiss.

"No, Kythe, no; and perhaps it was an ugly thing to say; but you don't know how many ill-natured fancies torment me when I mope in a corner alone. It's then I get asking myself why I am blind and useless, and why you were born to be a blessing to mother, while I am just the reverse."

"Oh, Lessie! do yourself and her more justice! She would not part with her blind child for anything the world could give her. You don't know how dear you are to both of us!"

"Am I?" queried Alessie, doubtfully. "Don't you sometimes think to yourself how much better you could get on if you were not burdened with me? For instance, if I had been drowned to-day, though you would have grieved for a little while, mother would not have had to work so hard, and you—— But you are crying?"

"Yes, to think you have so little faith in our affection. It has been wasted on you if you persist in fancying that we regard you as a useless encumbrance."

"I am always wrong," was the peevish response. "But shall I tell you how mother talks when she and I are left to ourselves? I say to her that I am cold, and she answers herself with a hope that Kythe took an extra wrap with her; or I ask if we can have something I am fond of for tea, and she answers, No, because Kythe doesn't like it; or people come to the door and press her to buy their goods, and she sighs and says that if she could afford it she would dearly like to do so—*for Kythe;* and I have heard her lament that she could not give you more advantages, because she is at such heavy expenses on my account."

"And you are jealous," said Kythe, tenderly; "and all because—being less with her, and more wilful and heedless—mother is more anxious about me, than the home-keeping daughter, whose delicate health is the only thing that troubles her. For shame, Alessie! I did not think you cherished such ungenerous feelings. Besides, I cannot see what this has to do with Mr. Raynor."

"I do. If I were his sister I should not be the blind sickly thing I am."

"Alessie! What can you mean?"

"You would understand well enough, if you had heard how he questioned mother the first time he saw us after we came to Hartswood. Did you know that at the time I lost my sight the doctors gave hopes that I might recover it if a certain course of treatment were adopted? I never did, till I heard mother admit it to Mr. Raynor. She said afterwards he seemed to forget that it could not be done without money; and then she wished——"

Alessie made so long a pause that at last her sister made her go on.

"Well, then, she wished she knew whether he would do it for your sake, if you——"

"Hush! never speak of this again," exclaimed Kythe, sternly. "You said mother loved me best, and yet in the same breath you hint that she would have me stoop to such meanness that my face is hot with shame while I listen. When the winter comes we will go back to London, and I will try to find a situation, and pupils for the evening as well, so as to earn enough to pay some clever oculist to attend you. I can do no more; and you must have patience, Alessie."

"I suppose so. All the same I wish I were Mr. Raynor's little sister," the blind girl muttered, provokingly; but, obtaining no response, soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FLITTING IN PROSPECT.

ALESSIE'S adventure had not quenched her enthusiastic delight in the sea-shore. She would have risked fresh dangers that she might hear the waves break against the rocks, and feel the spray dash over her, if her sister had not guarded her diligently; and when she laughed in her glee while breasting the winds that blew so softly, yet freshly, in the sheltered bay, her white cheeks gained the rosy healthy tinge so long absent from them.

Seeing how much benefit she was deriving from the change, Kythe regretted that their stay at Horley must be so brief, and looked enviously at Mrs. Robins, who, in placid contentment, sat in an easy-chair at the sunniest window all the day long; talking, if she talked at all, of what she had gone through on the journey, till a stranger would have

been led to suppose crossing the Alps was not half as perilous.

But she did not offer to keep Alessie with her, and as Kythe had her pupils to consider, the sisters returned home with Tam, when he drove over from the Grange with Mrs. Robins' trunks.

Mrs. Anstey seemed more disposed to lecture her daughters for their heedlessness than to rejoice over Alessie's escape; but she looked so worn, that

And though Kythe bit her lip, and was irritated into wishing Mr. Raynor at the bottom of the sea, she compounded matters by promising to go and see Miss Mia on the morrow; and then started for Captain Harwin's.

There she was boisterously welcomed; the whole family came forth to meet her, and hear her adventures. But they were told with her little silver watch in her palm, and as soon as it signalled the

"'Did I say enough?' she asked herself, as she came back to sit by Alessie's bed."—*p.* 327.

Kythe, knowing what a shock the affair must have given her, felt very guilty, and was glad when she could escape from the silent reproach of her mother's haggard looks.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Anstey queried, when she saw her daughter dressed for walking. "To Miss Harwin's? Yes, I know you are due there; but as I am told that Alessie owes her escape to Noel Raynor, I should have thought your first visit would have been to the Grange."

"To annoy him with set speeches of overwhelming gratitude, etc.? Oh, mother! I know him too well to think that they would be acceptable. Besides, you will have said all that is needful."

"Do as you like," said Mrs. Anstey, resignedly.

hour for lessons she refused to answer any more questions, and led the way to the schoolroom, whither, with a rush and a tumble, her pupils followed.

It was a great step made when she was able to enforce punctuality; but those very qualities that were wanting in Lucilla and her father, they recognised and appreciated in her, to the extent of exerting themselves to uphold her authority. The children were soon made to comprehend that, while they disobeyed every one else, they would have to submit implicitly to their energetic governess. Even Roland, the provoking Roland, after being turned out of the schoolroom once by Kythe, had the good sense to acquiesce in her fiat that there should be no

interference, no intrusion during lessons; and Martin's disposition to be sullen and rebellious was nipped in the bud by a sound rating from his elder brother. Still, it was no light task to impart instruction to three or four little creatures so undisciplined and restless. Kythe's patience was greatly tried, and she rarely came away without a headache, the result of the strain upon both mind and body.

Lucilla was waiting to pounce upon her friend as soon as the last lesson was said, and the yell that resounded through the house proclaimed that the children were set at liberty.

"Such news for you, Kythe dear! I have been longing to see you. We are going away. Isn't it delightful?"

Going away! Then she would lose the teaching that had made her feel so pleasantly independent of the Raynors; and there was none else to be obtained within a walking distance of home; those farmers' wives who did not send their daughters to boarding-schools keeping a resident governess for them.

Under these circumstances, it was difficult to look as pleasantly impressed as Lucilla evidently expected her to be.

"Isn't this rather sudden?" she inquired.

"Yes, I suppose it is; but what is the use of deliberating when a thing has to be done? Mr. Lamont, the owner of this house, wants to come here for the shooting season. He was coming last year, but Rupert contrived to frighten him away with a hint that there was fever in the neighbourhood."

Kythe put up her shoulders; and Lucilla, who had learned the meaning of the gesture, laughed consciously.

"No, it wasn't right, of course; but we went to Scarborough the year before, and found it so frightfully dear, that we did not care to be put to such an expense again. However, Mr. Lamont—he has a wife; such a severe old lady!—cannot be put off again, and so we have had to make fresh arrangements."

"Then you will merely be away for a few weeks?" observed Kythe, listlessly. If she must lose her pupils, what did it signify to her how long they were absent?

"We shall leave here altogether," was the startling reply. "As we must make a move, papa has been thinking that if we were to settle at Manchester the boys would have a better opportunity of meeting with something. You see, Kythe, they are not doing themselves any good here; and if papa keeps selling out his capital—the small fortune he had with mamma—what will become of the younger ones?"

Kythe marvelled that this thought had not presented itself long before.

"So it's quite decided, and we shall go as soon as we can hear of a house that will suit us; but we are afraid that will be difficult," added Lucilla, gravely, "because we must have plenty of room on account of the children, and a walled garden, or they would get out in the street and be run over; and the rent must not be high—we have not had to pay any here, so it will take time to accustom us to that item. Papa draws the line at thirty pounds; do you think we shall be able to get a good-sized old-fashioned place in the suburbs, not overlooked, and in a respectable neighbourhood—yes, it must be respectable, for we have friends at Manchester—at the rent he specifies?"

"I do not, indeed," said Kythe.

"No?" and Lucilla looked serious, but not for long. "Ah! well, we shall manage it somehow, I daresay; and my Uncle Everard—mamma's brother—writes papa such letters about letting Ru and Roley waste their time here, that he feels bound to do something. When they see other young men going to business and holding good situations, it will make them eager to do the same. There's so much in example, isn't there?"

"Yes, I suppose so," her friend answered, doubtfully, for she could not help seeing that Lucilla's reasoning was defective.

"Ah," cried the latter with a smile of triumph, "I knew you 'd agree with us; and as we have never liked this place since we lost darling Cis, I don't see why we should not act on Uncle Everard's advice, as far as we can with comfort to ourselves; do you?"

"Not knowing what it was——"

"Ah! I forgot that you have been away; you see, he is always preaching economy, and the necessity of our living cheaply; and he suggested that we should make shift with farm-house lodgings till Mr. Lamont goes back to town, and then make a farmer of Roley and send Rupert to him to learn engineering. Poor Ru! he has such a horror of trade! and, as papa says, with so many friends in Manchester both the boys must hear of something shortly."

"It appears to me that Rupert has heard of that something, and refuses to accept it," said Kythe, so drily that her auditor winced.

"But he does not like the idea of going to Uncle Everard's, and you know we can't make him; or else, perhaps, it would be prudent to do as uncle proposes."

As this was undeniable there was a pause, and then Lucilla resumed, in the old hopeful style—

"Ah! we shall all turn over a new leaf when we get to Manchester. Situations—good ones, I mean—must be plentiful in such a great city, and our boys are so clever and well connected that they are sure to get on."

"I hope they will," said Kythe, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume. "Then you will soon dispense with my services."

Lucilla opened her eyes widely.

"My dear child, no! What are you thinking of? Wasn't that all arranged at our consultation? But I keep forgetting that I have not seen you since. You must go with us; papa says so. It will be cheaper than sending such a flock of children to school, and as for me, I could not do without you. I 'm looking forward to your help and companionship as a matter of course."

Kythe shook her head; she had too little sympathy with the placable captain to care to accept such an onerous post in his household as his daughter was proffering; yet it had its temptations. To live in a large busy city, not shut up in two rooms in a dull back street, but in some pleasant suburb, and to be domiciled with people who would treat her as one of themselves, whose walks, and drives, and visits to places of amusement she would share, would be, as Lucilla phrased it, delightful.

"Now, don't put on your considering cap," cried Miss Harwin, playfully, "for when you do, you seem fated to decide just as I would not have you. Consider it settled. We shall want you quite as much in Manchester as here, and so you must go!"

"You forget my mother and Alessie."

"Indeed I do not; but they will consent to spare you. I am sure they will. Papa shall call on Mrs. Anstey. If she can be persuaded to say yes, you will not say no, will you? Or, if you do, I shall suspect that it is some other motive that keeps you here; and if it is to your interest to remain, why, of course, dear——"

But Kythe broke from the speaker with such an indignant air that Lucilla had to run after her and apologise. Nor had she quite succeeded in making her peace when they separated.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ABRUPTLY SPOKEN.

KYTHE went home with Martin for her companion. At her instigation, Rupert had prevailed with his father to insist that the boy should attend some evening classes held by the clergyman, and when he did so it was arranged that he should spend the night at the cottage of Mrs. Anstey, it being much nearer the parsonage than his own home. Sullen and quarrelsome in-doors, and always in hot water with his elder brothers, Martin was a different being on the moors or in the woods. Rambling there with Kythe, helping her to pluck the ferns and wild flowers with which she filled her mother's vases, or talking confidentially to her of that future in which he was to be as great a traveller as Dr. Livingstone, he would generally prove a very agreeable companion.

Kythe would tell herself that it was to please Martin she took the route, whenever he was with her, that led them through the wood where Jock Beacham vigilantly guarded Sir William's partridges and pheasants from such unscrupulous marauders as Rupert Harwin and his brother. When they met, it was the boy and Jock who talked, comparing notes respecting the wild creatures that made their dwelling-place in and under the forest trees; and Kythe who listened, or sometimes helped them to understand the habits of the animal world with information gathered not from nature's books, but man's. But if she seldom spoke to Jock, and would not look up and meet the eyes so eloquent of love for her, she let him linger by her side, and wore the flowers he brought her. Those short sweet hours of the autumn days, when the leaves were beginning to strew the woodland paths, and the sun set in a crimson glory as exquisite as it was transient—would Kythe ever forget them? or that long clasp of her hand, that slowly-uttered farewell that, but for Martin's presence, would have been repeated again and yet again?

From such meetings as these Jock would go home so self-absorbed that his grandfather would angrily protest that the boy was growing stupider than ever, and Mrs. Beacham, with a keener insight into the cause of his abstraction, would try to conjecture which of the cherry-cheeked maidens of the Dale was bewildering her foolish Jock in this fashion.

How the idyl was to end, Kythe had not asked herself yet. It flattered her vanity to know she had "waked a statue to life." The handsome awkward lad who had stalked by her side when she first came to the Grange was undergoing a metamorphosis, of which she was the cause; and to watch him emerge from the chrysalis, to know that she had but to express her distaste to a habit and it was relinquished, or to utter a wish and it was fulfilled—clumsily, perhaps, but with an eager desire to please her—was very agreeable pastime. If a fear that evil might come of it sometimes shot into her mind, it was promptly banished. Had she not read in old story of a knight or squire drawing his inspiration and his heroism from his longing to distinguish himself in the eyes of some lady far above him in rank? and why should romance be wholly banished from the nineteenth century?

On this afternoon she loitered longer than usual, yet came away with a lurking sense of dissatisfaction. She had intended to mingle with her praises of Jock's heroism the stirring words that should make him eager to leave the Dale, and exchange his plodding life there for—ay, for what? She did not know; only the impetus must be given if her hero was ever to distinguish himself, and it was her voice that must give it.

But as soon as she began to speak of Horley Bay, she was checked by the questions Jock poured forth respecting Alessie. The helplessness of the blind girl had appealed to all that was manly in his nature, and he could talk of nothing else but her sad condition. He wanted to know if she had always been sightless—how she bore an affliction that to him seemed one of the saddest a human being can have to endure; whether time did not hang heavily on her hands, and what could be devised to amuse and employ her; persisting in his inquiries till Kythe, accustomed to see herself the first consideration, grew restless under them; and when he put the same query Mr. Raynor pressed on her mother—had every possible attempt been made to cure her sister, she cried angrily that no one appeared to think Alessie was properly cared for.

"When your work is finished, and my pupils are gone," she said to her mother that evening, "there will be nothing to keep us here. I long to get back

to London, that we may try what can be done for Alessie."

To which Mrs. Anstey answered never a word, much to her daughter's discomfiture.

On the following morning she could no longer refuse to go to the Grange, for there was a dress to carry home, and a message to deliver to Miss Mia, who received her with the blended affection and constraint that always marked her demeanour now. It had the effect on the annoyed Kythe of making her abrupt and sarcastic, so that their interview did not afford much satisfaction to either.

"I miss poor Mog dreadfully," Miss Mia observed. "The house seems empty without her. I 'd have been glad to have you to stay with me, but——"

She did not choose to say that when Noel proposed the plan she had curtly negatived it, asking scornfully if he thought a mere child like Kythe could compensate for the absence of such a woman as her sister.

"But you thought you could get on just as well without me," said the young lady, mischievously, on perceiving her embarrassment. "So do I, Miss Mia."

"It was not exactly that, my lass," was the cautious reply. "I 'm bound to say you 're sociable enough ; but, after being mistress here all these years—why, Noel was a bit of a lad when I took to the housekeeping——"

"Was he as masterful and short-tempered then as he is now?" Kythe interposed ; and Miss Mia, divided between her jealous suspicions and her doubts whether any one with matrimonial designs could speak in such disrespectful terms of the man she hoped to marry, took refuge in scolding.

"That tongue of yours will get you into trouble, my lass. I 'm sadly feared Hester doesn't keep as tight a hand over you as she ought to do. Why are you not at home now, helping her, or looking after that poor sister of yours, who was nearly drowned, they tell me, through your negligence?"

"I 'm ready to go home again as soon as you have given me the trimmings for which I was sent," Kythe retorted, with her head held higher than ever.

"Eh ! but you 'll have some cake first, and a cup of milk." And Miss Mia, always hospitable, hastened to set the refreshments before her. But they were coldly declined ; and while she went up-stairs to ransack her drawers for some missing gimp, Kythe walked into the porch, too angry to sit down in the house, or speak as pleasantly as at other times to Lois and Nannie.

Mr. Raynor, coming in by a side entrance, saw, as he crossed the hall, the slender figure framed in the doorway, and his heart began to throb quickly, yet he was retreating when Kythe turned and saw him—saw also that he was attempting to avoid her.

Had what she had been foreboding occurred? Had Miss Mia, or some cruelly officious gossip,

"'I have wanted so much to see you!' she exclaimed.'—*p.* 333.

whispered in his ear the slander she dreaded, thus putting an end to all friendly intercourse for ever? Kythe had not realised till then how much she valued Mr. Raynor's good opinion. She could scoff at his sister's distrust, and amuse herself with it, but now she could have wept tears of rage that the world should be so full of *malice prepense*.

However, her pride came to her aid. It was wiser to appear unconscious of his altered mien, and she went swiftly towards him, trying to speak in the frank tone she had always adopted.

"I have wanted so much to see you," she exclaimed. "I did not know, till Alessie told me, that it was to you as much as to Jock Beacham that we owed her escape from drowning."

Mr. Raynor took the hand she offered, but let it fall directly, saying, "Would it have signified if you had *never* known it?"

"Certainly it would," she replied. "I should be sorry not to give honour where it is due."

"But you would have been better pleased if the young fellow whose name runs so glibly off your tongue could have won it all, eh?"

"No," said Kythe, after a little consideration, "I am glad to be able to be proud of my mother's kinsman; there were half-a-dozen persons standing by me, as strong as you, yet who did nothing but talk, whilst you, without a word, went promptly to work, and gave the help that was needed. Yes, I am glad to know that there were two men from our own Dale who did not hesitate to risk their own lives to save a drowning girl."

"But what will you say if I tell you that I had a struggle with myself before I did it?" asked Mr. Raynor, a dull red flush passing over his face, and then receding to leave it ghastly pale.

"Not from cowardice. No, no, you are no coward," she cried, generously.

"The worst of cowards, for I asked myself why I should put out a finger to save a person whom you had taught me to detest."

"Mr. Raynor! Do you mean this?" and Kythe recoiled from him in astonishment, till a dim conception of his meaning—gathered, perhaps, from the passionate light she saw in his deep-set eyes, flashed upon her.

"I do mean it. You thrust me aside and ran to him for help. I was as nothing to you; it was not to me you came in your trouble; it was another who consoled you—another for whom you prayed when he was in danger—whilst I was forgotten. How could I bear this—I, who love you, Kythe—love you dearly!"

"I've found it, lassie, I've found the trimming," bawled Miss Mia, from the top of the stairs. "I knew I had it somewhere, and lo! it had slipped behind the top drawer of my wardrobe! But, eh! my precious bairn, what ails ye?" she demanded with concern, when she came down to find Kythe alone in the porch, to which she had fled, sobbing and shivering with such violence that she could scarcely stand.

"The walk's been too much for you," Miss Raynor decided; "I'll go and see if I can find Noel, and ask him to put the mare in his trap and drive you home."

But when she came back, her search for her brother having proved unsuccessful, Kythe was gone.

(To be continued.)

"MULTITUDES IN THE VALLEY OF DECISION."

SCRIPTURE TEXTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

JOEL iii. 14.

OF Joel himself, and the circumstances of his personal history, we know little more than the fact with the announcement of which this book commences—that he was the son of Pethuel. He seems to have lived in Judah, to have prophesied in Jerusalem, and to have been one of the earliest of the twelve minor prophets.

The book which bears his name holds an important place amongst the prophetical writings of the Old Testament. It divides itself into two nearly equal sections. In the former part we have a very vivid description of the way in which Judah was laid waste by a plague of locusts and scorching heat, which judgment is regarded by the prophet as pointing on towards, and announcing Jehovah's great day of judgment, of which he afterwards speaks. And taking this serious view of the material calamity, the prophet summons the entire community, priests and people alike, to observe a day of penitence, fasting, and prayer, in the sanctuary upon Zion, that the Lord may have compassion upon His people.

In the second part of the book we are presented with the *promise of the Lord*, which we are to conceive of as being given in answer to the call which has been addressed to Him, and which second part again divides itself into two sections. The former of these relates to the annihilation of the locust army, and the way in which the damage done by it, and the long-continued drought and scorching heat, are repaired by the

rich and plentiful blessings which Jehovah graciously bestows.

In the second section the prophet takes a wider range; he looks on, beyond the immediate future, and we have brought into view the day of the Lord, the ultimate result of the coming of which is to be the overthrow and destruction of all the hostile powers of evil, and the triumph and blessedness of God's people.

The closing passage of the second chapter may be regarded as introductory to the third. There we have reference to those events which announce the approach of the day of the Lord, and distinguish its dawn—a passage which has been rendered familiar by the use to which the Apostle Peter put it in explaining the marvels of the day of Pentecost. In the third and closing chapter we are carried forward to the end of all things, and are invited to look upon the great and decisive struggle, which is to immediately precede, and gloriously result in, that final consummation, to which the Church of the redeemed, in all ages, is represented as looking forward with longing desire. And we find that the day of the Lord, the opening of which is described in ch. ii. v. 28, 32, is in its close to bring full salvation to Israel, and the destruction of all who set themselves against the reign and Kingdom of God. Zion is ever referred to as the one place of safety, and in the midst of these unexampled terrors we learn that the people of the Lord will have no occasion to fear.

The imagery of the passage now under consideration is remarkable and impressive. The scene of the great transaction described is laid in a valley, which is spoken of as the valley of Jehoshaphat, and also as the valley of decision. The literal valley of Jehoshaphat is a small and narrow valley in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and is distinguished by that name because there, by the miraculous aid of God, and without striking a blow, Jehoshaphat gloriously triumphed over a Gentile army. We can, however, scarcely do otherwise than suppose that this valley on which the eye of vision rested as the scene of the remarkable transaction which the prophet here describes, was an imaginary one, and was called by him the valley of Jehoshaphat—"Jehovah judges"—because of its being the place of judgment. But while we do not think that the prophet conceives of this act of judgment as taking place in the material valley of Jehoshaphat—a valley of very limited extent—there is no reason why we should not believe that Joel in painting this prophetic scene had in his view the great deliverance which God gave to Jehoshaphat, when Ammon and Moab and Edom came up against him, and the Lord turned their swords every one against the other. There do we see God judging and destroying the nations, and delivering His people. In that valley an appeal was made to the Lord, and it became the valley of decision, the place where Jehovah judged. And the occurrences of that day would not unnaturally suggest to the fervid imagination of the prophet, the imagery which he here employs in setting forth the grander, the sublimer transactions of the great and final period of judgment.

We see the nations, in obedience to a summons which has been addressed to them, gathering speedily together. Their idea seems to be, that they are gathering against Israel, whereas in reality they are assembling in that valley of decision because the Lord sits there to judge. Jehovah is not described as taking part directly in the contest. He occupies the throne of judgment—He pronounces the sentence which is executed by means of His mighty ones, rendering aid by the terrible phenomena of nature to which the prophet refers—the sun and moon are darkened, the stars withdraw their light, and the voice of the Lord makes both the heavens and the earth to shake.

The act of judgment is described by the use of symbols which are familiarly employed for that purpose both in the Old and New Testaments. The harvest is represented as ripe, the mighty ones of Jehovah go forth sickle in hand, the enemies of the Lord and His people are reaped down, and then by a sudden change of figure they are represented as being thrown into a wine-press, where they are crushed and trodden like grapes.

There are multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision—the valley is thronged by those who have suddenly gathered together—it is a scene of wild confusion, there is the tumult—the uproar as of a great multitude. The prophet represents himself as regarding the scene with amazement. Multitudes, multitudes, he exclaims. In whatever direction he looks he sees from all quarters these tumultuous masses of people assembling. It is as a mighty surging sea—the confused fluctuating movement of which he watches, and the din, the confused roar and tumult of which he hears.

Such was the vision which presented itself to the prophet's view of the transactions of the great day of the Lord, in which Jehovah proves Himself to be the Saviour of His people by the overthrow and destruction of their foes.

By the striking symbolism which the prophet here employs—symbolism which, with sundry variations, is more than once reproduced in the New Testament—we may appropriately allow our thoughts to be carried forward to that great and final period of judgment which is to issue in the destruction of all the hostile powers of evil, and the public vindication and glorious triumph of all who are on the side of God and righteousness.

We need not pause to inquire as to what allusion there may be to any intermediate event or

events, for as all the great material deliverances which God wrought for His people, pointed on towards and prefigured in some more or less distinct way, the great deliverance wrought by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; so all the primitive visitations of God point on towards, and will, as it were, be summed up in, that great final act of judgment, which we are taught to anticipate, and for which we should devoutly and earnestly seek that only sufficient preparation, which God's grace in Christ Jesus has rendered possible.

What an impressive scene is that which engages the attention and awakens the astonishment of the prophet! It is that of a great multitude suddenly convened. The astonishment with which he is filled finds expression in the cry which here proceeds from his lips—"Multitudes! multitudes!" He sees them flocking from all quarters—he sees them meeting in one place. There is something very impressive in the sight of a great multitude. But what is the vastest assemblage ever gathered together on earth, compared with the multitude which shall assemble on the great day of account? That will be a multitude which no man can number—all nations and peoples and kindreds and tongues, all the successive generations of men are then to be gathered together.

The picture which the prophet here presents is not merely that of an innumerable multitude, equally or irregularly distributed over a large surface, but of a multitude suddenly convened to one assembly, hastily flocking together from all quarters, and confusedly meeting in one place. Gazing with the eye of vision on this vast assembly, he exclaims, in his astonishment, "Multitudes! multitudes!" Imagination breaks down as we attempt to conceive of that great multitude which is to meet before the throne of God.

But the word rendered *multitudes* has been rendered *tumult*, the din, the confused tumultuous noise which we may conceive of as arising from so great a multitude thus suddenly convened. And we can well imagine that this sound which smites upon the prophet's ear is the roar of terror as well as of confusion. There they are gathered together in a valley, the mountains and the rocks are rising up around them and shutting them in, there is no escape—all the circumstances are such as to awaken alarm, and to declare that the day of the Lord has indeed come.

The prophet reveals the purpose contemplated in this assembling of the nations. This purpose is declared or suggested by the *place* and *time* of this assembly, as here stated by Joel. The *place* is the valley of Jehoshaphat, the place of judgment, the valley where the Lord sits to judge; and in the passage indicated at the head of this paper, the place is spoken of as the *valley of decision;* the judgment executed there will be final and decisive. The word has also been rendered the *distribution of judgment*—the passing of judgment severally on all according to their deserts—an idea which is in full accordance with the teaching of Scripture elsewhere. It will be the valley of the distribution of judgment—there will be the judgment not only of all, but of each, though the multitude is so great, and seems so confused, every man is to be judged—no one will lose himself in the crowd. In the margin of our Bibles the word is rendered *threshing*—the valley of threshing—carrying out the metaphor of harvest, which occurs in the previous verse. The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels; and we know that the work of judgment, of discrimination, of separation will be carried to such an extent, that not only will the tares be separated from the wheat, but the wheat will be separated from the chaff; and here the work is to be done—it is the valley of threshing, of *tribulation* as some have described it, the reference being to the heavy wheels, or other instruments which in ancient times were dragged over the corn, to separate it from the chaff; and we all remember how in the vision of the Babylonish king, as interpreted by Daniel, we have the final doom of God's enemies set forth. They are described as being broken in pieces, ground to powder, and driven away like the dust of the summer threshing-floor.

The time referred to also calls up the idea of judgment—it is the *day of the Lord;* "the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision"; the day wherein He will certainly execute judgment upon all His enemies. Every day is, in a sense, a day of judgment; but we are taught both by our own consciences and the word of God to look forward to *the day of judgment*—the great and terrible day. God hath appointed a day, a fixed and definite time, when He will judge. This day of the Lord is always spoken of as near. With the Lord the estimate of time is not such as we form; with Him a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years. The day of the Lord is fixed, the time is uncertain only to us; it will come when the world is ripe for it.

This time, this day of judgment will be, the prophet teaches us, a day of terror to the wicked, but it will be a joyful day to the Lord's people; it will be the day of their deliverance, because the day of the entire and final destruction of their spiritual enemies. And on that day they shall know, as they have never known before, that the Lord is their God, dwelling in Zion His holy mountain; and they shall know this, and others shall know this, because of what is then done, and the way in which the Church, long oppressed, is made at last gloriously to triumph over all her foes.

ONLY A CLOUD.

AH! but it seemed such a heavy one! Agnes almost thought that it would never lift itself again so long as her life lasted. So we often think, forgetting that God can lift the darkest cloud any day, at any moment, and cause it to roll entirely away, while upon us shines down gratefully the bright light that was all the while behind it.

"I am so sorrowful," murmured Agnes, "and so lonely. I know it is cowardly to complain; but it is such a relief to talk over all these troubles with you, Eleanor—though I do not see how you can sympathise with me much; your prospects are happy enough."

"Poor girl!" returned Eleanor, in a tone of true tender pity, and not choosing to notice what had been said concerning herself. "But bear up, dear, and try to take it patiently. Who knows what blessing may lie behind it all? And then, it cannot last for ever, and perhaps a change for the better may come just when you are least expecting it."

She paused, and for a few minutes the silence was only broken by the soft sad sound of the drizzling February rain against the window, or by a cinder falling now and then from the fire, which was fast dying out.

"Only a few short weeks at most," Agnes went on, presently, in the fretful voice that was not at all natural to her, "and then I shall have to go out into the wide world alone, and get my own living. I dread it, Eleanor. Dear, dear, auntie! Oh, why was she taken from me? We were so happy together, and loved each other so dearly. She was always like the kindest mother to me. Oh, I can never get over her sad, sad loss! And then, she being such an invalid, I had always something to do for her; and now—the time hangs heavy on my hands—everything reminds me of her—and—and everything looks so desolate!" And Agnes broke off, and wept bitterly.

And Eleanor gently caressed and comforted her. Some people, lately, had called Agnes weak. She did not. She knew that it was simply the suddenness of the blow that had fallen upon her that had changed her for the time so entirely. She had been a bright, brave, loving girl; now she was a weary repining woman. But Eleanor was a true friend, and had all patience with her; in her own happiness she could surely afford so much. And she thought of the lines—

> A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
> We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
> But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
> As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

"She stood at the open window of her room, looking out."—*p.* 338.

"She entered the room where Agnes still sat."—*p.* 338.

Eleanor had a happy home, being the eldest of a large and loving family of brothers and sisters; and she was also engaged to be married very shortly to a man whom she truly loved.

What a contrast did Agnes' sorrowful lot present!

Her aunt, her sole protector, for she was an orphan, had lately died, and her dependence having been solely upon a very small life-annuity, nothing whatever was left for Agnes, who must now do, what she had never till very lately thought of doing—face the rough world unaided, and obtain a position and a foothold as best she might.

"Agnes, dear," said Eleanor's soft voice again, "you believe that every circumstance of our lives is shaped by a Providence that cannot err, do you not?—and that, if the very hairs of our heads are numbered, not the smallest event of our lives can possibly pass unnoticed?"

Agnes had dried her eyes, sadly enough, and was now slowly stirring the fire.

"Yes, yes, dear—that is my one comfort—my hourly comfort. But while I watch for God's hand, I can but weep as yet. It is wrong, I know, and faithless, but my Maker is a God of love, and remembers that I am but dust, and I rely upon Him to make me better and stronger soon."

They talked on a little longer, and then Eleanor said—

"And now I must be going, Aggie, dear. I am grieved to leave you, but I promised Albert that I would be at home this evening." And she looked down with a happy blush.

The light in Agnes' blue eyes became softer and gentler in a moment. No particle of envy was there in her generous nature, and her own sorrows grew always lighter at the sight of another's happiness.

"Go, dear—never mind me—and may God bless you, and your Albert too."

"And you, too, darling Aggie, and give you soon a heart for your very own, as true and good as my Albert's."

There was just a little bitterness in Agnes' sigh as she watched her friend depart. She felt her loneliness as yet so keenly. She could not help thinking, also, that it must be more than pleasant always to have a friend to go to in whose regards you stood first and foremost—ay, and from whom you need not look to be parted. And for an instant her thoughts went back to two happy months, which she remembered spending, six long years before, at the seaside, with some young cousins, and a young man, whom one of the cousins had afterwards married. But sorrowful as well as happy remembrances belonged to that time. The young wife had died soon after her marriage, and the bereaved husband had long been in a foreign land. *He* had been her friend, but there was no reason now why he should ever think of Agnes again.

The next day was Sunday; and Agnes was in her place at church, waiting for a message of comfort and guidance, for which she had prayed before leaving home—a message from that good God in whom was now her only hope and consolation.

And it came; not perhaps in the form she had expected—when do things happen as we expect?—but it was a message which she never forgot, notwithstanding.

"The faith which honours God," said the preacher, "is that which trusts Him in *dark* days. True faith takes hold of the promises, and sings for joy, even in the midst of trial. Not a single hour of sorrow but has its use. Trust, then; trust more and more; and remember that 'they that trust in Him shall never be ashamed.'"

And Agnes, on her lonely homeward way, prayed in her heart for forgiveness for all her doubts and fears, and felt greatly cheered, and as though the edges of the dark cloud were beginning to brighten already.

Next came the sale of her aunt's furniture and effects. The proceeds belonged to Agnes. She would, after all, have a small sum wherewith to begin life in earnest. And now she began to pack. And whenever the tears started to her eyes, and that painful feeling of soreness and utter desolation threatened to overcome her again, she would call to mind the preacher's words—"True faith takes hold of the promises, and sings for joy, even in the midst of trial." And then she felt comforted. And sometimes she would murmur to herself, "The way is dark—oh, so dark! but, thank God, who has shown me that it may lead to light, even in this world!"

It was a bright spring morning. The birds were singing gaily; primroses were blossoming in all the hedgerows, and blue and white violets peeped from under their green leaves in all the garden borders. Agnes had just completed her packing; and now, in sombre black dress, there she stood at the open window of her room, looking out, but very absently, at all the brightness and all the beauty around.

There was a quick step on the gravel. It was the afternoon postman. And soon the maid brought up a letter. Agnes took it curiously. Yes, it was for herself; but who could have written to her? Why, it was from India! And a rush of colour covered her pale face, and her hands trembled visibly as she opened it.

"It is from Willie!" she murmured then. "He has heard of poor auntie's death. Oh, it was very kind of him to write!"

But as she read the flush on her cheek deepened, she drew breath quickly, and her eyes dilated in surprise. At length the letter fell from her hands, while her face showed a sort of disturbed incredulity.

So he had remembered her! Five years before he had gone out to India, a poor man. Now he was comparatively independent, and he had written, asking Agnes to be his wife, and knowing nothing whatever, apparently, of her aunt's death.

"Something tells me that Agnes will be free to listen," he wrote; "but if not, I must bear the disappointment as I may. I should have spoken before leaving England, but my prospects were so entirely uncertain."

A little more he said, begging her not to keep him in suspense, giving her all necessary information as to a passage out, and hinting that he should begin to prepare for her at once.

For a long time Agnes sat there beside her trunks, as one in a dream. He had known, then, of her girlish fancy for him, which, in fact, had never been effaced. Oh, how good was God, who had thus so soon turned her darkness into light.

She picked up her letter now, pressing it softly to her lips.

"I will write this very day," she said. "Dearest auntie too! I shall leave her at rest. Living, how could I ever have gone away from her?"

A little later Eleanor arrived. She had seen Agnes early that morning; but now, as she entered the room where she, Agnes, still sat, striving to realise her new-found happiness, Eleanor gave a little start of surprise at beholding the wonderful life and brightness of her friend's face.

"Dear Aggie, what has happened?"

And Agnes told her friend all.

"Such a little while ago, Eleanor," she concluded, "and do you know what you said? 'It is only a cloud; it cannot hang over you for ever, and a change for the better may come just when you are least expecting it.'"

Agnes had all her packing to do over again, but she did not mind that; and she wrote not one, but three letters to Willie; and then, only staying to officiate as bridesmaid at Eleanor's wedding, she set out on her voyage, and was received at the end of it by one who held her as one holds a long-lost treasure, and whose true heart she had for her very own, as Eleanor had said.

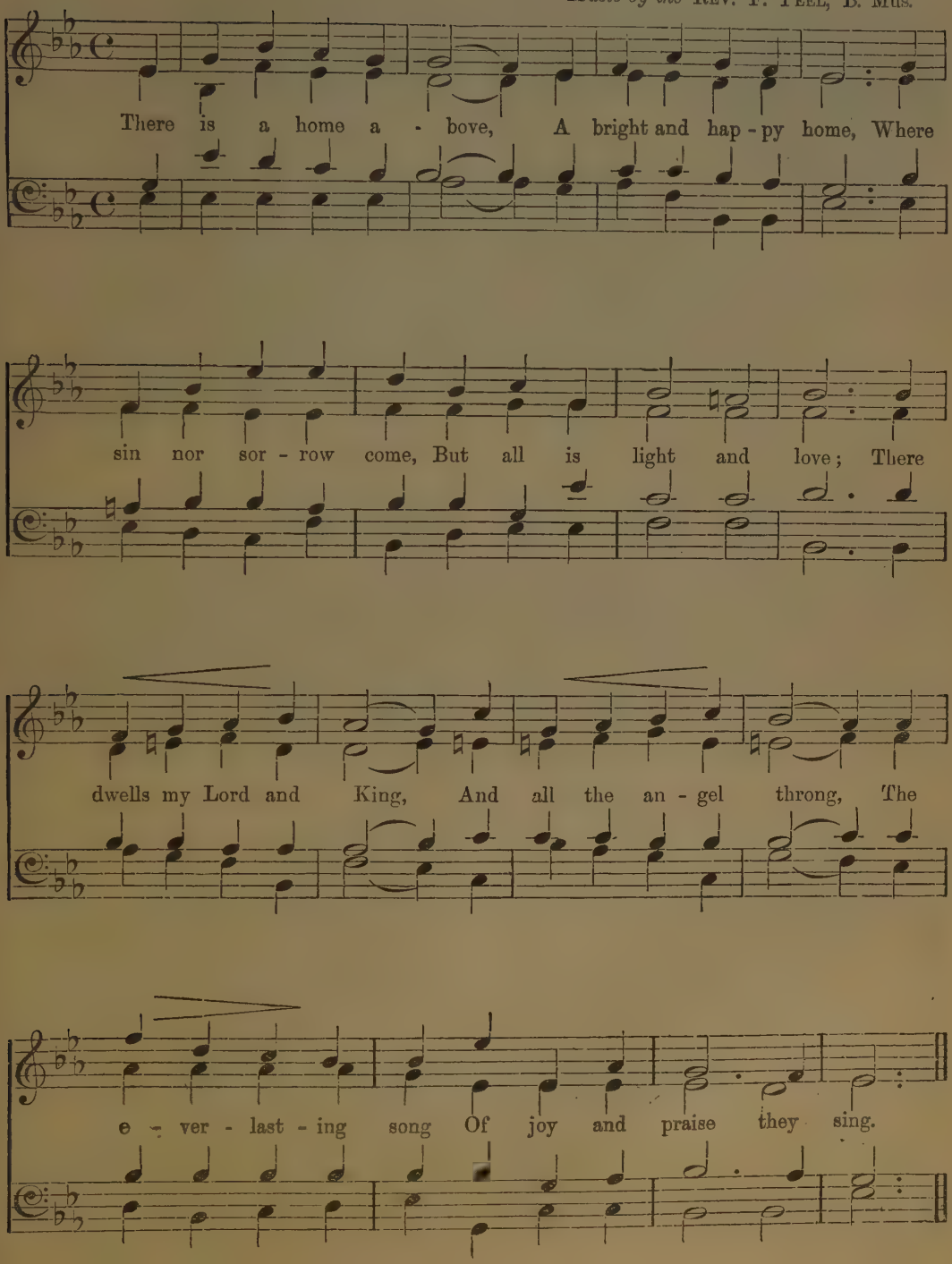
And often after that, when passing troubles came to her, she would say to herself—

"It is only a cloud. It has its use; but it will pass away, please God, and I, if I will but trust in the dark, may be even the happier for it."

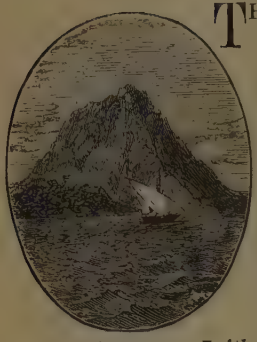
CHARLOTTE HAGAN.

The Home Above.

Music by the Rev. F. Peel, B. Mus.


There is a home a - bove, A bright and hap - py home, Where
sin nor sor - row come, But all is light and love; There
dwells my Lord and King, And all the an - gel throng, The
e - ver - last - ing song Of joy and praise they sing.

THE BASS ROCK AND ITS MEMORIES.



THERE are few spots of commanding loveliness on this globe of ours that have not also their story to tell—a story fabulous or true, of tragedy or comedy, as the case may be. In Scotland, even more than in some other districts, beauty and grandeur of scene seem indissolubly wedded to wealth of association.

The voyager to Leith, or to the smaller ports of Newhaven and Granton, can hardly fail to notice very particularly, as his vessel enters the noble Frith of Forth, one such haunt of memory.

Abrupt, lofty, and all but perpendicular in form, the Bass Rock rises before him. Seen at a distance, and under sunny skies, it shines like a jewel in setting of azure, and at closer quarters the similes that have been found for it, from a supposed resemblance to Gibraltar downwards, are numberless, and varied as the observer's own idiosyncrasies.

This "gallant Frith," like its fellow of Clyde, has always been famous for its rock islands, which, in all sorts of fantastic shapes—

> Break the blue crystal of the seas.

And of all their number this is undoubtedly the most striking. None can excel the Bass in its weird and picturesque charm, nor rival it in its ties of tender human interest. Quite recently—in the month of September last—it figured as the subject of a very impressive commemoration; and through the length and breadth of North Britain, in at least a hundred different towns and villages, its name was familiar on men's lips.

Before, however, we pass to its story, to the sad and heroic memories that hover around it, some few words of description will be of use. If for a theory of its origin the man of science be applied to, he will answer, as in so many other instances of earth's apparent waywardness—intense volcanic energy. However hard it may be on a bright summer day to stand on the shores of Fife and picture the whole opposite coast-line, even from Leith unto Dunbar, a range of fiery craters, it seems highly probable that at some time in the world's youth such was the fact. The Bass Rock has, indeed, been surmised to cover the mouth, and to reproduce the shape, of one such crater. It is a standing testimony to the majesty and power of the imprisoned forces within.

The Bass lies some two miles off Canty Bay, on the coast of Haddingtonshire, and three from the quaint old-world township of North Berwick, where centred, as in duty bound, the recent celebration. It has congenial surroundings. Directly opposite are the ruins of Tantallan Castle, and the strange conical hill of North Berwick Law is its fellow sentinel to these low southern shores.

The island is barely a mile in circumference, and might pass unheeded, a mere dull speck on the broad surface of the waters, but for its stately and always imposing height. With its rounded boss of greenstone rising to an elevation of more than three hundred and fifty feet, it appeals, however, straight to the awe and admiration of every on-looker. None can go by it without feelings of inquiring wonder; and to all it returns the same answer of grand disdain and calm. Who is man that he should question Nature's memorials?

The casual visitor, who is not unwelcome, nor free from claims for *backsheesh*, needs to exercise some caution in effecting a landing, for the Rock is inaccessible on all sides save the south-west, and very risky even there when the slightest swell prevails. Precipices abound, reaching not infrequently the considerable height of a couple of hundred feet, which is certainly not a tempting jump. A cavern of great size runs north-west to south-east for the entire width of the island, and at certain seasons of low tide may be explored; needless to say it is a wild journey.

Sheep, in varying numbers, are pastured on the Bass year in, year out, but of human inhabitants there are very few. Probably the oldest, as well as at present the most noticeable dwellers thereon are the Solon geese. The Bass Rock, together with Ailsa, St. Kilda, Suliskerry, on the Scotch coast, and Lundy and the Skellig Islands farther afield, is a famous summer resort of these birds. Indeed, they flock hither in such numbers as to give the cliffs quite a snowy appearance. From ten to fifteen thousand annually is a moderate estimate.

The Solon goose, or common gannet, is rather a remarkable bird in many ways. All sorts of odd superstitions are to be found in early books concerning it. For example, one veracious chronicler of Scottish history, three centuries and a half ago, gravely informs his readers that the bird, beyond all question, was developed from a peculiar kind of worm, generating in decayed trees and growing first head, then feet, then wings, in regular and successive stages. There is nothing new under the sun, and verily there were evolutionists before Darwin!

The bird, when arrived at maturity—which it takes four years to reach, being both long-lived and a slow grower—is of great size, milk-white in colour, with the crown and back of its head of a peculiar yellowy tint, and the quill-feathers of its wings black. The egg, which may generally be written in the singular, is of a chalky white, and the young birds when just hatched are queer little blue-and-black objects, quite naked. A thick soft down soon comes, however, to their relief, and transforms them into the likeness of good-sized cotton-puffs. Un-

THE BASS ROCK.

gainly as they appear to close observation on the rocks, the Solon geese have in flight both grace and great power of wing. Their cry is very discordant, and when in chorus in any number truly deafening. No unwary mariner is likely to be lured to his destruction by the singing of these sirens. They are strictly migratory birds, and probably elected the Bass as one of their chief summer residences from the plenitude of fish in its waters and its great resources in the way of rock-crevice and ledge.

The earliest historic memories of the Bass Rock are dim, traditionary, and, as befits a place that has become a shrine of Scottish martyrdom, semi-religious in character. Ancient records, very much more reliable on this point than on those of scientific research, speak of one—St. Baldred—who in that far-off age of the Culdee missionaries gave his life to the work of reclaiming humanity on the Bass Rock and the surrounding coasts.

It was doubtless Iona, long the head-quarters of religious and Celtic zeal, that sent him hither. He had a wide parish, and, no doubt, worked it to the utmost. They had no lack of fire, those northern pioneers of the Cross. Theirs were lives of privation and heroism indeed. How they struggled and hoped, failed and again fought on, till the torch of truth was fairly kindled in the thick darkness of heathendom, we can only guess—there is no chronicler to tell us; yet the guessing is not hard. The Columbas, Bedes, and Baldreds, were worthy followers in apostolic footsteps, and "being dead, yet speak."

Of course tradition has not neglected to clothe the good man's life, and passing, with its usual fantastic trappings of miracle. A rock called, in common parlance, "St. Baldred's Coble," is reputed to have left its anchorage in the deep and taken up its present station by the shore in direct obedience to the saint's command, and at his death a dispute about his body and its final custody is said to have been settled—of all impossible ways the most outrageous—by *the corpse's multiplication.* So much for the seventh century.

Who it was that first erected fortifications on the Bass Rock it is not easy to say. The time also is wrapped in obscurity, but at any rate it must have been at a comparatively early date, for its walls formed a convenient shelter for the son of Robert III., afterwards James I. of Scotland, before his weary captivity of nineteen years in the South. James VI., too, came here in 1581 and tried hard to get the Bass transferred into his own custody, without success. The stern old "Lauder" refused to sell.

Later on, and after the great English Revolution, my Lord Protector had a passage of arms with the guardians of the island fortress, and, as in most else that Cromwell undertook, won. The Registers of the Scottish Church, sent there for safety after the terrible rout of Dunbar, had to be given up next year to the conqueror.

With the lapse of twenty years more, we approach that which is at once the saddest, most interesting, and most heroical epoch in the Rock's history—that which gave occasion to the recent throb of remem-

brance through all Scotland, and which made it possible for a reverend doctor to speak of the Bass at North Berwick as "standing like a sentinel at the mouth of the Forth, an abiding witness for the Word of God and the faith held by our fathers." The story of the Covenanters is indeed a tragic one.

Charles II. had been restored with general enthusiasm, and had already proved that the Stuarts neither learned nor forgot. Bitter was the struggle which resulted in Scotland. In 1671, the king succeeded in purchasing the Bass of its then owner for the sum of about £4,000, and straightway turned it into a State prison wherein to quench the stern unwelcome Puritanism of his Scottish subjects. Here, in these gloomy cells, were incarcerated many dozens of valiant Presbyterians, gentle and simple, ministers and laymen. Away in the quiet Lowland valleys, in Clydesdale, Eskdale, and the rest, many a cruel and brutal murder was being perpetrated in the name of the English king; here was a death in life, or not seldom a slow and pain-strewn journey to the same dark end.

Outrage was rampant on every country-side, a wild and licentious soldiery turned loose to wreak vengeance on inoffensive households; and within these walls was intolerance quite as savage, though the tools were more conventional, and the users thereof wore only the livery of the turnkey. The confinement was rigorous in the extreme. The sea was at hand, but no glimpse either of that or of the heavens above were the prisoners permitted to take, until, in 1677, an Order in Council graciously allowed them a walk, in turns, and with a few like limitations. Letters still extant, penned from the island prison, give a vivid picture of what these men were content to suffer in the sacred name of conscience. One Peden, with some fame as an outdoor preacher, and hence, perhaps, additionally dangerous, writes thus:—"Bass, 11th August, 1677. We are close shut up by our chambers, not permitted to converse, diet, worship together, but conducted out by two at once in the day to breathe in the open air, envying (with reverence) the birds their freedom, and provoking and calling on us to bless God for the most common mercies, and again close shut up day and night, to hear only the sighs and groans of our fellow prisoners."

There is a pathos in these brief sentences which tells truly of how trying a nature the ordeal was, and which—whatever some may think of the Sacred League and Covenant—can in nowise fail to impress upon the reader how really noble were the characters who so endured, and how sublime the faith that upheld them.

The captives of note and of special attainments were not few. There was John Blackadder for instance, who paid the last penalty of his courageous defence on this barren rock. John Blackadder was of a good and reputable family, hailing from Tulliallan Castle, far down on the opposite shores of the Forth. At the age of thirty-seven he was ordained minister of Traquair, in Peeblesshire, and found his troubles at once begin. The times were wild and disturbed, and persecution soon raised its head against him. Yet to give up the preaching the man was loth. Dangers he braved, hardships he endured—such as we in this ease-loving nineteenth century can little conceive—and at length, in 1681, old, and worn, and sad, the brave Covenanter was thrown into the Bass. Five years of dreary imprisonment and suffering followed, and then release from a higher Court than that of the Lords in Council. There was a touching inscription placed over his tomb in North Berwick Churchyard—

> Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode,
> He Enoch-like enjoyed, and walked with God.

Another prisoner of the Bass was Fraser of Brae, a grandson of Lord Lovat, and something of a territorial magnate himself. He has left an autobiography which, like most other records of these earnest lives, is permeated through and through with intense religious enthusiasm and a spirit of rigorous self-examination. He, too, had a troublous experience, and many hazards and changes. But Fraser was a younger man, and lived to see another revolution. For some two years and a half he sojourned in durance on this rock, and had a taste likewise of Blackness and Newgate. He ultimately obtained his freedom, and took the charge of souls at Culross, by the Forth still. There it was that, in comparative quiet after the storm, James Fraser's sun went down.

The last episode in the island's history which calls for special mention is a very strange one, especially when viewed in connection with such memories as the foregoing. The Bass was actually the last spot in all Britain that held out for the Stuarts. A little band of hardy Jacobite adventurers—but four-and-twenty all told—surprised, captured, and retained it in defiance of all attack for nearly three full years, viz., from June, 1691, to April, 1694.

Even at the end it was not surrendered on assault. Shortness of supplies alone caused the brave, but almost ridiculously small garrison to sue for terms of capitulation; and, finding them honourable—as became so resolute a defence—to accept them.

The fortifications, finally, were demolished by command of William III. in 1701, and not many years after the Rock passed into the hands of Sir Hew Dalrymple. Several times since then the wonders of the island have been submitted to royal scrutiny, and royal salutes fired from its guns have done honour to king and prince in turn.

To-day it is deserted—the lonely residence of a keeper who reaps his revenue from Solon geese and the fees of stray tourists; yet in many a northern mind there is still a green spot for memories of the Bass Rock, and to every one of us it speaks its lesson of unswerving fidelity to principle. The age will assuredly be none the worse for such teaching.

W. J. L.

SORROWLESS RICHES.

RESTFUL THOUGHTS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A.

THERE is an old tradition that whoever expresses a wish on hearing the note of a particular bird, will have that wish gratified. It is a tradition sufficient to show us what a strong hold wishes have obtained over our natures. So universally are wishes of some sort indulged, that legends and traditions spring up of times and seasons when wishes are likely to be realised. We find men seeking out their fellows and drinking in eagerly the tales of future happiness which await them from the lips of one whose only business is to put in speech the wishes which are strong in all.

Yes, strong in all; for who has not some wish? "I wish I were older," says the child under certain restraints; "I wish I were older, for then I should have money, and do as I please." "I wish I were wealthy, and could visit foreign lands, and stand upon soil consecrated by the exploits of the good and brave." "I wish I had a carriage instead of being compelled to walk in the inclemency of all the variations of weather." But all these are wishes for immediate riches—indolent wishes, wishes for lands without labour, territories without toil. They are common—these futile wishes which rob from you the strength to work and the patience to suffer.

Yet wishes are strong; for how much men will undergo to obtain their wish! For example, in obedience to the wish for wealth, they will sacrifice ease and comfort and the pleasant society of friends and the bewitching influences of home. They will go forth with the early dawn while their households are yet in slumber, and they will return in the bleak of chilling twilight—and this not once nor twice, but daily for a long succession of years. How strong is the desire for wealth in men! How intense must that wish be which so labours for it! Have such ever thought of this?—"It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness."

"Lost labour!" you exclaim, "lost labour! It cannot be; the men who labour are the men who become rich—such are the men who make fortunes, outstripping their fellows in their possessions as they were before them in their perseverance. It is not—it cannot be lost labour; and has not Scripture itself said, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich"?

Yes; but still it is lost labour, as I shall show you—lost labour, not because wealth is not won, but because, when wealth is won, it is not such as you thought. You saw her in the dim distance of years, and as you gazed upon her features you yearned to draw near and look more closely on her beauty, and claim her as your own. But now that the prize is yours, there are ghastly lineaments in her features which you never perceived before; the robe which glistened as with gold seems to have grown tawdry now that you stand so near. She is not the living throbbing light-hearted thing you thought—you have taken a cold chilling weight, a load which hangs for ever round your neck, an anxiety whose shadow rises up and casts a dusky haze over every pleasure which once you revelled in—unhaunted by such care. You have your riches, but there is sorrow with them.

Wishes granted bring some drawback in their train. You have your wish—you visit the fair sunny lands you longed to see; but there is a malaria which lurks in the cloudless blue; there is a serpent which coils mid the bright foliage; there is sorrow with every earthly heritage.

Look at Abraham. His faith rewarded, he has become a great chief in the land of his adoption. His opinion is heard with deference, his wishes are attended to with alacrity, his flocks and herds have grown in untold numbers, the haughty Chedorlaomer has been humbled before the shepherd sojourner; but, alas! there was a sorrow with it. "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless?"

Or look at David. Raised from the obscure solitudes of Bethlehem to be the favourite of the people and the hero-king of all Israel—the kingdom consolidated in his hands, his master's wives given into his bosom. But there is sorrow with it; his wealth and power, his conquests and his luxury, they are too little for his wishes, and the wife of Uriah must be his. There is sorrow with it—he has an imperious general and a rebellious son.

Or look at Ahab. He has Samaria, a king's daughter for his wife, and an ivory palace for his home; but there is sorrow with them, for there lies hard by his house a vineyard, which Ahab covets for a garden of herbs. The unsatisfied wishes of men find sorrow in the strong and boundless desires they indulge.

Yes, the riches of earth may be great and fascinating, but there is sorrow with them. There is a skeleton in every house. Moving through the gorgeously-tapestried and gaily-lighted rooms there seems no sorrow there; but

look at the wrinkles and care-lines on those young brows. There are heavy weights of trouble there —yes, there is sorrow with it.

But why, some may ask, has God attached such penalties to the gratification of the universal wish of mankind?

I answer two things—First, God has not attached these penalties primarily. Secondly, They are good for us.

God has not attached these penalties. In one sense God does all things; but we must be careful to distinguish. These penalties are not attached to the gratification of our innocent wishes. They are God's penalties attached, or rather made the necessary consequences of sinful desire. The labour is good; the pains you take make you strong; but the worry, the care, the anxiety are not from the riches, but from the sin. Money is not evil, nor the root of evil; the *love* of money is. The danger and the sorrow are from ourselves.

But I answer, secondly, the pain and sorrow are good for us. Regarding, as we must, the existence of man as not for now only, or for earth, but for a long and everlasting future, it is surely good that there should be smarts in earth's riches that may lead us to look to heaven for balm—disappointments in our labour here, that we may bethink ourselves, and bestir ourselves to strive after the permanent and satisfying treasures of heaven; for the conclusion we have reached is this —that the intensity of man's craving after riches leads to untold disappointment, and turns our craving, if blessed by God, into a craving for abiding and unalloyed riches; for there is a wealth which the blessing of the Lord bestows, and which brings with it no pang of restless disappointment.

The blessing of the Lord maketh rich. In this world? Yes, truly, when God blesses, "the fruitful tree shall be counted for a forest." Our garners shall be full. There is no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets. When God blesses none can hinder the growth of wealth. See the wealth of Abraham. See the increasing riches of Jacob, notwithstanding the subtlety of Laban. See the final prosperity of Job. Yes, truly, the blessing of the Lord maketh rich.

But was there no sorrow with these riches which the blessing of the Lord brought to these His servants? Yes, there was in so far as Abraham, Jacob, and Job *sinned*. Even God Himself will not violate that law which makes sorrow ever wait on sin. He may arrest the intensity of after consequences; He may even divert their channel or hold them in abeyance, as He did on Ahab's repentance; but the sorrow which waits on the unholy love of wealth, or anxiety for its retention—this will ever be felt; but wealth given by God, and humbly and thankfully received from Him, held as at His will, used as for His service, resigned cheerfully at His command—there is no sorrow in the riches which the blessing of the Lord *so* gives. Thus the blessing of the Lord can make rich even in temporal things, and that, too, without adding sorrow with it.

But I imagine the words of our text point higher—even to this, that without the external aids of temporal wealth the blessing of the Lord maketh rich—that there is a truth which none may deny, and, more blissful still, which all may realise—viz., that we may be rich though we have not a penny.

Have you never heard of the man who sat by the wayside as the carriages of the great and graceful and gay rolled by, and, looking at them all, felt himself as happy as the happiest, though he had not a single farthing or friend in the world? Was this man not rich? Or have you not heard of him who cried, "Thou, O God, art the thing that I long for? Riches—gold, and the world's tinsel—may satisfy earthly minds to crave for; pomp and fame, the dance, and the sound of the tabret may please others; they are nothing. While I behold the sky I am not beholden to earth." When God is with us, we may well be content. Resigned to His will, the restlessness and the annoyances of earth will not trouble us. So St. Paul found it when the blessing of God's presence was with him. Through the dreary parts of the world footsore and hungry, tossed on the angry ocean through the weary night; friendless, confronting the violence of his countrymen, or the cold-hearted indifference of friends, and the venomous hate of foes, he was content—happy amidst it all. Hear what he says—"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," etc. It did not come all at once. The rebel will urged his discontent with imperious vehemence at times; but the blessing of the Lord was with him, and by-and-by the lesson was learned; and then, in the fulness of that placid content, there was no sorrow with it.

But it was not merely because trouble had sapped away his feeling, and rendered him stoical towards his own griefs, and cynical to others. It was not that his heart had been hardened by sorrows, but that his will had been subdued, and that because of the intense reality which the Divine power gave to those high truths which the Apostle taught, and by which he lived. The blessing of the Lord did not bring contentment only—it brought that favour which might well make content—that blessing which might well make happy—it brought real heart-riches, instead of the sorrow-bringing heart-breaking wealth of earth.

A VISIT TO THE EAST END OF PARIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHAG AND DOLL."

HAVING often heard of Miss de Broen's work amongst the Communists at Belleville, and feeling a great interest in it, we resolved, during a recent stay in Paris, to avail ourselves of the opportunity thus presented for paying a visit to 3, Rue Clavel, Miss de Broen's head-quarters.

Knowing what the East End of London is, having at one time penetrated into some of its lowest and most miserable courts and alleys in company of a London City Missionary, we had expected a sort of counterpart to it in the East End of Paris, and were agreeably surprised to find it presented a far more pleasing aspect—at least externally. This is in great measure due to the French custom of building their houses very high—six or seven storeys high sometimes—with many rooms on each *étage*, which gives them a more substantial and imposing appearance, whilst the comparative absence of smoke and blacks preserves them from becoming so speedily grimy as they are apt to do in our great manufacturing towns.

As we rattled over the stone-paved streets of this haunt of Communism during the late revolution, our minds were full of the terrible scenes enacted at that dreadful time; and when we thought of the angry passions and fierce tempers which had then swayed the hearts of so many, both men and women—for the latter took their full share in many a violent deed—we felt it was indeed a grand thing to know that *now* the leaven of the Gospel of Christ had been introduced, and was working, silently perhaps, but surely, amongst this excitable inflammable people; working with its softening calming influence, its gentle constraining power. We rejoiced to think that where once had echoed the tramp of angry footsteps or the low murmur of seditious plottings, might now be met the feet of many a messenger of Christ, carrying the open Bible, with its message of pardon to guilt-laden souls, seeking to gather wanderers into the one true Fold, and ministering meantime, even as their Master did on earth, to the bodily needs of the sick and suffering. Truly a Christ-like work! Christ-like in its high purpose and aim; Christ-like, too, in the self-denial required, the unwearied self-sacrifice demanded.

AN EVENING LECTURE IN THE IRON MISSION ROOM.

Having arrived at No. 3, Rue Clavel, we rang the bell, and a few moments later found ourselves ushered into a pretty sitting-room, very tastefully arranged, with two windows looking out upon a garden in which were some fine acacia trees. We had not expected anything so bright and cheerful and pleasant, having gone, as we have said, prepared to find a second St. Giles's, only under a foreign garb. But Belleville, standing as it does on high ground, is far more airy in summer and gets more sunshine in winter than most parts of Paris.

Miss de Broen did not keep us long waiting, but soon entered the room, and, sitting down, most kindly and patiently answered all our various questions; giving us, besides, in her bright genial way, many

interesting bits of information relative to her work. In spite of the absence of that air of extreme squalor and wretchedness which is often so marked a feature in the dwellings of our poor in populous towns, there yet is as great, perhaps greater, poverty and misery to be found in Belleville. The necessaries of life are dearer there, whilst our system of parish relief does not exist; and many a case of sore distress and utter destitution must have come under Miss de Broen's eye, and touched her kind heart. Much need must she have of faith and courage to support her in her great undertaking.

After a time we rose to go over the house, our guide being a lady who, for the last seven years, has been helping Miss de Broen in this her labour of love. The rooms were all most airy and cheerful, whilst from a balcony on one of the upper storeys we had a capital bird's-eye view of Paris, which lay stretched out at our feet. We could distinguish the familiar dome of Les Invalides, the towers of Notre Dame and other churches, the heights of Montemartre, and many prominent places besides.

A dozen or more girls are taken in to be trained as servants, the younger ones going to school by day and the elder ones taking it in turn to cook and wash and do the housework, etc., thus learning all the different departments of work. They looked particularly clean and neat and well cared for. There is no difficulty about finding them places when they are ready for them, for doubtless many an English lady is glad enough to get a young French *bonne*, fresh from Miss de Broen's training to wait upon her children.

A few doors off is the Mission Room, a good-sized iron building, brought out from England. Good use is made of it, not only for services and Bible classes, Sunday schools and night schools, but every day in the week, except Wednesday and Saturday, for the purposes of the Medical Mission. This is a most interesting and important branch of Miss de Broen's work, which, we might mention by the way, is entirely amongst the French, as Miss Leigh's is amongst the English, of Paris.

The Medical Mission opens at ten a.m. with a service of half an hour; then the doctor goes into his little consulting room and the patients come to him one by one, passing on, after their interview with him, into the dispensary, where two qualified ladies are in attendance the whole time to make up the medicines. Whilst the patients are waiting for their turn to go in to the doctor, the various helpers connected with the Mission have abundance of opportunities for speaking to one and another individually, for the work is often not over before *five* o'clock in the afternoon. Half an hour is taken for luncheon in the middle of the day, and then the workers return to their posts again. Often there are as many as 150 patients a day, and 16,000 or 17,000 in the course of a year. Many come from all parts, even from as far as Versailles. The doctor, who is an earnest Christian man, works hard, for besides all this he visits in their own homes those who become too ill to attend the Mission. Little wonder that at length he was so overworked that he was obliged this summer to go away for a six-weeks' holiday, three weeks being his usual time for relaxation. It is impossible to calculate the good that may be and is done by means of this Mission; the last day alone will reveal what its fruits have been, and how many a golden sheaf has been gathered into the heavenly garner by these patient toilers in this part of the great harvest field. Many who have come seeking healing for their bodies have there been led to see their deeper need of healing for their souls, and have been pointed to the Great Physician, whom they have found to be both able and willing to meet all their needs.

During last winter, which was such a terribly severe one in Paris, Miss de Broen established a sewing-class for women twice a week, for the sake of helping them. They were paid fifty centimes for the afternoon. They had made the patchwork quilts which we saw on the girls' beds, and very pretty they were; but the preparing the work for them must involve a good deal of labour.

At the night school, which is held at the Mission Room, they have classes, among others, for young men who are desirous of learning English; and many of them are already quite at home in the language. A part of the time is given to Bible reading.

Wishing very much to attend one of the week-day services at the Mission Room, we found our way thither on Thursday evening, at eight o'clock. The room was well filled with a most attentive audience; men and women in their every-day working clothes listening with marked interest to the address delivered by one of the evangelists, of whom there are three regularly employed. There is much more refinement in appearance and manner in the *lower* orders in France than in England, and many of the men looked very superior, whilst the spotless white caps of the women were refreshing to the eye, contrasted with the miserable attempts at finery we often meet with among our poor. It was really a delightful gathering, so much heartiness and earnestness all throughout; many an uplifted face telling by the intentness of its look how eagerly the words of life were being drunk in, whilst others wore a restful expression which seemed to speak of their having found that which perhaps they had long been seeking, even the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

Many an interesting case of change of heart and life has come under the notice of these workers at Belleville. One man, for instance, who was a dreadful drunkard, began to attend the Mission Room; his heart became touched, and the result is that he has entirely left off drink, whilst a visitor who went in to see them the other day found him and his wife sitting happily working at their trade, their little girl meantime reading the Bible aloud to them. How great the contrast from former days! Where all was misery and wretchedness, now all is happiness and harmony. But doubtless they have had, like

others who have turned their feet into the narrow way, to bear reproach and contempt from their neighbours, and to hear the word "Jesuit" applied to them, that being just now the bitterest term of scorn and hatred in vogue. It is bestowed equally upon the priests, too, who are as a body disliked and held in contempt. Thus there is no opposition from them to encounter, as there would be in Ireland for instance. The great stumbling-block is infidelity, which exists to a frightful extent.

Miss de Broen is often in want of helpers, especially during the summer months, when the regular workers need rest and refreshment. Are there not many, leading a life of comparative ease, who might well give themselves for a few months, or even a shorter space of time, to filling up some of these gaps? All kinds of talents can be brought into use, for there is work of all sorts to be done, and something can be found for everybody; so none need hang back on that score.

To all who have the Master's cause at heart, and love to link themselves in with His workers, scattering broadcast the good seed, not only in their own land, but in others, where the labourers are few, to such we say, If you have the opportunity, go and lend a helping hand to Miss de Broen in her great and increasing, her most blessed work at Belleville.

Visitors wishing to spend any time there, can board with a Mr. and Mrs. Webber, 25, Rue Clavel (recommended by Miss de Broen). It is close to the Mission Room, so that they are quite on the spot; whilst either by omnibus or tram they can easily make their way to any other part of Paris. A few minutes' walk from Rue Clavel is the "Buttes Chaumont," a sort of people's park, laid out with much taste, affording a charming place for a shady stroll in summer, whilst there are numberless seats under the trees, and pretty views of Paris lying below.

Many may be unable to give personal help to this work, but most may give pecuniary aid, either more or less. Oh, that all would give of "such things as they have," either the service of their hands or a portion of their gold and silver, to support and advance this most interesting cause! For it needs continual support. It cannot be carried on without funds, the need for which must increase with the growth of the work. Will not all who read this paper come forward and strengthen Miss de Broen's hands by helping as much as they can? We know that in God's sight the value of a gift is just according to the relation it bears to the store from which it is taken; therefore, if the store with which He has entrusted you be small, be sure your offering, though small intrinsically, will be precious in His sight. On the other hand, if your store be large, bring in joyfully your larger gift, and lay it upon His altar, taking care that His eye, looking down upon it, shall see it does bear some proportion to the liberality of His gifts to you. Any offers of help for the Belleville Mission would be gladly received and forwarded to Miss de Broen by Miss Silke, Worthing.

BERTIE AND I.

A HOME STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEEP ON SOWING," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—SELF-RENUNCIATION.

"MARIAN, I find I must run up to town. I want to see Kaye on a little matter of business. I may be away a day or two, possibly a week——"

He paused—in the middle of a sentence, as it appeared to me.

"Very well, John," I returned, quietly. "Is there anything I can do for you? Are you going at once?"

He answered yes, and that there was nothing I could do, wished me good-bye formally enough, and went.

And when the sound of his footsteps had died away I laid my head down on the table and wept.

Many months had gone by, dispelling all my illusions, for it would be nonsense to say that I had entertained *none*. It was a dreary January afternoon, and, though there had been no rain, the sky was heavy and murky, and the air raw and piercing.

I sat up presently, and listened to the moaning wind as it swept round the house—listened and thought; until at length this question crept into my mind: Did not the fault of the sadness of my life lie, after all, in myself? That is, if I chose to be happy, had I not enough to make me so?

I had not my husband's love! Well, I had known before I married that I should not have it.

I missed my darling Bertie every day of my life—nay, every hour. I missed her dear voice indoors, and her little hand on my arm when I went out. I had long ago begged and entreated her to make her

home with me, but she had most decidedly refused; and though I felt hurt and grieved, I could not but own that she had more right on her side in refusing than I had had on mine in asking.

theless, I seemed to have made not the smallest progress. I felt dull and dreary and ill, as Augusta had done. Should I die, as she had done?

A servant now brought in a small parcel addressed

"And now he was beside me."—*p.* 352.

Long ago—and yet not so very long—poor Augusta had sat as I now did—lonely, weary, and neglected; and if I felt sad, she had certainly done the same. I had advised her to seek her husband's love, to set herself patiently to win it; and she had refused, saying that it was too late. I had commenced my married life with the effort, and, though I had often felt bitterly sad, I had never yet despaired; never-

to myself, and laid it on the table. I glanced carelessly at the handwriting; then quickly cut the string, and removed the cover; and there was a book—Mr. Saunderson's, at last—its title, "Self-renunciation."

I forgot my sadness—forgot everything, and read on eagerly from chapter to chapter. I saw myself; I saw Bertie. She had written of "work." I re-

cognised many a crude sentence of my own that had been polished into beauty. As Bertie had surmised would be the case, what we had written had been so cut up, so transposed, and, for the most part, wholly transformed, that it was by no means readily recognisable ; and any claim which Bertie and I might have made to authorship on the strength of our respective contributions to the story would have been a shadow indeed.

Moreover, the very leading idea of the book was changed. It had been Hope, now it was Self-renunciation.

But I was delighted with it : in my present mood it was just what I needed.

The light was fading ; I was still engrossed. The servant brought in tea ; I drank a cup, and read on, feeling, little by little, more hopeful than I had done for months. Rapidly I went on, and rapidly went the time also.

I had reached the last chapter—the last page. To-morrow I would begin again, and read slowly and carefully. Now I laid the book aside, and wrote a short letter of congratulation and thanks to Mr. Saunderson. He had left Melton some time before. But I had known that the book was likely to arrive, and that he had sold the copyright for a small sum, which had been given to a Melton charity.

I finished the letter, and despatched it, and then sat musing once more.

Mr. Saunderson's book was but the outcome of the change which had taken place in his own inner life ; for that such a change had taken place it was easy for those who knew him to discover. He had made a great mistake in life ; in his book he freely owned it. He had wasted year after year in dreaming of fame, wealth, honours, and, in his own way, in diligently seeking for them ; and in the absorption of the search he had missed those sweet ties and living interests which are worth—ah, how much more ! And now, in middle life, he stood alone. So we all, he affirmed, in a greater or less degree, wasted our precious years in following delusive visions—mere will-o'-the-wisps—and if one did now and then lay his hand upon a reality, what, after all, did it profit him ? So little, that, after a brief examination of the long-coveted treasure, he started up once more, crying—

> On again ! the virtue lies
> In the struggle, not the prize.

Moreover, he continued, a man of this sort is always in danger of forgetting that this life is not all ; that it is but the beginning of things, and that while we may not "fly to the end without regarding the beginning," yet *the end* should order and regulate and govern the beginning, and we should keep it always in view, seeing that we live for *it*, and not for the beginning.

Carrying on his story, Mr. Saunderson presently brought in religion, and religion not of the head but of the heart ; showing also that true happiness proceeds from the principle of self-renunciation ; that it is he who is willing to *lose* his life (for the Lord's sake), who finds it ; and that "with self-renunciation life begins ;" that the moment we are willing to give up our own ways, and our own wishes and wills, in order to serve more purely and truly for love the Lord who bought us, that moment we take up true happiness ; also that this renunciation is to be made in the spirit and in the heart, rather than in the life ; that we need not to go out of our way to make it ; that, as a rule—

> The daily round, the common task,
> Will furnish all we ought to ask.

And further, that if, like the Pharisees of old, we do our good deeds so as to be seen of men, and allow those around us to suppose, even for an instant, that our acts proceed not from a desire to benefit them, but simply from attention to our own eternal interests, then the subtle aroma of love and beauty which surrounded our work in the bud has passed away, and the flower is worthless. We can do no more good : all our efforts, and not unnaturally, are spurned ; for instead of self-renunciation, we have shown a pride, arrogance, and assumption, that our fellows will never tolerate, as well as a colder and more deeply-rooted selfishness than before.

"Yes," I murmured to myself at length. "I see it all. Wonderful indeed is the innate selfishness that pervades all we do, following us everywhere, defeating its own end, so that hatred of self cannot do self a thousandth part of the harm that love of self can do. Curious paradox. . . . As I look back I see that all my life I have been striving for self, even though I did not know it. And what is the result ? When I wrote the sketch of which Mr. Saunderson has made such good use I was unhappy—because I wanted something for myself which I could not get. I am unhappy still, for still I want something for myself which I cannot get. Always craving—never satisfied. . . . And we never can be satisfied while we work for self—the hardest most exacting master that man or woman ever had. . . . Well," I concluded, "I will strive to profit by the lesson. I will at least aim, please God, to renounce self from to-day."

Mr. Saunderson had once believed—or, at any rate, he had appeared to believe—that that little book, in a sense a joint production, might bring such a sum as should seem to us—poor as we all three were then—a fortune. I remembered now with a smile many things that Bertie and I had said on the subject, and then from my heart rose an earnest thanksgiving. No fortune, in money, could ever have brought me the peace and comfort and renewed hope that the book itself had brought me.

And now I began to wonder what Bertie thought of it, for of course she must have also received a copy. Late though it was, I would go and see.

Taking a servant with me, I went. I had long grown accustomed to attendance now, and to the comforts and luxuries and leisure of wealth ; but I would willingly have given up all for love any day.

Yes, my darling Bertie, in her lonely lodging, with the undying memory of her sad loss weighing down her young spirit night and day, was happier than I, for she had truest, dearest love to look back upon.

She was well enough off now; a good and reliable earnest of the independence for which she had once so longed had come to her; but how coldly and calmly she received it, and she worked as hard and as constantly as in our poorest days—nay, harder; and I greatly feared that she was overtasking her strength.

She could afford to dress as she pleased now, in reason; and how did she dress? Always in soft clinging robes of deep black, closely fitting her little slender figure, with no ribbons or trimming to break their line.

I found her intently studying some new books on art. She had received a copy of Mr. Saunderson's book; and, like me, she had already run through it, intending to begin it again on the day following, and to read it carefully. Just so had we been used to do together in old times when we had received a new book.

"And do you like it, darling?" I asked, having taken off my bonnet and wraps.

"Very much indeed," she answered, yet not in the bright enthusiastic way she would once have spoken. "It has helped me so much, Marian. I feel so much happier since I read it. I shall work on as before; I shall love work more than ever; but I shall try to leave results to God from to-night. Results do not necessarily belong to the work, or, perhaps, I should say to the worker, and he *need* not concern himself about them at all. They are *God's* concern."

Very reverently and gently she spoke; and then she added, "And I shall not trouble myself any more about independence, Marian. God can give me that any day, if He pleases, and He *will* give it when He sees that it is good for me to have it."

"But there can be no possible harm in working for independence, dear Bertie."

"Certainly not; but you see I have just been reading Mr. Saunderson's book, and it has made me wish to set myself a higher standard. I wish to work for my work's sake now, and not for myself and for money."

"But you *will* work for money, darling?"

"I shall take what I earn, of course, and I shall lay by what I can; but earning and saving will not be my aim any more."

I watched her dear face while she spoke. She looked far older than her years; her fair beauty was fading, ah, how early! I could have wept as I looked at her.

And now she drew up a hassock, and seated herself at my feet as she had been used to do.

"Where is that picture, Marian dear, that you put away so long ago? I want it now. I feel that I should like to finish it. It is cowardly to leave it. And I shall send it for exhibition as I said I would."

"I have it at home, darling," I answered, as I bent to kiss her; "but I will take care that it is sent to you early in the morning."

"Thank you, dear sister." And she laid her head on my knee, and was silent for a long time.

"God is good," she murmured again presently. "Nothing is too trifling for Him to notice. *He* sent me that book; and I do so love it: and I will really try to give up self from to-day. It is such an easy and beautiful way to be happy; I wonder that I never tried it before. . . . Yes, 'green leaves will come again.' Sorrow cannot always last. . . . I have been saying ever so long, 'If I could only do something for my dear Frank—something especially for him—that he perhaps would have given me to do for him, if he had known.' But how ungrateful! Am I so eager to work for my Frank—and not for the good God, who gave him to me in love, and who took him away in love also? . . . But now, I will work, because it is right to work; and I will *live* to make as many people happy as I can. You know what you said once about a woman's work, Marian?"

I remembered, and I also felt rebuked; and said so.

"Ah, dear Bertie, like many others, I preached what I have not practised, I am afraid. My life, too, has been all wrong, judged by the standard of self-renunciation—all wrong; my marriage perhaps as wrong as anything. And yet I don't know. But, at any rate, with you, dear, I pray that I may begin afresh from this evening."

"Yes," she rejoined eagerly. "We will begin again together. And, Marian, you know that we chose *independence* as our motto long ago. *You* have no need of such a motto now. Let us choose instead *self-renunciation*."

"I am quite willing, dear Bertie."

Softly she went on—

"If we had chosen it in the first place, instead of *independence*, and had lived up to it, we should have been happier women to-night than we are. . . . And yet, after all, Marian, we have only been doing what every one does. Such a pity, it seems! We think we know best. We won't listen to the messages and loving warnings which God our Father sends to us in so many thousand ways. We rush blindly on. And soon we find that we have made a mistake; and then, as well as we can, in tears and pain, we retrace our steps. But before very long we are going wrong again in another direction! And so we keep on, until by the time we are quite old—if some worse mistake than all has not killed us long before that—we have *learned to live!* And if we might begin at the beginning, and go all over it again, what a lovely life we might, perhaps, lead!"

"But who would wish to go all over it again, Bertie?"

"No one, I suppose."

"But never mind, darling," I said. "It is here we *learn* to live, as you say. But *there* we shall *live*. . . . Our mistakes but educate us—especially if

humble and patient—for the life of love and glory to come, in which we shall grieve over what 'might have been' never, never more."

CHAPTER XVI.—JOY AFTER SORROW.

It was a lovely afternoon in earliest spring. I was sitting by the window of the drawing-room—or rather lying back in my chair and resting now; though I had been sewing, and my work-basket was still beside me.

Presently my husband entered the room: "Marian, I am going:" then pausing suddenly, he came rather more quickly than usual towards me, inquiring in a tone of concern—"Are you not feeling well?"

"Yes, thank you, John." And I sat up again, and once more took my work.

"I wish you would take more care of yourself," he said, almost pettishly. "I can't think why you want to be always sewing! Just as if you couldn't get every bit of it done for you if you wished."

"But I like to do it, John. And I think I do take care of myself. I was only resting when you came in."

"Oh, was that all!" returned he. "Very well, then." And he walked out of the room again—looking in, however, the next moment to say that he was going to Bentley—a town some ten or twelve miles distant—that he would probably be late, and that I was on no account to sit up for him.

I heard his retreating footsteps, and the sound of the hall door as he closed it: I watched him down the gravelled walk—he never once looked back, and he had not so much as wished me good-bye; but I did not weep to-day.

He left me a good deal alone; but I did not feel it now as I should have done only a few short weeks before. Ah, self-renunciation is a great, a wonderful thing! And now to-day, in my husband's countenance, as he had talked to me, I had detected—what I had never seen there before—namely, real, unmistakable anxiety on my account.

I pushed up the window, and leaned out to smell the violets that grew in the border beneath, and felt as glad and happy as the beautiful spring day itself.

"He has just a little love for me, then," I whispered, in my heart. "He would not wish me to die."

And as I leaned there, I saw Bertie coming; not walking with the quick elastic step of old, but slowly and thoughtfully; yet her face, though very pale, and gentle and pensive in its expression, was not to-day a sad face, I thought.

"You look bright, dear Marian," she said, coming up to the window.

"And so do you, darling," I returned. "What have you to tell me?"

"Only that Mr. Saunderson is in London, and that he will take care of my picture—'Far, far away at sea'—and that I have just sent it off to him." A pause, a quick sigh, and then she added, "Oh, I am so glad it is gone, Marian! And yet I loved it, and loved painting it—oh, how dearly!"

Neither Bertie nor I had forgotten our new motto, even though we failed daily and hourly in our attempts to act up to it. But—

> Sink not in spirit,

says George Herbert,

> Who aimeth at the sky
> Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

We might never reach the standard which we had set up for ourselves, yet, notwithstanding our many, and as we often felt them, grievous failures, we could not help knowing in our secret hearts that we were farther advanced to-day in the pilgrim's pathway than as if we had kept to our old worldly motto of Independence—even though so short a time had passed.

"Come back with me, Marian dear. I only came to tell you about the picture. Let us spend the rest of the day together, and be as we used to be. John is out, I know, for I met him, and he told me that he was going to Bentley; so you *can* come."

I went—a new happiness rising and growing in my heart every step of the way. I was thinking of my husband still, and feeling in my heart that I was at length beginning to win his love.

"Here we are!" said Bertie, as we entered Mrs. Robins' well-known parlour. "And now sit down in your own place, Marian. I will take your bonnet and shawl up-stairs presently. Don't you remember saying once that you would most likely live here all your life, and keep school, and be an old maid? How little people know! And now you are a grand married lady, and it is my turn to think of being old maid. But I do not dislike the idea, that I know of. It is pleasant to be one's own mistress. I always did think that I must love a person very dearly indeed to be willing to give up my freedom for him, and to have my peace of mind, as somebody says, at the mercy of his smile or his frown. I could only have loved my Frank so."

She paused abruptly, and began relieving me of my bonnet and shawl.

"Such a lovely hymn I found to-day, Marian," she recommenced the next moment as abruptly. "One of Miss Havergal's."

And she glanced round the room, and then opened a book which lay on the table close to her hand.

"I think I must have left it up-stairs; and I can't say it. But this is how it begins."

And she repeated—

> Light after darkness,
> Gain after loss,
> Strength after suffering,
> Crown after cross;
> Sweet after bitter,
> Song after sigh;
> Home after wandering,
> Praise after cry.

"Oh, it is all so very lovely, Marian." And I saw the sweet eyes grow misty. "I wish I could say some more. But I'll go and find the book."

While waiting, I opened the book that lay near me, and saw, deeply underlined, the following—

Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God the void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

My poor little darling! She bore her trouble bravely, hiding it as much as possible even from me. But I had always felt sure that she suffered in secret far more than she would acknowledge.

With a sigh I raised my eyes. Then, with a half-uttered exclamation I leaned forward eagerly to gaze at a person who was coming in at the gate; and the next instant I fell back in my chair, half fainting.

I was seated near the window, which was open, and the door was open.

"Oh, Frank!" I gasped. But he had already rushed in, and now he was beside me—pale, haggard, more changed even than Bertie—and yet the same Frank.

Life holds some few moments that would fill as many years, and this was one of them! How can I describe it!

But I was fearful lest Bertie should come in unprepared.

"Won't you run away, Frank dear?" I urged, my voice trembling with excitement. "Run away, and then I'll tell her—and come again in a quarter of an hour!"

"Oh, but I do want to see her so, Marian! She isn't ill?—she hasn't forgotten me?"

"No, no! But she *was* ill, poor child. We all thought she would have died. Make haste, dear Frank; I think I hear her coming."

"I'll run home," he said. And looking years younger already, he rushed away again, and almost at the same instant I heard Bertie coming quietly down-stairs.

"I have found it," she said, as she took a seat beside me. "You shall read it, Marian—I would rather listen." And she placed the book in my hands.

I hesitated an instant; then gave it back again.

"I can't, darling—I can't, indeed!" And try as I would, I could not steady my voice. "Oh, Bertie! Bertie!" and I burst into tears.

She soothed me gently and lovingly, appearing not very much surprised or alarmed at my behaviour. But time was passing—every moment was of consequence. I must say something; and, without very much tact, I said, while half crying still—

"Where is that cap of dear Frank's that you used to have, Bertie darling?"

"Do I understand you, dear sister?" And her voice had a little hurt tone.

"Oh yes, yes!" I returned, hurriedly, scarcely, indeed, knowing what I said. "Supposing that he—that Frank—supposing that you should ever wish to sing your song again, dear?" And now I looked at her anxiously.

She had turned a shade paler than usual.

"Oh, Marian, Marian!" she wailed, presently, in a low faint voice, grasping my arm as she leant against me, "you don't know how you are hurting me!"

And now it fell to me to soothe her.

"But I have no wish to hurt you, darling," I whispered, as I kissed her. "I could say a great deal more. Shall I say it? While you were up-stairs——"

"Yes," she interrupted, with startling quickness, "I heard you talking—to Mrs. Robins, I thought; but oh, Marian—tell me, tell me! You have heard something of my Frank! His ship didn't go down, after all; your eyes say so; or at least they say that *he* lives! Oh, Frank, my own darling Frank!"

She was trembling visibly, and I also, for I felt sure that I heard his flying step along the pavement outside.

"His ship went down, dear Bertie; but he is a good swimmer, as you know, and he got safely to land, but found himself then among some savage South Sea Islanders who were at war with each other, and they kept him close prisoner for I don't know how long. Of course he told me in half a dozen words——"

"HE TOLD YOU, Marian!"

But before I could utter another word, we heard the gate swing back with a crash—Frank came flying in, and in an instant the little slender black-robed figure was clasped closely in his arms.

They did not heed me. Bertie had given a little scream of joy—years seemed swept away in a moment—and when next I caught sight of her face she was the Bertie of former times once more—pallor, sadness, and gravity had vanished—and the beautiful speaking countenance was all bright with love, and a gratitude too great for utterance.

And soon—ah! how very soon it seemed! for the hours passed like minutes—there we all three sat talking together, as though Frank had been at home for days.

But we had not forgotten to call Mrs. Robins, and to tell her the wonderful news, and to beg her to provide every refreshment that she could think of for the dear and welcome traveller.

And *how* we talked! And first Bertie wanted to hear a long long history of Frank's adventures, particularly how he had finally escaped from the islanders, and how he had contrived to get home. And she hung upon his words untiringly, and made him go on again and again, when he would no doubt rather have had her talk to him.

Nevertheless, before the evening was over, she had, bit by bit, told him not a little of all that had happened among us during his long absence.

And my part in the conversation was to tell of

Bertie herself, whenever she—as she did continually—omitted something concerning her own doings which I knew it would interest Frank to know, and joiced with us in our joy), and passed out, with hearts almost too full of happiness, into the beautiful starlight night.

"Mrs. Robins also had brought a great bunch from her own little patch of garden."—*p.* 356.

which I thought it was only fair and right that he should know.

It was getting late. Bertie was going home with me—I could not leave her alone to-night—and Frank would accompany us, and wait to see John, and then, finally, return to his father's house.

We lingered still; but at last we had all three shaken hands with Mrs. Robins (who we knew re-

Frank gave me his right arm, and passed the other round Bertie; and presently I heard him say, in a low fond tone—

"My brave little Bertie, to have struggled through all, and to have done so much!" And then he turned to me—"Thank you, Marian, for telling me all about her. And to-morrow she shall sing her song."

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUSION.

"OH, MARIAN, he is a little darling, a little beauty! What is his name to be?"

"John says it must be Frank."

"Oh, charming!" and she smiled a bright beautiful smile. "Let his aunt take him, the darling! Isn't John proud of him?"

"I think he is," and now I smiled also.

She kissed and caressed my baby-boy for a little while, and then replaced him by my side. And, having done this, she leaned over me, lower and lower, until her face rested on mine, and then she whispered—

"I think—no, I am sure—that I have discovered your secret, Marian."

"Have you, darling?"

"Yes. . . . You did *not* marry John for money, or for any other reason than just because you loved him? Am I right?"

I kissed her for answer.

"Ah, I thought so. But that is John's step. He is coming to tell me that Mrs. Bourne is ready to start."

And she ran away. She was going out shopping, I knew. And the next minute my husband entered.

He sat down by me without saying anything; then suddenly he bent and kissed me, and, raising his head, he looked at me long and earnestly.

"You love me, Marian?"

I put up my hands, and taking his face between them, drew it down to mine.

"I always did love you, John."

"And I you," he returned, after the slightest possible pause.

Did I hear aright? Those three words had sent through me such a thrill of happiness as I had never thought to feel in this life again. Yet for an instant I was lost in astonishment.

"I thought you scorned me," he went on, "for my marriage with poor Augusta; and that was why I offered myself afterwards to Bertie and not to you. But when she refused me, I made up my mind at least to hear what you would say; and when you accepted me I thought——"

"That I did it for money?" I said.

His silence answered.

"Oh, what did you think of me, John?" I could not help asking.

"What dared I think, when I had done the same thing myself?"

"But you did not show that you——" And then I paused, in thought.

"That I loved you? No, I was proud, and kept it to myself."

"And I also," I rejoined, laying my hand regretfully on his, and for the first time finding it clasped fondly. "I, too, was proud. And you never once suspected me, John?—of caring for you even a little?"

"Never once, Marian."

Bertie had been right then. How freshly her words seem to come before me, as I lay there—alone now. I could almost have imagined that I heard her voice repeating them. She had said that I was terribly afraid of showing where I loved, and that this fear would "work me a mischief some day." And it had done so, for it had lost me at least a year of happiness. The strongest love cannot be guessed at without some outward sign. Neither my husband nor I had given that sign, consequently neither had guessed at the other's affection. How strange it seemed! And pride had been at the bottom of it all. Yes, we had both done wrong. It was easy to see it—easy to say so now—in the light of consequences.

* * * * * *

From the day of Frank's return, Bertie, at my earnest request, made her home with me. And a few weeks passed, oh! so brightly and happily and busily, in preparations for the wedding. We had determined to have a grand gathering of all our friends.

And Frank was the hero of Melton. He was invited everywhere. And Bertie and he were as happy together as they could possibly be, I thought; and there were no battles between their wills now, as there had been in former times; they agreed in everything, and no longer took pleasure in even playing at quarrelling.

It was the day before the wedding. The house was alive with visitors; and more were to arrive yet. But I had little to do with them, for Mrs. Bourne took care of them all.

I was in my dressing-room, sitting with my baby on my lap, while Bertie occupied a low chair beside me, as she listened and waited for Frank, who had gone to town that morning, and was expected to return in time for afternoon tea.

"Oh, the day is so lovely, Marian! The buttercups are out, and the lambs are bleating, and the may is all in blossom. Oh, spring is a beautiful beautiful time! I shall always love it!"

And then she sat still in happy thought, her sweet face—fairer and sweeter than ever in these days—easy to read; her slender fingers holding my baby's tiny unconscious hands.

She had cast off her gloomy black dresses now, and to-day was arrayed in a pretty fresh muslin, that looked as if it had been scattered over with may-blossoms.

"And to-morrow at this time," I said presently, "if all goes well, my little Bertie will be a sailor's bride."

She looked up, and smiled—a beautiful, half-dreamy smile.

"Only to-morrow," she said, with softly beaming eyes. "How wonderful, isn't it? Even yet I can scarcely believe it. It seems such a little while ago that we were both so sad. And now, what a change has come. And never, never that I can remember have I seen my Marian looking so well and happy."

And she put up her hand and caressingly touched my face; presently continuing in the same dreamy thoughtful tones—

"If I had only known it! all I wanted, while I was making myself so unhappy, was a little patience—a little trust. . . . Patience I call *your* word, Marian; I never think of it but I think at the same time of you. . . . And the joy now is worth all the sorrow, is it not? And all the waiting, and more. 'What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.'"

"And so," I returned, thoughtfully also, "we shall say in a better world than this. Little shall we think then of the light affliction that in comparison endureth but for a moment, when we are happy and rejoicing in an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and of love."

A pause. It was Bertie who spoke next.

"We are in danger now in all our happiness of forgetting our new motto, Marian, are we not? Oh, if we could only keep it before us every moment! And then, when anything came to make us unhappy, how it would help us. It is almost always for ourselves, either directly or indirectly, that we get vexed. If we could only give up thinking so much of ourselves, we should give up also three-quarters of our vexations."

"True enough, dear Bertie," I said.

"And if only," she went on, softly still, "we would think more of our Lord, who is our pattern, and who *pleased not Himself*. But very often we put away the thought of Him when it does come to us, and we will not listen, when it is as if we heard Him speaking in our hearts, and saying—

> All this I did for thee—
> What hast thou done for Me?

Silence for a moment, and then once more she continued—

"I was reading the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy this morning: it is a chapter I like to read when I am happy. Mr. Murray pointed it out to me a long long time ago; and I have read it almost every day since dear Frank came home. So beautiful it is; so touching, I think; and full of love as of warning. Oh, it seems so hard and wicked and dreadful that, directly our God gives us good things we should begin to grow proud and careless, and to forget our good God, and to worship our idols as truly as the Jews of old ever did; and so to pave the way for all sorts of fresh troubles."

"Suppose you read the chapter you speak of to me now, dear, if you do not mind? It is one I do not know well."

She did so; and then we went on talking again, of life and its many lessons.

"That chapter, and many another like it, teaches us why they come," I said; "these long hard lessons. . . . And a little while ago ours seemed long—and hard—as though we should never learn them; but now I think we can both say that we would not have been without them?"

"Oh, yes!" returned Bertie, earnestly. "And I hope that I may not forget my lessons now that I have learned them, Marian; and that I may be submissive in learning the little ones that come every day."

And soon now we heard Frank's footstep.

"Bertie!" he cried, excitedly, on entering, "I have seen Mr. Saunderson! your picture was sold this morning to an Italian count, for—guess how much!"

With eyes dancing with delight, she guessed again and again, until at last, guided by her mistakes as well as by Frank's hints, she named the exact sum, which was large enough to make her colour with surprise, while she clasped her hands with a little half-uttered exclamation of satisfaction.

"Think of that!" said Frank. "Don't you call it something like a success? and, Bertie, Mr. Saunderson says that you are sure to get plenty of commissions after this. He is coming by-and-by (by a late train) and then he'll tell you everything. But, commissions or no commissions, you are not going to do anything more in the way of painting yet a while, and so I shall tell him. And now little woman, get your cap, and sing your song for the last time as Miss Bertha Lynne!"

He had made her sing it almost daily since his return; but neither she nor he ever seemed to tire of it.

She would have made a lovely picture herself, painted just as she stood there, in her pretty dress, with the jaunty little cap set lightly on her clustering short curls, her fair face radiant with its new roses, and the soft violet eyes glistening and gleaming with emotion, and with deep and lasting love.

She sang with strange strong feeling, and with a tremor in her voice, which seemed to say that she was thinking of Frank's words, "For the last time as Bertha Lynne," and all that they signified. When she had finished, she turned from us a little shyly, and perhaps also to hide the happy tears which thronging thoughts had called up. But in a moment Frank had caught her in his arms.

"If I had come back to find that my Bertie couldn't sing that song to me," he said, in tones almost as tremulous as her own had been, "I should have known what it meant—that she had no longer a place in her heart for me, or for anything that concerned me!"

"And then," she rejoined, gently, in a sweet murmuring voice, while she still kept her face hidden, "would you have gone away, and have found another Bertie?"

"There isn't another," he answered, emphatically, "in the whole world! Don't ask me what I should have done, dear, for I don't know, and can't form an idea. To begin with, I should have felt entirely lost, and as though I had made a most unaccountable mistake in supposing that there ever had been such a person as Frank Bourne."

* * * * * *

The wedding day.

What a busy day it was; and what a happy one also, for no one was *too* busy. Both Bertie and Mrs. Bourne had wonderful talents for organisation, and they were, and had been, exactly in their element in ordering and arranging everything and everybody, from garret to cellar, and from Mr. Bourne down to the little boy who cleaned the knives and ran on errands. The consequence was that everybody appeared pleased, and at ease, and also of importance, for everybody had something to do, and something, moreover, which he felt he *could* do, and liked to do.

We had got Mr. Bourne to leave his books, and he had promised to give away the bride, and then actually to spend the rest of the day with us. Mr. Saunderson, of course, was among the guests, exultant at the success of Bertie's picture. Mrs. Manfred also had honoured us with her company, and she had brought little Edith Barker with her; and Edith was one among the many bridesmaids, and Miss Mann was another. Moreover, I had invited all of my former pupils whom I could collect; and Bertie had placed them partly under Mr. Murray's care, and partly under Mr. Saunderson's.

The house was filled and fragrant with flowers—from Colneside, and from our own garden; and Mrs. Robins also had brought a great bunch from her own little patch of garden, and had been so evidently pleased to give them, that, as she took them, tears of feeling had trembled in Bertie's eyes, as, indeed, they trembled many times that day.

Each of my little ex-pupils, too, had brought an offering of flowers—primroses, or huge bunches of sweet violets, forget-me-nots, early wall-flowers, pink and white may, and even daffodils; and Bertie suffered none to be wasted or crowded. Her artist's eye and clever tasteful little fingers disposed of them everywhere, and the effect was charming.

The reader may wonder that *Bertie* should have done so much. I wondered also. She was the mainspring of everything; and even Mrs. Bourne was, in a sense, but her right-hand helper—certainly not leader, for, so surely as she had been, we should have had stiffness and ceremony where now we had a pleasant and most agreeable informality.

It was a most lovely day. The church was thronged with eager spectators, for both Bertie and Frank were well known in Melton, and by many dearly loved.

Mr. Murray was the only officiating minister, at Bertie's express desire. He loved her now, as both she and I knew, as a dear sister and friend. There was no pain left in his love. Yet he would never forget how he had once thought of her—how could he? And all through his reading there was an indefinable something in his eyes and in his clear firm voice which made me repeat to myself over and over again lines I had first heard from him—

> Onward and upward still
> Be thine endeavour;
> The rest that remaineth
> Shall be for ever.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Robins gave up her home, and became Bertie's housekeeper.

A year or two passed; and my Bertie was a rising artist, as well as a happy busy little wife, and a loving mother. Nothing seemed too much for her to do, for she did it all in love, and in a strength above her own.

And Frank—no longer "a gallant middy," became instead a rich ship-owner.

* * * * * *

And John and I were left alone, to begin life again, so to speak—our happiness as complete now as earthly happiness could be.

> The darkest day,
> Wait till to-morrow, will have passed away.

THE END.

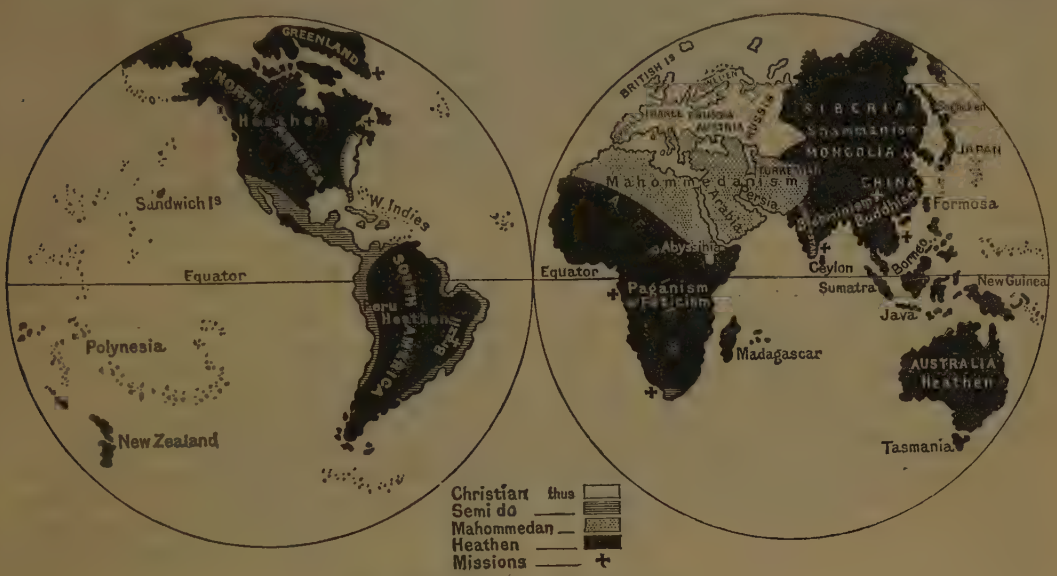
THE SPREAD OF THE KINGDOM.

INDIVIDUAL MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

PROBABLY few persons would be disposed to connect the author of "The Theory of Vision," or "The Minute Philosopher" with the missionary enterprise. It is nevertheless a fact that Bishop Berkeley, in 1725, published "A Scheme for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity," in which he advocated the founding of a college in the Bermuda Islands, where missionaries might be trained for work among the Indians of North America. His ecclesiastical predilections led him to seek State aid for his project, and he did actually obtain from Sir Robert Walpole the promise of an endowment of £20,000. Relying upon this promise, Dr. Berkeley resigned a valuable Church preferment, and sailed for America in 1728, proceeding first to Rhode Island with the view of purchasing lands in the vicinity for the support of the College. Those who know the character of Walpole will not be surprised to learn that the money was never paid; and Dr. Berkeley, after vainly endeavouring to carry out his enterprise, and after having spent nearly the whole of his private fortune, returned to England in 1731.

"His scheme," says one, "reflects more credit on his memory than his philosophical labours can ever confer."

Another eminent man who devoted himself to the cause of missions was John Wesley. Although he was ostensibly the agent of the Propagation Society, his undertaking was the result of his individual resolve to preach the Gospel to the American Indians. He had manifested some hesitation in the execution of his purpose, on account of the probable objection of his mother, then largely dependent upon him for support. The answer of Mrs. Wesley when the project was mentioned to her, is worth recording, as a noble example for Christian parents placed in a similar condition. "Had I," she said,



THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD IN 1750.

"twenty sons, I should rejoice if they were all so employed, though I should never see them more." In 1725, Wesley, with his brother Charles, and his friend Benjamin Ingham, left England for the colony of Georgia. Here, as chaplain to the colonists, he was unremitting in the discharge of his pastoral duties; exposing himself with the utmost unconcern, and happily with equal impunity, to the inclemencies of the climate, in order that he might visit the various townships of which he had the oversight. His chief hope, however, was that he should be able to live and labour amongst the Indians; but though he, with his colleagues, found many opportunities for intercourse with them, this hope was never realised. Dissensions unhappily arose between Wesley and the colonists, which rendered it desirable that he should return to England, where work of another kind awaited him.

Among the chaplains whom the East India Company employed to take charge of their military stations, there were several men noted for their piety and their religious fervour, which impelled them to labour, not only on behalf of the soldiers committed to their care, but also amongst the natives by whom they were surrounded. The Rev. T. Stevenson, of Madras, (the friend and coadjutor of Ziegenbalg), David Brown, and T. Thomason, of Calcutta, and especially Dr. Claudius Buchanan, are examples of missionary zeal, displayed often in the face of strong opposition from the servants of "a mercenary and godless Company." Dr. Buchanan's efforts to procure the abolition of suttee (widow burning), the orgies of Jaganath, and other Hindu abominations, ought to find a place in every missionary record; as also his indefatigable exertions to secure such a modification of the Company's charter as would enable missionaries to preach the Gospel to the Hindus without hindrance. His catholic co-operation in the plans of the Serampore brethren proves, too, that the desire for the "spread of the Kingdom" was superior to any ecclesiastical prejudices which his official position might have excited.

But Henry Martyn undoubtedly stands pre-eminent among the Company's chaplains who consecrated themselves to the work of missions. In his case it is to be noticed that the evangelisation of the Hindus was a cherished design, long before he entered the Company's service. While at Cambridge he had been brought under the influence of the Rev. Charles Simeon, from whose lips he had heard what Carey was doing in India; and he had resolved to renounce all the bright prospects that a most brilliant University career had opened up to him, in

order that he might preach the Gospel to the heathen. In due time he offered himself as a candidate for employment by the Church Missionary Society, but before his candidature was accepted difficulties occurred, the chief of which was the loss of a small patrimony, and in this calamity a sister was also involved. In order that she might not be left unprovided for, it was deemed prudent that he should seek a chaplaincy. In 1804 he was appointed to the office, and in the following year he embarked for India. On his arrival he was located at Dinapore. Whilst labouring assiduously among the soldiers stationed there, he bestowed much of his attention upon the natives, and schools were opened for imparting religious intruction to their children. He was also carrying on, with the help of native assistants, the translation of the Scriptures, and, by the month of December, 1809, he had finished the Hindustani version of the New Testament, while a considerable portion of the same book had been rendered also into Persian. In 1809 Martyn was transferred to Cawnpore. Here, through his incessant exertions on behalf of both Europeans and natives, his health gave way, symptoms of an hereditary disease of the lungs being much aggravated by the severity of his toil. "Study," he says, "never makes me ill, scarcely ever fatigues me; but my lungs! death is sealed there; it is speaking that kills me. . . . But the call of Jesus Christ bids me to cry aloud and spare not." His ministrations were interrupted by prolonged periods of physical weakness, and he was frequently compelled to refrain not only from all public engagements, but even from private conversation. Martyn did not live long enough to see much fruit from his evangelistic labours, but he was permitted to know that during one of his Sunday afternoon services, the heart of a young Mussulman had been touched by the message he delivered. This young man entered his service as a copyist, and eventually became a successful missionary. At the services referred to Martyn often had more than eight hundred hearers.

The Hindustani version of the New Testament which Martyn had produced was commended by all competent judges as both faithful and idiomatic, and it was widely circulated. But concerning the Persian version the same verdict was not given, and believing it to be essential that a scholarly translation of the Scriptures into that language should be made, Martyn determined in 1811, as his health had completely broken down in India, to visit Persia, and correct his work at the fountain-head of learning in that country. A long and fatiguing journey from Calcutta to Shiraz weakened an already enfeebled frame; but he accomplished his object. A Persic version of the New Testament was duly executed, and a copy was presented to the Shah, who expressed his approval of the work. The Arabic version, which had been commenced in India, was also completed. The fact that the three translations made by Martyn have been extensively used in Indian and other mission fields, affords proof that he had assuredly employed his great powers to the best advantage, on behalf of the cause which lay so near his heart. After a sojourn of a little over twelve months in Persia, during which period he had openly debated with some, and conversed with more, upon the doctrines of Christianity, it became imperative that he should return to England. He set out to travel by way of Constantinople, but on reaching Tocat, in Asia Minor, he died on the 16th October, 1812, at the age of 32. Thus terminated a career that to human judgment seems to have been cut short very prematurely. But Martyn's life was most fruitful. Besides the direct results in the translation of the Scriptures, and the conversion of Abdool Messeeh, (the young Mussulman already mentioned), there remains the fact that many who have distinguished themselves in the mission field have traced their first inspiration to the perusal of Martyn's life and journals.

A kindred spirit with Martyn was Daniel Corrie, his college friend, and for a time his colleague in India. Corrie's intercourse with Martyn at Cambridge fired him with like zeal for the service of Christ. He obtained an appointment as chaplain in the service of the East India Company, and in 1806 he landed in Calcutta, bent upon the high emprise of winning souls for his Master from the strongholds of heathendom. A visit to Serampore, and the sight of some fifty converts worshipping God in their own tongue, in company with Dr. Carey and his brethren, he tells us, filled his heart with delight "too great for utterance." Corrie was first stationed at Chunar, a fortress about twelve miles from Benares, and a place of considerable sanctity in the eyes of the Hindus. While applying himself diligently to the performance of his duties in the station, he studied hard to acquire Hindustani in order that he might preach to the natives, and as soon as he could speak the language with freedom and propriety, his efforts in this direction were unwearied. It has been noted that he succeeded exceptionally in the controversies with Mahommedans, which are inevitable in evangelistic work in India. Corrie's nature was gentle and forbearing, and it peculiarly fitted him for dealing with these bigoted religionists. Meanwhile, schools for the native children had been established, and were conducted at his expense; his conviction being "that the young, with instruction to guide them, will grow up ashamed of the idolatry of their fathers."

In 1809 Corrie was appointed to Agra, much to the sorrow of a little Christian flock he had gathered round him at Chunar. On his way to Agra he visited Martyn at Cawnpore, and enjoyed for some months the society of his beloved friend, sharing in his labours, and sympathising in his projects. When Martyn left Cawnpore, Corrie temporarily undertook his duty, hoping for his speedy return; and, in conjunction with one or two pious officers at the station, he commenced the training of native Scripture-readers. Here also Miss Corrie,

who had left England in order that she might share her brother's enterprise, opened a female school—a thing almost unheard of at that time in India.

Being compelled in 1811 to take rest on account of failing health, Corrie visited Calcutta, where he sought earnestly to further the interests of the recently-established Bible Society; "for until now the copies of the Gospels and other portions of Holy Writ which he had given to the natives had been copied by hand at his own cost, and that of his friends—a slow and incorrect process, as well as expensive." He encountered much opposition from some high-placed officials, who declared that this new Society was "the most dangerous thing imaginable." The benefit, however, both to natives and Europeans, was incalculable.

In 1811, Abdool Messeeh (Martyn's convert) was baptised at Calcutta, and Corrie arranged that he should accompany him to Agra as a catechist. The first Christian school in Agra was opened in 1812. In the space of three months, two more schools were opened. Work was also carried on among the adults, and with marked success. Mussulmans as well as Hindus submitting to the power of the Gospel. In the course of two years the ministry of Corrie and Abdool resulted in the conversion of not less than sixty persons, of whose sincerity the best hopes were entertained. But Corrie's persistent labours had produced extreme weakness, and he was ordered home to England. In 1817 he returned to India, and on his arrival was appointed to Benares. Here he was soon again in full missionary career—founding schools, preaching, and visiting his former stations in Chunar and the vicinity. But circumstances soon obliged him to reside in Calcutta, and this city for fourteen years was the scene of his activity. The chief portion of the correspondence of the Church Missionary Society devolved upon him, and a variety of benevolent schemes occupied his attention; among others was a school for native girls, which was founded under the happiest auspices, and which has proved a great blessing.

In 1823 Corrie was made Archdeacon of the diocese of Calcutta. In fulfilling the duties of this position, his missionary efforts were necessarily interrupted, but he never lost an opportunity of furthering the cause to which he had devoted his life hitherto. In 1834 he was appointed Bishop of Madras, but he enjoyed this dignity for a short time only. During an episcopal visitation he was attacked by a disease of the brain, and died on February 5th, 1837, aged fifty-nine.

The history of the Patagonian Mission affords another instance of singular Christian zeal and devotedness. The mission was commenced by Captain Allen Francis Gardiner, an officer of the Royal Navy, who had previously made an attempt to found a station in Natal among the Zulus; but the unsettled condition of the country, and the massacre of the Dutch by the chief Dingaan in 1838, quite precluded the execution of the project. Captain Gardiner's attention had been early directed to the Indians of South America, amongst whom, it appeared to him, there was a wide and open field for missionary labour. Before returning to England he journeyed into Chili and Patagonia for the purpose of selecting a site for the formation of a mission, but in neither of these countries was he able to induce the people to accept his proposals. Captain Gardiner next visited Tierra del Fuego, and conceived the design of establishing a station there, with the view of ultimately reaching the continent. On reaching England he submitted his plan to the Church and Moravian Missionary Societies, but neither was prepared to support it; and he resolved to engage in the undertaking with such help as could be obtained from the South American Missionary Society (called into existence by his efforts) and the donations of private persons in England. He collected a party of workers, whose names we think it right to mention. They were Richard Williams, a surgeon of Burslem, in Staffordshire; John Maidment, a member of the Young Men's Christian Association in London; Joseph Erwin, ship's carpenter; and three Cornish fishermen, John Pearce, John Badcock, and John Bryant; all men of sterling character and earnest piety. On December 5, 1850, the missionaries reached Picton Island, one of the Fuegian group. The natives proved unfriendly, and it soon became evident that the mission had been commenced without adequate provision for contingencies. Sickness and disaster overtook the brethren, and they determined to proceed to Spanish Harbour, on the main island, where, says Captain Gardiner, "our plan of action is now to 'rough it,' through all the circumstances which it shall please God to permit to happen to us until the arrival of a vessel, and then to take with us some Fuegians, and go to the Falkland Islands, there to learn their language; and when we have acquired it, and got the necessary vessel, to come out again, and go amongst them." This purpose was never fulfilled. The missionaries suffered soon from want of food, and they were in constant apprehension of attacks upon their persons and property, the natives having on several occasions evinced their hostility. Entries in the diaries of Capt. Gardiner and Mr. Williams reveal the terrible straits to which the party were reduced. One after another died from starvation and cold, but each one exhibiting "the patience and the resignation of a true Christian." The last record of Capt. Gardiner is contained in the following letter to Mr. Williams, dated the 6th Sept., 1851:—

"MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother [referring to Mr. Maidment] left the boat on Tuesday at noon, and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served so faithfully. Yet a little while, and through grace we may join that blessed throng, to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous lovingkindness to me a sinner!—Your affectionate brother in Christ,

ALLEN F. GARDINER.

The remains of the brethren were afterwards discovered, and reverently buried. The South American Mission was apparently at an end; but though the forlorn hope had perished, others were found to fill the breach, and now the Mission occupies twelve stations, divided between the islands and the continent, the Rev. W. A. Gardiner, the only son of the founder, labouring successfully in one station on the Amazon River.

HENRY CAPERN.

ARCHBISHOP USSHER: A TERCENTENARY COMMEMORATION.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

IN 1640, England and Ireland were both heaving in the first throes of the approaching earthquake of civil war. And it was doubtless the pressure of impending calamity, and the storm of obloquy which beat about the Church as well as the throne, that led the Archbishop to put forth his proposal for the reconciliation of Episcopalians and Presbyterians in one church. The subject will always be one of paramount importance and interest, but it cannot be discussed in these non-polemical pages.

Yet it is instructive to observe that Ussher and Baxter and Leighton all believed a reconciliation to be possible. Ussher steadily defended the orders of the Protestant "churches beyond the sea;" and although it is doubtful whether we have his proposal as he made it, and certain, if we have, that few of his order would now accept what is so nearly a surrender, yet it is good for us all to remember how earnest and loving was the desire of this champion of truth for the peace of Jerusalem, and the healing of her breaches.

Of the year 1641 another incident must be recorded as delicate in its political bearings as the last in its theological aspect. The trial of Strafford was one of those events upon which, to the end of time, men of various temperaments will pronounce conflicting judgments. To some it will always be the smiting down of a tyrant; to some the overthrow of a great patriot and statesman; to others it will seem, like most of the events of history, to be the product of mixed motives—a transaction in which neither the victor nor the vanquished deserves all the praise or blame. For, in truth, it was a time of conflict between principles, the harmony of which is needful to the well-being of States. Their conflict wrecks society and divides posterity, as the conflict between parents divides the children, while it wrecks the family. Pym chose the principle of freedom for his guiding star, and found his natural enemy in Strafford, who chose that of loyalty.

We can admire either; some of us can sympathise with both. But who can admire the unhappy king, whom Strafford had served not wisely but too well, and on the face of whose pledge to protect him at the last extremity Strafford had hazarded his life? It has been even suspected that the earl's release from that pledge, upon which the king was base enough to act, was forged by an unscrupulous courtier, who feared his own ruin, with that of his order, if the victim were not surrendered.

Ussher was one of the five bishops whose counsel the miserable monarch sought in his extremity, and he and Juxon have the glory of preferring the king's honour to his quiet.

"O sir," he exclaimed, when told that the Act of Attainder had passed, "what have you done? I fear that this Act may prove a great trouble to your conscience, and pray God that your majesty may never suffer by the signing of this Bill."

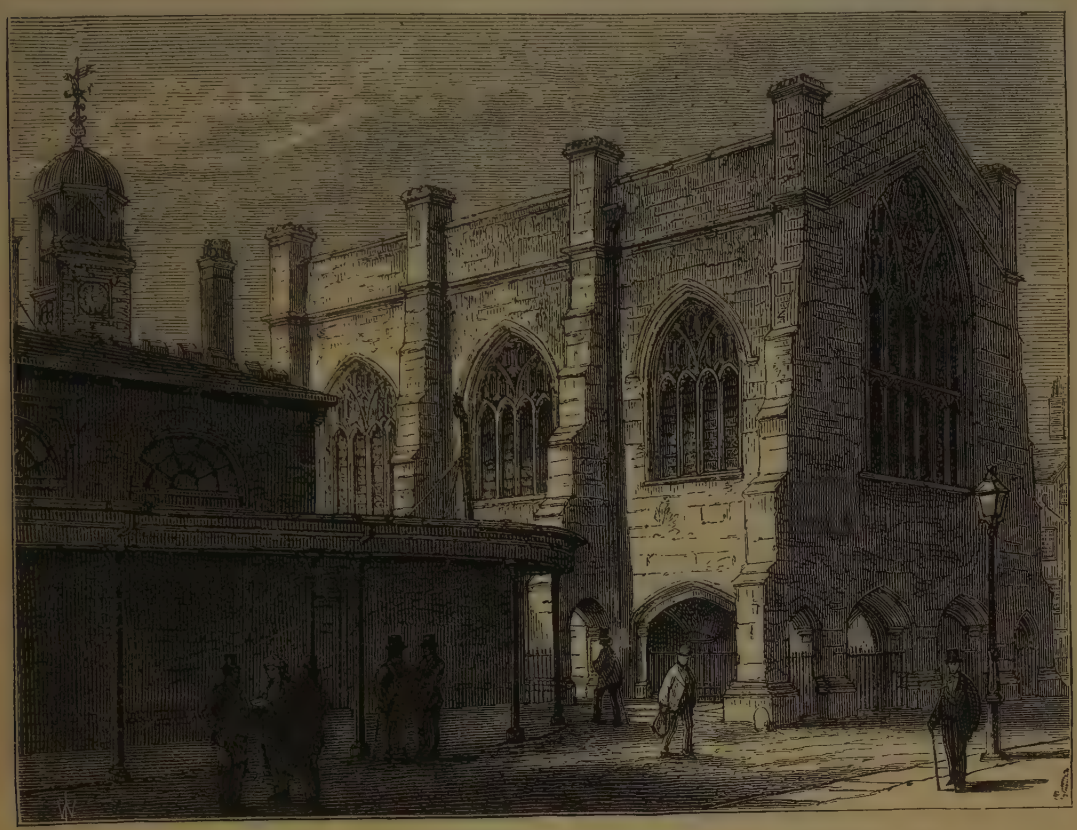
When the king afterwards heard Ussher reproached for approving of the death of Strafford, he answered that the Archbishop had expostulated with him, "even with tears in his eyes."

Next came the Great Irish Rebellion. Ussher lost almost all his property; his houses were burned, his lands seized, his cattle driven off; and his want of money became so urgent as to oblige him to sell or pawn all his jewels and his plate. Only his splendid library escaped, being safe within the strong walls of Drogheda, whence it was presently conveyed to Chester, and afterwards to Oxford. This catastrophe, says his biographer, "though a very great trial, yet made not any change in his natural temper and heavenly disposition, still submitting to God's providence with Christian patience and magnanimity, having long before learned to use the things of this world as if he used them not."

The bishopric of Carlisle just then falling vacant, the king attempted to provide for him by giving him that see *in commendam* until better times; but the see lands were first plundered by conflicting armies, and afterwards confiscated by the Parliament.

It is said that the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu invited him, in his distress, to settle in France with a pension and liberty of conscience, and that Holland strove also to tempt him with a rich professorship. What is certain is that Richelieu sent him his own likeness, a gold medal, and a letter to which he replied with a present of two Irish wolf-dogs. It is a libel

on Ussher's courtesy to suspect, as some have done, that these were a quiet sarcasm against the sanguinary character of a great man, who had paid him a great compliment. The Archbishop took refuge in Oxford, where we read his preaching was such that, "notwithstanding the learnedness of most of his hearers, it quite put out of countenance that windy affected style of oratory which was then much in use."



LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL.

Here it may be observed that Ussher's style was rather eloquent than rhetorical; his gestures were powerful and free, but unstudied, and he was an extempore preacher from notes. He resented the printing of his sermons, as they were not written beforehand, and "he was not careful of the polish or exactness of his style." He had a dislike to new terms, invented either for theological subtlety or to evade the affirming or denial of a disputed doctrine. He said that he who invents new words, generates new dogmas. We read also that "he never cared to tire his auditors with the length of his sermons, knowing that as the satisfaction of hearing decreases, so will the attention also." But let not the lay reader of this delightful sentence be so misled as to wish for the Archbishop in the place of his own minister. A long sermon was long indeed in the days of King Charles I. An hour-glass lay beside the preacher, and sometimes, when "the sands of time were sinking," a protracted hum (which then was orthodox and polite applause) would encourage him to reverse the glass, and proceed untrammelled. It once happened, after Ussher's sight began to fail, that he fancied his glass had run out, and said there was no more time. But the people were so interested that they made signs to the clerk to inform him of his mistake, and the good old man thanked them benignly, and went on for another half-hour. We are told that "none went out of the church till he had done," from whence it is inferred by some that people, in that unsophisticated age, got up and went out when they were tired.

In 1643 he refused to join the celebrated Assembly of Divines, upon which his noble library was forfeited; but two of his friends obtained either a grant of this valuable property, or leave to purchase it at a low rate, and they restored to him all except what had been taken by the sequestrators. But they were not yet safe, for two years later, in Glamorganshire, on his way to St. Donate's, where Lady Stradling had offered him an asylum, he was stopped by insurgents and robbed of books and papers which represented twenty years

of priceless labour, and were indeed irreparable. "I never saw him so much moved in my life," says Dr. Parr. "I know," he said to his daughter, "that it is God's hand, and I must endeavour to bear it with patience, though I have too much human frailty not to be extremely concerned. I am touched in a very tender place." It was perhaps his mental agitation that soon afterwards induced a hæmorrhage, which brought him to the point to die; yet the exertions of influential persons in the neighbourhood recovered the most precious of his losses.

In 1646 the Dowager Countess of Peterborough (whose husband it will be remembered that Ussher won from Rome) invited him to her house in London, and it was under her protection, and almost in dependence upon her bounty, that this great and good man subsisted for ten years. The remainder of his life was spent in privacy, except that he preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel until silenced by the failure of his eyes, his teeth, and his voice.

He saw the king brought out to die, but when the executioners began to arrange his hair he grew pale and would have swooned had he not been laid upon a bed.

In 1650 he published the first part, and four years afterwards the second, of that great work upon ancient chronology from creation to Antiochus Epiphanes, and thence to the destruction of the second Temple, to which every student of Scripture owes the dates which are still printed by authority in the margin of our English Bibles.

His last publication was a letter elicited by a remarkable controversy about various readings in the Hebrew Old Testament, the Septuagint Version, and the Samaritan Pentateuch. It is a subject upon which the last word has not yet been spoken, but there is no reasonable doubt that Ussher greatly underrated the value of the Septuagint, excepting possibly their version of the five Books of Moses (?).

Cromwell was now absolute in England, and he made at least a show of consulting Ussher, who was amused by a promise of toleration for Episcopacy, and regarded himself as betrayed when it was broken. For himself, he was promised a lease for twenty-one years of part of his own Armagh see-lands, but the gift was postponed during his life, and refused to his family after his death. About this time, it appears, his wife died, but the date is not given. His own infirmities increased, though he continued to stand straight upright to the last; and it is pathetic to think of him, when no spectacles could help his sight, and only a clear sunbeam on his page enabled him to read, still on bright days engrossed in study, and following the sun from room to room around the house.

A little while before him died Selden, his friend and only rival in scholarship; though Ussher was himself so far from aspiring to equality that he said, "I am scarce worthy to carry his books after him."

About this time he wrote in large letters on his calendar the word "Resignation"—having, indeed, experienced sorrow enough to look back with regret on the time when he had prayed to God for afflictions, because afflictions were a mark of the righteous. He advised others not to follow an example which he seems to have judged presumptuous.

But it must not be supposed that this great scholar and venerable Christian was morose and gloomy. "At spare times he loved pleasant conversation and innocent mirth, often telling stories or repeating the wise and witty sayings of other men." One of his own wise sayings was the following—"If good people would but make religion agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many they would win to the good cause!"

His habit was to rise at five o'clock in summer and at six in winter, and "walking was his greatest delight," until his infirmities closed in upon him.

And now the time came, for which, however cheerful, he must have often sighed.

After a brief illness, which baffled his physicians, and was only discovered to be pleurisy when he was gone, he died upon the 21st of March, 1656, praying for a blessing upon his benefactress, and exclaiming with his last breath, "O Lord, forgive me, especially my sins of omission." He had lived seventy-six years, and been thirty-five years a bishop; and after his death the people reported him to have been a prophet.

Contrary to his wishes and those of his friends, Cromwell caused him to be buried in Westminster, in the mighty shrine to which, before and since, the remains of so many of England's greatest, wisest, and best have been gathered; but where, it may safely be affirmed, that the ashes of very few wiser and greater men, and of no better Christian, have mingled with the ashes of this greatest of Irish churchmen. His best epitaph would be the words which the University of Oxford once caused to be engraved in Latin and prefixed under his likeness to a forthcoming work of his own—"James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, most learned in Primitive Antiquity, irrefragable champion of orthodox religion, hammer of heresies, diligent, fluent, and powerful preacher, admirable model of a blameless life."

PSALM VIII. PARAPHRASED.

O LORD, our Governor! through the wide world,
Thy excellent Name as a scroll is unfurled,
Who over the heavens Thy glory hast shown,
And on all creation established Thy throne.

Out of the mouths of the small and the weak,
The babes and the sucklings, Thy wisdom doth speak,
Quenching the infidel's scoff in eclipse
By the sweet prattle of innocent lips.

When I consider Thy heavens aright,
The wonderful works of Thy wisdom and might,
The moon and the stars, which Thou dost ordain,
The myriads of kingdoms wherein Thou dost reign—

O God, what is man? that Thou visitest us,
Or the lone Son of Man, that Thou mindest him thus?
Lower than angels he seems for a time,
To be soon crowned hereafter with glory sublime.

Thou makest him here rule the works of Thy hands,
And under his feet they obey his commands—
The ox and the sheep, yea, the lion and bear,
The fish of the sea, and the fowls of the air.

O Lord, our Governor—excellent Name!
Throughout the wide world and its marvellous frame
We praise Thee—for all Thou hast made shall survive,
Nothing annihilate, all things alive.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

A FLEECE OF WOOL.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SUNSET over the Lincolnshire fens. If you have never seen those strange wide-spreading fens, you can hardly imagine what they are like. Far as the eye can reach is the flat country; very few trees shadow the ground, and only here and there is the monotony broken by a red brick farm-house with its outlying buildings, or a small Fen church by the ditch-bordered wayside. But the sunset, if you see it from one of the wolds, is lovely, and the one that Phil Anderby watched one August evening was most beautiful. Over the great expanse of country was a strange glow caught from the glorious sunset that was burning away in the west.

Crimson and golden clouds in the wide sea-like sky were, in their beauty, what even Phil was charmed by and stopped to notice.

For Phil—a boy of about fourteen, tall, lithe, and handsome—was by no means of a romantic turn of mind, and the beauties of nature—for there is beauty to be found even in a Lincolnshire fen—but rarely had any powerful attraction for him. He was leaning over the gate of his father's cottage, however, looking dreamily at the sunset.

"Eh! but, lad, what are you looking at?"

Phil started. I must tell you that Philemon was his real name, as so many of the country people keep, especially in Lincolnshire, to Bible names. Phil's eldest sister was Keziah, then came Hannah, and the youngest child was Job.

"Looking at the sunset, father."

"Well, then, you must not look at it any more, but come along with me. I ought to have been at the farm an hour ago, but the mother kept me talking."

"What do you want me for, father?"

"To help me put by the reapers, Phil—come along," said Mr. Anderby.

Mr. Anderby was only a farm-labourer on Mr. Severby's farm, which was about five minutes' walk from the cottage.

They walked on past the white windmill and the big stagnant pool round which grew some ugly wind-blown pollard willows, till they reached the farm buildings. Harvest was going on well, and the reapers had been in use all day. One broken one needed to be put by, and Phil silently helped his father.

"Now, Phil, where's the key of the wool-house?"

"It's here, father," said Phil; and Mr. Anderby taking it unlocked a large barn, and Phil followed him into it.

"There's a fine lot of wool, father, isn't there?" said Phil. "What's that worth, eh, father?"

Half-way up to the ceiling were piled great bundles of exquisitely white wool. Mr. Severby was a large sheep-farmer, and paid particular attention to the wool.

"Worth—nigh on five hundred pounds," said Mr. Anderby. "Why, each of them fleeces is worth ten shillings a piece. It's all bought, and going off next week."

Then Mr. Anderby saw about the window, that being his purpose in coming, and then he and Phil went home.

"Phil," said Mr. Anderby, as they reached the cottage gate, "where is that rake little Job was asking for?"

"The rake, father," said Phil; "oh, I will look for it."

"Well, get it now, lad—I want it," said Mr. Anderby, looking sharply at his son.

"To-morrow will do father, won't it?"

"No—now."

"Eh, Timothy, are you back again? Come in and just see the fine pie Keziah has made!" called out Mrs. Anderby and her husband went into the cottage.

"Well, that was luck!" thought Phil, as he ran off. "If father had waited, I should have had to get the rake, and he would have seen it was broken. Now I can go and mend it, and he will know nothing of it." The next morning, however, Mr. Anderby remembered the rake, and Phil had to get it.

"It's been broken," said Mr. Anderby.

"Has it, father?"

"See here—where it's mended," said Mr. Anderby. "Oh, Phil, lad! why is it that you will always add to one wrong by another?"

Phil hung his head.

"I saw you break the rake yesterday. That was why I asked for it. Phil, lad, the truth's the best at all times."

"Well, but if I mended it, father?" said Phil.

"Then say so, lad; you said nothing about it," said Mr. Anderby. "Lad, there's something wrong in the way you look at things."

"I, father?"

"Yes," said Mr. Anderby meditatively. He was an earnest God-fearing man, and anxious that his children should walk in the steps of their Lord. He was a thoughtful man, and had no small knowledge of character.

Phil often made his heart very sore. The boy was so bright and winning, and was really anxious to do right and keep God's commandments; but he had that great fault of striving to hide one wrong-doing by something very like deceit.

Father and son talked on for a little time, and then Phil promised his father that he would try in future when he did wrong boldly to confess it, and never to attempt to screen himself by a lie, or anything of the nature of one.

"For," as Mr. Anderby added, "there's many a lie of the life, Phil, and many a falsehood acted though never a word pass the lips."

And for a few days Phil remembered his promise, and tried to follow old Herbert's advice—"Dare to be true."

Only a few days, however, for Phil relaxed his efforts, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

"PHIL," said Mr. Anderby to his son one evening soon after the conversation related in the last chapter, "Mr. Severby borrowed six shillings of me yesterday—he were in a hurry to pay something, and he said I was to go this evening and he'd give it to me. Now I must go to Wentham to-night, so you go, lad, and make my respects and speak up civil-like."

"Can't Keziah go, father?" asked Phil, who was in a lazy mood that evening.

"Keziah's busy at the dolly," said Mrs. Anderby, coming in with a pile of clothes that had been drying out on the "wattle hedge" at the back. A dolly, I must inform my readers who are not acquainted with the term, is a washing-tub.

Phil had to go, and having received the money from Mr. Severby, he lingered on his way home by trying to get some water plants that grew by the pool. He had some difficulty in reaching them, but he was a very ardent botanist, and determined to get a specimen of water *Persicaria* he saw a little way off. He succeeded, but as he leant to reach it the pocket of his coat caught in an out-stretching branch and tore it. As it did so the money fell out, and poor Phil heard it fall into the water with a splash. It was just in a deep part of the pool, and quite impossible to be reached. Phil's face flushed with annoyance as he stood by the edge of the pool holding his specimen. What did he care now to have got the plant, as he had lost his father's money?

Six shillings! It was a large sum to Phil, and he knew his father would be annoyed.

What was he to do? Go home and tell his father was what he knew was right. It was an accident, but one which might have been prevented had he given his jacket to his mother to mend as she had desired him to do the evening before.

He was walking home disconsolately when some evil thoughts suggested themselves. Why could he not make up the money by stealing something and selling it? He did not call it stealing to himself; only *borrowing;* for the devil never likes calling a spade a spade; and the wicked plan he suggested to Phil he disguised so as to seem quite innocent. Just to take one, only one fleece of Farmer Severby's wool and sell it. He could make up the money later, and return it some way or other. It was quite easy to do, as Mr. Anderby generally left the keys behind, they being left in his charge, and he would not be back from Wentham till the next morning. A mistake had been made about some machinery, and Mr. Severby had requested him to go to Wentham and see it rectified, Wentham being the nearest town.

Phil's conscience tried to make itself heard, but he hushed it, and in the night, when they were all gone to bed, he took the keys and walked over to the farm buildings. It was a daring thing to do, and Phil's heart beat high. It had a spice of adventure and excitement in it, which had a great charm for Phil.

It was a dark night, and no stars were out. Phil came to the buildings, and unlocking the wool-house he found himself quite in the dark, and an uneasy conscience making cowards of us all, he wished for a light.

He had brought some matches in his pocket, and taking out the box he struck one, although he distinctly remembered that no unprotected light was ever allowed in the wool-house.

Holding the match with one hand, he snatched a

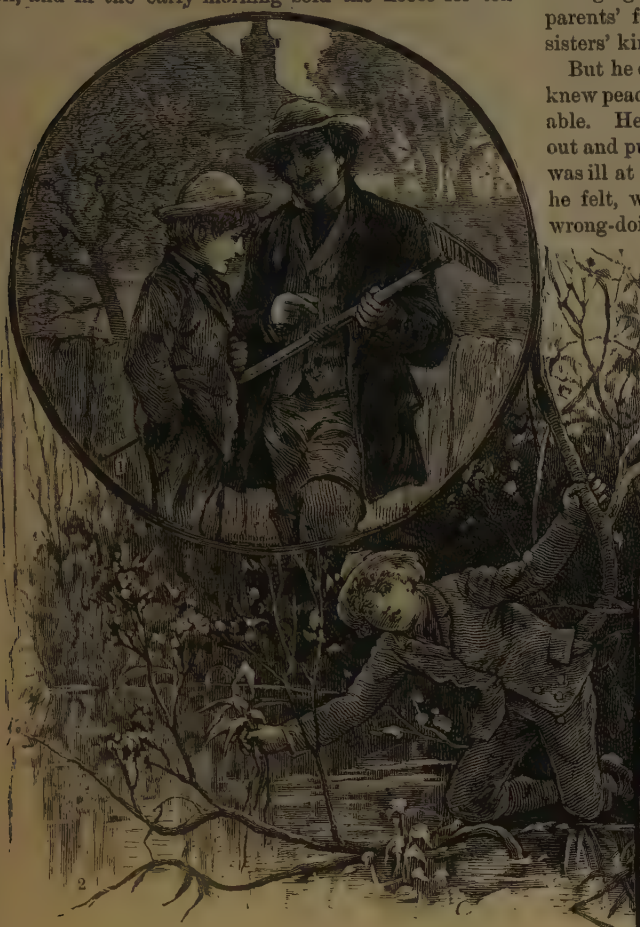
fleece of wool, and then the match expiring he threw it down, stamped on it, and ran hastily out, locking the door after him.

He then walked on to the a village some six miles off, and in the early morning sold the fleece for ten shillings, and was at home by breakfast-time, no one having discovered his adventure.

"Been out early, eh, Phil!" said Mrs. Anderby, as she cut up the bacon for breakfast.

Phil nodded, and at that moment a neighbour came in with the news that Farmer Severby's wool-house had been burnt down during the night, and, as neither the barn nor wool was insured, that the loss was very heavy.

No words can describe Phil's feelings as he listened. He had no doubt on the subject that a spark from his match had been the cause. Of an impulsive nature, he made up his mind at once—to run away. And before nightfall Phil Anderby was many miles away from his old home in the Lincolnshire fens. He had left a note behind him stating why he had left, and that was all.

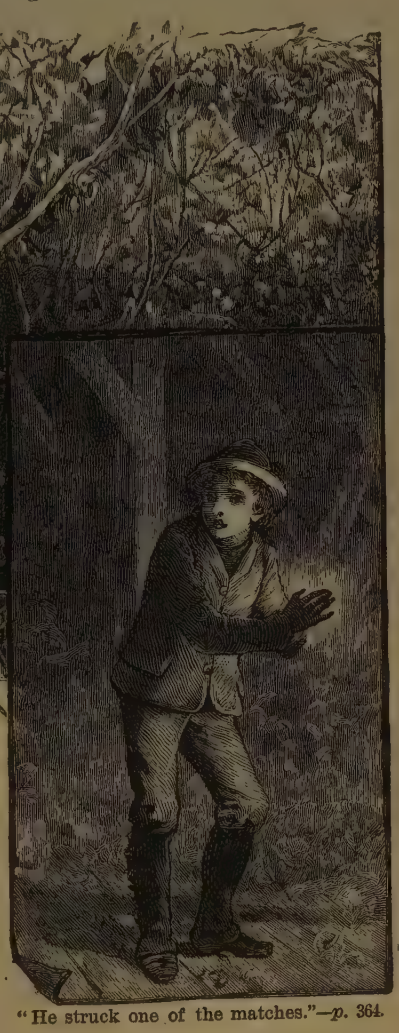


1.—"See here—where it's mended."—*p.* 364.
2.—"As it did so, the money fell out."—*p.* 364.

CHAPTER III.

For three years Phil's was a strange history. He wandered about, working, sometimes begging his way, thinking often of his dear old home, and longing, with a longing that nothing could still, for a sight of his parents' faces and for little Job's prattle and his sisters' kindly voices.

But he dared not return. He was in fear; he hardly knew peace of any kind, and his life was most miserable. He dreaded that somehow he would be found out and punished; he feared death, for his conscience was ill at ease; he could not return home, and his life, he felt, was blighted. All by his own fault, his own wrong-doing.



"He struck one of the matches."—*p.* 364.

He worked his passage out to Australia, and got some employment on a railroad near Sydney.

One day he saw a face he thought was familiar, and soon he himself was recognised by a young man who had known him in Lincolnshire—a nephew of Mr. Severby's.

"Well, Anderby, who would have thought of finding you here?"

"Eh, sir!" was all poor Phil could say. "Oh, sir, don't betray me."

"Betray you—stuff! Surely you know that all is forgiven and forgotten long ago."

"Forgiven—forgotten? Could it be true?" thought Phil; and he lifted his large eyes to the speaker's face.

"Yes."

Then the young man told him all about it. How Mr. Severby had forgiven all, and, notwithstanding the great loss of his property, would not allow Mr. Anderby to attempt any restitution of what his son had done, and, hearing this, in time Phil was persuaded to return home.

It was some months after this, one lovely September evening, that the boy found himself, after all his wanderings, at home again. All was forgiven by his father and his master, and some work was given him.

But still Phil was not happy, and his face had ever on it a melancholy shade.

Good Farmer Severby one day noticed it to him, and Phil confessed that he was miserable. The good man spoke to him, and told him that all was forgiven.

"Eh, eh, sir! I know it's good of you; but it ain't that."

"Then what is it?" asked the farmer, standing at the wool-house door—the new wool-house that had been built on the site of the old one.

"I can't take it that God's forgiven me, sir," said Phil, in a low voice. It was hard for him to speak, but still he knew he would be understood; for the farmer was a simple-minded earnest Christian, who spoke to his people often of the things of God. How great his influence was can hardly be imagined.

"Have you told Him of it all, Phil?"

Phil bowed his head.

"Then, lad, why can't you have happiness? I've forgiven you, lad, long ago. I tried all I could to get at you to tell you so."

"I know, sir."

"Well, then——"

"It all seems to remain on, sir, as if nothing could wipe it out."

"Come thee here," answered the farmer, and Phil silently followed him into the wool-house.

There, piled up, were the large fleeces of white wool.

Pointing to them the old man said, "'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Go thee home. Tell thy sins to the Lord Jesus, and His blood, if thee asks it, will blot it away, and thy soul be white as a fleece of wool," said the old man, solemnly.

And Phil did so. He sought that forgiveness to none denied, and was restored to pardon and peace. He saw it was want of faith that had kept him back before, but now he clung to the promises which shall never fail.

A fleece of wool! Once he had sinned exceedingly for a fleece of wool. After many years he was brought back to peace and the Father's smile, trusting His dear Son to blot out his sins and change the crimson stains to the pure unsullied whiteness of a fleece of wool.

L. E. D.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 11. GEHAZI.

Chapter to be read—2 *Kings v.* (*part*).

INTRODUCTION.—In last lesson read twice about servants. Whose servants were they? What was the little maid? What did this captive do for her master? What did the other servants do? Was their pleading successful? All did what they could. Were good servants of a heathen master—thought of his interest—helped him with advice. To-day have to read a sad story about a servant—great contrast to last. Was servant of the prophet. Who was he? Lived with him. Most likely prophet prayed with him. Yet turned out badly—ruined himself and his family.

I. GEHAZI'S SIN. (Read 20—24.) Remind children what took Naaman to Elisha. How he came as a poor wretched leper—his coming would be known to whole household. Servant would watch the carriage—see him drive away to Jordan—mark his return. Now none need be afraid to go near; why not? The cleansed leper might mix freely with all again. Picture the departure. Elisha has said "go in peace"; made parting salute. Naaman climbs into his chariot—Elisha and Gehazi turn into the house. What had Elisha declined to take? He despised the money for itself, and would not take a reward for doing God's will to Naaman. But what did Gehazi think about? How simple and foolish his master was to decline all this wealth—he may as well get it if he can. Whom does he call to witness? Probably this a very common phrase, so uses it almost without thinking; could not possibly intend to ask God's blessing. What did he do? In that hilly country might easily overtake the carriage going up a hill. How did Naaman meet him? Perhaps was afraid all was not quite well (see margin—"is it peace?"). Notice his true politeness. Has received such blessing from Elisha he descends from his carriage to greet his servant. What is Gehazi's tale? See how well it is got up. The men have just come

in. Elisha will not take anything for himself, but will for them. Does Naaman give the money? Yes, and urges more than he asked. Gehazi pretends to be modest, but takes double. And now he guides Naaman's servant to a secret place, and hides the spoil. What can be noticed as to Gehazi's conduct? (1) *Covetousness.* He saw the bags of money Naaman had brought, and longed for them. Which commandment did he break? Had not yet learned that a man's life does not consist in abundance of his goods (Luke xii. 15). He wanted to become rich without working for it. Remind of what St. Paul says about this sin (1 Tim. vi. 10). Let children name other examples. Who coveted his neighbour's vineyard? Who betrayed Jesus Christ to get a few shillings? So, the love of money is root of all evil. (2) *Hypocrisy.* See what lies he told to Naaman? First, about the two men; then pretending that he did not like to take so much. If his story had been true, he would have been glad of all that Naaman would have given for these poor men. See what Christ says as to hypocrites (Matt. vi. 24).

II. GEHAZI'S PUNISHMENT. (Read 25 to end.) Picture him hurrying back to his master, hoping to get in before he has been missed. What question did Elisha ask him? What is his answer? How guilty he must have looked. Wanted to make it appear had been doing his ordinary work, but of no use trying to deceive prophet. Remind how persons who could work miracles often able to see into peoples' hearts. Thus, St. Peter found out Ananias and Sapphira (Acts v. 3) in a similar lie. Gehazi thought no one knew, but what did Elisha say? Why, the prophet knows the whole story! Describes Naaman getting down from the carriage. It is no use denying it, he is found out. Does he attempt to answer? What else did the prophet say? They were sad times for Israel—constant wars—idolatrous king—idolatrous nation. A time for godly households to weep and mourn for sins of the nation rather than thinking about riches and pleasure. What punishment is given to Gehazi? Is to be a leper himself, and hand it down to his children. Would be unable to enjoy his money now had got it. So his very greed would increase his punishment.

III. LESSONS. (1) *Avoid beginnings of sin.* Seems such a little thing to wish for more money, yet led Gehazi to hypocrisy, deceit, lying. So it may us. Therefore must beware of covetousness, *i.e.*, be content with what we have. Food and clothing are promised to all God's people. Try and be content. Riches will be given if good for us. (2) *God's omniscience.* God revealed Gehazi's sin to Elisha, so he was found out—best thing that could have happened to him. Might have gone on and become far worse. We may or may not be found out in sin; but God knows, and all will one day be disclosed. Therefore repent now, that sins may be blotted out (Ps. xxxii. 1, 2). There is forgiveness for all sin if sought for through Jesus Christ.

Questions to be answered.

1. What was Gehazi's sin?
2. How did Naaman act towards him?
3. How was he found out?
4. What two things was Gehazi guilty of?
5. What was his punishment?
6. What lessons may we learn?

NO. 12. ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings vi. (part of).

INTRODUCTION. Have had several scenes in life of Elisha—shall have two or three more. Notice contrast between his life and Elijah's. Elijah—where did he live? No fixed home—went all over the country. What did he preach? Perhaps people did repent—at any rate, no longer a persecution of the prophets. So Elisha lived amongst people—had settled house—though sometimes moved for a time, as when he lived with Shunamite (2 Kings iv.). Shall read of him to-day as living at Dothan.

I. THE HELP. (Read 1—7.) Remind how the "sons of the prophets" came to meet Elisha after Elijah's translation; evidently looked upon him as their master. What do they want to do now? The place is too strait (*i.e.*, narrow, cramped), they must move to larger quarters. How do they set about it? Picture the party setting out—each with bundle of provisions in a sack, on an ass—few personal effects—reaching bank of Jordan—cutting down trees—shaping planks—building a large log house. Now what happens? The head of the axe comes off—fallen into the stream. To whom does he go? What did the prophet bid him do? Picture the prophet cutting an axe handle—throwing it in—the iron slowly rising—the handle meets it—the man takes it out joyfully. Why had he been in such distress about it? More vexed because a borrowed one than if it had been his own. Shows careful regard for other people's things—he loved his neighbour as himself.

What may we learn from Elisha? (1) *Sympathy.* He interested himself in these young men—left his writing and preaching and teaching to go and help them choose a site for a house. Was a friend to them in all matters. Thought of their interests—entered into their pursuits. This the secret of all friendship—to look on other men's things as well as our own (Phil. ii. 4). (2) *Help.* He was able to work miracles, and did one for the borrower of the axe—might perhaps have built the house for them—but helped them in best way by helping them to help themselves. This always best way to help. So Christ acted—increased the five loaves—blessed the apostles' efforts in fishing, etc.

II. THE DANGER. (Read 8—14.) Who were at war? Sad for two neighbouring kings to be at enmity! which side did Elisha take? How did he help the king of Israel? Thus being warned, he avoided places where enemy was, and king of Syria's plans were all turned to foolishness. How often did this happen? (Ver. 10.) But how could Elisha

know? This power of prophecy a divine gift. Now what did the King of Syria ask? Would naturally expect a traitor among his own servants. Was it so? What did they tell him? Must have heard of Elisha—perhaps from Naaman or his servants. What did the king do then? Order goes forth—this man must be seized. Captain ordered to prepare a regiment—surround walls of Dothan and take prophet a prisoner. One captain would shrink from such an order. Who would that be? (2 Kings v. 1.) What a strange event taking place in dead of night—walls silently surrounded with troops—gates guarded to let none escape—neighbouring hills covered with men—all watching to prevent escape of one poor prophet. What chance can he have against them?

III. THE PROTECTION. (Read 15—23.) Who went out early in the morning? Perhaps to draw water outside the city gate. What did he see? Picture the surprise of the young man—the groups gathered together to watch—the eager questions asked and answered—then his running back quickly to tell the prophet the bad news. What did he say? This servant probably a new one—had not seen miracles worked. Whose place had he taken? What did the prophet ask God to do? Was the servant blind? No—but still could now see what could not before. What a wonderful sight! What were they? Perhaps some of the same angels who had taken up Elijah! Did they fight now? No, angels do not fight men—they work by other means. What did Elisha ask God to do? So the angels invisibly make the soldiers all blind. Now what did Elisha do? What a wonderful sight—a whole army of blind men! Where did he lead them? What did the king of Israel propose to do? Was he allowed to smite them? No: was taught a more excellent way—was to learn a lesson of forgiveness of injuries. Besides, though intending to do so, Syrians had not actually harmed any one. So they were fed. What a strange sight—hosts of men fed by those whom they had come to slay! What was the result? A peace, at any rate for present. Syrians could not come up again against such generous enemies.

IV. THE LESSONS. (1) *God's invisible presence.* Elisha realised the spirit of Ps. cxxxix. 1—3. God was about his bed, though he saw Him not. His servant could never forget this lesson. So with us still. God is near us—His angels are round us (Ps. xxxiv. 7). His presence does protect us. What a warning against sin to feel, "Thou God seest me" (Gen xvi. 13). What a comfort in danger, difficulty, trial, temptation to know God's angel is near me to shield, protect, whisper comfort as to Christ in garden (Luke xxii. 43); therefore may trust and not be afraid. (2) *Treatment of enemies.* What did Christ teach as to this in Sermon on Mount (Matt. v. 44), and St. Paul? (Rom. xii. 20.) And if do not forgive, remind of parable of unmerciful servant (Matt. xviii. 23).

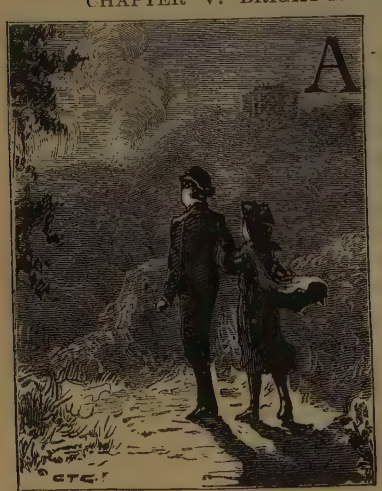
Questions to be answered.

1. How was Elisha's life different from Elijah's?
2. What lessons may we learn from him?
3. What danger was he in, and from whom?
4. How was he protected?
5. What lessons did he teach the king of Israel?
6. What lessons may we learn from the story?

BORNE BACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—BRIGHT MEMORIES.



A SIMILAR effort to Miss Capel's had been made for my brother's spiritual good. The vicar having formed a boys' class, invited Leopold to attend. Secretly I urged him to do so: in vain.

"Won't do," he said again, evidently preparing in his own mind what he never came short of when bent on following his own inclination—an excuse.

"Why won't it do?"

"Why, Lucy, don't you see?—what would mother say if I sat on the same form with all the low fellows of the town? Boys will make free with boys, you know."

I suggested perhaps Master Hugh Capel would attend the class.

"Ah, *he* can do what he likes," my brother retorted.

"If you mean that he feels himself so high nothing can bring him down," I said, flushing up to the roots of my hair, "I think you are wrong."

"Perhaps so," Leopold replied. "He is a queer fellow. I met him the other day in the Priory grounds, and after we had talked awhile about them, I asked would he not be happy when they were all his own?"

"Oh, Leopold, you did not say that?"

"I did, indeed; guess what answer he made. He turned round, as solemn as a judge, and said, 'It will be a very serious thing for me when they are.' I did not think he was such a soft."

With a burst of merriment, Leopold went his way. It was evident *he* would not come down. I think when we refuse to do so, God often brings us down.

I reasoned so even then. Mother said I had sprung at once from a silly child into a steady woman, and admitted I was improved in manner at least by Miss Capel's companionship.

Ah me, that bringing down!

Soon after this my brother and I were guests at the Priory. Leopold was glad enough to avail himself of an invitation this time, as there were to be illuminations in honour of the marriage of our young Queen. We had a little early roam through the town, which was pretty enough in its loyal dress, and looked up to the hills, on an open patch of each of which there blazed a huge bonfire. But what was that to the Priory?

Even now it appears to my fervid imagination as a dazzling dream of enchanted ground. Coloured lamps hung here and there through the terraced groves, and bordered the broad avenue. Flambeaux blazed across the open lawn. Countless candles flamed from turret to basement. A brilliant star crowned an ancient tower; and over the grand entrance jets of coloured flame formed the monogram, which, throughout the length and breadth of the land, told of the auspicious union that day formed. The one who had ordered all this magnificence—General Capel—was absent in London.

To roam with Hugh Capel and Leopold through that magic scene, stepping out of the brightness into a sudden gloom that awed by its contrast; then back into the brightness, in and out with light hearts, and merry laughter ringing forth; this indeed was pleasure. Now on the terrace, which shone with day's clearness; now into the shady haunts and sheltered nooks, where

> Blooms the strawberry of the wilderness;
> The trembling eyebright shows her sapphire blue;
> The thyme her purple like the breath of even.

At last, weary with roaming, I found myself gazing up at the noble mansion for nearly the hundredth time.

"Why 'The Priory'? I asked.

Children like to learn the meanings of names.

"A priory is a religious house, where people used to shut themselves up, thinking they could shut out the world and serve God better," Master Hugh answered, kindly. "This fine demesne once belonged to a lady who wished to found such a house; but when the walls were scarcely a foot above the ground she died, and the heir, being of the Reformed faith, began anew, and erected a mansion according to his own pleasure."

"Just as we see it?"

"Oh, no," he said, smiling, "all this part has been modernised by my grandfather. That wing is an old tower."

"I like the old part best," I said.

"Why so?"

"Because I like to think we are looking at it just as the people who are dead and gone and forgotten long ago looked at it."

"Can you not fancy you see them in the light and shade, peeping forth from their old corners?" asked Leopold, laughing.

"I should rather not think that," I replied, laughing also.

"You would not be afraid of them, surely," Hugh Capel said. (We had learnt to call him Hugh in quite a friendly manner, and felt in this night's unceremonious roaming as if we had known him all our lives.) "You know," he went on, "we are surrounded by spirits, and when we die we pass into a world of spirits; and the great God is a Spirit. I believe in spirits; but as to appearances, or what are commonly called ghosts, I feel no more afraid of them than I do of the faces I think I see in the fire."

"Well," said Leopold in his off-hand way, "I suppose those who are happy don't want to come back, and those who are unhappy cannot. So if we believe they have a being at all, we believe they must stay where they are."

"They have a being," Hugh answered, gravely, "and heaven and hell are realities."

He spoke in a quiet tone, but it was the tone of a steady independent man, whose opinions had not been lightly formed, and were not lightly held, as opposed to the implied doubt of a boy. Yet there was not the least assumption of superior wisdom; it was rather the utterance of candid conviction than a borrowed judgment. I looked up at him with new interest.

"Who has come back to prove it?" Leopold returned, lightly.

"Not to speak of others, One who cannot deceive. One who said to a poor thief in dying, 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise,' and who gave that awful description of the torment of the lost, 'Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."

"Come, now," exclaimed my brother, in the tone of one who has the best of an argument, "that cannot be literal, you know."

"I do not contend for its literality," was the quiet rejoinder, "it would be as forcible to me as a figure."

An awakening womanly instinct led me to see how little sympathy there was between my brother and his young host, so I interfered with a question.

"Can we know God better by getting away from the world?"

"You have not put your question so as to make it easy to answer," Hugh returned, with a smile. "I suppose I must say 'yes' to it. But, remember, walls cannot shut out the world."

"You would not say that if you dwelt in our corner of it," Leopold again put in; "a cottage shuts out a great deal."

"No more than a palace would," rejoined our friend, with another smile.

I thought over this a good deal that night; yes,

and thereafter. The world, ay, and the love of it, comes into a cottage as well as into a palace. I suppose it intrudes into cloistered cells too, only much narrowed; for the world is to us very much what we make it, and what is ensnaring to one may be of small account to another.

"Is General Capel your grandfather?" I asked, after a long pause.

"Yes, my parents are both dead; I only remember my mother. She was the first woman in the world; her sister is next. You love my aunt?"

"Dearly," I replied, with glistening eyes.

"I need not have asked; I saw it in your face when with her."

After a pause, during which I had been puzzling myself about the relationship, Leopold inquired—

"If Miss Capel is your mother's sister, how can you be Capel too?"

"I am not," he said; "my name is Neville, but my grandfather does not like to hear me called by it, so I already bear his. I must take it some day, I believe."

"You are a lucky fellow!" exclaimed Leopold, understanding the allusion.

"Not in having broad lands, unless I know how to hold them. My aunt tells me I shall be only a steward."

"Under whom?" The inquiry, as it were, escaped Leopold.

"Under One above, from whom I shall receive them, and to whom I owe far more than these."

There was a long pause. I drew nearer to Hugh Neville, or Capel; I did not care by what name he was called. It was evident he bore the honoured title "child of God," and held the highest rank as "a son of the Lord Almighty." We were of one family—I the simple plain little girl, and he the noble independent lad—born of one Spirit, saved by the same mighty Sacrifice, heirs of the same glory, dwellers together throughout eternity. As these thoughts chased themselves through my mind, instinctively I put out my hand towards him, and felt his fingers close over mine with a true brotherly clasp.

I felt then, as well as I know now, that these words were characteristic of Hugh Capel, as I ever called him. Recognising his responsibility to God, he was delivered from that "fear of man that bringeth a snare;" raised alike above the world's false blame and shame. It may be this youthful yet manly confession was a stepping-stone out into the life of rectitude and self-sacrifice that followed. It may be it was striking a keynote which was to vibrate in true principle when by the false surrounded. I don't know whether it cost him anything—apparently not. Probably in his strong independence of character, fostered, no doubt, though he might not have known it, by a sense of high position, he would not have regarded the laugh or covert scorn of a lad like himself. More probably, contrasted with that "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom," it was as nothing.

"Shall we return to my aunt?" he asked, kindly, addressing me. "You must be tired."

I assented, and, coming again within full view of the illuminated mansion, began anew to admire it.

"What a pity the Queen does not see it," I said.

Leopold burst into a loud ringing laugh.

"Well, you *are* a simpleton," he exclaimed.

But Hugh answered more forbearingly, "She would think very little about it except as an expression of good-will."

It being beyond my comprehension that it would not be valued for its own magnificence, I was silent, and he explained—

"It is nothing to the splendour by which she is surrounded."

"But will she not hear of it?"

"Possibly not, unless it is mentioned in the newspapers, and she may not have leisure or inclination to read them."

"Time!" I exclaimed, "why she can have nothing to do!"

"I am not so sure of that," he replied; "I dare say she will have a busy life."

"It must be a happy one."

"It must indeed be happy to think that wherever her name is known or power felt (and that is very far), people are wishing her well to-day, and rejoicing in her joy. I am sure, if the love of many hearts can make her happy, she is."

"I hope many are praying for her," I whispered, timidly.

Low as it was, Hugh caught the words.

"I hope so, too. Shall we?"

I flushed up to the roots of my hair; I tingled all down to the tips of my fingers. I was glad; I was sorry; I was gratified; I was ashamed. For there stood on either side of me one whom I thoroughly admired, yet who was as different from the other as a being of another sphere. One living for earth, training for earth alone, and one whose "citizenship was in heaven." Two youths between whom even now there was "a great gulf," and he I loved most tenderly stood on the wrong side.

Shall I confess my weakness and bondage, and how little I partook of the fearless nature—or rather heavenly grace—of the lad beside me? I was actually relieved by his whispering again, as if divining my secret thoughts—

"I do not mean here, or now."

I went into the house—a brother on either side of me. How different the relationship! A great pleasure awaited me; my mother sat there stately and beautiful in her newest cap and well-darned lace cape. She looked in her proper place at last. There were also present our Squire (of whom more anon), and his daughter. I had not heard of the invitation extending to them; probably Miss Capel fancied I knew of it, and my mother withheld the intelligence in order to surprise us. We found they had been enjoying the illuminations even as we had done. Our hostess exerted herself for our enjoyment, so the evening

passed agreeably, and at its close we were invited to remain for family prayers. The servants being called in, and ranging themselves at the end of the great dining-room, Miss Capel gave out a well-known hymn, and then, with a meaning look, handed the large Bible to her nephew. Notwithstanding his former steadfast confession, there was a flush on Hugh Capel's face as he received it, but, turning at once to the place she indicated, he read aloud, very gravely and distinctly, a chapter which exhorted us to pray "for kings and all that are in authority." It was evident he had done as much as could be expected of him, for when Miss Capel made a motion to kneel down after a reverent pause, it was her clear treble voice that arose in prayer, first for ourselves, and then for the royal pair that day united. And I love to think, as I look back over the lapse of years, how our hearts went forth in common expression with the tide of living petitions which ascended to the King of kings; and how the note of praise then struck has gone on reverberating since, as echoes pass from rock to rock, sounding from each of the mighty blessings which seemed to stand up in their protective power as barriers between us and ill. Over the bridge of years spanning the broad stream of time, I pass in thought back to the happy evening of which I have told, and through the changeful review I hear a chime closing ever—"Surely goodness and mercy have followed me."

I may mention that, though Leopold did not, our mother quite approved of the evening's service. Her loyalty was a part of her respectability.

CHAPTER VI.—OUR SQUIRE.

I HAVE said our country town boasted a thorough country gentleman, whom we called Squire. Squire Hardman was a living contradiction of his name, for he was the kindest, most genial, most liberal soul I ever met. In the development of the latter quality, indeed, he had to be placed under some measure of control by his eldest daughter, his wife being dead. This daughter ruled his house, and himself too in some part. It was well, for otherwise there was no telling to what his generous eccentricities might tend. It has been facetiously said "he would give away his head if it were not too firmly attached to his body." I don't know about this, but I do know he once gave away his hat to cover the cranium of some itinerant mechanic. Of course, he was very often imposed upon, and, of course, on the other hand, generally beloved and respected; so beloved, indeed, that he was looked upon as a kind of common property, and always styled "our Squire." As I gained in spiritual intelligence, however, and looked around in thought to see who declared themselves on the Lord's side, I could not have placed Squire Hardman among the number, despite his benevolence. He had a large family, most of whom were boys, and, with unpretentious courtesy and his usual generosity, had proposed that Leopold should share their educational advantages. They had an excellent tutor, for whose abilities we conceived the highest veneration, as we generally do for anything or any one above our comprehension. I don't know whether my mother's pride revolted at the idea of a free education—it certainly would have done so had there been a mingling of caste. The Squire's proposition not being put in the light of a favour, and as Miss Hardman apparently did not object, the offer was gladly and gratefully accepted.

Squire Hardman often called to see us, and my mother, who had not much society, and, like all our sex, loved a little chat, was ever glad to see him. Miss Hardman, too, paid us an occasional visit, but I don't think mother and she got on quite so well together. For myself, I greatly enjoyed a place at her plentiful tea-board, and thought her homely face and figure looked quite attractive behind the good old-fashioned urn. Leopold, indeed, often laughed at the Squire's odd ways. Amongst the former was a hesitation of speech combined with a strange use of long words which demanded frequent pauses. Again, he rarely began a speech without referring to some former particular "occasion," or ended without the question, "What was the result?" I did not at all approve of making this the subject of ridicule. It never could seem right to partake of people's hospitality and mimic them when not present; and to make fun of one who was good to us was like giving me a wicked pinch which set me tingling all over. At such times I was forced to remember I had a sting which I could have put forth against any one but Leopold.

It was the close of a day in midsummer. We sat in our cottage window, and through the open casement came sweetly the scent of the clematis clustering around it. Leopold lay across two chairs, with his head resting in my lap—that beautiful head, with its wealth of brown silky hair in careless rings all over it. He was weary alike of the day's studies and pleasures, and so unusually silent. My mother sat in a high-backed chair, her eyes half-closed. It was too early to light the candles, and too late to work without them; so she enjoyed a little well-earned repose. I turned my head to look at her handsome profile, and then my thoughts wandered away, and, bending my gaze on a soft bank of clouds which lay heaped together low in the sky just opposite to me, my mind soared away from earth for a short time. The shades began to fall; gloom would soon deepen, and darkness reign without. Even so in spiritual things as in natural. How was my little lamp to burn for God?—to burn for them?

A tap at the door, and Squire Hardman entered.

"A late visit, Mrs. Wyld, a late visit, and—ha—ha—unceremonious. Am I welcome?"

"Always welcome," replied my mother, with a smile and ease of manner which might have graced any court in Europe. "Susan, light the candles."

"Not for me; not for me just yet," he replied. "I have but a short time to tarry, and can—ha—ha—

communicate my business without your throwing—ha—ha—additional light on the subject."

The Squire laughed at his sally with a full mellow roll in the tones which augurs well for the temper of a man. Then he proceeded to a description of some inopportune visit he had paid somebody on a former occasion; and what was the result? through it he lost a valued acquaintance.

filled. I have so wished to see London, that great centre of wealth and rank and talent."

"And business, and wickedness," put in the Squire, as my brother paused after his convulsive spurt.

"It seems as if one was shut in here where he could do nothing," Leopold went on, "caged in a mere village where the thoughts get cramped and one's energies depressed. Now we shall see life even

"'Am I welcome?'—'Always welcome,' replied my mother."—*p.* 371.

At length came the information that he had to go up to London on business, and proposed taking his two elder lads with him for a portion of their holidays. They had pleaded to have Leopold included in the party, and to this the kind-hearted Squire, who had no lack of means, having obtained the sanction of his equally kind-hearted but more prudent daughter, readily consented. In an instant Leopold was all animation. One of the light chairs went from him with a bang which caused mother to look nervously at it. Furniture could not be easily replaced, and our country upholsterer's charges were high. Had it been any one but Leopold——

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "you are too good. Now the first wish of my heart is about to be ful-

for a little while; see what great men have done, and what a fellow like me can do."

"Anywhere," again chimed in the Squire. "Well, well, lad, you are enough to stir one's old blood, having set your own in a—ha—ha—ferment. If you and Frank and Walter get pleasure on this occasion, and come back resolved to work with a will, what will be the result? I shall be recompensed."

The Squire departed amidst profuse acknowledgments. The candles had been lit during the foregoing colloquy, and by their aid I now surveyed my brother. Never had I seen him look so manly, so noble. His form had dilated, his chest swelled out; his arms were folded with an air of calm determination, as if they would have mutely said, that though

they were still, there was yet power in them. His head was slightly thrown back, and a smile played round the mouth, while his eyes fairly gleamed with satisfaction. How at that moment I gloried in his early promise and manly beauty! How my heart swelled with exultation at the thought that this was my brother! I glanced at my mother. Her fond admiring gaze was bent also upon him; all her soul was in her eyes. Then those eyes met mine. Yes, there was at least one common centre of attraction, which, in drawing nearer to itself, drew us nearer to each other—an uniting cord, passing from either heart, and twining itself round one earthly object.

She went to him and put her arm through his. Never had I seen her so much moved.

"My boy," she said, "you will uphold the dignity of the family. I feel and know it. You are born for something great. Who can tell what may come of this visit, or how our love will be repaid?"

Who could tell! Oh, mother, who could tell?

And then I went to him too, and he put his disengaged arm about me, and I hid my face on his shoulder. But when mother left the room, as she soon did, he lifted my head, and said, wonderingly—

"What, Suey, in tears?"

And I answered, with my usual simplicity—

"It is because I love you so."

Then there arose in my mind, as by sudden inspiration, a verse I had committed to memory only that day, and I breathed in his ear—

"'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

He did not reply to this—perhaps he was too much preoccupied to perceive the connection between it and what had gone before—but he said, with the utmost tenderness—

"Oh, Suey, if I only get a right start, see what I will do for you and mother. She shall have the richest gown, and you be tended like a lady of high degree. Only think what I could do if I had my rights in this naughty world, where all seems going wrong."

And I answered, with quivering breath—

"Yes, dear, I know you will help us if you can."

He was silent for some time, and then suddenly asked—

"Why do things go wrong?"

The mystery was beyond my powers to solve, but while I pondered over it another text came to my aid—

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

And so I said—

"God knows, and He will give a reason in His own good time."

But Leopold's thoughtful mood had changed, and he only exclaimed—

"Suey, I love our Squire with all my heart; don't you? If any good comes of this, I shall always remember it came through him."

But how a start in life was likely to come from a boy's holiday in London, when we calmed down a little I could not see. I suppose, too, Leopold thought there had been a great deal of heroics about a very commonplace matter, for I never heard him speak in this strain again. Was there no foreshadowing in all this? no prescience of coming events? Or were our souls dimly receiving revelations of an unknown future? So in a dream the mind seems to travel forward and gather as into a kaleidoscope disjointed scraps of unfulfilled circumstance, and strange communications, in a half-prophetic manner, until we are startled to find them realised. Gazing down a vista through the uncertain mist which envelops days to come, albeit with hope for the issue, was there no perception of what lay veiled beyond?

(To be continued.)

EMINENT MEN OF GOD AMONG PHILOSOPHERS.

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WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

EVERY lover of wisdom is, according to the etymology of the term, a philosopher. The word has thus a very wide and varied signification. It is applied more strictly, however, to one versed in mental, moral, or physical science. It is in this last sense, chiefly, though not exclusively, that the term will be employed in this paper.

The fact that some men of science have not been Christians, that they have been more or less sceptical, and opposed to the doctrines and claims of Christianity, is simply an additional proof of the old old truth, which the most logical and philosophical of the Apostles so clearly demonstrated—that "The world by wisdom knew not God;" and that in addition to a Divine revelation in the Holy Scriptures the teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit are necessary to a true and saving knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ His Son.

In the cases which will be cited it will appear that the same men were remarkable for their penetration of the mysteries of Nature, and their humble faith in God and reverent worship of Him; for their scientific

discoveries, and for their reliance on the teaching of the Holy Spirit, their trust in the merits of the Redeemer, and their devoted and exemplary lives.

Looming out of the mists which invested theological belief, and the haze which enveloped scientific knowledge in the thirteenth century, we see the author of the *Opus Majus*, Roger Bacon. Better known for his works on astronomy and other sciences —so far ahead of his time—than for his theological writings, he was, nevertheless, a man eminent in his day, and before the name of Wickliffe had been pronounced, avowed in unmistakable terms the supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures in matters of faith, placing Divine revelation as the "crown of the arch of knowledge." Indeed, the second part of the *Opus Majus* is "On Holy Scripture as the one perfect wisdom." He had a profound reverence for the Sacred Volume, regarding it as "a depositary and a standard of truth," and uniting with the great Augustine in the declaration that "What is true may there be found, and what is contrary to truth is there condemned." His faith in Christ as the only Saviour and Redeemer was equally clear and pronounced, and his life was a copy of his faith. His great work was condemned by the Romish doctors, alike for its advanced scientific statements and for its evangelical tone, and years of imprisonment proved both his sincerity and steadfastness and their hostility to free inquiry.

Nicholas Copernicus, whose discoveries in astronomy have perpetuated his name, was a man of simple faith in Christ. He lived a Christian life, used his medical knowledge to succour the poor, acting the twofold part of physician to the soul and to the body; not only healing the sick, but preaching the Gospel, and going about doing good. His testimony was that he had nothing whereof to boast before God, that "in seeking the pardon of his sins he would not place himself on a level with Peter or Paul, but rather choose a point of self-humiliation by the side of the penitent thief." Sentiments to this effect are among his last recorded utterances.

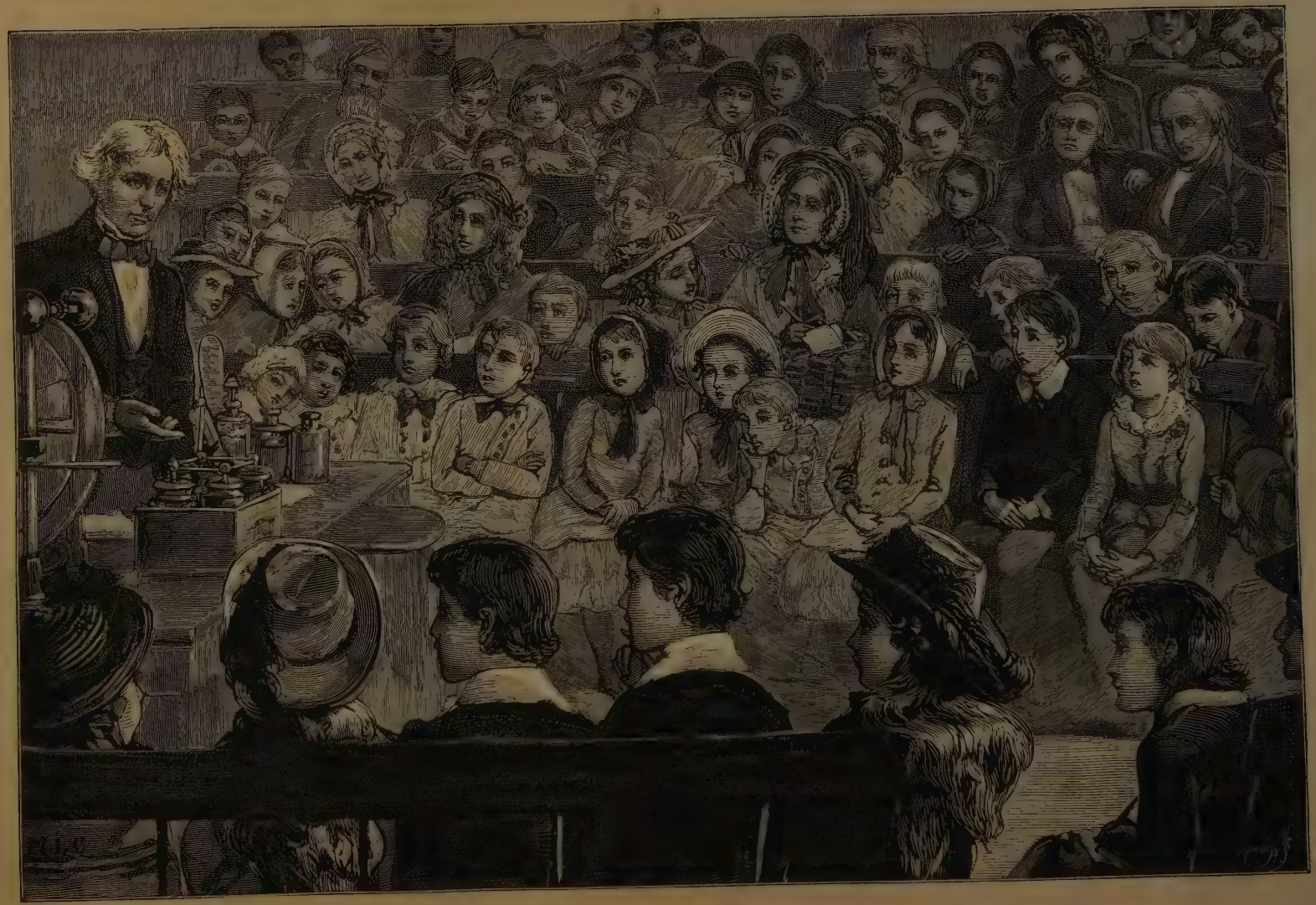
Many readers may be familiar with "Pascal's Thoughts." Their author must be reckoned among philosophers, and he was certainly an eminent man of God. In his "Provincial Letters," a book wonderfully popular in Paris at the time of its publication, he exposes the sophistry and intrigues of the Jesuits, and maintains the doctrines of free grace against the teachings of that body. Though a man of philosophic mind, in his "Thoughts" he attaches more importance to the feelings of the heart than to the notions of the head, to emotion than to reason, to the subjective than to the objective in Christianity. What has been called his first conversion took place in his twenty-fourth year, as the result of "a course of reading, which made him feel that Christianity requires us to live for God, and to have no other object than His glory." What has been described as his second conversion, after he had diverged into the follies and ways of the world, was the result of his being mercifully preserved from sudden death. Passing over the bridge of Neuilly in a carriage, the horses became unmanageable, the vehicle was on the edge of a precipice, the two leaders fell over and were killed, but Pascal's life was preserved through the breaking of the traces; and the same grace which restored his feet to paths of righteousness sustained him to the end of his days.

Of the man whose "Letters," according to the testimony of the greatest French authors, did more than any composition to fix the French language; the man who discovered the true principle of the barometer; the man who invented a calculating machine; and who, in addition to other discoveries and inventions, suggested the idea of one of the most commodious of our street conveyances; his sister could write that "his spirit, so comprehensive and inquisitive, which searched with so much care into the cause and reason of everything, was, at the same time, in reference to religion, as a child; and this simplicity reigned in him during his whole life."

In his argument for Christianity he says many fine and noble things, concluding, "Lastly, let any one consider the holiness of this religion, its doctrine, which explains even all the contradictions which meet in man; and all the other singular, supernatural, and Divine things which shine out on all sides of it. And let any one judge, after all this, whether it be possible to doubt that the Christian religion is the only true religion." His dying testimony was to the same effect:—"I stretch out my hands to my Liberator, who, having been foretold during four thousand years, came to suffer and die for me on the earth—at the time, and under the circumstances, foretold; by His grace I await death in peace, in the hope of being united to Him for ever. Fill me, O Lord, with Thyself, and with Thy Holy Spirit."

Robert Boyle knew the Holy Scriptures from a child, and early learned to recognise the hand of Providence in human affairs. After his school-days at Eton he travelled on the Continent with his brother and their tutor, settling down at Geneva, where an event occurred which roused him to serious thought and purpose. A terrible thunderstorm broke over the city. It seemed like the forerunner of the Last Day, and it startled him into a consciousness of his unfitness to meet the awful crisis. This led to the resolve that, should his fears of the final catastrophe prove groundless, his after-life should be spent in a manner more in keeping with the tremendous responsibilities of life. "Christ was," said he, "asleep in my conscience, as He was once asleep in a ship, and He must now be awakened by a storm." The storm ceased, and the morning sun, shining from a clear and cloudless sky, brought peace and assurance to his spirit, and he walked ever after in the light of a new life and a glorious hope.

John Locke was at Christ Church, Oxford, when Oliver Cromwell was Chancellor, and Dr. Owen Vice-Chancellor; having Sir Christopher Wren, Philip



"Faraday's juvenile lectures were especially popular, children being held in close attention by his lucid descriptions."

Henry, Robert South, and the seraphic Howe among his fellow students. He was high in favour with Lord Ashby, whose life, it is said, he had been the means of saving. While at his house one day he met with some noblemen who were ranked among the wits of the day. They commenced cards, and their conversation was of no very edifying character. Locke took out his pocket-book and began scribbling. "What are you writing?" asked one of them. "My lord," he replied, "I am endeavouring to profit as far as I am able by your company, for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could not do better than write down your conversation, and indeed I have set down the substance of what has been said the last hour or two." The company was amused and rebuked, and forthwith turned to subjects more worthy.

His dying testimony was no less clear. The day before his death he said to Lady Masham, "I thank God I have passed a happy life, but I find all earthly things vanity. I heartily thank God," he added, "for all His mercies to me, but above all for His redemption of me by Jesus Christ."

A year after the death of Galileo, Isaac Newton was born. His mother intended him for a farmer, but God made him a philosopher. After all the vicissitudes of his boyish days, and the early indications of genius not well understood by those round about him, we find the widow's son of Woolsthorpe studying at Cambridge under Isaac Barrow, himself a philosopher as well as a divine, and soon commencing those discoveries which have made his name famous for all time, and which have almost warranted the high eulogium of the poet—

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light.

But while to others he seemed to be gifted with something like superhuman penetration of Nature's secrets, and skill to unveil the hidden working of her wondrous laws, to himself he seemed only as a boy on the sea-shore, playing with the shells, and rejoicing when finding now and then a prettier one than the rest, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him.

It is well known that he was blessed with a strong faith in both natural and revealed religion, and his early habit of reading and studying the Holy Scriptures and religious books grew with his years, and became more intense and reverential as age crept on him.

He came to the Scriptures with an inquiring mind, anxious to know, *what they say, what they mean, and the end and design of their teaching.* He came to them with the prayer of Elihu, "That which I see not, teach Thou me;" and with the fervent desire of the Psalmist, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see wondrous things out of Thy law." He has been fitly described as "a humble disciple of Jesus Christ, in Whom he recognised all 'the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' and at whose feet he wished to sit as a little child." In Dean Stanley's funeral sermon for Adam Sedgwick, there is a reference to the great philosopher—

"It is said of the greatest man that Cambridge has ever produced, it is said by those who knew Sir Isaac Newton well, that his soul was the 'whitest,' that is, the most *candid*, the most unworldly they had ever known—even the religion unspotted from the world, pure and undefiled."

Sir Humphry Davy, the "Apothecary's Apprentice," has not so very long passed from us. His rise was rapid, his popularity great, and his honours lasting, and worn with a becoming humility, as they were associated with the Christian graces. His "Safety Lamp" has saved tens of thousands from some of the most dreadful forms of death, and the light of his example, as a reverent student of the Word of God and a humble follower of the All-atoning Saviour, has shone to guide the inquiring, as his brilliant successes afford encouragement to all who are struggling against difficulties.

He did a kind and wise and noble deed, and one for which posterity must ever thank him, when he introduced to an important post in the Royal Institution a young man whose name and fame have exceeded his own. This young man was Michael Faraday, then twenty-two years of age. His parents were poor, though pious and honourable people, and he had been, some years before, errand boy to a bookseller and newsvendor in Blandford Street, Portman Square. His discoveries and achievements in the realms of science are of recent date. Accurate in his descriptions, eloquent in his elucidations of the facts of nature and the wonders of scientific experiments, his lectures were a centre of attraction to all classes. Princes, nobles, men of science, people of various tastes and from various countries, flocked to hear him, while his juvenile lectures were especially popular, children being held in close attention by his lucid descriptions, in plain and easy language, of some of nature's mightiest truths. Yet this man was an earnest evangelical Christian, and even ministered to a small congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath, retaining a simplicity, a sincerity, a humility, from which his high honours received additional lustre. The testimony borne to his principles, character, and life by Sir David Brewster is itself a powerful witness for God.

"That one who had been a newspaper boy should receive, unsought, almost every honour which every republic of science throughout the world could give; that he should be for many years consulted constantly by the different departments of the Government and other authorities on questions regarding the good of others; that he should be sought after by the princes of his own and other countries; and that he should be the admiration of every scientific or unscientific person who knew anything of him, was enough to have made him proud; but his religion was a living fount of fresh humility, and from

first to last it may be seen growing with his fame, and reaching its height with his glory, and making him, to the end of his life, certainly the humblest, whilst he was also the most energetic, the truest, and the kindest of experimental philosophers.

"To complete this picture, one word more must be said of his religion. His standard of duty was supernatural. It was not founded on any intuitive ideas of right and wrong; nor was it fashioned on any outward expediencies of time and place; but it was formed entirely on what he held to be the revelation of the will of God in the written Word, and throughout all his life his faith led him to act up to the very letter of it."

John Frederic William Herschel, the son of Sir William, might be adduced as another and recent example of the blending of the highest scientific knowledge with the most profound faith in the Gospel and in Jesus Christ. He died just ten years ago. "Born under the shadow of his illustrious father's telescope," as a recent writer has remarked, possessing lofty tastes and a genius which nothing could extinguish, the heavens became the fields of his contemplation, and the starry lights his constant companions. 'Light,' he used to say, 'was his first love.'"

Sir David Brewster was always a great Bible reader, and in his later years more so. About a year before his death, when he was ill, and thought himself dying, he said to a relative in attendance, "The Atonement! Oh, it is everything to me; it meets my reason, it satisfies my conscience, it fills my heart!" Though he seldom mentioned his own feelings and religious experience, he delighted to hear of the work of God in others—it gave him heartfelt joy.

The third day before his death he said to his pastor, "My race is run. Never man had more cause for thankfulness than I; but with all that, now that I can be of no use either to myself or to any one else, I have no wish to linger here." Some reference having been made to a former conversation on the sacrifice of Christ, he said, "The orthodox doctrine of the Church is my faith, and it gives me perfect peace in resting on it now."

Coming from the chamber of the dying man one day, his friend, Sir J. Y. Simpson, remarked:—"The like of this I never saw. There is Sir David resting like a little child on Jesus, and speaking as if in a few hours he will get all his problems solved by Him."

"I shall *see* Jesus," said the dying philosopher, "and that will be grand. I shall see Him who made the worlds." It was light all through the valley with him. "I have had the light for many years," he whispered, slowly and with emphasis, "and, oh, how bright it is! I feel *so safe, so satisfied.*" Thus the spirit of the great philosopher, the child-like believer in Jesus, passed away; and where the body sleeps, awaiting the glorious waking of the resurrection morn, the reader may find the motto, which may we all take as our own!—

"The Lord is my Light.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

THE SHADOW OF MISFORTUNE.

MR. BRISTO'S interview with Gilbert proved like many events which are looked forward to with mingled fear and hope—neither fear nor hope was quite fulfilled.

Gilbert did not break out in open rebellion. He admitted his parents' right to authority over their household, and professed his willingness to conform to their wishes.

Yet Mr. Bristo was aware of a change in his son, and he felt this more as reproof passed into reconciliation. Gilbert owned his shortcomings, even with readiness and bitterness. Mr. Bristo was puzzled. He felt, too, as if the lad's determination to do differently for the future was rather a dull acquiescence to necessity than a spontaneous impulse of affection; and as Gilbert shook hands, and said good night, there was no genial phrase uttered, no added warmth of grasp, none of those hundred tokens of re-kindled love whose sweetness has given rise to the old fallacy that it is worth falling out for the pleasure of falling in.

He sat motionless in his arm-chair for a few minutes after his son departed. He was not satisfied; yet he would not own this to himself. We never feel sure that a storm-cloud has passed quite away till we see the bright blue sky again. Mr. Bristo felt the only comfort of the disappointed—a new hope began to spring as the other faded. Gilbert had probably kept all his tenderness for his mother.

But when Mr. Bristo joined his wife, he found her sitting lonely, and sad enough. Gilbert had only paused at her bed-room door, and said "Good night." This had made her fear the worst. For a moment her husband's report brought relief. Then came the reflection—

"It is not like Gilbert not to come and speak with me and kiss me after this little pain."

"No, it is not quite like him," answered her husband. "But we made up our minds to make allowance for moods, and to exert authority only over habits. And there are some habits which have no value except from the mood which inspires them. You would not wish Gilbert's caress but for the love in it. And we must never claim love, not even from

our nearest. Only as we look for our love to keep him in wholesome ways and to recall him to them when he strays, so we may be sure that they, in their turn, will soon revive his love for us."

"Oh, Gilbert loves me," said the mother, "only something between us keeps us apart."

And then she remembered those lines in Longfellow's "Fire of Driftwood," about—

> The first slight swerving of the heart,
> That words are powerless to express,
> And leave it still unsaid in part,
> Or say it in too great excess.

And so life went on again. Gilbert never failed to give formal notice when he intended to be absent from home, and he generally made some remark leading to an inference where he was going. Mrs. Bristo tried to be satisfied, and certainly eyes and ears could find no explanation for the difference that heart could feel.

Was this easier to bear or harder, because there came also other troubles of the kind generally called "real?" Do we feel the hunger of the heart more or less when we are otherwise distressed and anxious? This is a question which many would answer differently.

It had not been from any undue haste to get rich that Mr. Bristo had latterly risen early and toiled late. It had been in anxiety to maintain his own household, for the battle of life was going against him.

He struggled stoutly to keep the wolves of care outside his home. Its expenditure had been always planned on the simplest scale of wise economy. He could see nothing that could be given up without positive loss to the family life. And when he looked at his wife, and thought how well she had done her share of their mutual work, it seemed almost too cruel to have to tell her that perhaps, after all, she would not enjoy the restful old age which surely every good wife and mother has fairly earned, if ever mortal has. It seemed as if he had not done his duty to her! Because he knew she would never think so, he thought so but the more.

So he went on, week after week, bearing his burden in silence, because he knew how readily it would be shared. Surely things would grow better. But things did not grow better; they grew steadily worse, and the story grew harder to tell, and the secret sadder to keep.

Was the secret as safe as he thought? Not quite, for love has a sixth sense. Mrs. Bristo saw that her husband was careworn, and felt that he must have some cause for worry. She had heard him say that in difficult straits the nerves of a business man, like those of the captain of a ship in a storm, must not be unstrung by inquiries and surmises—that those in charge of affairs are best served by the implicit faith of those about them.

For one moment she felt a pang at the thought of her husband's not instantly sharing every thought and every trouble with her. But in a moment she was calm and just again. She, too, had had her private fears and anxieties about Gilbert, and had not confided them to him till circumstances had led up to a full avowal. This remembrance took away all sense of wifely wrong, and made her able to understand and forgive her husband's silence. But because she had done likewise, and could appreciate the temptation, she was not, therefore, convinced that it should be yielded to. Nay, seeing her own course of action reflected in her husband's, she saw what it was, and that though such self-sacrifice might pass as a virtue in the mists of young romance and passion, yet from the height of love she had already attained, it clearly showed as a mistake; while from greater heights she felt it might stand revealed even as a sin. It is the beautiful reward of goodness and of love that they always blush for their yesterdays.

This was how Mrs. Bristo took counsel with her own heart; and our own hearts, if they be right with God, are the temples where He utters the oracles that guide our lives.

She would not tease her husband into candour. She would only remind him that she was at her post, ready for any new word of command, and possibly having resources on which he did not reckon.

"I know business in general is bad," she said to him, bravely. "I can read that in the newspapers. Will you kindly reduce my house-keeping allowance for next quarter by one-third?"

"Can that be managed?" he asked, turning to her with a brightening of face which it made the poor wife's heart sink to see. But she only said—

"Whatever ought to be managed can be managed, And you ought to have let me know the moment such management became desirable."

"But we don't buy anything that we could do without," returned her husband. "We have no luxuries. Retrenchment means, with us, cutting off comforts, almost necessaries."

"Anything which cannot be afforded is a luxury, whether it be a carriage, a new dress, or a pound of tea," said Mrs. Bristo. "Do you know, I imagine that to those who have grown accustomed to carriages and horses, and men-servants, they seem quite as necessary as an omnibus and a maid do to us? To our sempstress our house is full of luxuries. I think we all draw the line of 'necessaries' at our own use and wont."

"Ah, but there are necessaries of certain conditions of life," said Mr. Bristo.

"I grant that," returned his wife; "but are those conditions of life immovable? Do they not depend on our power to maintain them? I have often thought, that in reverses of fortune, it would be far wiser to take life altogether from its old place and reset it, than to live in a perpetual struggle of scrimping. I remember a remark I once heard, 'that there is a world of difference between a rich poor woman and a poor rich woman!'"

"But would you so easily give up the advantages of position?" asked Mr. Bristo.

His wife looked in his face brightly, and smiled. "No," she said, "I would not, because I don't believe they can be given up. What we are, that we remain. Poor people grow rich, and rich people grow poor, but they may have been 'common people' all through both changes. Human breeding is surely as manifold as that of brutes, and a thoroughbred is a thoroughbred though he belongs to a peasant, and a cur is a cur though it may be a prince's whim to pet him. Good education and good birth will always tell their own story and take their own place."

"And by good birth," said Mr. Bristo, "I presume you mean the sweet and generous disposition, the ready mind, and the pure constitution, which one naturally inherits from God-regarding, man-considering forefathers? Yes, I own you are right. The height of a statue shows best when it has no pedestal. The superior force of a racer is only proved by all starting fair and no rules made in his favour."

"Exactly so," returned his wife. "Poverty and social humiliation may be hard tests, which we may well shrink from, but only because of the alloy we may all suspect in ourselves. If we hired two servants, and found one of the ordinary sort, and the other fit to be our friend, would there be no difference in their position? And I think their work and wages would soon change too! When I was quite a girl, I was struck by a remark I heard in a discussion about the difficulty of organising superior female emigration. Said a lady, 'If I were a poor gentlewoman I would emigrate as a housemaid, for if I had a higher level to find I know I should be sure to find it.' To fear to lose argues uncertain possession, and the ladyhood or gentlemanhood which is worth possessing should be as inalienable as our very skins! It is not good breeding but half breeding which would sooner be mean in heart and life than do 'menial work.' I hope I have always taught my girls to know that the true meaning of 'lady' is one who gives help and service to others; and not one who goes sleek and fine, and gets all the soft warm corners for herself, like a pussy cat! Yes, Alec, if we are to be poor, let us be poor and happy and honourable, since poverty is no sin, and need not even be a misfortune!"

Mr. Bristo shook his head. "I can't quite feel that," he said. "But we have not got to be poor yet, my dear. And poverty which does not come by God's will, and in spite of all our endeavours, is a misfortune, and is not blessed. And so we must fight it off as long as we can, even if, as Bishop Taylor beautifully says, our effort 'be crossed by a higher decree, we may sit down in peace, and rejoice in the event.' I own these times of suspense and struggle are very trying: one shrinks from dashing into sensational economies, which may, after all, prove to have been unnecessary."

"'To cut your coat according to your cloth,' is an old maxim of thrift," said Mrs. Bristo; "and there is no particular danger in cutting well within the limits of your material, since all good housewives know that 'pieces over' are very useful! And having drawn my analogy from the wardrobe, I think I will stay at the wardrobe awhile. We will not go to the drapers' at all, this winter, Alec. We 'll 'gar auld claithes luik maist as weel 's the new,' like the wife of Burns' Scottish cottar. And then, if fortune smiles again, we shall but have fostered contrivance and skill during her frown; and if she goes on frowning, we shall have smoothed our descent into plainer garments. Nowhere can one save as much, as readily, as wholesomely, and as happily as in clothes."

"But I have heard ladies talk about 'cheap and nasty,'" observed Mr. Bristo, "and I have also heard that the latest retrenchment of gentle-people was in clothes."

"Don't imagine I should favour systems which profess to teach girls how to dress fashionably for parties and afternoon teas on sums which a housemaid requires to keep her decent about her work," said Mrs. Bristo. "Nor do I approve of any plan which binds a girl to spend her life as her own dressmaker and milliner. Needlework is a delightful occupation for girls at home, and it is one of the best resources on which we can fall back during the waiting times of women's lives. But then it should be needlework for the beauty of the home, for requirements of friends, or needs of the sick or aged. It is utterly demoralising to spend life in producing what the poet Crabbe calls—

> The piteous patchwork of the needy-vain,
> The flirtish form to coarse materials lent,
> And one poor robe through fifty fashions sent.

My economy would be to abolish certain things altogether—to set aside dresses of silk or any fancy material, all modes which require extra lengths of stuff, and all artificial flowers, feathers, and trimmings of every kind."

"You are not to attempt any table economies," said Mr. Bristo.

Mrs. Bristo heard a kind of defiant note in her husband's kind voice. She smiled gravely, as she said—

"The poorer we became, the worse economy would it be to reduce the nourishing quality of food, since we should be the more dependent on our physical energy. But all economy does not mean reduction of nourishment. Porridge is cheaper than breakfast rolls, and also more wholesome. A basket of rosy apples is a cheap and good exchange for pastry. And many trifles are rather sought as dainties than as food."

"Certainly, nourishing food, books, and fees for lessons, are necessaries that economy should never touch," said Mr. Bristo. "Penury may make them impossible, and that is how penury is cruelly extravagant."

Mrs. Bristo went on—

"And as I shall have to change my servants this quarter, I shall hire, instead of a cook and a housemaid, one general servant, who will confine herself

chiefly to the kitchen work, and if she does that effectively, Lizzie and I will manage the rest of the house. It will be good training for Lizzie."

"But not good for you," said Mr. Bristo, sadly. I wanted you to rest henceforth."

"And I wanted you not to have care and trouble," returned Mrs. Bristo. "But God must know best what we need."

"There is little doubt," observed Mr. Bristo, "that adversity is good for young people. It frequently lays the foundation for true prosperity. But we, the elders, must see that we do nothing to mar the beauty of God's discipline."

"Ah," said his wife, "we must indeed be careful how we meet the changes which may be coming, and the new demands of duty that may arise. A little play of humour—a certain way of stating things—often makes that pleasant which might otherwise have been found intolerable. Do you remember the Scottish Covenanting minister whom persecution had often driven from place to place, with his worldly gear and his little children carried in huge baskets slung across an old horse, and how, whenever he heard that disturbances were breaking out anew, he prepared for the worst, not by making solemn statements of danger, but by simply saying, 'Margaret, get the creels ready again'?"

"Ay," answered Mr. Bristo, "the sterner virtues should come decked by wit and humour, as the sacrifices of old were adorned with flowers. Necessity itself becomes the servant of those who are fit to be its masters. Solomon has told us that a merry heart doeth good like a medicine, and that is surely when it finds a sparkle in a bitter draught or makes a toil into a game."

Poverty may have more opportunity for lightheartedness than wealth," observed his wife. "I have heard that a millionaire, not long dead, said that he scarcely ever enjoyed an easy moment. In his vast possessions there was always something going wrong. And good old Izaak Walton, after telling us how he had a neighbour 'always so busy that he had no leisure to laugh,' goes on to quote a wise saying that 'there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And Bishop Taylor, too, observes that 'a great estate hath great crosses, and a mean fortune hath but small ones.'"

"Thanks to your courage rather than to mine," said Mr. Bristo, "we will look facts in the face, and not allow ourselves to grow morose or irritable, nor to miscall our blessings because God wills to recall them, but rather to thank Him for the loan He has spared us so long. And thus whether or not our fortune fades out of banks and warehouses, it will be surely transmuted into that treasure which alone a man takes with him when life is done—the refined gold of tried character—the shining silver of patient continuance in well-doing."

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON.

SITE OF EPHESUS.

AMONGST the most celebrated buildings of antiquity was the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus. It was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. In length it measured 425 feet, in breadth 220. Of the pillars which surrounded it, a hundred and twenty-seven were sixty feet in height; of these the drums of thirty-six were richly sculptured in bold relief, called "golden" on account of its magnificence. On the day of the birth of Alexander the Great, a conceited fanatic, a sort of half-crazy Jonathan Martin, set fire to the structure, but only a portion of it was burnt. Repairs were immediately commenced, and the Temple brought to a higher degree of splendour than ever. The Greek name of Diana was Artemis, a word not usually understood. The most rational derivation of it is from *artemes*, on account of the goddess' purity, or as presiding over the health of her votaries. Her statue in the temple was of a vast height, and symbolised her various prerogatives. In some respects she might remind the traveller of Our Lady of the Pillar at Saragossa, in Spain. One tradition is that the statue at Saragossa fell down from heaven. It is not easy to get a close view of it, but in all probability it is an aërolite, just as the image of Diana at Ephesus was said to have fallen down from Jupiter.

In another peculiarity it was very much like the church of Our Lady of the Pillar. One of the chief opponents of St. Paul's work at Ephesus was a craftsman named Demetrius, whose business it was to superintend and contract with the makers of silver shrines to Diana. These silver shrines were not unlike the little erections which the traveller, especially if he be on foot, meets with by the wayside, dedi-

cated to the Virgin, except that the Asian shrines were much smaller, not being more than a foot, if as much, in height. For many ages this unrivalled Temple of Diana retained its supremacy. But in process of time, what with storm and earthquake, intestine convulsion and foreign wars, its gigantic walls, colonnades, and arches disappeared, being entombed in the soil, in many cases to the depth of more than fifty feet. It became a question amongst archæologists whether the Temple had ever had any real existence, except in the writings of imaginative architects. But at last the enterprise of modern engineers opened up the long-buried ruins, a railway came to be made between Smyrna in Asia Minor and a place called Aidin. Mr. Wood, one of the engineers connected with this railway, obtained a grant from the British Museum to defray the expense of excavations on the site of the ancient city; but he did not know exactly where it was, or what were the limits of its walls. Meantime, he had accumulated at Ayassaluk a large number of inscribed blocks of marble, beside sculpture and other ancient remains. He therefore applied to the trustees of the British Museum for the help of a man-of-war to take his precious collections to England. Captain Commerell, of *H.M.S. Terrible*, was appointed by the Admiralty to take on board a number of cases filled with various kinds of remains from Ephesus, in the hope that the encouragement afforded by the arrival of these precious collections in London would induce the authorities of the British Museum to make a larger grant in pursuance of the excavations. Meanwhile, Captain Commerell sent Mr. Wood a portion of his crew, consisting of sixteen blue-jackets, four marines, and two carpenters (twenty-two men in all), under the charge of Lieutenant Hackett. Mr. Wood had found an old lady, who had seen what are called "better days," who occupied a large room in a rambling mansion where afterwards the whole party of excavators resided till their work was done.

THE DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

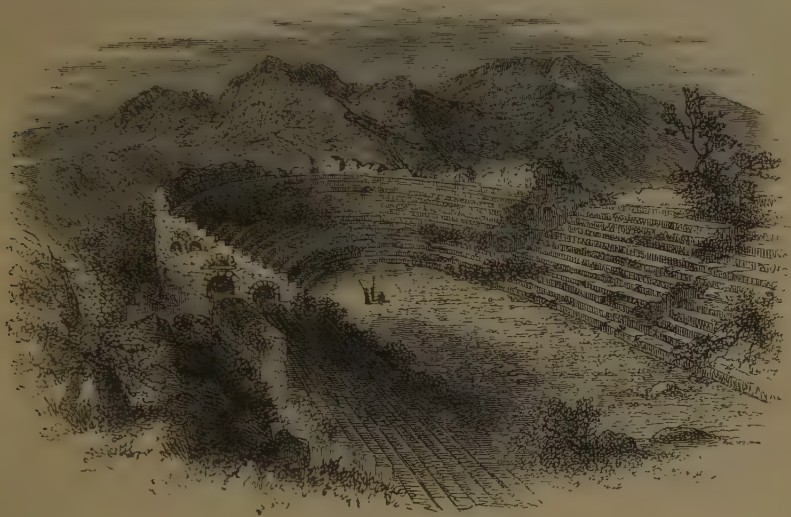
It will, perhaps, be as well to let Mr. Wood speak for himself as to the progress of his discoveries. He arrived at Smyrna on the 29th of September, 1870, and on the 3rd of October he resumed the excavations on the site of the Temple by cutting an easy road for the barrowmen to the bottom of the large excavation. This took him from twelve to fourteen days with the few men that he could at first maintain. He then continued to enlarge the holes already dug, and to open new ones.

"Before the end of October," says he, "I had considerably enlarged the excavation, which had laid bare a great portion of one of the foundation piers for the columns of the peristyle, and exposed to view the goodly sight of half a dozen large drums of the columns themselves, which had fallen upon one of the outer piers on the south flank of the Temple, and had been caught by this pier and a wall connecting it with the adjoining pier. The sight of this group of fluted blocks, with a fragment of one of the capitals, encouraged the hope that on opening up the whole site much more would be found remaining; but these remains must have belonged to one of three columns which were evidently allowed to stand long after the destruction of the Temple. Although these drums had been allowed to remain to a certain extent as they had fallen, they had, with only one or two exceptions, been so much hacked about and damaged that it was impossible for me to obtain such measurements as would have enabled me to ascertain their exact shape. This is much to be regretted, more especially as the upper diameter of the column appears to be small compared with the lower diameter, as I have since ascertained, although I was ignorant of the fact at that time. When these frusta, or drums of columns, were first found, I doubted whether they belonged to the great Temple mentioned by Pliny, who described it as having columns sixty feet high. For, taking that dimension as my guide for the height of the columns, and the account given by Vitruvius respecting the proportions of the Greek Ionic order, viz., eight and a half diameters in height, I had expected to find columns upwards of seven feet in diameter, whereas the drums of columns at that time found measured only five feet three inches to five feet seven inches. I still hoped, however, that the results of further explorations would prove this to have been the Temple, and that I should be able to reconcile my discoveries on the site with the statements of Pliny and Vitruvius."

TEMPLE OF DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

Without attempting to follow Mr. Wood in his various explorations—some of them futile and others highly successful—it will be enough for us to say that he managed to send to the British Museum several scores of cases filled with precious remains. Meanwhile the work on the spot continued. Several of the workmen Mr. Wood was compelled to employ

were nothing better than thieves and murderers. Some he put in prison, after they had caused him great anxiety and inconvenience. Towards the close of the year he proceeded to London, where he conferred with the trustees of the Museum, who encouraged him in his work, gave him a handsome subsidy, and sent him back again to Ephesus. He intended to have gone by the pass of the Simplon, but that route was temporarily closed by floods and landslips. At Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, the flood water reached half-way up to the ceiling of the dining-room of the hotel; so that he had to make a detour. At length, however, he arrived at Ephesus, and continued his excavations, though much hampered by the ignorance and obstinacy of the Turkish authorities. He unearthed several Roman structures, and among the rest a statue of Pan. What between, first, the strict fast of the Turks, and afterwards their feast—the time of the one being spent in a debilitating fast, and that of the other with convivial merriment—the work proceeded very slowly; but it did proceed, and the marbles discovered were sent off to London by the ship *Caledonia*, which had arrived in the meantime at Smyrna. The expedients invented by the sailors to assist them in dragging the ponderous statues from the spots where they were unearthed to the railway-station were very ingenious, and worthy of the Navy.



RUINS OF THE THEATRE AT EPHESUS.

But in the order of Divine Providence, from the time of St. Paul's visit, the decay and final overthrow of the worship of Diana had set in. From the time that St. Paul preached in the city, the converts that he made were numerous and influential. Many that believed came and confessed, and showed their deeds. Many of them, also, which used curious arts, brought their books together and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver, a sum amounting to upwards of £1,600 of English money. After this we hear nothing more of the great temple; but we find that a flourishing Christian church was established in the city, to whom St. Paul afterwards addressed one of his most eloquent Epistles. He had resided in the city more than two years. It is remarkable that the epistle contains no complaint or blame; the style is animated and vigorous, and the letter has been always much admired both for the solemn topics which it discusses and the elegance of the composition. Later on, we find St. John the Divine acting as the Bishop of Ephesus. He planted churches at Smyrna, Pergamos, and many other places, and by his activity and outspoken freedom in preaching the Gospel, he incurred the displeasure of Domitian, who towards the close of his reign banished him to the island of Patmos, a small rocky island in the Ægean Sea, about eighteen miles in circumference, which, on account of its desolate and barren character, was used as a place of imprisonment for criminals. Here he had the Revelation recorded in the Apocalypse. The latter part of his life was probably spent at Ephesus. He breathed his last in that city in the hundredth year of his age, leaving behind him a character for benignity, patience, tenderness, and love second only to that of his Divine Master. As he must have seen while living at Ephesus much of the degradation consequent upon the worship of "graven images," we are not surprised that he uttered to the disciples at Ephesus, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!" To this day a Christian church maintains itself on part of the ruins, recently dug up, of the old temple.

SHORT ARROWS.

GOD'S WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

AT a time when our South African settlements are attracting so much attention, and when the sounds of conflict have been ringing in our ears, it is pleasant to turn aside and trace the paths of peace marked out by the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society. A short sketch of these, and of the New Zambesi mission, will be found interesting. The Basutoland Mission, the great field of labour of the Paris Board, was established so far back as 1833, and the record of work shows that success has been attained. There are thirteen stations, with nineteen missionaries. A year ago there were 4,352 communicants, 1,690 class members, and in the day-schools 3,000 children. The normal and industrial schools are well attended. A printing-press has been also established in which the New Testament and hymn-books are printed, and to crown the work we find a monthly paper, with upwards of 800 subscribers. These are very encouraging signs, but they do not sum up the good work. The churches in Basutoland have their own little settlements, sixty-nine in number, with a large staff of catechists and teachers, and are self-supporting. A grant is made by the Local Government, and the energy of the converts is shown by the fact that, not satisfied with their "home" work, they wish to have a "foreign" mission of their own, and to assist in the great field of labour in the interior of the Continent.

A NATIVE MISSION.

This leads us naturally to consider the result of the determination of the South African converts. In 1872, they sent an exploring expedition, which reached the river Limpopo, on the north-east of the Transvaal, and two of the company remained to begin the good work and prepare the ground for the seed of the Word. Since then the Swiss Free Church have taken up the mission here, and by the exertions principally of native catechists, eighty converts have been gained. Subsequently an energetic missionary was sent to the Zambesi and beyond the Victoria Falls. He lighted upon a tribe called the Barotsi, who spoke a dialect he understood. He thought they resembled the Basutos, and he soon discovered that many years ago the Basuto chief, Sebetuane, was obliged to fight his way northward, and then established a kingdom on the Zambesi, where he assisted Dr. Livingstone with his best men, called the Makobolo. He caused the tribes to speak the Basuto tongue, and the language and the customs of the old tribe are still retained by the Barotsi. This narrative shows us that the French Missions and our own great discoverers have joined hands, as it were, and united in the great work of teaching and preaching the Gospel to every creature.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A very touching incident came under our observation a short time back, and we relate it to show that "out of the mouths of babes" the truth spoken may prevail. A father who did not believe in the Gospel found his little son one day reading the Bible intently. "What book is that?" he cried, and attempted to snatch it from the child. The boy looked up tearfully, and, his mind full of the scene he had been reading about, exclaimed in dismay, "Oh, father, *they crucified* Him!" The unbeliever stood transfixed. The word of God was brought home to Him through the agency of his little child. He repented, and is now a professed believer in the saving power of the Redeemer whom he had once rejected.

FROM THE HIGHWAYS.

"Compel them to come in." Such was the Divine command, and shall we neglect it? That it is being obeyed we find by the invitations issued by a society known by the title "Hope and Help." Meetings are now held in various places in mission halls and elsewhere. Kindly hands and warm hearts induce the weary to come in and rest, and partake of the feast of bodily as well as of spiritual food so plentifully provided. The door is left invitingly ajar for who will come, so that they come freely and without fear. This is typical of the free pardon offered to those who will repent. Ladies who read these lines may so easily help in such good work as this; and the amount of good that ladies can do is enormous, if they will only try to do it. A good will is half the battle. We took part a few weeks ago in an entertainment at Kingston similar to one we have already described in THE QUIVER. The infant school was utilised for the occasion; men, women, and children were eagerly welcomed by the vicar and his assistants. The room was well warmed and beautifully decorated. Tea was abundantly served by willing hands, ladies and gentlemen waiting quietly yet busily upon the poor of the district. Fresh young faces cheered the aged, and kind young girls chatted freely with their poorer seniors, and explained pictures on art and science objects to them. After tea there was a concert, in which many residents and some visitors took part. Glees, lively instrumental music, a capital reading by a young earnest worker, and a few excellent songs delighted the audience. The spectators afterwards expressed their hearty thanks, and quickly dispersed to their homes. The happy expression on many faces as they all united with the choir in singing "Auld Lang Syne" as they departed was worth seeing. Cannot these little meetings be more universally attempted? A little time, a little trouble, a little use of the talents with which God

has blessed us; shall we not use them for the benefit of our poorer brethren, keep them from the public-houses, and give them a more rational enjoyment and rest in their hearts? Hope and Help.

AMONGST THE DISTANT ISLES.

The Cape de Verde Islands are far away from us, and hitherto have been very distant from the true light of the Gospel. But lately an effort has been successfully made to enlighten the people. Under the auspices of a Portuguese and an English missionary the residents are beginning to turn to the truth. The people assemble to draw water at the wells daily, as in Eastern countries, and on these occasions the preachers address them, telling them of the "living water" as the Great Master told the woman of Samaria. The reports say that the people are ready and willing to receive the Gospel and listen attentively. Many have already relinquished all Sunday employment even amongst those whose means are thereby seriously diminished—the fishermen for instance. These results have been brought about in St. Vincent, where the English traders have a large coal depôt, and Messrs. Cory of Cardiff interest themselves greatly in the welfare of the inhabitants. The preachers are closely watched by the devotees of superstition, but the Gospel is winning souls. We understand that at Port Said a similar effort is being made, under the auspices of the firm we have named, who are doing a right good work.

AMONGST THE SAILORS.

The efforts to reclaim soldiers and sailors, and to bring them within sound of the glad tidings, have during the last few months been exceptionally successful. We have before us testimony to the wonderful increase and development of Mrs. Weston's work. At Landport, at Portland, and at Sheerness are Rests and Coffee Taverns. At Woolwich and other places, devoted ladies are hard at work. We extract some of the testimony reported. One man said, "I gave my heart to Jesus years ago in this very building" [the Rest]. Another feels that his sins are forgiven, and a third upon his dying bed remembers "the dear little hall" wherein he first heard the Gospel tidings. A few months ago the Portland Rest was established, and there is plenty to do, as may be imagined, where the ironclads are always found. In and out amongst the ships the Christian work is carried on, and the Bible makes its sure and certain way. "Thank God, you are come at last," say the men at Sheerness. "Your boys will back you up, and no mistake!" What a hearty welcome it is from bronzed and bearded men; how cheering to the bringer of the glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace! Not only upon our coasts, not only on board our ships does this great and blessed work go on. Ever on the increase the sound of the truth is heard swelling in its grand harmony through the fleets of foreign countries. On the great ocean steamers, on the coast-guard ships, on the sailing barks, and in the clippers of the merchant service, the good news is spread—"their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world."

THE AWAKENING IN FRANCE.

To those who are unacquainted with the great and certain progress made of late amongst the artisans in France, the records of the Gospel teachers will appear astonishing. We learn from a new Protestant paper—*The Signal*—which was started by M. Reveillaud, that the mission work in Paris is very rapidly progressing. At one meeting three hundred of the artisan class were present; and some of these, we read, actually returned to their priests the medals, rosaries, and scapulars, at the same time expressing their determination to embrace the Reformed faith. The movement is rapidly extending, and has awakened much popular sympathy. A foreman in a manufactory at Havre—himself a convert—has been working zealously among his fellows, with surprising results. This extension of the Gospel amongst the peasantry and the working classes is a good sign. The Word will take root, and flourish upward. A native preacher writes:—"Our people are not systematically unbelievers; they wish to be done with the priests." There is no doubt a genuine awakening, and an evident eagerness to embrace the true faith is steadily gaining ground in France. People stop the teachers in the streets, and inquire for tracts and papers, which are carefully read and preserved. As the pastor said, the people are now reflecting—"they will believe and live."

THE BOYS' HOME AT DEPTFORD.

We have received a copy of the last issue of the quarterly record which is printed at the Boys' Home at Deptford. It is very satisfactory to learn, on the authority of the Superintendent of the Home, that during the last year the results of his labour and care have been very great. The reports of the boys who have left the Home, and of those who have quitted the sister institution at Greenwich, have been good on the whole. Some have been tempted again into the vortex of evil, but we trust the good seed sown in their hearts will yet bear fruit. Of course, the results of the management of these Homes in a great measure depend upon the means placed at the disposal of the Superintendent; and it is to be hoped that Christian friends will avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them to contribute. A gift of old clothes is always welcome, and such a parcel will be highly appreciated. The Homes are open day and night, and there is always a chance for every one. Many a poor wanderer has presented himself, almost despairingly, and been warmly wel-

comed and cared for. The appearance of happiness observable on all the faces tells a tale no one can fail to listen to, and speaks volumes for the treatment the boys receive. If every one would do a little, the number of the rescued could be greatly increased, and a blessed work would be carried to a happy issue.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

71. What prophet foretells the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost?

72. From what passage may we suppose that many miracles were wrought by St. Paul amongst the Corinthians?

73. How long was Solomon in building the Temple and his own house?

74. What was the height of the two great pillars of the Temple porch, and what names were given to them?

75. Give a proof that the Sea of Galilee and the Sea of Tiberias were one and the same.

76. What testimony did the Jewish officers give of the Divinity of Christ?

77. For how long did Elijah journey without food?

78. In whose reign did Jehu prophecy?

79. What prophet caused the death of another prophet by telling him a lie?

80. To what three false deities did king Solomon build shrines?

81. At what place was the well situated, called Jacob's well?

82. What was the second miracle performed by Jesus at Cana of Galilee?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

60. Adino the Eznite, chief among the captains, and that sat in the seat—he slew eight hundred at one time (2 Sam. xxiii. 8).

61. Up to the time of king David's death, the age at which the Levites were reckoned in the work of the Tabernacle was thirty years, but before he died David arranged that in future they should commence their duties at twenty years old (1 Chron. xxiii. 27).

62. David's health having improved, he called together a solemn assembly, whereat he acknowledged Solomon as his successor, and gave him instructions concerning the building of the Temple. After this Solomon was publicly crowned the second time (1 Chron. xxviii. 1.; xxix. 22).

63. To Shobi, son of Nahash king of Ammon; to Machir of Lo-debar; and to Barzillai the Gileadite (2 Sam. xvii. 27—29).

64. Sheba, the son of Bichri, an Ephraimite, whose head was cut off at Abel (2 Sam. xx. 21, 22).

65. In the tomb of Kish, the father of Saul, at Zelah in Benjamin (2 Sam. xxi. 14).

66. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. v. 10).

67. Uriah the Hittite, who is mentioned in the list of mighty ones (2 Sam. xi. 17; and 1 Chron. xi. 41).

68. A garment of divers colours (2 Sam. xiii. 18).

69. Nathan the prophet, in order to show David the greatness of his sin (2 Sam. xii. 1—7).

70. Those used by David in mourning for his little child—"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (2 Sam. xii. 23).

JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THE MEEK AND HUMBLE.

He forgetteth not the cry of the humble (Ps. ix. 12).

The meek will He guide in judgment: and the meek will He teach His way (Ps. xxv. 9).

Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly (Ps. cxxxviii. 6).

The Lord lifteth up the meek (Ps. cxlvii. 6).

He will beautify the meek with salvation (Ps. cxlix. 4).

He giveth grace unto the lowly (Prov. iii. 34).

Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud (Prov. xvi. 19).

Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble (Isa. lvii. 15).

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth (Matt. v. 3, 5).

God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble (James iv. 6).

RESTORATIVE POWER IN NATURE.

BY THE REV. W. HARRIS, M.A.

A FAMOUS professor of the healing art in our day, distinguished alike by his profound scientific knowledge and by his practical skill, used, in one of his valuable lectures, the following words :—

"Lastly, if I may venture on so high a theme, let me suggest that the instances of recovery from disease and injury seem to be only examples of a law yet larger than that within the terms of which they may be comprised; a law wider than the grasp of science, the law that expresses our Creator's will for the recovery of all lost perfection."

The idea which pervades this paragraph

forms the key to the right understanding of Nature. It is the idea that the whole of Nature is, as it is intended to be, a means of teaching by analogy, by parable, an idea too often missed by the mere admirer of Nature, too seldom taken into account by the poet.

Without this key, Nature presents herself to the poet's eye as a changeful capricious being; beautiful, indeed, and strong; sometimes joyous, sometimes melancholy, with passing gleams of tenderness, succeeded by displays of force; with a grandeur that subdues man's littleness, or with a cheerful radiance that for a while beguiles his sadness—but always as a heedless unfeeling being, who goes on her way in spite of him, careless whether she benefit or injure him, sublimely contemptuous of all his joys and sorrows, scattering destruction one day upon the homes of men far and wide, and smiling the next as if "earth contained no tomb."

It may well be asked, in reference to such thoughts as these, what right has the individual man, however great his private sorrow or joy, to call upon Nature to alter her course in deference to him? If, at the moment when he is weighed down by grief, Nature assumes her brightest and most genial mood; if earth is flooded with sunshine, flowers are flaunting their gayest hues, birds are carolling in happiest carelessness, and the air is all alive with busy insects, finding, as doubtless they do, a pleasure in their incessant toil; instead of repining because all the world is not unhappy, he ought to find some solace in the thought that there is such a spring of joy yet left; and the gladness that surrounds him ought at least to keep alive within him the hope of a brighter future, if not in this world, in the next.

There is, it is true, much of mystery in Nature that man is not permitted to solve; but he who takes with him to the contemplation of her operations the key of which we have spoken above will find—

> Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The power of restoration in Nature, including the renewal of brightness after darkness and storm, is a remarkable feature of the terrestrial creation, and by no means suggests the idea of a careless and unfeeling power as the ruler of existence.

To begin with, there are the regular and orderly returns of day and night, of winter and summer. What is night but a season for welcome refreshment and restoration of the exhausted powers? That it is regular, and that we know the cause why darkness comes on, makes no difference to the fact that it furnishes an example of the restoring power. Nay, the restoration that goes on in sleep amounts almost to a daily renewal of our life, and, if we take into account its operation over a considerable period of time, that restoration is one most essential condition of our continued existence. The dawn may bring its regular restoration of the light that is so necessary for the exercise of our powers, but these powers must be renewed by repose, or the restoration to us of the day and of Nature's face will prove useless.

We know, too, the cause why we experience the coldness of winter in its season, and we know that the return of brighter, warmer, and longer days will herald and produce a cheerful change in the aspect of Nature. There will be a restoration of verdure to trees and plants, and flowers of varied hue will display their beauty—

> Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
> A thousand wild flowers round them shall unfold,
> The green buds glisten in the dews of spring,
> And all be vernal rapture as of old.

It is all regular, orderly, constant; all, so far as we can account for anything, duly accounted for by what we know of the change of the earth's position in regard to the sun; but not the less is it restorative. It gives back to us the bright and cheerful surroundings we had lost, and bids us live in the hope of a still brighter and better spring.

These, however, are such uniform successions in Nature's course, and we are, moreover, so accustomed to them, that we often fail to think of them as examples of restoration, though both may be, and are intended to be, as it were, parables to sustain our hope in regard to higher things, and both are so used by the sacred writers—

> Earth's common paths are strewn all o'er
> With flowers of pensive hope.

Passing away now from examples of periodical renewal, if the question be asked whether Nature exhibits any power to meet special and exceptional, or, as we say, accidental needs of restoration, the answer is clear that she does so. There are, it is true, certain definite limits to the power of renewal, as to which nothing further need now be said than that the laws of those limits are rooted in the fundamental conditions of our finite being, and that, were there no such limits to the power of renewal, it is clear that our existence would cease to be finite in regard to its duration. So much it seems necessary to remember, in order that we may not look for that which, from the very nature of our life, we ought not to expect to find. What we do find, however, is clear enough indication of a restoring, a remedial power at work in Nature at large, in the animal world, and in our own bodies.

We are sometimes told by those who have travelled over distant lands, that some of the loveliest landscapes to be seen owe their charm to a convulsion in the remote past—to some violent force, no longer at work; to a destructive torrent, it may be, that made a way for itself, and so formed the deep valley which they admired; or to some upheaval which gave a picturesque variety to the scene, or to a landslip which may have been calamitous at the time. After the destroying force had spent itself, though at first the scene must have presented only a picture of ruin, trees thrown headlong, and humbler vegetation crushed or uprooted—perhaps, unhappily, human habitations, with their inmates, swept away—after all this exhibition of might, was there no gentler force, no remedial power brought into play? There

was; Nature set to work at once to repair the disaster, and, working steadily and patiently, converted, in the course of time, that scene of desolation into one of beauty. Such scenes may, indeed, be visited within our own country. Every one who has traversed, for instance, the Isle of Wight, knows the beauties of the Undercliff, and will acknowledge that those beauties are the result of the remedial power of Nature, which has covered with luxuriant vegetation the scars that a catastrophe had left.

And now, if we turn to the animated creation, the most obvious and most copious source of examples of remedial and restorative power will be the innumerable healing substances which are provided, and with which we are daily becoming better acquainted. We need not, however, linger upon this topic any further than to remark that we have the very highest authority for regarding those healing properties, and the kindly skill which applies them for the relief of the sufferer, as the types and symbols of healing, comforting, and restoring, in a different and higher sphere of things altogether.

More striking, perhaps, than any example already mentioned, is the power of renewing lost parts of the bodily frame, which the physiologist and the anatomist have observed to exist in varying degrees in different orders of animals. The power of actually reproducing a lost member varies, we are told, in proportion to the degree of development; that is to say, it is very complete in beings which are very low down in the scale of organised beings, while it diminishes more and more as we ascend the scale and observe its operation in beings more highly organised.

Now this power to reproduce parts which have been lost is totally different from the regular process by which the wasted tissues, and in fact eventually the whole frame, are renewed by the conversion of the elements of food; for "the parts that might serve as models for the new materials to be assimilated to are lost; so that the reproduced parts are formed, not according to any present model, but according to the appropriate specific form, and often with a more strikingly evident design than we can discern in the natural construction of the body."

In the lower orders, as we have said, the power is sometimes very complete. Entire new limbs can be produced to replace those which have been lost. Thus the "rays" of star-fishes are regenerated altogether. And in these we seem to be taught that this power of reproduction is not bestowed at random, but as a means of self-protection. Every one who has tried to procure specimens of the curious and beautifully coloured *Ophiurida*, a kind of star-fish, with slender and graceful arms, knows how difficult it is. Brought up from the sea in the fisherman's net or lobster-pot, no sooner do they find themselves out of their native element, or, sometimes as soon as they have the sensation of human fingers upon them, they spontaneously throw off one after another of their "rays," as if with a consciousness of the facility of repair. The same facility of repair seems almost necessary to the preservation of some species of *Annelida* "almost defenceless, and so easily mutilated" as they are. Hence it is remarked, that "it might almost seem as if the species that have the least means of escape or defence from mutilation were those on which the most complete power of repair has been bestowed." We can easily see that an equal necessity for the same power of repair does not exist among mankind; mutual assistance between different members of the species, such as they are taught to render, and do often render to one another, removes the necessity.

Insects in the *larval* condition can, we are told, usually reproduce limbs or antennæ; and a great physiologist says that "in the Salamander entire new legs, with perfect bones, nerves, muscles, etc., are reproduced after loss or severe injury of the original members; and in the Triton (a kind of lizard) a perfect eye has been formed in place of one which had been removed."

Ascending at once to the most highly organised creature, man, we find the power of true reproduction after loss extremely limited. If we leave out of sight certain very exceptional cases, and also the regular production of the second set of teeth, which might well be cited as a very remarkable example of renewal, the most striking exhibition of the restorative power is seen in the re-formation of a whole bone when the original one has been destroyed by disease. The authority quoted above tells us—"The new bony matter is thrown out, sometimes within and sometimes around, the dead shaft; and when the latter has been removed the new structure gradually assumes the regular form, and all the attachments of muscles, ligaments, etc., become as complete as before." And this restoration, though it seems at first sight less wonderful than the reproduction of the entire "ray" of a star-fish, is really much more so, for a much greater variety and complexity of actions are involved in this process than in the reproduction of entire organs in the simpler animals.

Equally worthy of admiration, and all but equally complex, is the process by which Nature repairs a fractured limb, especially when the injury is such that the broken ends of bone cannot be brought exactly into their proper positions. It is remarkable, too, how she adapts her process to the different habits of her patients. In the case of a simple fracture, if the parts that have been disjoined are set close together in their normal line, if it be the leg of a dog, for example, there is first a hard sheath called a *callus* formed round the fracture, and this "callus" permits a restricted use of the injured limb, even before the two parts have grown together. It is, however, only a temporary provision, necessitated by the natural restlessness of the lower animals. After the fracture has completely healed, the "callus" gradually disappears. A human case is treated differently. Here, unless it be a broken rib (which requires the provision in consequence of its incessant motion in respiration), the

healing takes place ordinarily without the formation of any *outer* "callus."

Sometimes the broken ends cannot be, or, at all events, are not, brought into their proper relative positions. Is it possible, it may be asked, that Nature can provide the means for meeting such an emergency, when, that is to say, the two portions of bone to be joined are all awry, and something quite new—in fact, a kind of bridge, and a bridge not merely serving the purpose of a solid connection between opposite banks, but, like the bridges which carry the appliances of modern civilisation, connecting the nerves which answer to the telegraph wires, and the veins and arteries corresponding to our water and other conduits—has to be constructed? Nature's engineering is equal even to this task. Omitting anatomical details, we may simply say that she constructs a new and *extraordinary* piece of bone, which serves to unite the broken ends, the jagged and sharp projections of which she carefully rounds off.

But we must now take leave of the subject, and commend it to the thoughtful consideration of the reader, who will recognise in all this the marvellous wisdom and protecting care of our great Creator.

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

NOT TO BE WON.

MRS. ANSTEY looked up quickly and inquiringly when her daughter re-entered the cottage. The marriage that was to place her favourite child above the reach of poverty was always in her thoughts, and she was restlessly eager to hear that Mr. Raynor had spoken to Kythe, and won—if not her absolute consent to be his—a promise to take his proposals into consideration.

"It is such an excellent match, that she cannot decline it!" the mother thought to herself; "for she will think of me as well as herself; of Alessie's helplessness and my failing health. She loves us too well to throw away such a chance of securing us a home for the remainder of our lives."

But, with the exception of a red spot on her cheeks, and a little heaviness about her eyes, as if she had been weeping lately, there was nothing to be gathered from Kythe's looks. She delivered Miss Mia's trimmings and messages, answered a carelessly-put question or two, and then, opening a book of exercises she had brought home from Captain Harwin's to correct, absorbed herself in it till Alessie claimed her attention, and kept it fully occupied all the evening.

Mrs. Anstey went to bed grievously disappointed that nothing had resulted from this walk to the Grange. She forgot that there could be none of the freely-given confidence between mother and daughter, which is so delightful to both, while Kythe was fretting under the conviction that it was not so much for his good qualities as his position and property Mr. Raynor was regarded as an eligible suitor. Poverty had affected Mrs. Anstey and her child very differently. It had made the latter more tenacious of her dignity, more careful not to stoop to a mean or selfish action. But the former it had hardened. She had learned to set an undue value on the things of this world, and though she was ready to practise any act of self-denial for Kythe's sake, it was not to elevate her soul, but to adorn her person.

And, divining this, Kythe said nothing to her mother of the mental struggles she endured after Mr. Raynor's abrupt declaration. To a girl who, if she had never known actual want, had always been on the verge of it, such a bountifully-provided home as the Grange offered temptations more fortunate young people can scarcely realise. She had but to extend her hand, and hers might be the treasures of old plate and china and antique furniture, the chests of damask and linen, Miss Mia had hoarded all the years she presided over her brother's house; and she might "walk in silk attire," as stiff and shining as Miss Raynor's own.

Moreover, a confession of affection from Noel Raynor was very flattering. She was proud to know that, without an effort to ingratiate herself with her wealthy connection, she had won the affections, so long pent up that the most sanguine maidens in the district had learned to look upon him as a confirmed bachelor. And it was gratifying to know that he loved her wholly for herself; loved her in spite of

her wayward moods, and those repeated refusals to obey his mandates, or give up her own opinions, which had scandalised Miss Mia.

And she reciprocated the liking, to a greater degree than she cared to admit. If he had been her brother, she might have wrangled with him frequently, and protested against many of his pursuits; but she would have shared and taken an interest in others, and loved him dearly whether they were at peace or war. There was a strength in Mr. Raynor's character that had a great attraction for Kythe, but

"The children worked so willingly that real progress was made."—*p.* 392.

it wanted the ennobling influence of religion; and to marry him—to become a wife whose obedience was rendered, not because she reverenced her spouse, but feared him—no, no, she could not do it!

She shivered, and set her teeth together at the thought; yet she found herself hoping her rejection would not inflict much pain, and wondering whether the philosophy Mr. Raynor was wont to air for the benefit of others would assist him in overcoming any disappointment he might feel on his own account.

Then she tried to forget what he had said, telling herself that very possibly it had been regretted as soon as uttered, and that Noel would be the first to remember the disparity of their ages, and repent his impulsive speech; but she knew all the while that he rarely, if ever, turned back from what he had begun, and was not surprised when, as soon as she came back from her pupils on the following afternoon, Mrs. Anstey handed her a letter directed in the firm stiff caligraphy of the master of Hartswood.

Her face did not mantle with a girlish blush, as her mother anticipated, but grew as pale as when it startled Miss Mia by its ghastly hue; for Kythe was too proud and too sensitive herself not to be able to comprehend what it must have cost Noel Raynor to write and send that letter. She let it lie beside her plate while she drank her tea thirstily, and told Alessie how the departure of the Harwins was now quite decided, Roland having gone to Manchester to try and find a house that would answer his father's and sister's requirements.

Yet it was not carelessly, but with gentle, almost tender touch, she picked up the letter at last, and carried it away to read in the privacy of her own little chamber. It was addressed to "Mrs. Anstey," and written in a very matter-of-fact style for an ardent lover to adopt; but Kythe, who knew his peculiarities, was able to look beyond the mere words, and recognise the underlying earnestness of the writer; and it is doubtful whether she had ever liked him as well as when she was feeling most keenly the impossibility of wedding him.

"Well, child?" said Mrs. Anstey, when she went down-stairs again. "But you need not tell me how

you have decided. I see you are determined to trifle with your chances till you lose them."

This speech offended the young girl's delicacy. *Her chances!* How it sounded! Did her mother think, with Lucilla Harwin, that she could stoop to plan and plot for a rich husband? Mrs. Anstey, who had bent over some work she was arranging, did not see the indignant flush that mounted to Kythe's brow, but she divined the meaning of her silence, and said presently, in milder tones—

"I can't help grieving, dear; it would be such an excellent match for you. I respect Mr. Raynor so highly that I could have given him my little daughter without hesitation."

"Could you?" asked Kythe, so dubiously, that her mother was startled, and inquired whether she knew anything to his discredit.

"I know that he is not a religious man; and I am afraid his wife will always be second to his farm."

Mrs. Anstey shook her head incredulously.

"Some wives might be, but not such an one as my Kythe would develop into. As to his principles, Noel Raynor attends his church regularly, and has always led a good moral life. I don't like to hear you set yourself up as being so much better than the rest of us."

"Did I do so? then I am sorry. But, mother, don't you see, I want to feel that the person with whom I solemnly vow to spend the remainder of my days will help me to be really better than I am."

On this admission Mrs. Anstey seized directly.

"A very right and proper feeling, my dear. It shows that you are conscious of the faults that would make me rejoice to see my child united to a person so much older and steadier than herself—a person who would help to curb her hasty temper, and watch over her when I am gone."

Kythe meditated before replying. Would Mr. Raynor's example have a beneficial effect upon her? Why, no; how could it, when she disputed his possessing the one thing essential, without which she could not honour him as a husband ought to be honoured? She sighed, and gave up this view of the subject in despair, but only to take up another.

"I am not in haste to marry, and how would you, who have bravely abstained from asking assistance from any one since my father died—how would you like me to accept the addresses of a man to whom I should have to be indebted for my wedding-clothes?"

Mrs. Anstey drew her daughter down beside her, gazed at her with motherly tenderness, and kissed her fondly.

"My darling, I have thought of all these things, and many others; but I can pocket my pride to see you well settled in life."

Kythe withdrew herself coldly from her mother's embrace.

"What is being well settled? Have the words but one meaning—and is that *money?* or would you be just as willing to give me to Mr. Raynor if he were poor? as poor, for instance, as Jock Beacham?"

Mrs. Anstey hesitated.

"Why need we discuss that? He is a worthy man, and he is well-to-do."

"And I am quite content to acknowledge this from a distance."

Mrs. Anstey uttered an impatient exclamation, but a tear fell on her work, and her daughter seeing it, put her arms around her caressingly.

"Mother mine, why do you let this distress you? Ah, don't be so eager to send me away! You are letting the fat kine and broad meadows of Hartswood cast a glamour over you, and are fancying you would be glad to see me married, because I should be rich; but suppose I were not happy? What would you do if you saw me pining for the old home, and the patient love and petting I have always had from you? Let us be content as we are a little longer."

She did not say, as she had done on a previous occasion, "Let us return to London;" and her mother, who noticed this, regarded her sharply. Was Mr. Raynor correct in surmising that the Harwins were winning her heart away from them?

"I will not have you go to Manchester, Kythe. Once for all, I forbid it," she exclaimed, with rising anger. "When the Harwins leave this neighbourhood, your connection with them shall cease."

"Because Mr. Raynor has prejudiced himself against them? But—just as you please, mother. I daresay they will not raise any objection. Lucilla will soon find other friends, and she is not fond enough of writing to keep up a correspondence with me."

"But this letter; how is it to be answered? Shall I ask Mr. Raynor to let you have more time——"

She was interrupted with a passionate protest against any such temporising.

"I will never give him reason to despise me! Tell him the truth, as kindly and briefly as you can. I like him very much, but I cannot marry him."

She ran away before her mother could offer any more remonstrances; and when, at the close of a brisk walk on the moor, she came back, Alessie was alone. Mrs. Anstey had gone to bed with a headache, and for several days was either too unwell or too much displeased, or both, to speak to her daughter, except in plaintive monosyllables; and Kythe was miserable.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOURS.

ROLAND HARWIN'S house-hunting proved successful much sooner than could have been reasonably expected, for the first agent to whom he applied had on his books a detached villa that had gained the reputation of being haunted, and as the last tenants —two nervous maiden ladies—had quitted it in

haste, driven away by the noises a colony of rats created, the report had gained ground, and no one was willing to risk spending the winter in a secluded house so unpleasantly tenanted already. Captain Harwin's offer, made through his son, to take it at a reduced rent, was accepted, and a day fixed for the removal of his family.

"I shall begin packing at once," Lucilla informed Kythe. "It will not take long, because the greater portion of the furniture is not ours, and will be left here for Mr. Lamont; and papa will be away as well as Roland, for he thinks, and I agree with him, that it will be an excellent opportunity for paying a few visits to his old friends. Gentlemen are only in the way when one wants to be busy; don't you think so?"

Kythe acquiesced, and went to the school-room with rather a heavy heart, for she had grown fond of her pupils, and dreaded the moment of parting. The question of her accompanying them in the twofold character of their governess was again mooted, and negatived decidedly, much to Lucilla's chagrin.

But her good humour returned when Kythe assigned, as her principal reason, her own sister's dependence upon her. Ever since the conversation she held with Alessie after the adventure at Horley Bay, she had been uneasily conscious that for her, and through her, the claims of this helpless young creature had been ignored, and she was lovingly eager to make atonement. As soon as she could regain her influence over her mother, she would employ it in prevailing on Mrs. Anstey to leave Hartswood, and take up her residence in one of the large cities in the North—York, or Liverpool, she cared not which. In any populous place, her mother's skill with her needle, and her own abilities as a teacher, would insure them their daily food, and clever surgeons were to be found in all such localities, one or other of whom would examine the pretty blue eyes, over which, on close inspection, a film could be detected, and bring his skill to bear upon the case.

It was arranged that Kythe should continue her instructions until the day prior to Lucilla's departure, and she was therefore at hand to listen to all Miss Harwin's troubles, being regularly pounced upon as soon as she dismissed her pupils, for the whole list of grievances to be poured into her ears. A removal is always a troublesome and fatiguing piece of business, and taxes the energies of the best of housekeepers; but on this occasion it was complicated by its bringing to light the shortcomings of the preceding years.

The first attempt to empty lumber rooms and closets of the articles stowed away as soon as they were damaged, revealed such an array of legless chairs, broken tables, chipped picture-frames and looking-glasses, besides innumerable trifles in the shape of wrecked desks, work-boxes, screens, whatnots, and so on, that Rupert advised a bonfire in the courtyard as the quickest and cheapest way of ridding themselves of this difficulty; and the village carpenter, after working hard for three days with hammer and nails and glue-pot, and seeing no prospect of coming to an end of his distasteful labours, excused himself, on the plea of having other work to attend to, and came no more.

A similar chaos presented itself when Lucilla turned to her drawers and wardrobes. All the torn frocks and jackets, the hose and under-linen that half an hour's work would have repaired if the stitch in time had been taken, but which it had been her custom to thrust out of sight till that more convenient season which never came, now stared her in the face, and had accumulated to such an extent that she was ashamed as well as dismayed.

"It 's so unfortunate that I 've never been fond of needlework, isn't it?" she sighed. "I have always intended to set apart two days in the week for looking over the children's clothes and my own, but something has invariably happened to prevent it. Don't you think I am very unfortunate, Miss Anstey?"

Kythe could not say "yes" with a clear conscience, so she took out her thimble and stitched away busily as long as she could, besides carrying home a parcel of Beta's and Nelly's garments to repair; but Lucilla did not seem to derive much benefit from the assistance. How could she, when the greater part of the time that should have been devoted to packing was spent in gazing at these consequences of the dilatory habits she had fallen into; or lamenting that the moths should have made such havoc with the children's under-garments? It was so much easier to lounge, in a careless attitude, in a low soft chair, trying to determine what must be kept and what given away, than to plunge vigorously into the dusty laborious work of packing, that at last Rupert crossly protested nothing would be ready when the vans arrived to transport their goods to Manchester. As he gave no regular assistance himself, but was continually rushing off to pay farewell calls or have one more hour in the woods with his gun, complaints of Lucilla's dawdling way did not sound well on his lips, as Kythe good-humouredly reminded him.

Kythe herself helped and advised, and often contrived to infuse a little of her own activity into the brother and sister. But this was only maintained while she was with them, and she could not go as often nor stay as long as she could have wished. Never had home been so distasteful to her as it was just then. Mrs. Anstey had not mentioned Mr. Raynor's name again, but she made her daughter very unhappy by her melancholy aspect and allusions to her precarious health; or she would caress her blind daughter as she had never done before, mournfully wondering what would become of her poor 'Lessie when she was no more. Although Kythe was unable to see that her mother's strength or appetite had failed, and had sufficient faith in her own powers to feel no undue anxiety with regard to Alessie's or her own future, it harassed her to hear Mrs. Anstey talk

in this strain, and she escaped from the sound of it as often as she could.

But her visits to Lucilla became shorter and shorter as the days drew on. There were no long light evenings now; twilight overtook her if she lingered beyond the hour of six; and even with Martin for her escort, she did not care to be benighted while she crossed the copses that lay between her mother's cottage and Captain Harwin's residence. Jock, who had been wont to find his way there about the time he knew she and her boyish companion would pass, was busy in another direction, assisting at the felling and cutting up of some large timber; and since he was deputed to over-see this job, the only glimpse he had caught of Kythe was on the way home from church, and then it had been a very brief one, for he was sustaining the faltering steps of his grandmother, and she was too anxious to avoid the Raynors to loiter with any one. Even the Sunday afternoon readings at the shepherd's cottage had to be discontinued now the autumnal rains had converted the track leading to it into such a bog that it was impassable for an aged woman like Anne Beacham, and as without her the simple service became flat and unprofitable, it was by common consent given up till more favourable weather.

With all her surroundings so unpropitious—the skies dull and misty, the Harwins preparing for departure, Jock seldom visible, and Alessie, who was not yet inured to the chill breezes of the North, so irritable that there was no pleasing her, it is not surprising that Kythe caught the infection of her mother's depression, and could only throw it off when she was away from home, and at work for others. This she did at Captain Harwin's *con amore*, dusting and packing books and ornaments, or folding linen and laying it neatly in the boxes, and infusing so much energy into her assistants that her coming was always hailed with delight. There was so much fun and laughter all the while Kythe lent her aid, and the children worked so willingly, that real progress was made, and the pile of luggage that stood in the hall, corded and labelled, visibly increased; but when at the sound of the clock she threw off the holland apron that protected her dress, and snatched up her hat and jacket, there was always a shout of opposition. Then, too, Lucilla would discover that she was tired, and Rupert that he had other occupations to attend to. The children trooped away to get into mischief, and very little more of actual work was attempted till she came again.

Sometimes her refusal to be detained, no matter what the pretext, annoyed her easy-going friends, who kept no appointments and observed no rules unless it suited them to do so; and on one occasion, when she could not be induced to stay and listen to some gossiping that Rupert wanted to tell, he shouted after her crossly that she could not be in a greater hurry if Noll Moyes and his boys were running after her.

A laughing nod as she closed the gate and sped away was the only notice she vouchsafed this pettish speech, and when Martin overtook her and slipped his hand into hers, she merrily asked the lad if Noll Moyes was the name of one of the freebooters, traditions of whose wild deeds still lingered in the East Riding.

"Haven't you heard of him before?" cried Martin, opening his eyes. "Why, everybody knows him; and just now he 's a near neighbour of your own."

"Indeed!" she replied. "How is it that I have not made his acquaintance?"

"Oh! you couldn't make acquaintance with such a man as he is," and Martin looked grave. "He hasn't a penny to bless himself with; and he 's ragged, and not the sort of fellow for a young lady to be seen speaking to."

Kythe gave him a reproachful glance.

"Oh! Martin, I thought I 'd taught you to think with me that it's mean to despise or avoid any one for no better reason than their poverty. I shall go and see this man, if I can find that I can do anything for him. Where do you say that he lives?"

"I 'll tell you," said the boy, sinking his voice a little. "You have seen that great heap of stones in a hollow on the moor—half a mile or so from the fir clump; papa says it 's a cairn, but I don't know what that means. Oh! never mind telling me now. If it 's ancient Britons, or Danes, or Druids, it 's all the same to me. I never care to hear about such old, old fellows; but it 's there, amongst those, that Noll Moyes has made himself a hovel. I went and peeped into it the other morning, when I was pretty sure he was not at home; and it is such a wretched hole! worse than a fox's den—worse than the tents the gipsies set up when they were here in the spring. Some dry fern and heather scattered about; a heap of rags and straw for a bed in one corner, and an iron cooking-pot amongst some charred sticks in another. No furniture; not even a three-legged stool, and nothing to keep out the wind but a tattered coat."

"Poor man! how long has he been living there in such misery?" asked Kythe, shocked at the boy's description. A depth of poverty so great as this had been hitherto unknown at Hartswood, where there was work for all who were able to do it, and neighbourly aid for those who were not.

"How long? Oh, it 's only since he came out of prison," replied Martin, unconcernedly; "he was there for six months. It was for poaching, and they say he has come back more hardened than when he went away."

"And he has children!" murmured Kythe; "how sad! What an example for them!"

"Oh, but they are not little children, Miss Anstey," objected Martin. "They are big lads, taller and stouter than Rupert or Roland. But none of the farmers will hire them to work on their farms; they can't be trusted. They net the fish, and steal the eggs and young chickens, and help themselves to the fruit—and the more they are flogged the worse they are. It's only Jock Beacham who stands up for

them. Roly says that's because Jock likes a bit of poaching himself on the sly."

"Roland is very unjust!" Kythe began, hotly, but checked herself in accordance with a resolve she had made long since, not to animadvert in the hearing of the younger boys on the conduct of their elder brothers.

So she began to speak of something else, but at the first pause in the conversation Martin brought it back to the more interesting topic of Noll Moyes' daring exploits.

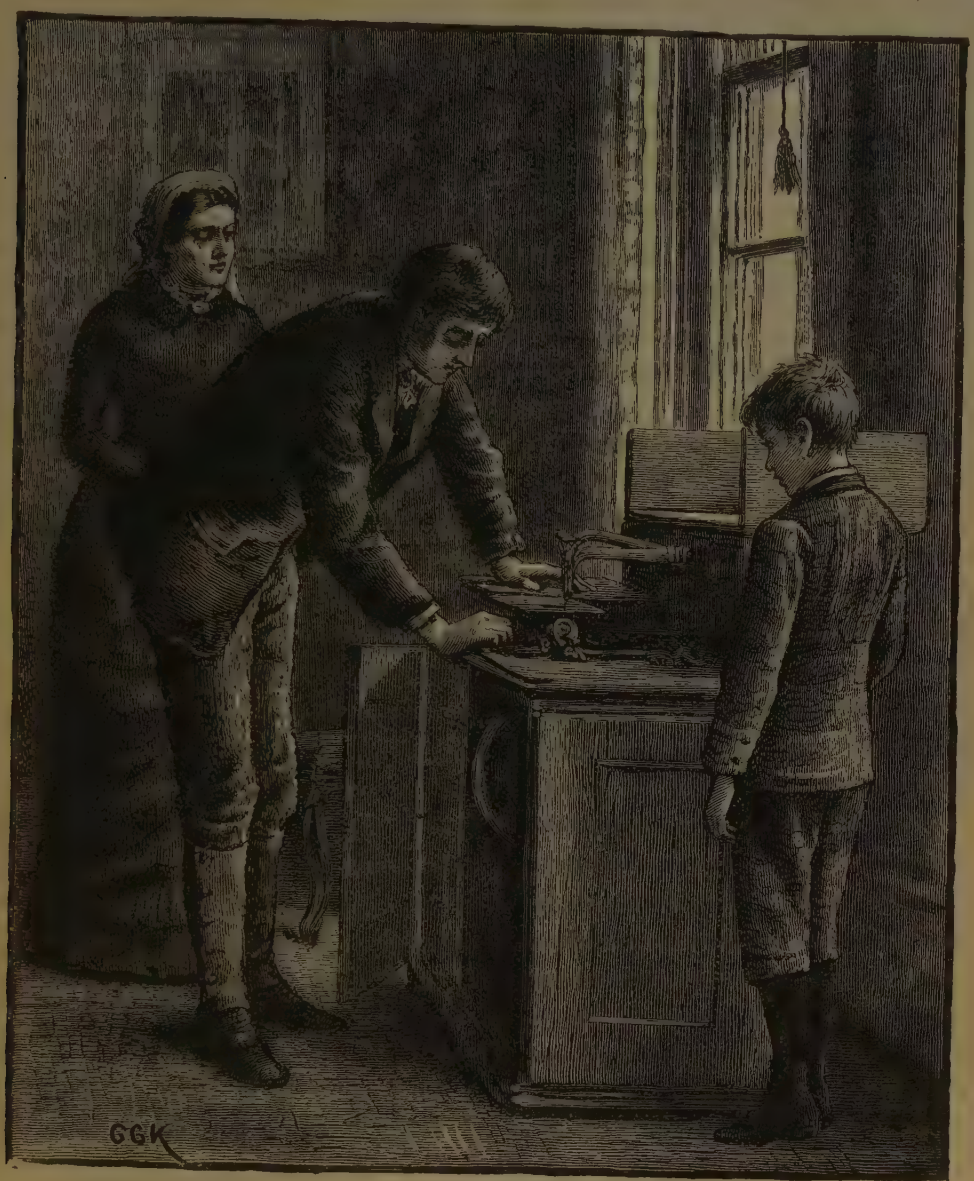
"It's lucky Roly went away before he came out of prison, wasn't it?"

"I don't know; why do you say so?"

"Because Noll threatened—oh! I don't know what he didn't threaten to do to him; and he always said it was through Ro he was tracked to his hiding-place in the old castle—and perhaps it was; but he deserved to be taken up, didn't he?"

"I'd rather not give an opinion," said Kythe, drily. "It may be our duty sometimes to denounce a wrong-doer, but I don't know whether it was your brother Roland's; and we'll not talk about it any longer."

"Would you be frightened if you were to meet Noll in the copses?" queried Martin suddenly; so suddenly



"He detected the reason why Mrs. Anstey's sewing machine worked irregularly."—*p.* 396.

that his companion—who with much secret wrath was marvelling how the unscrupulous son of Captain Harwin could have been so blind to his own disregard of his neighbours' rights over their property as to denounce Noll Moyes—was startled, and answered, hesitatingly, that she didn't know.

"Why should I fear him? What made you ask me this?"

"Because they say he's dangerous, and has gone into the shop at Bickley twice, and terrified the old woman who keeps it into giving him some food and gunpowder; and I heard the doctor, when he called on Lucilla about the payment of his bill, say that Moyes and his sons would soon be the terror of the district, if they were not driven out of it."

"Will driving them away make better men of them, poor starving miserable wretches?" asked Kythe, indignantly. "No, I should not be afraid to meet either of them, for I pity and would help them if I knew how."

Martin did not make any reply, but she felt his clasp of her hand tighten painfully; and just as she would have cried out to him to have mercy, the grip relaxed, the small fingers grew cold and tremulous, and finally slid out of her palm.

Was he ill? or—— But there was no time for asking questions; a dark shadow was obscuring what little daylight remained, and Kythe, looking up to ascertain the cause, forgot the boy's strange behaviour, for a grim figure stood on the path, the figure of a rough gaunt man, with fierce deeply-sunken eyes, and a weather-beaten face, half hidden by the greasy cap slouched over it; and she knew intuitively that she saw before her the Noll Moyes Martin had been describing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

KYTHE'S first impulse was to put out her hand, and draw the little lad closer to her side, partly with the view of reassuring him, and partly for her own protection; but he was gone; he had slipped away so noiselessly that she knew not the manner nor moment of his going.

On discovering this she could feel the blood recede from her cheeks. She had reached the loneliest part of her homeward route; the misty twilight brought with it a hush so profound that it would have awed her under any circumstances; judge, then, with what a thrill of terror she remembered that not a creature was near her but this strange man of whom she had just been hearing such a description! A few minutes ago she had considered Noll Moyes an object of compassion rather than alarm, but now that she was brought face to face with him, she no longer felt surprised that Dr. Bates spoke of him as a dangerous character. He looked the thorough ruffian, brutalised by evil habits and imprisonment.

He did not speak, but his scowling brows and the fierce gleam in his eyes filled her with vague apprehensions, though she had sufficient presence of mind to bid him good evening civilly, in country fashion, and attempt to pass on.

But he did not stir, and, seeing that he did not intend to make way for her, she began to retreat slowly, thinking to strike into another path at no great distance. However, he strode after her, and when he did this Kythe's terror was overwhelming; turning her back upon him, she fled rapidly, but had not gone a dozen yards ere she was overtaken, and with a growl and a rough shake commanded to stand still.

Knowing that she was powerless in the grasp of such a man, she obeyed, reserving her breath and strength for a fresh flight as soon as his grasp on her arm could be shaken off; if Martin had not forsaken her she would have felt braver, or the boy could have shouted loud enough to have brought some one to their assistance. As it was, all her own efforts were directed to keeping her senses, for a deathly faintness stole over her every time she looked at her captor and remembered that she was at the mercy of a desperate man.

He saw this, and laughed coarsely.

"You don't seem to like my company, Miss Harwin; but you'll have to put up with it. I've been a-wanting a little talk with some o' your family, and you'll do as well as another."

"My name is not Harwin," said Kythe, relieved to find that she was mistaken for some one else, and gathering from it hope of a speedy release.

But she was heard with incredulity, and Noll Moyes emphasised his next speech with a shake that left her breathless.

"Don't tell me that! Didn't I see one of your brothers with you? A bright little lad, decently clothed and well behaved, such as mine might ha' been if it hadn't been for you and yourn."

"I assure you my name is not Harwin, and that I have never done you any injury," Kythe protested, her courage reviving as she grew angry at his refusal to believe her. "And even if I were the Captain's daughter, it is downright unmanly of you to stop me here and compel me to listen to what you choose to say. You are hurting my wrist cruelly."

"What do I care for that?" he retorted. "Has it never hurt me to be shut up in the jail, and treated like a dog, while my wife died in the union, and the lads lived how they could, beat and kicked about if they helped themselves to a sup of porridge or a bit of food, no matter how hungry they might be?"

"It must be terrible to be imprisoned," the young girl murmured, compassion rising above all other emotion. "But then if we do wrong, ought we not to submit with patience to the punishment?"

"Do you think I'm going to let you preach that to me?" he asked, with a snarl. "Why must I be punished while others get off scot-free? If you talk of that, why don't you take your share? Is it because I'm poor that I've all the scoffs to take and you none?"

"But what have I done, or what has the person for whom you mistake me done, to make you so angry? Pray be more reasonable."

"Look ye here," he exclaimed, with a threatening gesture, "it's through you Harwins that I haven't a roof over my head, while every creature I meet has a bad name for me and my boys. Don't stare at me as if you'd tell me you didn't believe it, if you dared, for I say it's true, *true, true!* We was rough, but we was honest till you come to this part to live, and galled me with your ways, and your injustice. Though it's what we always get from them as call themselves our betters, it never touched me so close before, and I can't think of it now without hating the lot of ye!"

"But why recall things that are gone by?" asked Kythe, trembling as she saw his eyes blaze with fury, and felt herself swayed to and fro while he rated at her.

"We was honest till then," he repeated; "and I kept my hands off my neighbours' goods; but your saucy brothers might take their guns or their nets, and help theirselves to fish or game, and call it a lark, and laugh at the joke if they were found out; and they had money in their pockets, and could pull out their purses, and tip the keepers a shilling to make them laugh with them. It was a hard winter that; and we 'd no coals, and the meal-bag more often empty than full. Was I to sit and starve while there was plenty to be had by stretching out my hand for it? But it was a crime when I did this, and they called me a poacher."

"It was a crime; you cannot deny it," said Kythe.

"Yes, it was in *me*, though in your fine gentlemen brothers it was only a lark, and they were the first to denounce me when they found my wires and traps. Eh, well! I 've paid the fine—I 've had my punishment that you prattle about with such a glib tongue; and why not? I don't live in a big house, and wear broadcloth. I 'm a scamp and a rascal, and deserve all I get. But who set me the example? Tell me that, eh! tell me that!"

"Indeed, I am very sorry for you," Kythe protested, her eyes filling with tears, her indignation hot against the reckless young men whose example had been so pernicious. "But do not blame me for what I cannot help."

"I 'm going to make you help it, my lass," Moyes responded, savagely. "I 'm sick of the life I live here, and mean to mend it. The lads and me 'll go to Australy; but we mun have money, and your folks 'll have to find it. D' ye hear?"

"I must again assure you that I am not Captain Harwin's daughter; but I know her, and will tell her and her brothers what you say; and if I can induce them to assist your plans, indeed I will, with my whole heart."

"Ay, you 'll have to, if you want to see your smart house, with its pictures, and carpets, and fal-lals again," was the reply. "They say your father thinks a world and all of his young lady daughter; he 'll have to prove it now by paying a good price for the sight of her pretty face, or he shall never see it more."

Turning a deaf ear to her protestations, he began to drag her into the depths of the wood, only gripping her slender wrist more brutally when she struggled to free herself.

"What are you going to do with me?" she gasped. "Oh, man, be pitiful, and let me go!"

"When there 's a good sum offered for you, I will, and not before," was the dogged response. "I 'm not to be turned from my purpose by the sobs and moanings of a bit lass like you; so you 'd better bide quiet, and sub—what was it you said?—submit yourself patiently. Why shouldn't Noll Moyes have his lark as well as your fine gentlemen brothers?"

"Oh, this is dreadful!" cried Kythe, almost frenzied with terror. "Will nothing I say convince you that I am not Lucilla Harwin? Will no one come to save me from this bad man?" she added, desperately. "If Jock Beacham were but here!"

She screamed the young man's name again and again, Noll Moyes standing still when she did so, and regarding her doubtfully.

To her indescribable joy, the cry was answered with a shout like a clarion call, that rang through the air, and was echoed by the shriller notes of a boy's voice.

"Don't be afraid; we are coming, coming!" And as she distinguished the words, she trembled no longer. Jock, the strong, the brave, was near, and she was safe! She could hear his footsteps as he crushed through the underwood; and she flung the arm that was free around a sapling, and clung to it with all her force, resolved not to be torn from the spot before he could reach it.

But Noll Moyes was visibly disconcerted. At first he put his brawny hand over her lips, to stifle her cries, but as suddenly withdrew it, and, muttering that he "didn't want no words with Jock Beacham," picked up the gun he had dropped in some bushes when he seized her, and walked quickly away.

He had scarcely disappeared, when two forms came running into sight, and Kythe, who was still clinging to the sapling, found her hands clasped in Jock Beacham's, while Martin danced around her, at one minute asking exultingly if it hadn't been a prime thought of his to rush off and find Jock, at the next trying to incite the latter to go on in pursuit of the good-for-nothing fellow who had frightened Miss Anstey.

But Kythe was in no condition to be left; the fears she had endeavoured to hide while in the grasp of Noll Moyes now overcame her. She could scarcely believe that he was not hovering near, dogging their footsteps till he could find an opportunity of pouncing upon her and tearing her from Jock's sustaining arm. She scarcely ventured to breathe till the light in her mother's window was visible, and Mrs. Anstey could be seen at the open door looking anxiously for her child, who had never been so late

as this before. Then, and not till then, could she realise her escape, and, throwing herself on her mother's neck, weep there her joy and gratitude.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

YES OR NO?

IT was Martin who told the tale of Kythe's adventure, for she could not find words herself, but sat in her mother's arm-chair, pale and faint, though smiling, while Mrs. Anstey listened to the boy's incoherent description of the encounter with Noll Moyes, and the treatment to which Kythe had been subjected.

It was with unwonted cordiality she welcomed to her cottage the young man who had here rendered her daughter valuable assistance. Jock's broad shoulders, muscular limbs, and frank handsome face pleased her woman's eye, and she was still more impressed with the gentleness constant association with his grandmother had imparted to his address; it was in such pleasant contrast to the bluff demeanour which the Yorkshireman ordinarily adopts. For a few brief happy months Mrs. Anstey had been the mother of a fair-haired son, still passionately loved although so early lost, and she never came in contact with a well-grown lad about the age her boy would have been had he lived, without recalling the dead child, and fancying that he might have been such another.

So Jock was kindly received, and entreated to stay and share the supper prepared for Kythe and Martin, much to the delight of the latter, with whom he was a prime favourite; and when his ingenious fingers found employment in mending a broken bracket, and detected the reason why Mrs. Anstey's sewing machine worked irregularly, he was pressed to repeat his visit.

"Kneeling on the floor with her head bowed in her hands."—*p.* 398.

Would Kythe endorse her mother's invitation? He glanced towards her, and she blushed, which was sufficient to send Jock away highly elated, promising himself many a happy evening in her society. Mrs. Anstey expatiated on his civility and his ingenuity all the while she was undressing, and enumerated the many little odds and ends of repairing and improving she intended asking him to do for her.

"Such a handy young man was invaluable in a household composed entirely of women," she said, with a sigh and a smile, and she must try and requite him by an offer of her services whenever his grandmother required a dress made or a cap trimmed.

Kythe listened uneasily. She was glad her mother had seen and liked Jock, but knowing her wishes, was it honest to keep her in ignorance that Mr. Raynor had a formidable rival in the man whose visits she was encouraging? She approached Mrs.

Anstey with the intention of telling her frankly the state of her feelings, but her courage failed. We have already said that she was not accustomed to confide in her mother; the consciousness that they did not think alike on many points of serious importance had raised a barrier between them that never ought to have been there. When Mrs. Anstey met her child half-way, and mingled with her thankful ejaculations for her escape from the violence of Noll Moyes, fond kisses and an assertion that it would have killed her if any harm had befallen her beautiful darling, Kythe was silenced; she could not bring herself to inflict fresh pain on the maternal heart to which she was so fondly clasped.

"It would be premature," she decided, with another modest blush. "By-and-by, when she knows Jock better, and has overcome her disappointment at my unwillingness to step into Miss Mia's place, she will give me a more patient hearing."

As her mother would not hear of her venturing far from home as long as Noll Moyes remained in the neighbourhood, Martin was the bearer of a note to his sister on the morrow, explaining why Kythe was under the necessity of discontinuing her lessons, and Kythe herself took advantage of the unusual leisure a quiet day at home and Alessie's absence afforded her to set her long neglected drawers in order. She was smoothing out collars and ribbons, and dreaming idly of the brighter days that were to be when the winter had come and gone—days when the violets and primroses peeped from beneath the dry leaves in the woods, and the birds that had flown away to the south returned to fill the air with their songs.

But some one crossed the room below. Was it her mother? No; she was busy in the adjoining chamber. Perhaps Alessie had returned from the Grange; and she ran down-stairs to meet her sister, and hear her impressions of Mrs. Robins and the busy life of a farmhouse.

But when she sprang lightly down the lowest stairs, and pushed open the door at the foot, she found—not her blind sister awaiting her, but Mr. Raynor.

"Something has happened to Alessie!" she exclaimed, startled by the agitation visible on his features.

"No; she is well, and will be quite willing to stay longer with us if you will join her. What is this I have heard from little Martin Harwin about your being stopped and frightened on your way home from his father's house?"

Kythe drew down her sleeve over the wrist that was still swelled and discoloured from Noll Moyes' fierce clutch; but she did not choose to set on the track of such a miserable wretch a stern man like Noel Raynor. Answering lightly that, as no doubt Martin had given him an exaggerated account of the affair, he should be spared a second version, she asked him to sit down while she called her mother.

But, to her unspeakable annoyance, he replied that his visit was to her. Mrs. Anstey had given him leave to apply to Kythe herself for an answer to his letter.

He saw her bite her lip angrily, and his own brow darkened. Her mother had told him, with mingled smiles and tears, that it would be the happiest day of her life when she saw him lead her child to the altar, and had spoken as if the coldness and reserve of Kythe's demeanour were nothing more than the caprices in which a pretty wilful girl loves to indulge. He had listened with reviving hope, reminding himself of many tokens of her good-will Kythe had given him, always dwelling wistfully on those days when his accident had confined him to the house, and she had waited upon him, sat with him, read to him, and made the hours that would otherwise have proved so tedious flit by swiftly and brightly.

Why could not those hours return? What had changed her and made her shrink from him? It was only since she had known the Harwins, and he hated them accordingly.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind she was rebelling against having this painful interview forced upon her. It was cruel to have kept Mr. Raynor in suspense; and it was treating her as if her mother thought her fickle enough to yield, in spite of her previous refusals, as soon as the master of Hartswood set before her with his own lips the advantages of the match.

"I would rather call my mother," she said, tremulously; "I have nothing to say that it would please you to hear."

"Three times before, to-day, I have been here," he replied, somewhat irrelevantly, gazing at her the while with wrath and love. Why was she so very fair in his eyes, if she would not be fair for him? And there was nothing encouraging in the half-averted face at which he was casting such wistful yearning glances. "But you have always been so engrossed in your friends the Harwins that I could not catch a glimpse of you."

"I have been helping them get ready for their removal to Manchester."

"Dragging about weighty boxes and carrying down loads that were too heavy for you, while Mr. Rupert Harwin lolled over the gate and yawned, and his sister sat and admired your industry. For my own part, I say, help those who help themselves, but don't toil that the drones may sit in the sun and do nothing."

There was some truth in what he was saying, which made it all the more provoking to Kythe, who always longed to defend her friends when they were attacked, but knew not how.

"It has been a real pleasure to me to help Lucilla Harwin," she said, coldly; "and I shall miss her very much when she is gone."

"It will be a good miss," Mr. Raynor retorted. "At the risk of offending you, I am bound to say that the neighbourhood will be well rid of such a family."

"And why?" asked Kythe, coldly. "If you

think those they leave behind are more generous, more charitable, more liberal in their opinions than the Harwins are, I must beg to differ from you."

Mr. Raynor could not conceal his annoyance.

"You are infatuated with these people. It is for your sake that I rejoice at their going. When they are no longer here, perhaps you will be the merry, sensible, warm-hearted Kythe we used to know."

"And so, because I have tried to render kindness for kindness, have returned the love Lucilla and the children lavished on me, with an affection as sincere and, I hope, as unselfish as theirs, and have regretted their faults instead of inveighing against them, you call me infatuated. You do not seem to see that whatever the Harwins are, you—yes, you have helped to make them."

"This is an absurd charge to bring against me," Mr. Raynor exclaimed. "Why, I have avoided them—always avoided them. I have no sympathy with your half-and-half gentry, who, on a petty income which they are too idle to try and increase, give themselves the airs of royal dukes. I am a plain Yorkshire yeoman, and prefer to mate with my kind."

"And pride yourself upon it, and on the strength of your wealth despise your less fortunate neighbours; and think it right that if they keep up the traditions of their birth, and—being gently born—behave accordingly, rougher natured folk should sneer at them, and hold aloof."

"I am not purse-proud," was the angry response. "I simply felt that the ways of the Harwins were not my ways, and therefore kept to myself."

"And the consequences? Have you ever troubled yourself to inquire what are the consequences? Why, they are patent even to my eyes, although I am comparatively a stranger at Hartswood."

"Perhaps, after the fashion of your sex, you are able to see what is invisible to mine," he said, with an effort to speak in a more jesting tone than he had hitherto employed. "I cannot plead guilty to having led your friends astray, either directly or indirectly."

"But you cannot deny that you have great influence here, and that others have imitated you in sending the young Harwins to Coventry. Being thrown upon themselves, and finding a welcome nowhere, who can wonder if they have fallen into habits, of which association with you and such as you would have made them ashamed?"

Mr. Raynor laughed in his wrath.

"This is the first time I have been told that I ought to waste my time and neglect my own affairs while I looked after the morals of a couple of dissolute young rascals who have a father of their own! I say again, I am glad they are going away, and hope you will have no further intercourse with them."

"You will perhaps exert your influence over my mother to forbid my writing to Miss Harwin, or visiting her?"

"I should be very sorry to know that you did either."

"And would prevent it if you could?"

To this Mr. Raynor made no reply, and Kythe, always impetuous, and easily excited by anything that savoured of injustice or tyranny, attacked him sharply—

"If my mother forbids my corresponding with Miss Harwin, I shall obey her; but I shall despise you."

"Not despise, Kythe; that's too harsh a word."

"I do not think so," she answered, reckless how much she offended him. "It is not the first time you have compelled me to remind you that our very distant relationship gives you no right to domineer over me."

"I shall never attempt to do so, Kythe. Just now you are angry; but when you are calmer, try to believe that in spite of my faults your happiness——"

Ah, he was trenching on dangerous ground, and Kythe hastened to interpose—

"I will be civil, and say what you like; only you must allow me to think that it is a fortunate thing you never married—fortunate, I mean, for the woman who might have been your wife. Think what her life would have been! Forbidden society, lest it should make her frivolous; expected to content herself always with the view from the Grange windows, and find her amusement in seeing her husband's cattle grow, or watching him count up his gains; without an end or aim in life but getting money and keeping it. Oh, I would rather die than be condemned to such a fate!"

* * * * * *

"Has Mr. Raynor gone?" asked Mrs. Anstey, coming down-stairs, and finding Kythe kneeling on the floor with her head bowed in her hands. "What have you said to him?"

"Oh, I have been cruel, cruel!" she sobbed. "I did not think so till I looked in his face as he was leaving me."

"It is not too late!" cried her mother, hurrying to the door.

But Kythe followed and held her mother. "He is gone too far to be recalled, and you must reconcile yourself to it. He will never ask me to be his wife again; never!"

(*To be continued.*)

MISSIONARY COLONISTS.

THE SPREAD OF THE KINGDOM.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.—MRS. HEMANS.

IN these lines our gifted poetess has embodied the popular idea respecting the motives which impelled the Pilgrim Fathers to leave their home in Europe, and seek another in the New World. But half the truth only is told, for though it is not to be disputed that Carver, Bradford, Brewster, and their companions who landed in New England in November, 1620, were in quest of an asylum where they could escape the intolerable tyranny of James I., they were avowedly Missionaries of the Cross; and the *May Flower* and the *Speedwell* were as truly missionary ships as were the *Duff* or the *John Williams*. One of the main objects of the Pilgrims was the conversion of the North American Indians. They tell us distinctly that they wished to establish such relations with these poor heathen people "that warring with them after another manner than their wont—by friendly usage, love, peace, honest and just carriage, and good counsel, we and they may not only live in peace in that land, and yield subjection to an earthly prince, but that they may be persuaded at length to embrace the Prince of Peace, Christ Jesus." It was natural, therefore, that John Robinson should write from Leyden, on hearing of the first war with the Indians, "how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you killed any." This Indian war is undoubtedly a painful incident in the annals of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is due to them, nevertheless, to state that they were compelled to fight in self-defence. A band of unprincipled adventurers, who had followed in their wake, in the hope of securing undue advantages through a shameful breach of covenant, had, by their criminal folly, outraged the Indians, who commenced hostilities against all white persons indiscriminately, for the purpose of revenging the wrongs that had been inflicted. But friendly intercourse was soon restored with the natives, and peace secured on a permanent basis; and though during the period of suffering and hardship, through which the infant colony of Plymouth was called to pass, no organised missionary operations were conducted; yet both ministers and laymen seem to have neglected no opportunity of communicating the "glad tidings" of a Saviour to their heathen neighbours. In this way much good was done, some of the Indians giving unmistakable evidence of true conversion.

In 1636 the colonists enacted laws by which provision was made for preaching the Gospel, and for the establishment—with the concurrence of the Sachems and other principal men—of Courts for the regulation of civil and religious affairs. This proceeding indicates that Christianity had made no inconsiderable progress amongst the people.

The design of the Massachusetts colony was likewise to a large extent evangelistic. The Colonial Seal bore a device, representing an Indian with a label at his mouth, inscribed with the words "Come over and help us;" and the Royal Charter directs that the colonists "be so religiously, peaceably, and civilly governed, as their good life and orderly conversation may win, and incite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith, which in our Royal intention, and the adventurers' free profession, is the principal end of the plantation." As soon as the success of the American colonies was assured, multitudes emigrated from England, with the sole object of enjoying religious liberty; and as this, with many of the most influential emigrants, continued to be the dominant idea, it was perpetuated and strengthened by their descendants, until the purpose of the original settlers became obscured. It is, therefore, only just to their memory to repeat the statement, that the missionary cause occupied no secondary place in their minds.

In 1646, the Massachusetts legislature passed an Act for encouraging the propagation of Christianity amongst the Indians. In the same year, John Eliot commenced his self-denying labours which have earned for him the title of "the Apostle to the Indians." He had previously acquired the native tongue, and had maintained such intercourse with the people, that he felt constrained to make systematic efforts for their evangelisation. The Court of Massachusetts was induced to grant a piece of land, upon which, under Eliot's guidance, a town called Nonantum was built, not far from Boston, in order that the Indians might enjoy religious instruction, and learn the arts of civilised life. "I feel it," says Eliot, "absolutely necessary to carry on civility with religion." The example of the Indians at Nonantum was followed by others, and another township was formed in the neighbourhood of Concord. Eliot was truly indefatigable in his ministrations, not only to the inhabitants of these towns, but also among the outlying heathen. In describing the nature of his work, he might with all propriety have adopted the words of an Apostle, and said, "In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen . . . . in perils of the wilderness, in weariness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often. . . . . Besides those things that are without, that which

MAP SHOWING THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches;" for, while thus energetically pursuing missionary work, he was the efficient pastor of the church at Roxbury, near Boston. In 1661, another township was built, called Natick, about eighteen miles from Boston; a congregation of "praying Indians" was collected there, and a native church was formed. Soon afterwards, Eliot completed the translation of the Scriptures into the Indian language. First the New Testament, and then the Old, was printed at Cambridge, New England. This was the first Bible printed in America. Other works of a religious character followed, and finally a grammar of the Indian tongue, the closing words of which deserve to be recorded—"*Prayers and pains through faith in Christ Jesus will do anything.*" The following specimens of Indian words may convey some notion of the difficulty attending the acquisition of the language: *Nooromantammoonkanunoonnash* means "our loves," *Kummogokdonattootammoctiteaonganunonash* "our questions."

Schools were instituted by Eliot, for the purpose, not only of teaching the natives to read and write, but also of training them for the work of the ministry; and though his expectations in this direction were not wholly realised, a number of young men qualified themselves for the position of schoolmasters and teachers; in some instances a considerable knowledge of Latin and Greek having been attained. In 1674 there were no less than fourteen towns inhabited by praying Indians within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, over which Eliot maintained the oversight. Several of the congregations had their own native pastors and officers, and it is estimated that between eleven hundred and twelve hundred persons thus willingly separated themselves from the surrounding heathen population.

Like other missions, the Colonial missions had their time of trial. Philip of Pokanoket, a powerful native chief, alarmed at the growth of the colony and the spread of Christianity, formed a league with a large number of tribes for the purpose of exterminating the Europeans in New England. His first attacks were successful, and many of the colonists and their converts perished under circumstances of great barbarity. Though the mass of Praying Indians remained faithful to the English, it would have been strange if a few had not proved disloyal; and through the action of these the whole body was suspected. The consequence was that the converts suffered equally from the colonists and from their own countrymen. The death of Philip put an end to the war; but the townships had been destroyed, and the plantations laid waste. Their former inhabitants sank into despondency, from which they never fully recovered; and Eliot himself had to mourn over the wreck of some of his fondest hopes. But the progress of the Gospel was only retarded; it did not cease. In 1696, six years after Eliot's death, we find that there were as many as thirty native churches in Massachusetts; and in 1698 the number of converts (probably including catechumens under this head) was 3,000 out of a population of 4,168.

But Eliot was not the first stated preacher of the Gospel to the Indians. As early as 1642, Thomas Mayhew having obtained a grant of Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and other islands lying in the vicinity of Cape Cod, placed his son Thomas, with a few colonists, in Martha's Vineyard. Young Mayhew, who was a man of great learning and piety, was invited to become the pastor of the settlement. But he was not content to minister to the English only. He learned the native language, and commenced the work of evangelising the Indians,

who were numerous in the islands. By his tact and gentleness, for which he was remarkable, he entirely won their confidence, and he soon had the happiness of receiving his first convert. The influence of this man led his countrymen to consider the claims of Christianity, and Mayhew was asked to preach to them. The young missionary laboured with admirable zeal and devotedness, living amongst the people in their smoky wigwams, sharing their homely fare, and sympathising with them in their troubles. In 1657 he determined to visit England, in order that he might obtain some assistance in carrying on his mission. But the ship in which he embarked was never heard of, and it is believed that she foundered at sea with all hands. The senior Mayhew, though nearly 70 years of age, took up the work of his son, and continued it till his death at the age of 93. He was succeeded by his grandson, John Mayhew, and by his descendants, Experience Mayhew and Zechariah Mayhew; the missionary cause having been sustained by this family for more than a century and a half.

The Plymouth colony, as before indicated, had early made provision for the conversion of the natives, but no one had been set apart for the work until Richard Bourne, a gentleman of independent means, entered the field. In 1660 he procured for the Indians a grant of territory at Marshpee, about fifty miles from Boston. Here a town was built, and trade carried on, for which the situation was well adapted. In 1666, Eliot visited the settlement, and formed a church, over which Mr. Bourne was ordained pastor. He had under his care some five or six hundred persons, who were spread over an extensive district around Marshpee. In 1674 there were 100 baptised converts; nearly 200 of the people could read Indian, and about half this number could write also. There were in addition about 100 children who were receiving elementary instruction. During the eighteenth century, Marshpee was a place of considerable religious activity; and down to a very recent period the residents at this station enjoyed peculiar privileges, but very few were genuine Indians. Besides the efforts put forth at Marshpee, several missionaries laboured with much success in various parts of the Plymouth Colony. In 1685 the number of "Praying Indians" was 1,439, exclusive of children.

In Connecticut and Rhode Island, the Gospel did not make the same progress as elsewhere. The Narragansets, Pequots, and others, were decidedly averse to the introduction of Christianity. Roger Williams was permitted to preach to them occasionally, but then only as a personal favour. Williams' labours were, however, frequently interrupted by the opposition which he excited by his particular views on social, and his liberal opinions on religious matters. His "advanced" sentiments at length led to his expulsion from the Massachusetts colony. This event happened in the depth of winter; and, wandering as a fugitive in the woods, he was reduced to great straits, finding no shelter other than the hollow of a tree to protect him from the pitiless blasts of a north wind, laden with snow and ice. He had ever been the ardent champion of native rights, and, in his extremity, the poor savages in whose cause he was partly suffering, came forward and rescued him. Having founded the town of Providence, in Rhode Island, he applied himself to improve the temporal and moral condition of the people among whom he lived. The work was continued by missionaries supported by the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England," which had been formed under parliamentary sanction, in consequence of the deep interest that had been aroused in the mother country, by the accounts of the progress of Christianity in the colonies. The celebrated Robert Boyle was the Governor of the Society, and Richard Baxter was its warm friend and supporter. By the aid of its funds, some of the most important and successful of the North American Missions were prosecuted; and

INDIAN MEETING-HOUSE, MARSHPEE, MASS.

it should be added that a large proportion of these funds was derived from local contributions.

In 1734 Mr. John Sergeant, a tutor in Yale College, resigned his office, and commenced a mission at Housatunnuck, afterwards Stockbridge, Mass. His work at the outset was greatly hindered by the Dutch traders, who fearing that their unscrupulous dealings with the natives would be checked, sought to prejudice the Indians against him, misrepresenting his motives, and traducing his character. But their efforts proved futile. Mr. Sergeant, who was an adept in the native tongue, began to draw hearers, and soon a remarkable reformation in the manners of the people took place. A settlement was formed, and schools were instituted; the Scriptures were translated into the Mohican language, and the prospects of the mission were most cheering on all sides. Whilst seeking to develop a large and comprehensive scheme for training the Indian youth of both sexes into habits of industry and self-reliance, Mr. Sergeant was removed by death from the scene of his labours in July, 1749, at the early age of thirty-nine. The improvement amongst the Indians during the fifteen years of his ministry had been great. "He found them fifty in number, living wretchedly and viciously in miserable wigwams, widely dispersed, and frequently changing place. He left them 218 in number, settled in a thriving town, with twenty houses built in the English style. He had baptised 182, of whom 129 were resident, and forty-two were communicants."

The station was next occupied by the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. While he was a missionary at Stockbridge, he wrote his celebrated treatises on "The Freedom of the Will" and "Original Sin." Although he laboured most conscientiously, and to the satisfaction of the residents at the station, his work was not attended by much success. It has been suggested that his mind may possibly have been preoccupied in the composition of his works; but other causes operated far more powerfully to impede his efforts. The cupidity and discreditable conduct of some of the English settlers greatly harassed him. The war also, which in 1750 broke out between England and France, proved very detrimental to the Stockbridge Mission, and, indeed, to all the Colonial missions, many of which were completely disorganised.

In 1758, Mr. Edwards accepted the office of President of Princeton College, New Jersey; but he died about two months after entering upon his office. The Stockbridge Indians ultimately settled in the neighbourhood of Lake Michigan.

In 1741, Samson Occom, an Indian youth belonging to the Mohican tribe, became a convert to Christianity. As he exhibited superior mental powers, he was placed in a school at Lebanon, Connecticut, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Wheelock, to be educated for the ministry. In due time, Occom was appointed to a station among the Oneidas of New York, among whom he laboured for some years. Dr. Wheelock's school ultimately became a missionary training institution for Indian converts. In 1765 the report showed three native missionaries and eight schoolmasters at work amongst the Indians, and twenty-two youths under instruction. The resources of the institution proving inadequate to meet the demands made upon it, the Rev. Mr. Whitaker and Samson Occom were deputed to visit England for the purpose of obtaining contributions towards its support. Their appearance in this country excited intense interest among all sections of Christians, and without difficulty they collected about £12,000, including a donation of £200 from His Majesty King George III. Occom, after his return from England, continued his ministrations at New Lebanon.

Another missionary of distinction who was trained at Dr. Wheelock's school was Samuel Kirkland. In 1764 he commenced a mission among the Oneidas of New York. He met with considerable opposition from the tribe, and was called upon to endure unusual hardships and dangers. He persevered, however, and succeeded in winning the goodwill of the Indians. A school was established, and much good was done. The War of Independence put a stop to Mr. Kirkland's labours for a period; but at its close he was invited by the Oneidas, with whom were associated other bands of Christian Indians, to settle again amongst them. In 1785 he yielded to their request, and continued his labours amidst circumstances of great encouragement. He died in 1808, after having spent over forty years of his life as a missionary.

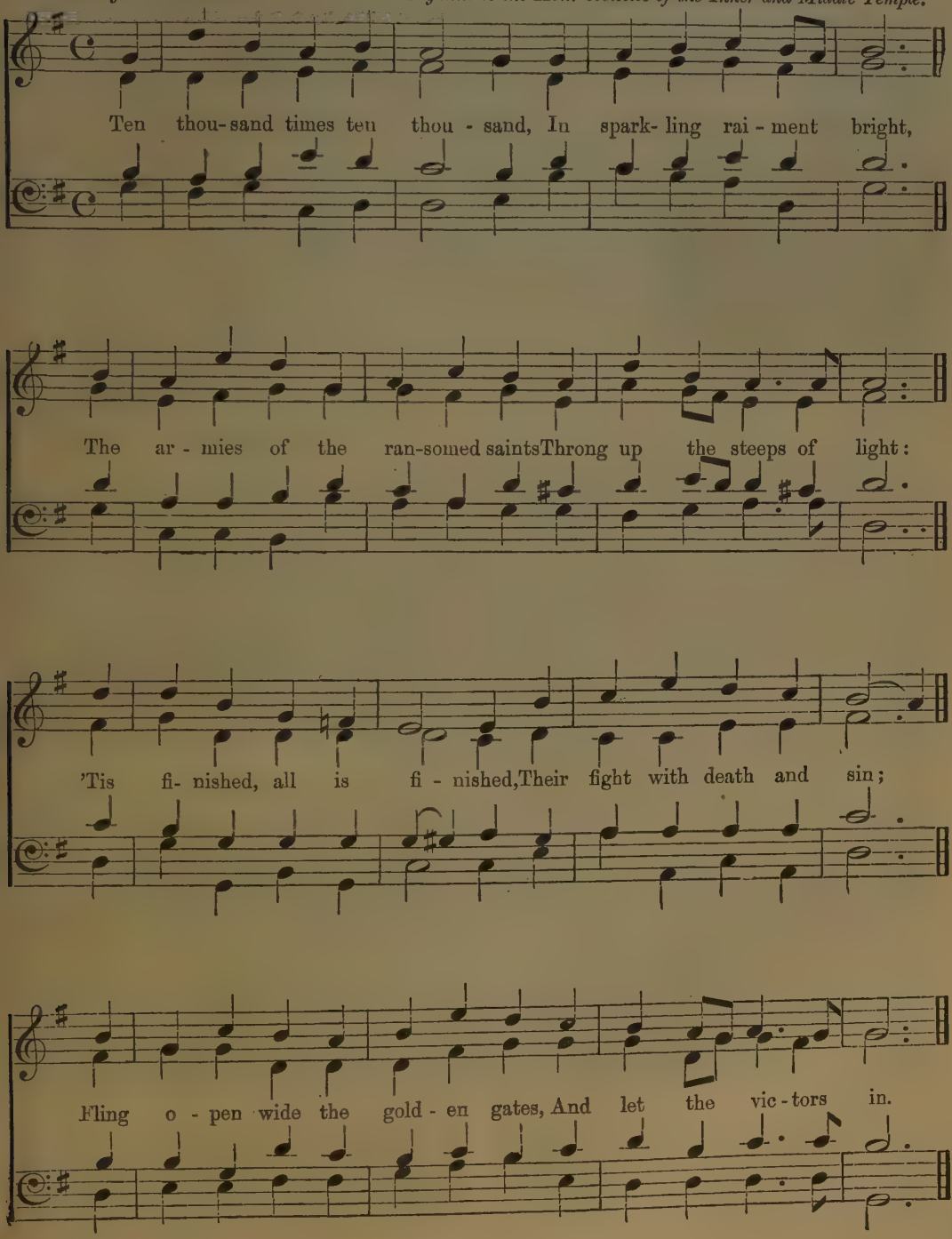
Our narrative has now brought us down to the period of the revolutionary war, during which missionary efforts were necessarily suspended. The native settlements suffered severely, and the major part of the inhabitants were driven to the far west and north-west of the States. But the work soon revived, the progress of which it does not fall within our plan to relate. Nevertheless the results that have been recorded have been sufficient to show, as Tracy tells us, "that the American Indians, compared with other heathen, have been remarkable for both readiness and ability to perceive, and admit, the value of Christianity, and also of civilisation. Among no other heathen in modern times has the Gospel had such early and decided success. No other savages have so readily thrown off their barbarism and become civilised men. The great obstacle to their preservation as civilised communities is also manifest. It is—it always has been—their frequent avulsion from their native soil. . . . . The doctrine that the Indians cannot be civilised is the mistake of men who are ignorant of their history or of men who covet their lands. It is plain, too, that the Gospel introduced by missions, and introducing civilisation, must save them from extinction, or they will not be saved. Of all the tribes which once inhabited the older part of the United States, scarce a fragment can now be found but such as Christian missions have preserved.

HENRY CAPERN.

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

Words by Dean Alford.

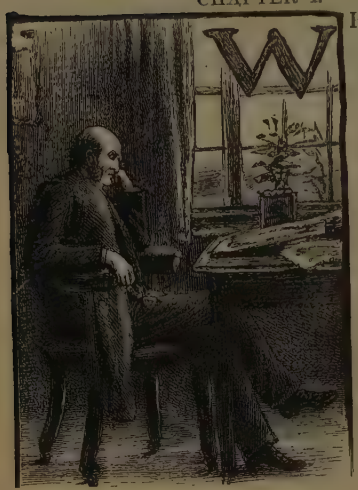
Music by E. J. Hopkins, L. Mus.,
Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple.


Ten thou- sand times ten thou - sand, In spark- ling rai - ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis fi- nished, all is fi - nished, Their fight with death and sin;
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.

WALTER MAYBRIGHT'S PATIENCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEEP ON SOWING."

CHAPTER I.



"WHAT, going out again, little woman?"

"Yes," returned the young wife, pettishly. "I cannot submit to sit moping indoors on such a day as this, if you can!"

"Come here—for just a moment, darling, before you go!"

She came reluctantly, a little impatient frown on the lovely face; and there she stood before her grave middle-aged and scholarly husband, in her not very neat holland dress, and broad sun-hat without any trimming, and crossing her hands before her like a schoolgirl.

Her husband tenderly loved her, and yet as she stood there the reflection came over him, that it was quite possible that he had spoiled his life in marrying her, and also greatly hindered his work as a labourer in the Lord's vineyard, and taken up for himself a cross which would prove too heavy for him to bear.

He took one of the little hands—Bella unconcernedly submitted; then he would have drawn the soft olive-tinted face down to his, but its owner was unbending.

"Only one word, dear little wife. You love your husband, do you not?"

But her dark eyes gave a naughty flash.

"Better not ask!" And then in an instant she had snatched away her hand, and, running out of the room, and slamming the door after her like a wilful spoiled child, the next minute she was humming a tune to herself as she went out at the gate.

No! she did not love him, and he knew that he need not have asked the question.

And Walter Maybright sighed half unconsciously, and allowing his pen to fall from his hand, and leaning back in his leather-covered chair, he thought long and deeply.

He was rector of the lovely little village of Ruthven. For years and years the old-fashioned rose-covered parsonage had been his peaceful, if solitary home, and dearly he loved it. He was always happy in its restful silence, and he could have lived in his study, and with his favourite books around him have felt no want of society, if only he might have had more of the companionship of his young wife, whom he had loved and longed for from the day he had first seen her—two years ago now—crying like a grieved and frightened child by the bedside of her sick mother.

And her mother, a friendless widow, had died, and Bella, her only child, had gone out as a governess and had been very unhappy. Then Walter Maybright had asked her to become his wife; and after some hesitation, and owning that she did not love him, except as a kind friend, Bella had consented.

And how often in those happy days had he pictured to himself the time when Bella should be the queen of his lonely home, and his gentle and loving helpmeet in his parish, in his study, in gladness as well as in sadness, and in all that went to make up his life! But these dreams had already been rudely dispelled, though the honeymoon had not long waned.

"But I will not give up my hope," he murmured to himself at length. "I must have patience with her, and in the end I must—I shall win, and my wife will be all I could wish. I have made one great mistake in marrying her before I had found the way to her heart; I will not make a still greater in giving up the thought of her happiness altogether, poor child; for her happiness and mine are now bound up in one. No; I will still keep on sowing," and then he added, more softly, "and falter not in praying."

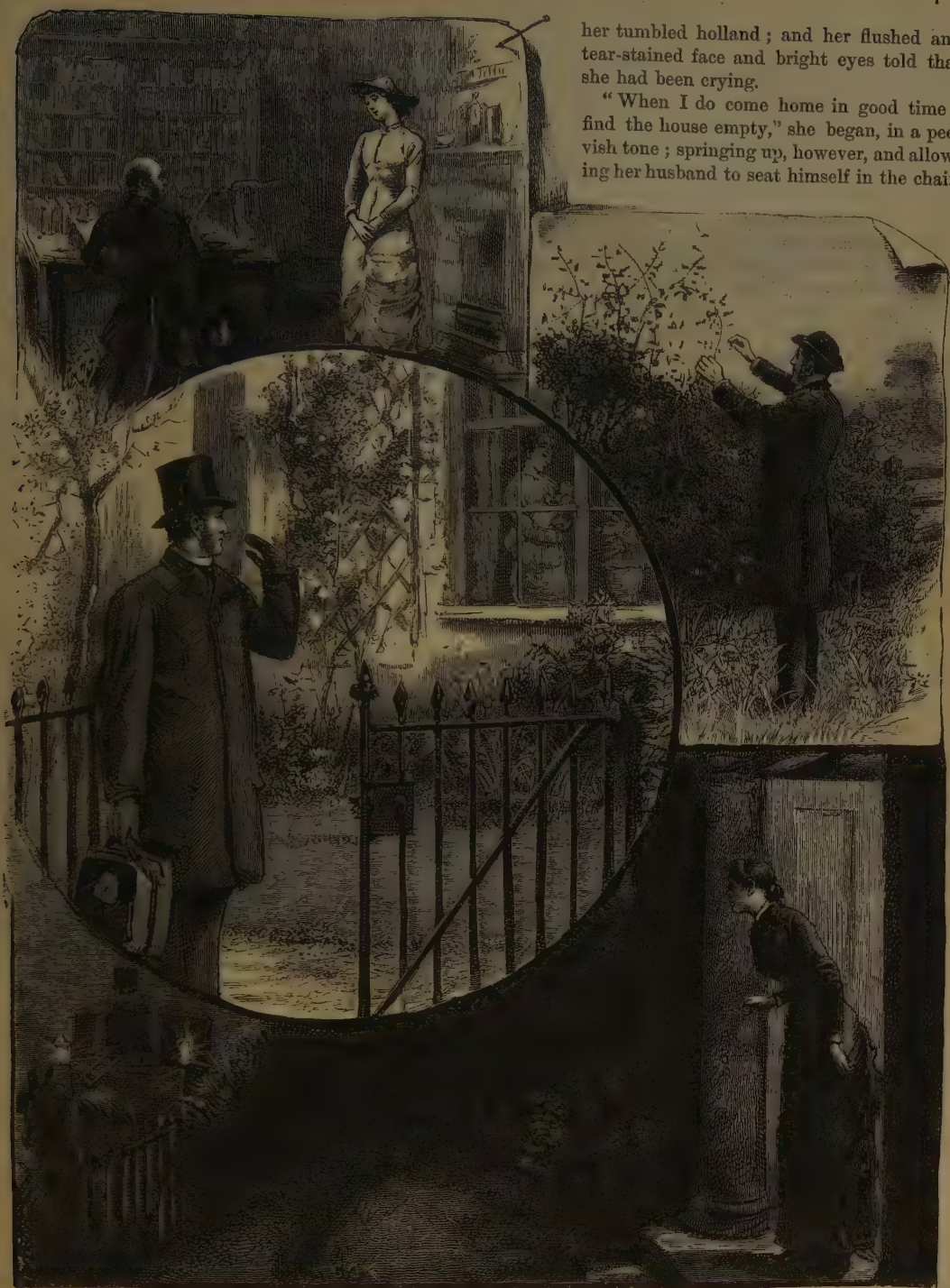
He thought on. "What could he do that he had not done? how be kinder or more forbearing than he had been?"

And he rose and walked to the open window, and stood for a moment leaning on the window-sill, looking out upon the pleasant little country garden, with its gay flower borders and grassy primrose-decked banks, and then taking up his hat, as it lay on a chair near, he went out.

Down the lane he went, and then across some luxuriant meadows. All nature was very lovely and peaceful and soothing. He pulled down some sweet-briar blossom as he passed a hedgerow, and presently he gathered some honeysuckle; next, sitting down on a stile, he seemed to be watching the birds and the butterflies and the happy insects sporting around him in the warmth and brightness, but in reality he was thinking deeply still.

And sometimes his lips moved, and he murmured softly to himself. He was pouring out his heart to God, and asking wisdom of Him who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.

By and by, rising, he went on farther, and did a little



her tumbled holland; and her flushed and tear-stained face and bright eyes told that she had been crying.

"When I do come home in good time I find the house empty," she began, in a peevish tone; springing up, however, and allowing her husband to seat himself in the chair,

visiting among his parishioners; and by the time he reached home once more his mood had changed, and he felt comforted and hopeful again.

He went straight into his study, and there, curled up in the big easy-chair, was Bella, still arrayed in and then to take her in his arms. Hiding her face on his shoulder, she wept pettishly, exclaiming presently—

"O Walter, Walter!"

"What is the matter, darling?" he asked, tenderly.

"I do not believe that those Norris girls care two straws for me!" she sobbed. "I have a great mind never to go near them again. They told Alice Field that they did not wish for me for a friend, for that I never looked fit to be seen!" And now Bella sat up, and wiped her eyes angrily. "Just imagine their saying such a thing! And oh, I did love them! very very much! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And she hid her face, and was crying again. "Everybody is unkind. Friendship is all a sham, I do believe!"

She lay still for a little while. Her husband was looking both annoyed and indignant, but he did not speak. Suddenly she raised herself again.

"I suppose you think that I am exaggerating as usual, Walter, but I am not. They really did say that I never looked fit to be seen, and so you need not be getting ready to make excuses for them. I'll never have them for friends again—I'll have Alice Field instead, though even she seemed half pleased that she had such an ill-natured thing to tell me!" And once more Bella began to sob angrily.

"Hush, darling!" said her husband, gently; "and do not disturb yourself so much about a trifle. And do you know, Bella, that even I have often thought——"

"Well?" she said sharply.

"That you might take just a little more pains with your dress." But Walter Maybright spoke very deprecatingly.

"Indeed?" And Bella rose, and half pouting, half indifferent, took a chair by her husband's side. "Such vanity!" she continued. "And for whom should I dress, pray?"

Why not for her husband? But he would not even hint it.

"Would you have me spend hours and hours over hats and bonnets, and bows and finery for the sake of Blanche and Fanny Norris, or for Alice Field? It is more than they would do for me. If I went out to grand parties now, it would be different, but I never do!" And she sighed heavily.

Yesterday her husband would have sighed also, but to-day he smiled.

"I hold that a lady should always dress as well, and as neatly, and suitably as possible, both at home and abroad, for the sake of her own self-respect," he returned, "as well as to please her friends, Bella. We like to have things around us as bright and beautiful and tasteful as we can; and ought not we ourselves to be in harmony with them—in appearance as well as in heart? You, for instance, have great and true taste, darling; why should you not show it in your dress?"

But instead of answering, she pouted again—unmistakably this time.

"Very well, Walter. Even you take part against me, then! I wonder you ever married me! Have you any other fault to find with me while you are about it? Perhaps you will say that I am ignorant and childish, and that I do not help you in your work, and that I am no companion, either, for a clever man like you."

She glanced at him—his blue kind eyes met her dark ones. He smiled, though a little sadly.

"I do sometimes think," he rejoined, slowly, "that my dear little wife is too young and too bright and gay for such a dull sober fellow as I am, and that I may not be able to make her as happy as she deserves."

Bella's face relaxed.

"Ah! and I dare say you sigh and shake your head sometimes over your books, and wish that you had had the sense to marry one of your district visitors or Sunday-school teachers, or anybody rather than your little idle gad-about Bella."

His eyes answered her; and then he bent forward, and would have kissed her, but she sprang up.

"I heard Ellen, with the tea-tray. I am longing for a cup of tea. Let us go into the dining-room, Walter. And I promise to think over all you have said—about dress, and so on—and perhaps in time I may improve. There! I can't say more, can I?"

Her husband rose, and drew her arm within his.

"Then the dear little woman is not angry at being told—told in effect, at any rate—that she is not quite perfection?"

"Certainly not! Who is perfection, I should like to know? I like to be told the truth; and I would not have quarrelled with Blanche and Fanny if they had only said what they had to say to *me*, instead of to Alice Field."

CHAPTER II.

SUMMER passed away, and autumn followed, and in the winter a little son was born at the parsonage. Walter had hoped greatly that the little child's advent would at length have drawn his wife nearer to himself; but once again he was disappointed. Bella stayed at home more now, it was true; but not seldom she appeared to forget her husband's very existence. It was baby, not baby's father, who occupied all her thoughts. Her little Walter was her treasure, her daily delight; and caring for him was her sole occupation. She went out with him when the weather was fine and bright; when it was not, she remained at home, and petted and played with him. She would scarcely sit for half-an-hour with her husband, and she could not say a dozen words to him without in one way or another mentioning her baby.

* * * * * *

It was a cold March day. At the parsonage gate stood Walter Maybright, kissing his hand to his wife, who was at the dining-room window, with her little son in her arms. Though her husband was leaving her for a whole week, and it was their first separation, she had not felt inclined to lay her baby down and to come out to the door.

Mother and child made a pretty picture, and

Walter for a moment lingered to look at it; but Bella was looking at her boy, and not at him; and he turned away. Nevertheless, through all his cold and tiresome journey that picture remained with him, sometimes cheering, sometimes saddening him.

He was going to town on the chance of obtaining an editorial post which he had long coveted. He would not be obliged to remain away a week; but he was feeling very dull and dissatisfied, and almost inclined to despair, and to get away from home for a time would be a relief to him.

He had not been quite well either lately; indeed, he was far from well to-day.

The week went by; anxiety and excitement had ended in disappointment, and he was on his way toward the station in order to take a ticket for Ruthven. He had written but once to Bella, telling her when and by what train to expect him; but the thought of returning home gave him but small pleasure.

In sorrowful and dreamy absence of mind, he made his way through the crowded London streets, and over crossing after crossing, and several times, in his abstraction, only narrowly escaping accident.

"Keep on praying,"

he was murmuring—

"In the brightest, darkest day,
Still His voice obeying.
Never from the gates of prayer
Turn with doubting sorrow;
For the One who standeth there
May answer you to-morrow."

He heard a voice shouting to him to get out of the way; but he did not heed it, and only murmured on to himself—

"May answer you to-morrow;"

and the next instant he felt himself knocked down by a passing vehicle, and he knew no more.

* * * * * *

Bella was longing for her husband's return. Even her little baby could not make up for his loss, she had discovered. She had invited one friend and another to the parsonage, but no one seemed bright or clever enough to keep her from thinking of her Walter; everybody appeared to be particularly dull and stupid that week, herself included, she thought.

However, this evening he would return, and her time of loneliness would be over, and she would take care that he should never leave her so again, she said to herself.

She put on her prettiest dress, and took unusual pains in arranging her hair exactly in the way Walter liked best to see it. Baby, too, had his sleeves tied with bright new ribbons; and there they were, mother and child, ready and waiting to give an unexpectedly warm welcome.

The afternoon drew on. Again and again Bella went to the window, and gazed eagerly along the white line of road that lay beyond the little by-lane that led to the church and parsonage. But there was no sign as yet of the tall stooping figure which she knew so well.

"He ought to be here," she said, aloud. "What can have kept him?"

She returned to her station by the window. Darker and darker it grew, and reluctantly at length she drew the curtain, just as Ellen entered to get tea ready.

The long dreary evening passed away. Baby still slept; but his mother was pacing the room, and weeping now with anxiety.

Presently she went out to the door, and stood there shivering in the cold and darkness, while she listened intently. But she could hear nothing save the wind moaning dismally among the trees.

But a moment later—and hark! Her ear, finely strung, detected a far-off sound of wheels; and for an instant her heart almost stopped its beating in suspense.

Some vehicle was certainly approaching the house; it had turned up the lane; ah! and now it stopped at the gate. And she flew out—

"Walter, my darling!"

But there was no reply; and when the flyman got down from the box and opened the door, Bella saw her husband lying back in his seat quite unconscious.

* * * * * *

He had been knocked down by a passing cab, and taken into the nearest chemist's shop. But recovering soon, and finding himself, wonderful to relate, apparently uninjured, he had insisted upon resuming his journey. But he had been more shaken than he supposed, and on arriving at Ruthven he felt ill and exhausted, and then the jolting of the fly had caused him to faint.

"May answer you to-morrow,"

he uttered softly, once or twice, as Bella stood weeping by his bedside.

But his prayer was answered already, for in that moment it came to Bella as by a revelation how ill she had always treated him who loved her best. And she realised a little how cold and empty the world would be without him; and then she knew that she loved him.

And very tenderly and devotedly she nursed him through the illness which followed that night, an illness for which he blessed God, for many and many were the happy consequences which followed in its train.

But he had still to "keep on sowing," for not in one day, or in one month, could variable Bella become the loving helper he wished for. But time, and patience, and affection work wonders, and in after years clever, energetic, cheerful, hopeful Bella was her husband's right hand.

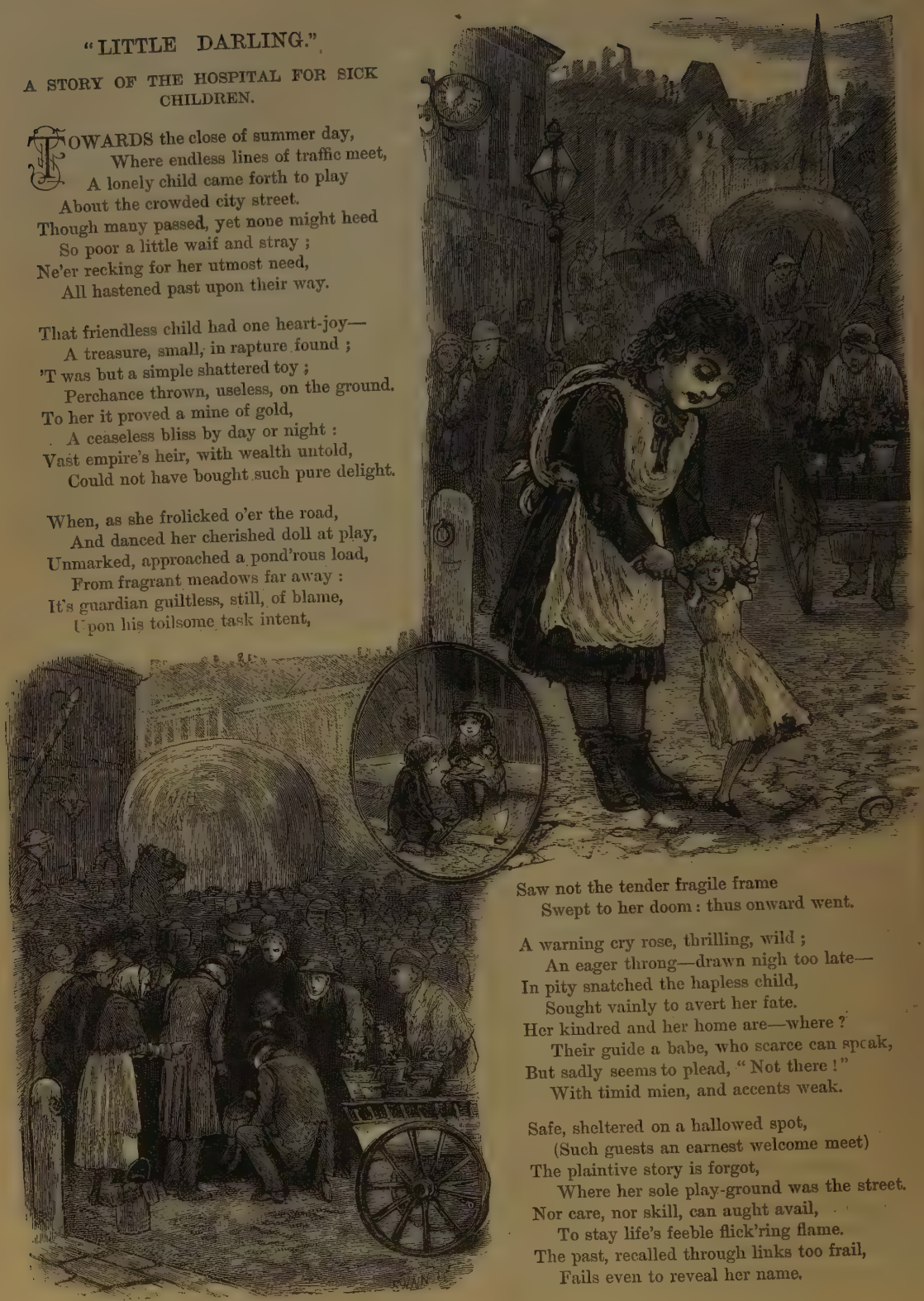
"LITTLE DARLING."

A STORY OF THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

TOWARDS the close of summer day,
Where endless lines of traffic meet,
A lonely child came forth to play
About the crowded city street.
Though many passed, yet none might heed
So poor a little waif and stray;
Ne'er recking for her utmost need,
All hastened past upon their way.

That friendless child had one heart-joy—
A treasure, small, in rapture found;
'T was but a simple shattered toy;
Perchance thrown, useless, on the ground.
To her it proved a mine of gold,
A ceaseless bliss by day or night:
Vast empire's heir, with wealth untold,
Could not have bought such pure delight.

When, as she frolicked o'er the road,
And danced her cherished doll at play,
Unmarked, approached a pond'rous load,
From fragrant meadows far away:
It's guardian guiltless, still, of blame,
Upon his toilsome task intent,



Saw not the tender fragile frame
Swept to her doom: thus onward went.

A warning cry rose, thrilling, wild;
An eager throng—drawn nigh too late—
In pity snatched the hapless child,
Sought vainly to avert her fate.
Her kindred and her home are—where?
Their guide a babe, who scarce can speak,
But sadly seems to plead, "Not there!"
With timid mien, and accents weak.

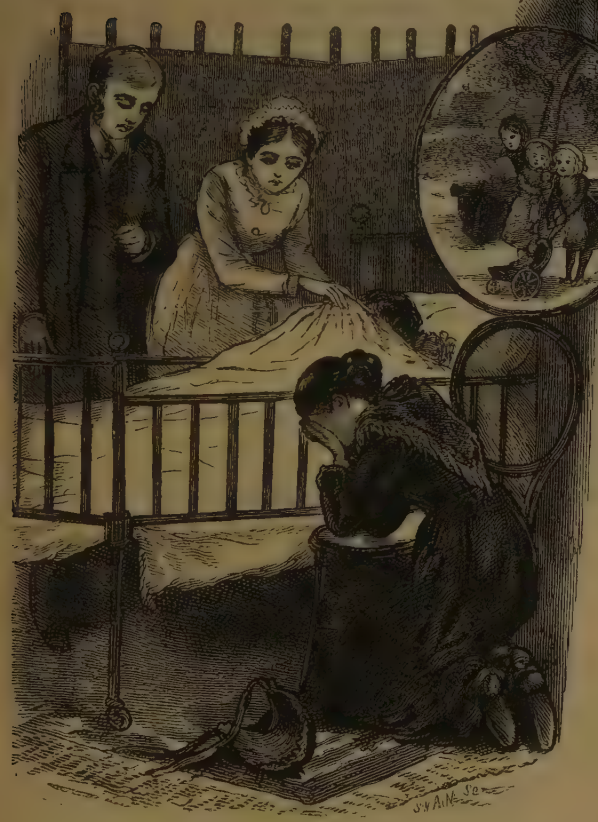
Safe, sheltered on a hallowed spot,
(Such guests an earnest welcome meet)
The plaintive story is forgot,
Where her sole play-ground was the street.
Nor care, nor skill, can aught avail,
To stay life's feeble flick'ring flame.
The past, recalled through links too frail,
Fails even to reveal her name.

Within a peaceful snow-white bed,
Now lulled to rest, relieved from pain,
Reclines that lovely youthful head,
Which ne'er will rise on earth again.
While calmly wanes each tranquil day,
The might is given of willing hand:
When evening fades she learns to pray—
A world, for her, like Eden's land.

Bright flowers greet those wond'ring eyes;
Till here, an unknown undreamt joy.
Yet fast she holds her life's first prize,
Clasped in her arms, the broken toy.
Oft, list'ning, as the song of birds
Falls, in sweet music on her ear—
'Midst gentle voices, fondest words–
She thinks—how truly!—heaven is near.

At sunlit dawn they wake, to weep.
One, dearly loved of all around,
Hath passed away in smiling sleep,
An angel's name and home has found.
By those who strove, untired, to save,
Many a heart-wrung tear is shed.
"To 'Little Darling'" marks a grave,
Where they have laid the early-dead.

* * * * * *



How many happy children rove through pastures wide and fair,
Clear streamlets glisten in the sun, and blossoms scent the air;
'Neath shady grove, o'er hill-side free, safe paths they gladly trace;
Yet ne'er may ask, to others' gain, some narrow humble space,
For little ones who never gazed across the bright blue sea,
Or danced like fairies on the sand, with healthful mirth and glee;
Who never roamed a daisied plain, or heather-tinted moor!
'T were well that children of the rich gave playgrounds to the poor.

A. A. L. M.

"SHALL HORSES RUN UPON THE ROCK?

SCRIPTURE TEXTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

AMOS vi. 12.

THE prophet Amos was in all probability a native of the little town of Tekoa, on the borders of the desert of Judah —a town to which we have not infrequent reference in the Old Testament. He describes himself as dwelling there "among the shepherds," and we must conceive of him, not as a rich owner of flocks, but as a simple shepherd. In describing his position, he claims no higher distinction. "I am not," he says, "a prophet, nor yet a prophet's pupil; but a herdsman, a gatherer of sycamores," food which was but lightly esteemed, and only used by the poor of the people. We are not, then, to picture Amos to ourselves as a comparatively wealthy man, with a flock and a sycamore plantation of his own—but as a common shepherd, content in his poverty to subsist on the simplest fare.

It was while engaged in this very humble calling, while he was living in obscurity "among the shepherds of Tekoa," thinking little of himself, and thought little of by others, that the word of the Lord reached him, summoning him to engage in the great work of prophesying unto Israel. On receiving this call he seems at once to have gone to Bethel, where he denounced the sin and idolatry of the people, and where he encountered the priest Amaziah, who endeavoured to drive him away as one who was insolently and presumptuously interfering with matters with which he had no concern. He, however, though only a poor shepherd, felt that the burden of the Lord was upon him, and he lifted up his voice and spared not.

The period during which Amos ministered was the one in which the kingdom of Israel enjoyed the largest measure of material prosperity; and because, perhaps, of this very prosperity, though it was a season of spiritual apostasy and moral decay, a spirit of profound insensibility distinguished the people—no one seemed apprehensive of danger, no one entertained the idea that God would ever visit the nation in judgment on account of its sin.

It was at this juncture that Amos was sent forth to announce those Divine judgments which were to descend upon the kingdom of Israel, and especially upon the house of Jeroboam. This unlettered shepherd had to proclaim the unwelcome tidings, that the kingdom, then so prosperous, was to be overthrown by a foreign foe; and though Amos does not expressly name Assyria, it is evident that he is looking to that nation as the instrument which God will employ for the accomplishment of His divine purposes.

While the prophet makes it plain that judgment is in reserve, not for Israel only, it is with the sin of Israel and the punishment which is finally to overtake that nation that he is chiefly concerned; and yet, dark as is the picture drawn by him, the book comes to its conclusion with the promise of a glorious deliverance for Israel, and of renewed prosperity under the house of David.

Throughout this book we can trace the influence of the early occupations and associations of the prophet. In Amos we see the shepherd-prophet, as distinctly as in David we see the shepherd-king. The reminiscences of his early life "among the shepherds of Tekoa," give an unmistakable character and colouring to his writings. Many of the similitudes and allusions we meet with in this book are such as would only occur to one having intimate acquaintance with nature and the occupations of rural and pastoral life. The general intention of the book, and its form as determined by the early associations of the prophet, has been thus well expressed:—"This little book is wonderfully arranged. With a single word Joel rouses Amos; it is, as it were, the text of his whole prophecy, the substance of all his utterances; and what he declared was the thundering voice of God's judgment upon His people. A frightful storm comes down on Israel; we see the lightnings flashing hither and thither, from one people to another, till at last the gloomy storm-clouds stand over Israel and discharge themselves upon their guilty heads. But finally, after fearful bursts, the tempest passes away, and the pure blue heaven comes out over the people of God. This is the sum of our prophecy. We see a storm issuing from the Lord with all His terrors, but also with all His blessings, in which it at last terminates. What Amos, as a herdsman, had heard and seen in the open country with his herds, he as a prophet brings before our spiritual vision with marvellous fidelity."

He begins his prophecy announcing the approaching judgment which is to roll like a storm over Damascus, Tyre, Edom, Ammon, Moab, touching Judah as it passes, while it finally rests on Israel. Coming to Israel, he declares that judgment is pronounced against it because of its sin and its continued impenitence, in spite of all the warnings which had been addressed to it. We then have the prophet uttering the lament over

Israel, and declaring that safety can alone be found by turning to Jehovah, the God of Hosts; while a woe is pronounced upon those who desire the day of the Lord, vainly imagining that it will be to them a day of deliverance and prosperity, whereas while they continue in such a state, it can only be to them a day of judgment—a day of wrath and terror.

In this chapter (chap. vi.) the woe is pronounced upon the secure and careless—those who fancy that the day of the Lord is far off, and who therefore the more fully set their hearts within them to do evil.

The prophet, first of all, draws a very striking picture of careless and sinful security. We see a transgressing people making light of God's threatenings, confiding in their privileges and their pre-eminence among other nations—exulting in their power, their material prosperity, and wholly given over to their sinful pleasures. The prophet reminds them of the gracious way in which God had dealt with them as a nation, and that owing to the distinguishing mercy of Jehovah, against whom they were so grievously sinning, they were not inferior in greatness and prosperity to any of the neighbouring nations. He then shows us how those who were thus regardless of God, gave themselves up to all kinds of wickedness; and then he declares how these thoughtless and infatuated Israelites who have been pre-eminent in wickedness and careless security, are to be distinguished by a sad pre-eminence in the sufferings they will endure under the just judgments of God. The princes who have been first in riches, in ostentatious display, in luxurious self-indulgence, are to lead the procession of captives—are to be the first to bear the yoke of bondage. Terrible in its completeness is the desolation which is to overtake Israel—if there remain ten men in one house that have escaped the sword of the enemy, they are not to escape destruction, they are to die of famine or pestilence. Nothing can be more striking than the picture which the prophet draws. He represents the uncle, the father's brother, who may stand here for any near relative, whose duty it was to see to the burying of the dead, approaching with fear and trembling a house in which sword, famine, pestilence, have been doing their deadly work. He comes with one who, with reference to the errand on which he comes, is described as the "burner," suggesting the idea that the mortality of the city was such that to bury the dead in the usual way had become impossible, and that the dead bodies had to be collected and burned, that the pestilence-laden atmosphere be not further contaminated by their decomposition. The uncle, whose duty it is to see that the dead bodies of his kinsfolk are buried or burned, asks the last living person in the house, who has retired into some remote corner to save his life, whether there is any one else alive, and on being assured that there is none, he at once, thinking he may in his distress make some appeal to God, interrupts him, saying, "Be still! Hush! The name of Jehovah must not be mentioned":—the kinsman being evidently fearful lest the mention of Jehovah's name direct the attention of Heaven to the solitary survivor, and bring down a judgment upon him.

Having held up to their view this fearful picture of what was in store for them, the prophet in the remaining verses of this chapter assures them that, do what they may, they will be unable to avert or escape the coming judgment of the Lord, and he seeks to startle them into attention by proposing the self-answering questions, "Shall horses run upon the rock? Will one plough there with oxen?" The attempt to do the one or the other of these things is represented as preposterous, unreasonable; even so preposterous and unreasonable is your turning "judgment into gall, and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock." Their perversion of justice and truth into poison and wormwood cannot in the nature of things bring any good result to them. You are attempting, says the prophet, to do what is impossible—what is impracticable. Horses cannot run up the *steep cliff*, oxen with a plough cannot break up and pulverise the stratum of hard rock: so neither can ye do such things as ye are doing, and attain to true prosperity, or escape punishment.

It is more easy to change the course of nature, than the course and order of God's providence, or the great principles of eternal and immutable morality. These Israelites were making the attempt; but the prophet assures them that they shall find out the folly of their conduct in the result, and he here endeavours to convince them of the absurdity, the impracticability of their attempt. Does any one try to drive horses up a steep cliff? Does any one plough with oxen on the rock? Would not he be esteemed mad who made such an attempt? It is just as reasonable for one to hope to prosper, or to escape punishment, who turns judgment into gall, and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock.

If we go into the natural world, we find that it is governed by certain laws, by certain fixed and unchangeable principles, and no sane person thinks of opposing those laws, or reversing them; we know—every one knows—that our comfort, our well-being, our safety in this world, depend upon our recognition of these natural laws, and our submission to them. We know that if a man cast himself over a precipice, the law of gravitation will not be suspended in his favour; that if any one thrusts his hand into the fire he will be burned, or if he take a sufficient quantity of deadly poison he must die. No person in his senses imagines for a moment that he can violate any natural law and escape the consequences. We should remember

that in the moral and spiritual worlds we have fixed and unchangeable laws—laws which are operating not less uniformly, not less certainly than those natural laws to which we have referred. And yet we find men, by repute reasonable, who would never think of reversing or offering resistance to a law of material nature, violating, setting at naught these moral and spiritual laws, and then, perhaps, thinking themselves hardly used because they have to endure the consequences of their folly and disobedience.

The prophet is here denouncing and pointing out the unreasonableness of such inconsistency in the case of these Israelites. You would not, he says, attempt to drive horses up a steep cliff. You would not yoke oxen to the plough with the idea of breaking up and pulverising the hard rock. You would regard any such attempt as absurd, as unreasonable; and yet you violate and bid defiance to the great laws of morality; you turn judgment into gall, and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock, and think that in doing so you can continue to enjoy prosperity and escape the punishment with which God has declared that He will visit sin.

Nothing is more unmistakably set forth in God's Word than that sin and suffering are inseparably connected; and what God has joined together He will allow no man to put asunder.

The great lesson, then, which we are here taught is this—that we may just as reasonably expect to drive horses up a steep cliff, or break up and pulverise the hard rock with a plough drawn by oxen—a thing plainly impossible and impracticable—as to do wrong, violate the eternal and immutable laws of morality, and attain to prosperity, or escape punishment in so doing.

Of all man's primary and instinctive beliefs there is perhaps none which more unmistakably and universally asserts itself than this—that retribution of some kind will sooner or later overtake all wrongdoing. This principle, which we may regard as one of the irreversible laws of God's universe, is, we have reason to believe, always and ever working. We are taught in God's Word, what we may learn from observation of God's providence—that the man who pursues a wrong and sinful course, who orders his life in a manner which is unworthy of his high calling as an immortal being, will find out that there is such a thing as divine justice even in this world. There is a more perfect adjustment of the balance than many imagine. It would not be too much to say that every sin is followed by some measure of chastisement here, which is the earnest of that more terrible judgment with which sin shall be visited hereafter. We are too much in the habit of regarding the punishment with which God visits sin as an arbitrary infliction, something reaching the sinner from without; whereas, the most terrible consequence of sin is the wrong, the injury which it inflicts on a man's own nature, the mischief which it works within him. To remember this will save us from many mistakes. We see a man pursue a wrong course—choose the way of unrighteousness—he gains wealth, perhaps honour; he is regarded as a successful man; wrong-doing, according to a worldly estimate, has exalted itself. But shall we therefore conclude that that man escapes retribution in this world? No. He has succeeded in acquiring possessions that he cannot retain, and surrounding himself with the means of enjoyment while the power of enjoyment is dying out within him; but he finds that a sinful, sensual, worldly life is its own punishment. The most fearful result of sin is seen in that work of deterioration which is silently but certainly going on in many whose worldly career is one of self-indulgence and heartlessness, it is seen in their ever-deepening insensibility, under the influence of which they become deaf to every divine and heavenly voice, blind to all the beauties of holiness, and weaned from all desire for anything which is not of the earth earthy. Besides these moral and spiritual results, of which we think too little, there is, of course, closely following upon many forms of wrong-doing, a visible and terrible retribution. Let a man be improvident, extravagant, idle, procrastinating, and by yielding to these evil, we may call them vicious inclinations, he finds that he has to endure certain retributive consequences. He violates God's order; he must pay the penalty. So if a man be intemperate, profligate, dishonest, punishment will sooner or later overtake him, even in this world. We must remember that sin, wrong-doing, where it is not followed by any visible retribution such as would engage the world's attention, is often followed by a long train of penal consequences, of which the sinner himself is conscious as both debasing and embittering his life. But besides these present consequences of wrong-doing, man is taught by God's word, and by his own conscience, to look forward to more complete retribution in the world to come. The irregularities and inequalities of which men complain here, are for the most part apparent rather than real; but there will be, in the last great day of account, no appearance of inequality, every man shallreceive according to the deeds done in his body, whether they be good or bad. With what unbounded gratitude, then, should we bethink ourselves of that proclamation of mercy—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish!" Yes, in judgment He remembereth mercy; and the repentant sinner shall not turn in vain to Him who was bruised for our transgressions, and by whose stripes we are healed.

BORNE BACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—STRANGER THAN FICTION.

It was now an event occurred such as is common enough in story-books, and occasionally in real life makes one exclaim, "Truth is stranger than fiction!" Truly, "there is a tide in the affairs of men;" and this visit to London was to change the whole current of my brother's life—nay, of all our lives. Through it was to come the "glorious start" he looked for. Oh, what short-sighted creatures we are!

From him of course, we learned what followed, and he and Squire Hardman told it to us over and over again.

At the close of the third or fourth day of their stay in town, the Squire took the boys into a restaurant, where, having given their names and ordered dinner, he left them for a short time, as he had to see a person on business in the neighbourhood. He engaged to return to them as quickly as possible. As Leopold and the young Hardmans entered, an old gentleman with a very bald head had just taken his seat at an opposite table, and presently a waiter appeared and set a plate before the latter.

"How is this?" exclaimed the gentleman, as it was uncovered. "This is steak; I ordered chop."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter; "I know you well for Mr. Wyld, sir. There can be no mistake."

"But there is a mistake!" persisted the old gentleman, his wrath rising in a sudden gust (people are generally very cross when they are hungry); "I ordered chop."

"Ain't you Mr. Wyld, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"Certainly, sir!" was the sharp retort; "and I ordered chop!"

Here another waiter entered, and placed before my brother a tempting chop.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Leopold, in his turn; "may I interfere? That steak may have been ordered for me; my name is Wyld."

I am sure my brother looked very handsome at that moment. Though reared, I may say, in the country, he inherited our mother's ease of manner, and possessed no small amount of self-confidence; this, together with his good looks, bore him with flying colours through every difficulty.

The old gentleman surveyed him steadily.

"Your name is Wyld," he said; and, without another word, began to eat his dinner in silence. "Your name is Wyld," he repeated when he had, I suppose, satisfied the cravings of hunger; but Leopold, whose appetite was not so easily appeased, answered, thickly—

"Yes."

"Spell it with a 'y,' or an 'i'?"

My brother afterwards said if his questioner had been a younger man, he would have felt inclined to resent his curiosity, but when he looked at the grave old gentleman, he let him have his way and satisfied his curiosity.

"With a 'y,' sir."

"W-y-l-d-e?"

"No; W-y-l-d."

"Strange! that is my name," said the eccentric old man.

The young Hardmans here began to titter. I don't know whether Leopold had a view to the expected start in life, or whether a sense of politeness actuated him, and his boyish self-love was pleased at the notice, but he checked his companions' merriment. This, I suppose, made a further impression in his favour.

"Do you live in London?" again questioned the stranger.

"No, sir; we have come up from——"

The elder Mr. Wyld did not say another word, but stared furtively at my brother, while he rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Leopold began to feel uncomfortable, when the good Squire opportunely returned.

"I have been making the acquaintance of your young party, sir," said the bald-headed old gentleman. "Is this your son?"

"No, sir," replied the Squire, with native courtesy, "merely a young friend and—ha—ha—neighbour, who has come to town with me on this occasion."

"From ——shire?"

"Yes," returned the Squire.

"He has been very polite to me," said the stranger. "I thought some of these fellows had made a mistake in serving me; but he discovered that my plate was intended for him and his for me, our names being the same. Not only similar, sir," added the old gentleman, with some asperity, "but precisely the same. There is my card, sir; and if you will allow your young charge to call at my place of business between the hours of ten and three, I shall be glad to see him."

And with a stiff bow, which he evidently in-

tended to make gracious, the strange old man went away.

The Squire mused. Though unaccustomed to city life, he was remarkable for shrewdness and business capacity in all matters where his generous impulses and his own private benevolence could not be unduly wrought upon; and he said it struck him at once this little adventure might be turned to account, and good arise for my brother through his new acquaintance. All the wonderful stories he had ever heard, and, I suppose, some his imagination devised for the occasion, in connection with such *rencontres*, seemed to rush through his brain at the moment; and though he could now badly afford the time, and business pressed upon him, he resolved to delay his return home for a day or two, if necessary, and visit the strange Mr. Wyld. He did not deem it advisable to do so the very next day, lest he should seem too eager, or his secret calculations be divined. At the same time, he thought it not well to delay the visit longer than the second day; in short, as he afterwards said, "to strike the iron while it was hot." Leopold at first rebelled at thus encroaching upon their leisure to wait upon "a crusty old codger," but, at a hint from the Squire, his impetuous nature took a sudden turn, and he fully coincided with all his friend's views.

They found the old gentleman at his place of business, a wholesale seed and guano store, a dark, musty, rambling place, full of disagreeable odours. Mr. Wyld did not personally attend to the sale of these; he was in a handsome office attached to the warehouse, seated before a table in an inner room, while half-a-dozen clerks worked away with their pens without. The visitors were not admitted immediately, but Squire Hardman having written Leopold's name on a card and sent it in, they were at once received. The old gentleman looked up shrewdly at their entrance, and fixed his eyes on Leopold.

"Excuse me if I put a few questions to you," he said, politely motioning them to be seated; "there are great demands on my time, and I want to help my young friend here." (The Squire noted this.) "Your name, young sir?"

"Leopold," my brother answered.

"Humph! I thought so. Why Leopold I never *could* understand. Mine's James."

After a pause the questioning went on—

"Is your mother living?"

"My mother only, sir."

"Any more children?"

"I have one sister," Leopold said, coldly, for he began to be angry with the questioner.

"I hope she got a sensible name to go to church with."

"I don't know what you call sensible, sir," my brother replied, proudly. "I suppose our parents were able to choose. She is called Susan."

"Very well," returned the old gentleman; "but Leopold seems too high and grand for a music-teacher, and that, I suspect, your father was, and, moreover, that he was my brother."

Had a little train of gunpowder blown up between them and the old gentleman, the Squire and Leopold could scarcely have looked more surprised—that is, if it left them understanding at all.

"I was the eldest of three brothers," Mr. Wyld continued. "The second was accounted a musical genius; the taste had been cultivated in youth, and he turned it to account. He never quite took to me and my business ways, but I prospered in them. He made what is called a love-match (as if it could be love to bring any young woman to poverty!), and went down. I never saw his wife, and her father afterwards never saw him. We all stood aloof one from the other, and she in her pride stood furthest off from me. Do you know anything of this?"

"No," replied Leopold, who told me he felt his cheeks in a glow; "are you sure my father taught music, sir?"

"I am sure I had a brother Leopold, who taught music, and who died of fever, leaving a wife and two children. I made inquiries about them, and found they had gone down to live in ——shire. Now, if you are my nephew, you can disown me if you will, but I don't want to disown you."

The Squire, with his eye still on the future, here began to protest against the idea of my brother's seeking to ignore the connection; but Leopold, whose pride had received a severe blow, was silent. The old gentleman noticed this.

"You are a boy," he said, "and not capable of sound or mature judgment. Your mother is your sole guardian and best friend, and it is due to her to consult her first and trust her fully. You have my address: ask her to confirm my story; write to me, if you wish, thereupon, and as I have accidentally met you, and your manner has pleased me, I will help you if I can."

He rose as he spoke, and the interview was ended. The Squire held out his hand; he, at least, had a shrewd sound admiration, almost amounting to veneration, for the business capacities, not to say fancied wealth, of the guano merchant. Had he known how much hard cash those hands had gathered in, this feeling would have been increased a hundredfold. Leopold, touched and ashamed, also held out his, with a feeble "Thank you," and they were in the street once more.

Surely "truth is stranger than fiction." In the bald-headed old stranger who quarrelled with his steak in the restaurant, my brother had discovered what, in all his dreams of London, fancy had never sketched—a rich uncle!

He told me afterwards that when he came forth from the place of business that day, and stood in the bustling crowded streets once more, it seemed as if he had stepped out into a new world. London did not appear at all like the same place it had been a few hours previous. In spite of himself, a conviction of the truth of the guano-merchant's story forced

itself upon him. The circumstantial evidence was too strong to be resisted, the relationship between himself and the old gentleman was established, and he fully identified as the rich man's nephew. A strange feeling of pleasure, mingled with pain, took possession of his mind, until he could scarcely tell which was uppermost. He felt, in the first place, that he was not in a world of strangers; there was a link between him and the mighty multitude who thronged those streets, and either throve or starved in their passage through them. This was something. He might have turned to any of them and said, "I have an uncle here who is making money as you make it; making it by supplying your needs. He may show me—the friendless country lad—how to be rich, and I can live on their needs, as he has done. But oh, to come down from my high estate and all my proud dreams. To traffic in low dirty dens and back offices; in crowded yards and snuffy stores such as we have left. And then to know I was only the son of a music-master; I who bragged of my unknown father's position, and gloried in my mother's family greatness; who snubbed the lads of our country town, and stood aloof in my superior respectability. I never again can hold up my head as I have done; I never again can be what I have been. They may learn what I have learned and twit me with it. And if they never should, to take a false stand would be a miserable assumption. No, I have stepped out of my boyish greatness into this low London world; this nasty, dusty, busy world, where the greed for gain swallows up all nobler ambitions, and one gets jostled and thrown aside unless they strive with the herd for bare life. What care I that my uncle has so striven and conquered, when such conquest to me would but lay me in the dust? No, I am awaked at last. It is a glorious start indeed!"

Ah, that awakening from the ideal to the real, when life suddenly ceases to be a poem, and becomes prosaic! To Leopold the "great theatre of wealth and rank and talent" was now but a dread arena where gladiators strove one with the other, or with animals scarcely less noble, all with one aim — a struggle for dear life. It was a wild tempestuous sea, on whose turgid waters he felt impelled to put forth; and there was none in that hour of bitter disappointment to whisper, "Take courage, and look up! There is One who 'sitteth o'er the waterfloods' overruling and controlling. Take courage, and look on! Labour is grand and noble, and only those grovel who refuse to learn the task God sets them and act the part He bids them. Life is one continued duty, not a dream: truly ''t is not for man to trifle.'"

CHAPTER VIII.—BROUGHT DOWN.

"When we refuse to come down, God often brings us down." Again this early conviction smote upon my heart.

Yes, poor Leopold had come down: there was a look in his face when I met him at our little garden gate which puzzled me. It was not exactly humbled, it was not cowed; he was not ill; and yet there was to the keen observance of affection a want of his usual buoyancy of manner, an entire absence of his accustomed carelessness, which boded no good. The Squire did not enter our cottage; but the old rumbling stage-coach only stayed to set my brother down, and then rolled on into the town. Figuratively as well as literally, he had been set down.

My mother did not notice this. Leopold wore a new hat and fashionable tie with a jaunty air, and she declared he had quite the London style already. As for me, not in the least understanding her compliment, I was impatient until I had him all to myself in a secluded corner of a little kitchen garden, which ran in a narrow and irregular strip at the back of our cottage.

"Leopold," I began, "have you really had a good time?"

"A very good time, little Suey," he replied; "but, do you know, the strangest thing in the world has happened to me!"

And then he began to tell—only omitting a little towards the end—what I have already related.

"Oh, Leopold," I exclaimed, "how glad you must have been!"

"For what, young innocent?"

"To meet our father's brother."

"Humph! Suey, he told me our father was a music-master."

For a moment or two I was stunned. It was so contrary to all my preconceived ideas, I could not receive it at once.

"Can this be true?" I asked, at length.

"I fear it is," he answered, in a desponding tone.

"No matter," I said, recovering my self-possession, and raising my head independently, as though we had altogether changed sides, and I was the proud one; "I am sure he was great and good, whatever place he held—great and good and wise and clever. Music must soften a man's heart, and I don't think there can be any gift grander or more beautiful. Why not teach others what one knows? As well be paid for that as for anything else. I am sure I would rather earn money honestly in any way than live upon charity."

"Suey," exclaimed my brother, flaring up, "we don't do that."

"I did not say we do, dear," I began, in a deprecatory manner; "but, oh, Leopold, I would honour any one a million times more for honest trading in what they could do rather than for idle resting amid the little meannesses of genteel poverty, waiting for what they cannot get."

I spoke warmly, and with tears on my hot cheeks, for my soul, as I have said, loathed the latter.

"Suey," asked my brother, coldly, and a little stiffly, "do you think I would look well in a seed store?"

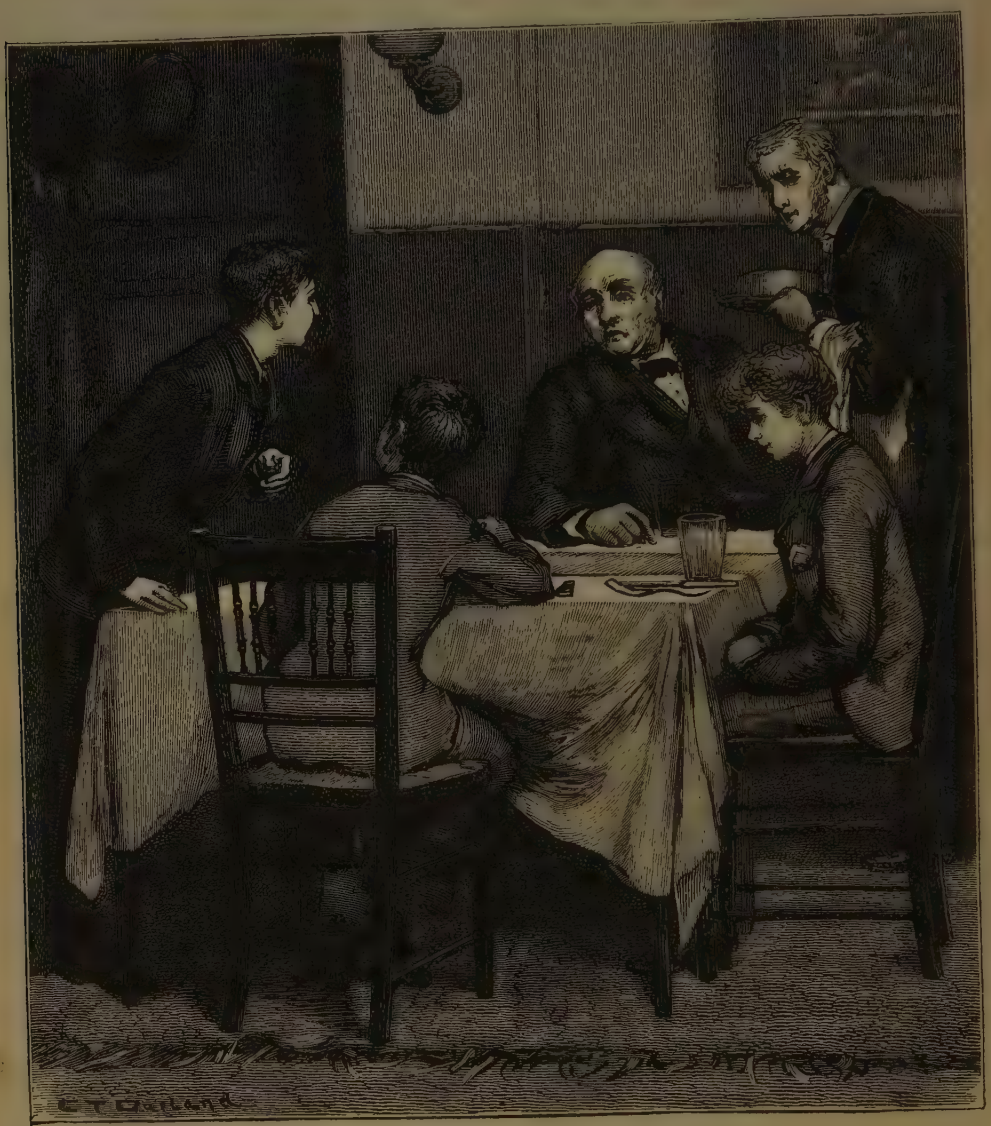
And my foolish love answered—

"I think you would look well anywhere."

"That is not the point," he replied, smiling, his self-love flattered. "Do you think I am fitted for it? Would you choose it for me?"

His merry laugh rang out once more at the close of this little speech. With his usual volatility he had cast off half the burden, and was turning already from the contemplation of his trouble.

There was a pause, and something seemed to possess my spirit in the stillness, which made me speak more seriously.



"'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Leopold, in his turn."—*p.* 413.

"I once heard mother say, 'Beggars can't be choosers,'" I said. "We might rather see you married to the Queen of Spain, or some other grand lady, but that would not show our sense."

"Indeed it would not, little sister," he returned. "I should certainly decline the honour of an alliance with her majesty. I rather think I should prefer insignificance and the seed store."

"Leopold," I said, "the greatest Man who ever came into this world was only held to be the Son of a carpenter, and his companions poor fishermen of Galilee. Would you be ashamed to take His hand if He were on earth now? He was the Lord of life and glory, yet 'made Himself of no reputation, and

took upon Him the form of a servant,' content to be humble and needy, but never mean, Leopold—never mean. He was the Friend of the poor, and died, for the salvation of our souls, between two thieves."

"Stay, Suey," interrupted my brother; "He could bear, because He knew what He was, from whence He came, and that He was going back to the glory He had left. He was only in disguise, you know, and acted in a way to suit the place He had taken, and the part He adopted."

Some way or other, I did not like this. I thought for a moment, however, before I could succumb to Leopold's false reasoning and free-and-easy speculations.

"You are wrong," I replied, "though I cannot quite set you right. Christ was *very* Man. I don't think He so much covered up His greatness and hid it beneath a poor garment, as one might put on a mask and a cloak—or that He laid aside His glory as it were, ready to take it up again in a moment—as that He emptied Himself of it for the time."

I had not seen then that beautiful rendering of Philippians ii. 6, 7, in Dean Alford's translation :—"Who, being in the form of God, deemed not His equality with God a thing to be grasped at, but emptied Himself, taking upon Him the form of a servant."

There was another pause. I knew by Leopold's listless air he had not followed my explanation, and would fain escape, but I could not let him go so easily, for there was a great deal in my heart to say. And so I began again—

"Oh, brother, brother, I feel it so wrong to be looking down upon people because they are lowly born. I am very glad you have met our uncle, and that he is an honest hard-working man, and if ever I meet him, too, I will own and love him. And I do honour my dear, dear father's memory, and shall often remember with pleasure how he could touch all hearts by the power of melody. I trust no one ever gave him to feel he was despised on account of it" (here I saw our mother appear at a back window), "for, oh ! if they did, it was foolish and cruel." A sob now rose and impeded utterance, but the speech was not yet concluded. "And, Leopold," I added, "one word more. Mother does not get anything nice; and we have a lot of worry and care. If you can help to make her life easier, and bring her any comforts, do, darling, do."

And Leopold answered—

"Suey, if I overcome my natural prejudices, and, sacrificing all my high hopes, am content to sink into a low position, it can be but with one object. And you shall have the nicest pelisse, and mother the grandest silk that can be bought for money."

It was in the dusky eventide, as before Leopold went to London, he told mother his story. We sat in the open window again, and the same flower-breath came around us. Methinks I inhale its fragrance even now.

"It is true," mother said; "your father had an elder brother, James. I displeased my family by marrying without their consent, and they cast me off; but I loved your father, children, and tried to be happy with him. It was thought to be a coming down, but I forgot it when he was with me ; and when he died I felt the whole world a blank. I would gladly then have taught or done anything if he could only have come back. My stepmother influenced my father against me, and even when he was dying I was not allowed to see him. He left me a small annuity, however, upon which I have tried to bring you up respectably and maintain my own family dignity. How hard it has been, only I can tell ; so if you can do anything with your uncle, Leopold, I shall not oppose it. Who knows but he may make you his heir? and then we shall get our rights at last."

And so a letter was written, calling Mr. Wyld "dear uncle," Squire Hardman being the author thereof; for my mother and Leopold had the good sense to defer to his judgment. I could have wished it was a little warmer; but then I had no sense at all, and did not understand how to manage such matters. In due time an answer came, addressed to "Master Leopold Wyld." That was an event in our lives. I think it was the first letter my brother had ever received, for he had no correspondent, as, despite the advantages of the penny post, we did not think of writing to him during his short stay in London. Our uncle offered him a junior clerkship in his office and a home in his house, and if he was a ready penman, quick at figures, and apt to learn, he would find advancement. This was all, and it did not seem much to begin with; but Leopold's sanguine spirit had already received new impressions, and being fond of "building castles in the air," he walked more erectly, as with the authority of a man of wealth.

Therefore it came to pass, with strange inconsistency, that pride in our position did not keep pace with our knowledge of our descent ; but as the assurance of the greatness of the latter declined, we assumed more of the former. Our uncle enclosed a cheque to meet Leopold's expenses, and I 'm sure he presented it at the bank with the air of a prince—a merchant-prince he was in perspective at least. How important we felt in the consciousness of being possessed of so much wealth ! It seemed to me as we walked along every one must know it.

The first outlay was in getting up a little dinner, to which the Squire and Miss Hardman were invited. I remember it was an occasion for Hannah's excelling herself, both in smartness and mistakes.

Now there is nothing that apparently increases some domestics' respect for a family more than generous living. Quick to discern and to despise meanness in a quarter where they look for dignity, they are not in a position which permits of their sympathising with the struggles most carefully hidden from them. They see too much, and yet don't see enough. They see the empty larder, but do not see the empty coffers. They are behind the scenes, and conversant with the

thousand-and-one little devices and shifts, which genteel poverty makes to "keep up appearances," as it is called; but they do not know with what an aching heart and weary mind the store has been counted over and over again to see whether it is possible to "make both ends meet." Oh, tried and struggling ones! when I look back, would that I could call to you from these pages with a persuasive voice—"Trust Jesus for your soul's salvation, and you may trust Him also for your body's need. Leave the burden of your sins at the foot of the cross, and you may cast the burden of your daily cares before the throne of His grace. There is One upon the throne who "ever liveth" for His struggling saints. Why over-burdened? "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

But, to return to Hannah. I scarcely recognised her in her smart cap and white apron, and thought our circumstances must have vastly improved when she could look so well. I suppose the alteration in her appearance won something more than my admiration; for I heard my mother reprimanding her, in a severe tone, for having been seen outside our wicket in converse with a passing red-coat. To my surprise, Hannah replied in a more deferential manner than she had ever before assumed, to my knowledge, excusing herself thus—

"It was a very ancient soldier, ma'am—a very ancient soldier, with metals on his breast."

I could not hide my smiles, but Leopold exclaimed—

"Quite right, Hannah! you expressed yourself with your usual correctness."

Mother retreated to the kitchen, and busied herself in culinary matters once more. Then ensued an amusing colloquy.

"Hannah," my mother began, in a tone of great asperity, "what *have* you done with the jelly?"

"Sure'm, I put it in the battery [batter], and it is done to permission."

"Hannah!"

Here mother's voice became harsh, with a mingling of remonstrance, displeasure, and despair.

I felt called upon to interfere; and though an inefficient help, threw myself into the gap as a sort of "forlorn hope," and between us all the dinner was creditably prepared. I got away as soon as I could to the silence and seclusion of my own little room, and first had a good cry at the thought of my brother's leaving us, then, with a quick transition of feeling, wished we could always have as good living as we had that day enjoyed, though not so much fuss in the preparation. Then again I asked my own soul had I at all forgotten the Giver in His gifts? or was a sense of His love still flooding my heart with light and gladness? Was there anything wrong in enjoying these good things, I questioned? No; I remember they called my Master "a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber," so He must have partaken of the rich food set before Him at the marriage-feast and in the Pharisee's house. Yet when He had to provide for a hungry multitude, He only multiplied "barley loaves and small fishes," and on more than one occasion He hungered, and had even to beg a draught of water from one who was His people's enemy. Leopold found me still pondering over these things, sitting in the solemn shade of declining day, very much quieted by my reflections. Was I desiring more than my Father saw fit to give? more than the "food and raiment" promised in His Word? My brother's entrance prevented my finding a suitable answer for the latter question. I could not see him in the failing light, but he put his arm round my neck, and I thought his voice had lost its accustomed pleasant tone as he sadly said—

"After all, Suey, we have come down. Hide it as we will, it is a coming down."

"Rather," I said, "a bringing than a coming. How much of the will is in it, Leopold?"

But it led me afterwards to think there may be two ways of being brought down—one by the hand of God for our good; one by our own hand to our shame. Man cannot really degrade, or drag us under, no matter into what place he thrusts us, so long as we respect ourselves.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXPECTED START.

AND Leopold went forth never again to be as he had been; never again to be our mother's pride and my earthly stay in our humble home; never to fill up pleasantly the gaps and interstices in our monotonous life, and brighten its daily passage. We had no one to care for now, no one for whose coming to watch, no one whose fresh spirit threw a lightness over the commonest details of a prosaic existence. Oh, how deserted the little parlour looked as we turned back into the cottage, having watched the old coach roll on its way, and seen Squire Hardman, who stood near, hand in a small parcel when it was in motion, and then, with still more delicate generosity, walk quickly away lest he should seem to intrude upon our grief. Everything was as before within the house, except in that one littered room in which my brother had lately slept. Into it the sunlight streamed as yesterday, revealing the confusion, not as it seemed, with a gladsome but a garish light. Everything was as yesterday, every piece of furniture stood in its accustomed place, and yet a great sense of desolation was upon our hearts, and our home was truly void. I might have sighed with the Hebrew mother:—

Oh, the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away?
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice which past me still
Went like a singing rill.

The silence was oppressive. I passed from the trellised porch, where the jasmine and clematis still

twined in their pure beauty; but now there hung, just above me, a withering wreath, which was beyond the wooing of a vernal breath—fit type of the young heart's desolation, to which time brings a fresh budding of promise and new springs of life and joy. And out beyond me lay the road—the hard, level, cruel road, with its sudden turn, along which my brother had been swiftly borne from me. How strange to think his feet would not traverse it daily, and the place which had known him should know him no more! My heart ached sorely with its great load of unexpressed pain.

Then a thought came to me, as though whispered in my ear—"There is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. *I* will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." And, looking up, I said—

"Dear Lord, be more to me than ever now, for my heart is very sad. Comfort and relieve us; for Thou canst fill every void, and we never can be overburdened when we feel Thou art near."

And I suddenly seemed drawn up very close to a side which had been pierced for me, and felt—oh! so rested and satisfied!—as I think the poor sisters of Bethany did when they heard the Master had come. Then I remembered there was a heart sadder still than mine, because it had no other to lean upon, so I arose and trimmed my little lamp—in other words, I returned to the cottage with a steadfast purpose in my mind, to be a comfort to our mother in her loneliness. Passing at once to my own room, I smoothed my hair and bathed my eyes, and then putting on as cheerful a look as possible, joined her as if nothing very particular had happened. I did not ask should I do this thing or that, lest it might worry her to know I was attempting to solace, but took up whatever occurred to me as naturally as I could, and talked more than usual. My mother made no remark; I 'm sure I did not want praise, but I did want appreciation, or, still more, affection. Oh! foolish human heart, ever seeking its reward here—not content to serve for His approval only who is invisible.

My composure was nearly broken down at the outset, however, by coming suddenly upon Hannah, still sniffing significantly in a dark corner. Now, my mother and Hannah had this at least, in common—the chief object of admiration and regard to each was Leopold. I knew, therefore, our young domestic's emotion in this case was sincere.

Miss Capel was a great help to me at that time, encouraging me to do what was right.

"You have two places to fill now, dear," she said. "Just tuck up your dress, and go about the household business as doing something for Christ. 'Who sweeps a room as for Thy law makes that and the action fine.'"

"But I am not thinking of God's law all the time I am engaged about household work, and so get worried," I put in, timidly.

"That should not be," she replied. "Cares choke the good seed as well as pleasures, though Christians seem to think the cares are lawful, the pleasures sinful. Some worries we might avoid altogether; some we magnify, and so are overcome by them; while others we must take up as a daily cross. Try and discern between them; see what you should take up and what you may pass over. Go to work from prayer: pray while working. You cannot be always saying words; you cannot even always think good thoughts. Your occupation may demand your undivided attention; but give yourself the habit of looking up for help and guidance, and all will be well."

"But, Miss Capel," I said, seizing upon one point in her counsel which touched me most closely, "it seems to me as if *we* could avoid a great deal. There are only three of us now, and yet something always to be done."

"I am sure your mother does not wish you to be idle, dear Suey," she rejoined, in the kindest tone imaginable, checking at once my little complaint. "I have often admired the perfect order and neatness of your cottage, and the good taste displayed in your dress, as well as the absence of slovenliness in your servant, and thought much credit was due to your mother for her clever management. You know she has a good deal to bear with and overcome in Hannah.

I was silent, but from that hour I resolved that as Leopold had made his start in life, even so I would make mine; and as he was journeying along the road of duty in one direction, I would jog quietly on in another. I would (in the words of an old English proverb) in the strength which cometh from above, "*Doe ye nexte thynge.*"

I was not much at the Priory during the ensuing days, scarcely at all, indeed; but dear Miss Capel often came to see us, and her nephew brought us fruit and flowers. Rare fruits they were, and as we accepted them it naturally came about that we accepted more substantial delicacies also, as simply offered from the preserves and poultry-yard. Hugh was invariably the bearer, and his visits were always a pleasure. He was full of good spirits, strong and healthful, yet gentle and forbearing as a girl. He came into our cottage in his boyish merriment like a rush of air from the hills, fresh and bracing, yet never appearing intrusive. Hannah said it was "easy to know the gentleman," and with all her faults, she had no small amount of discernment. My mother liked Hugh, and thought he had *l'air distingué*, though not nearly so handsome as Leopold. Of course I was not inclined to dispute this in any way, for who ever could be like my own dear brother?

The greatest and happiest event in these first dark days of loneliness, was a letter from Leopold. It was a fine long one, addressed to mother, but contained a note for me. In an old pocket-book beside some faded flowers now crumbling into dust, like hearts which once lived and loved, lies this my first letter from my brother. Before transcribing it, I shall recall a portion of my mother's.

It told us Uncle James's house was large and plain, but comfortable enough; and he (Leopold) was suffered to do very much as he pleased in it without apparent observation, though he felt his uncle was quietly watching him all the time.

a brilliant one, but I try to remember the *shiners* are to come through it. Oh, money! Oh, coveted gold! why dost thou not pour in through some pleasanter channel? why have we ever to stoop to pick thee up?"

"Having watched the old coach roll on its way."—*p.* 418.

The stores, where all the early part of the day was spent, were "close, musty, and gloomy enough to take the spirit out of any fellow." "Very strangely," he went on, "when I was walking through them the day after my arrival, I thought how you, dear mother, would look here, and how entirely out of place I, as your son, felt. It seemed as if I had made a wrong start, and was walking down the wrong path in life. Well, the expected start is not

This was not very encouraging, and I was sorry my brother had not kept his trials a little more to himself, and suffered manfully in secret. It seemed unkind to bring a greater shade over our mother's already clouded life; but I could not call it selfishness, for I remembered what a coming down it was to poor Leopold, and that he had no one but us to whom to tell his troubles. I 'm sure even I felt the need of sympathy. I was still more sorry when I

perceived that for some days after the receipt of this letter mother looked anxious and depressed. Mine ran thus :—

My Dear Little Suey,—From mother's letter you will see how I am getting on, and learn something of my present mode of life and place of business. As I don't like "vain repetitions," I have kept another piece of intelligence for you. There is a little girl here—a nice little girl, about my own age, with black eyes, very bead-like; and black curls, very doll-like; and a rosy complexion, very country-like; and she is our cousin! Isn't it funny? She is the daughter of another brother of our uncle's who did I don't know what, and died I don't know when, but she has been fatherless and motherless for many years. Uncle James adopted her long before he thought of me. She is called Coralie; and this is funny too, for our uncle has the greatest objection to anything but the commonest appellations, and here he has two of us, as he says, with outlandish ones. I suggested he should call my young cousin Corrie, but she did not approve of this, and I fancy she has a will of her own. I suppose she thought it beneath the dignity of our housekeeper. Still, she is kind and good, not a bit silly or shy, and if she is not as pretty as my flaxen-haired sister, that is not her fault, you know. She sends you a whole cargo of affection in this, and would be glad to have in return a little note enclosed in your letter to me. She wishes much to see you, but not half as ardently as does your loving brother,

Le'pold.

P.S.—Tell Hannah if she comes up to town she can do better than the "ancient soldier." Here we only value *metals* in the pocket.

This was news indeed. I had not only an unknown uncle but a dear young cousin. Coralie! what a lovely name. It sounded like poetry. How flat and commonplace poor Suey appeared after it. But Leopold loved and admired his little fair-haired sister, and that was enough. Still, though I whispered this to myself, my heart was unsatisfied, and I was conscious of a nasty pang of jealousy at the thought that another was to my brother now what I had been—a companion and friend; a sharer in the day's interests, business, and pleasures. I loved, and yet, with a strange contradiction, felt I could not love this new cousin. And my heart cried out in its bitterness—

"Oh, Coralie, black-eyed Coralie, don't let him forget his little sister and the home he has left!"

But I wrote a note after praying to God to help me to conquer the evil I found in my wicked heart, and only wished my pen could flow as easily as my thoughts. I spoiled six sheets of paper, of which my mother reasonably complained. I did not feel it right to conceal my extravagance, and the displeasure it drew down could not aid me in the composition of my last letter. So I put it into mother's just as it was, with all its faults, and only hoped Coralie would take it from my foolish heart to her stronger one. I charged her to be very good to Leopold, and not let him miss, or above all, forget me. Then I sent my love and duty to my uncle, and with a flush of shame folded the poor production and saw it sealed and placed beyond the hope of recovery.

And in time there came an answer. It was as affectionate as I could wish; it was simple and unrestrained, as though the writer did not live far from shady lanes and green fields in the great world of brick and mortar—London. In the plainest words, quite childlike, as suited my poor capacity, she assured me of my brother's constant remembrance, and that there could be no danger of his forgetting one whom he loved so dearly. She could never fill my place, but would try and do a sister's part for my sake as well as his. This removed all trace of bitterness and foolish jealousy, but there was a little word in the end of the letter which my foolish heart loved and yet my better nature resisted. Truly, "the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other." Coralie went on to say Leopold told her I was very good, and she wished very much she was good too. Now I knew this was not true, and moreover, that heaven was not as is generally supposed, and as I had learned in my earliest days, destined only for good people—that is, as a reward for a blameless life—but for real out-and-out sinners saved by grace. Man chooses that which is valuable in itself. The lapidary will bestow much pains upon a gem because of its intrinsic worth, but will not throw away time and energy on a flint. God's "thoughts are not as our thoughts; nor His ways as our ways." He loves the unworthy to create worthiness in them. He makes us precious through redemption. No; I disowned all merit, and was quite willing to enter into heaven without a shred of respectability; not on the ground of creature-goodness, but through the completed work of the Son of God.

Leopold was even more in my thoughts after his letter came than before, for I realised the difficulties with which he had to contend, and clearly saw how uncongenial to his young proud spirit was his present employment. While thankful for the pleasant intercourse in his new home and the softening influence of a young girl's presence, I longed for some one to speak to him good brave words of counsel, such as could not come from inexperienced girls like us. He needed more than affection now, even to look at life seriously and earnestly, yet with a brave heart, as being really launched upon its busy tide, and hearing the warning—

> Thou mayest sail upon this sea a long
> Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer loss,
> The foolish must. Oh, then, be early wise.

(To be continued.)

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

THE OLD HOME IS BROKEN UP.

STOUT hearts climb steep hills; they do not level them. In human nature there lurks a pathetic superstition that troubles may be averted if we prepare for them with meek readiness. But God does not train His children like weak parents who destroy all true service and sacrifice in their offspring by claiming the surrender of will only to grant it back again.

The fortunes of the Bristo family did not mend. Almost every post, like a small Job's messenger, brought tidings of new disaster. Mr. Bristo began to realise what a costly possession integrity of character is. Other people situated as he was "failed." Many of his own debtors did so, thereby further reducing his credit account. These utterly "ruined" people went on more merrily than ever. Popular sympathy was attracted to them. Orders which had hitherto come to his warehouse were taken away, to be given to one such bankrupt, because "we must help him up again, you know." Oh, when will this foolish world realise that to be just before one is generous is the only way to give sympathy and help where they are most needed and most deserved!

There was a time when Mr. Bristo spoke bitterly of these things to his wife. There came a time of bitterness deeper still—when it seemed as if the honour for which he had lost all would yet escape him, and he would have to rank, to all outward seeming, with those who had parted from honour first, and so saved possessions they held dearer.

"I shall die bankrupt," he said, with tortured humiliation, "and you will be left to the workhouse."

Mrs. Bristo laid her hand gently on his arm. "Even if so," she said, "far better be a bankrupt, giving up his last farthing, than one made rich by spoil of the needy, the ignorant, or the foolish! As for the workhouse, it seems hard when honest lives end there. But we know they do sometimes, though perhaps not often, and therefore why not ours as much as others? I don't suppose it matters much then, Alec. Being in the workhouse is not one of those things which make it hard to die!"

As for the young people, they were full of that cheerful activity which makes exertion of energy and ingenuity a delight. Their mother used no evasions with them. She told them plainly that business was bad, that there had been misfortune and loss, and might be more.

She felt there was a lesson for her and their father, in the courage with which the younger ones received the news. They had no sad knowledge of the world to forewarn them concerning those subtle bitternesses of defeat and loss which lie apart from plainer food, coarser raiment, and less money to spend. She felt that such cheerfulness if safely kept through knowledge acquired and experience gained, would be indeed that spirit of eternal youth of which is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Mrs. Bristo could not quite understand Gilbert's feelings. She realised that though he was the only independent member of the family, yet he was likely to suffer first and most by any change in its position. For one thing, support might be claimed where he had hitherto received furtherance and countenance. Besides, the mother's love, like all true love, was not blind to the weaknesses of her eldest son. He had not that "high thinking" which makes "plain living" easy. She had observed that the little pleasures of his own choice had been of the dainty sort, such as elaboration of personal appointments. Yet Gilbert did not at first manifest the discontent she had dreaded; indeed, she could have fancied that he felt a little secret satisfaction. Something in his manner troubled her. He was certainly very kind; he resumed many little filial ministrations in which he had latterly slackened. Yet the gulf which had opened between them did not close, and the mother felt sure that her son's innermost life was shut against her, and the old simple affection was held in abeyance to some secret thought which her heart could hear, though her mind could not.

She felt as if she must once more welcome the dear Aunt Mary to the old home and the familiar ways. She wrote to her, telling briefly of the gathering trouble, and summing up, "Come and be with us." Next day Aunt Mary was there.

When she saw the old lady, Mrs. Bristo broke down, as she had never yet once broken.

"What changes there will be!" she sobbed.

"Child," said Aunt Mary to the woman with fast whitening hair, "changes are good—changes are wholesome. We have to make changes for ourselves—shall we not take them gladly when God gives them to us?

"See how bright the children are," she went on. "A new way of life may be made as good for them as going to a new country. There's nothing makes such fine men and women as roughing it. It brings out all the resources in the brain, and all the strength in the muscles. I have heard a millionaire say that fortunes might be made as readily in England as abroad, if people would do the same things here that they do there."

"The children are very good, I know," said Mrs. Bristo; "but that only makes me feel so sorry for them. There are some things which fret me which they don't know as yet. The thought of harder fare and harder work for them does not

trouble me. But how will they take it when they find that old acquaintances forget them, and that the world in general meets them with a different face from that which has smiled upon them hitherto? Lizzie is going to take some of her drawings to a dealer's. Pretty as they are, she will hear very plain truths about them there. That would not matter if it were not that friendly praises will grow silent about the same time."

"Ah, I see the case you are trying to state," said Aunt Mary. "You wonder how your children will feel when they find out the hollowness of the world! Each of us has to do it, sooner or later. Nobody can be said to be equipped for the business of life till he has thoroughly learned two lessons—first, that the less we expect from most people the less we shall be disappointed—that many of the pretty phrases and professions of polite acquaintanceship are like paper notes upon a bank without funds. And second, that there are a few people from whose fidelity one cannot expect too much, since they will always rise beyond our expectations. In truth, Emma, sternest reality and sweetest romance ever lie side by side, so that who escapes the one loses the other."

"I know that what one must call 'hard lives' are the most interesting to read about," said Mrs. Bristo; "but, then, I think I have heard a phrase to the effect that 'Blessed is the man or the nation that has no history.'"

"You might as well say, 'Blessed is the savage above the philosopher,' ay, and 'Thrice blessed is the pig beyond the poet," said Aunt Mary. "Why, Emma, the best part in life is not our voluntary sacrifices, often as cheap as they are showy. It is rather our cheerfulness and zeal in our involuntary obedience to the great wheel of circumstance—the visible hand of God. Therefore he for whom it revolves most swiftly and sternly has the true post of honour. Horace Bushnell declared that 'necessity is a good mother,' and that he desired no other to be the nurse of his children. Ah, Emma, just now you owned that the flattery is kept for amateur art, and so the loudest praises are generally given to amateur virtue. But it is the art or the virtue which is set to practical uses and called out by stress of hard facts, which win the true prizes at last."

She went on, "I never like to hear one form which approbation of any good work often assumes. You constantly hear it said, 'He or she undertakes such a task out of pure love. They do not need money.' Well and good, so far; but they might do the work quite as well—possibly better—if they did need money. The necessity for earning money might have been part of God's call to that particular work. People are not made mercenary by requiring to earn money, but by doing for money what they would not do for love, or by doing that which earns most money, instead of that which they can do best, and which is best to be done. To have to earn our bread is a clear call to work, and to earn it is one clear good accomplished by work; and no work can be the less worthy for starting from such sound ground.

"And remember, for everything which your children seem to lose there is something to be gained. Are they set to hard physical labour instead of gymnastic exercises and deportment lessons? Then think what Ruskin says—'I believe an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their daily endeavouring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily exert in amusements definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields than ride over other people's." Will they have to hear plain truths carelessly said, or unjust blame wantonly said? Never mind. Gold may be trampled in the mud, but the sun will leave it high and dry by-and-by, and then somebody will pick it up. An author once told me that the highest honour his work had ever received had come to him through a bitterly adverse review. The critic opened the vials of his contempt, and quoted our author that he might hold up his very words to obloquy. That quotation caught the eye of a leader in literature. The great man admired what the small one had ridiculed, and sought out the obscure writer. We never know how things will end."

"Many bright paths are entered by dark doors. As Bishop Taylor says, 'If a man could have opened one of the pages of the Divine Counsel, and could have seen the event of Joseph's being sold to the merchants of Amalek, he might with much reason have dried up the young man's tears.' He says, again, 'virtues and discourses are like friends, necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sadnesses and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents."

"We leave this house as soon as possible," said Mr. Bristo, "and we go to the smallest we can find. It does not matter much to us," he added, rather bitterly.

"What does that remark mean?" inquired Aunt Mary.

"It was said to me to-day," he answered. "Somebody said, 'You have not far down to go. It is so different with the poor Damiens, who have had to give up carriages and horses and go to live in a little poky villa.' And the Damiens have not paid a shilling in the pound, and the house they have retired to now is better than this which we have got to leave. And Damien was a shop-boy, speculating with borrowed money, when my father started me in business with solid capital. Yet he is to be pitied for having to give up what he should never have had!"

"And do you covet the pity?" asked Aunt Mary. "Dear me, Alec, are you really sorry that your own wisdom and moderation have saved you from a sensational ruin?"

Mr. Bristo smiled reluctantly.

"No," he said; "but one gets so stung at times,

that one strikes out wildly. Some old acquaintances have been giving me hints as to purchases they would like to make, as they hear there is to be a sale of my furniture."

"How strange it will be to see the familiar things in other people's houses!" said Mrs. Bristo.

"You will be spared that, my dear," said Mr. Bristo; "they will forget our address, and drop us."

"Which will save you the painful necessity of dropping them," observed Aunt Mary; "for, of course, even mere acquaintances, like the smallest coins, cannot be retained when we have proved them base."

"And yet," returned Mr. Bristo, "I would rather have the plain unfeelingness of these than the mock friendliness of others. There is one man who has said to me so often how much he wished he had some spare money to lend me, that I felt almost as much obliged to him as if he had lent it. But to-day he had a large and quite unexpected payment made to him in my presence. He looked awkward—and then explained that he had a good investment hanging on which he would like to complete, and the money would not be a very real help to me, after all."

"Let all false things go," said Aunt Mary, gently, quoting from some obscure volume among her favourite books. "We may regret their baseness, but not their detection."

"And you have come to stay with us," said her nephew. "You don't think we can't afford to have a visitor yet, then? One of my old business colleagues refused an invitation to tea last week with the air of being unwilling to take the bread out of the mouths of my children."

"Now, Alec!" exclaimed Aunt Mary. "You shall presently get a sound scolding. It is not what you say, but how you say it, that grieves me. These blunders of our fellow-creatures ought only to make us smile. They will make you smile in time, I am quite sure."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Bristo, half laughing; "and till that happy time comes, let us turn our attention to practical subjects. What furniture ought we to keep, auntie?"

"The oldest," answered Aunt Mary, "whether age makes it valueless or valuable, in a money point of view. Keep those things whose histories you know. None of your pictures are costly; keep them all. Pictures carry with them more of the old home-look than does anything else. Let silver salvers and cake-baskets go, and suites of chairs, and grand things such as everybody has."

"The next house won't hold much furniture nor many friends," remarked Mr. Bristo.

"That is all you know yet," said, Aunt Mary; "you have not found out that houses are elastic. I have known very big houses which had no room in them, and very little cottages where there was always a snug corner. Now," she went on, "I 'm not going to tell you to forget the carved oak mantel-shelf in your drawing-room here, and to make believe that you did not love it, and were never proud of it; but if your new sitting-room faces the west, and gets a glimpse of the sunset, I want you to observe that, and be thankful. We have nothing to do with the blessings and duties of yesterday, except to remember them with thanksgiving. The blessings and duties of to-day are to-day's business, and we have to make the most of them before they, too, lapse into the past. At different times in our lives we enjoy blessings which could not exist together—such as the resources of wealth, and the humour and helpfulness of poverty; so if, in turn, we make the most of both conditions, their very life enters into us, and we become, in a spiritual sense, like those who have travelled in many lands and brought home treasures from all."

"And, after all, we have nothing to do with our way through life, only we can walk briskly and cheerily and observantly, or dully and drowsily. My favourite divine, Dr. Bushnell, used to say that he was very tenderly touched when he came across the fact that Paul was in his prison, with the chains upon his hands, when he wrote his beautiful appeal—'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice!' only he was wont to add—'Nothing is really hard when once we are in it. I shall never forget when, riding homeward in my college vacation, I looked from the top of my stage-coach upon the mowers in the hay-field, how hot and tired they looked, and how hard and uninviting their work. But the next morning when I went into the hay-field among them, and fell to with a good will, how sweet the grass smelled, how fresh was the dew, the breeze, how bright the sun, how pleasant the work! So changed are all things when we look at them from within instead of without.'"

"Do you remember that prayer of his, which you once read to me, aunt?" asked Mrs. Bristo.

"Yes," said the old lady; "I think I shall give it to Lizzie to illuminate for your new house. I don't think Alec has ever heard it, and I know it by heart. It is this—

"'O Father, be with us in our smallest concerns, for we are persuaded that it is the skill of life to find Thee in the ordinary, to reach unto things spiritual through things temporal, and we know that anything done well gives great satisfaction to us and to Thee.'

"Therefore," said Aunt Mary, "let us accept every change as a fresh chance for deepening and widening that 'skill of life.' Let us be glad, as children are over new lesson-books, though they will involve new struggles and new tears."

So they braced themselves till the very last day in the old home was lived through.

We moisten roots when we transplant them. And so pain always softens our souls in times of change, be they sunshiny with change for the better or cloudy with change for the worse.

THE "BEGINNINGS" OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART.

THE BEGINNING OF STRIFE.*

NO phase of human conduct can be more discordant with the spirit of the Gospel than that which is indicated by the words strife and contention. When our Saviour's advent was announced by angelic minstrels, its aim was expressed in the familiar words, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men." Christ is Himself the Prince of peace, and His Apostles, when addressing their fellow-disciples in various parts of the world, generally saluted them with a wish in which the spirit of their Master distinctly appears, "Grace and peace be unto you." The salutation, "Peace be with you," was the common form of greeting in the East—the equivalent of our "Good morning"—and the Apostles adopted and enlarged it by the addition of the word "grace," the ordinary form of salutation among the Greeks, to show that Christ sets the seal of His approval on all the kindly feelings of our nature, sanctions the common courtesies of life, and gives full scope to our best and noblest instincts. It was one great design of His mission to establish peace between man and man, not less than between man and God, to bind all nations and classes together in a brotherhood of virtue and love, and to teach them, notwithstanding their inevitable and manifold diversities, to live in active and unbroken harmony.

In order that this aim might be accomplished, Christ not only summoned men to peace, but revealed to them the sure source of peace. He made known the grace of God, the free unmerited favour of our Father in heaven, forgiving, sanctifying, and saving us without the slightest respect of persons, and binding us together by the ties of a common salvation—He Himself the source and centre of our life, and we, by our dependence upon Him, lovingly related to one another—

> Our mutual share in Jesus' blood
> An everlasting bond imparts
> Of holiest brotherhood.

And as strife is opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, it is not less hostile to the interests of men. Few things are more disagreeable in themselves, or more mischievous in their results. It is a condition which calls into play the worst and most repulsive elements of human nature, and takes from life the charm of its sweetest and strongest attractions. It silences the music and the song which cheer us in the path of our pilgrimage, and raises in their stead harsh and discordant tones which grate upon the ear and unnerve us for our work. It stops the flow of all genial affection, chills every feeling of friendship, separates those who should walk the path of their life in happy companionship, and often issues in bitter and envenomed hostility. Every upright and generous heart revolts at the thought of it; and while its frequency would prove it to be in a sense natural to us—a state into which we may easily and almost insensibly glide, it is in another and higher sense most unnatural, and ought to be sedulously avoided.

Both in the Book of Proverbs, which is so largely occupied with matters of common every-day experience—and in other parts of Scripture we are warned of the sinfulness and danger of strife. It is represented as the work of a wrathful, of a froward, and of an angry man; the delight of a whisperer and tale-bearer; the result of a proud overbearing heart. It is distinctly branded as transgression—a violation of the law of God—and we are told that it is an honour for a man to cease from it. It is classed by St. Paul among the works of the flesh, concerning which he assures us that "they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God." The Apostle James tells us that "where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." We are therefore enjoined to avoid it, not to walk in it; to do nothing through it as our motive, but to follow after the things which make for peace.

There are, of course, various forms of strife. It may show itself in what appears to be a merely negative or passive form—a standing aloof from those with whom we should associate, a refusal to recognise their claims upon our sympathy and friendship—a proud contemptuous feeling towards them, as if they were unworthy of our regard, and belonged to a lower grade than ourselves. But even this apparently passive state results from the suppression of feelings of kindliness, forbearance, and generosity. It means that we despise others, and will not act towards them as friends.

Frequently, this standing aloof from others results in the committal of injuries. It leads us to take an undue advantage over men, for we can scarcely hesitate to push aside from our path those whose equality with ourselves and whose claims upon us we will not acknowledge. The interests of life are so complicated and conflicting, the course pursued by one man so often crosses

* "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with."—PROV. xvii. 14.

that pursued by another, that feelings of rivalry are easily engendered, and only when there is a strong feeling of brotherhood, and a commanding sense of the sacredness of all human rights, can strife and ill-will be averted.

The want of a proper affection for men disposes us too readily to believe anything which tends to their discredit. We are apt, under such conditions, to overlook or deny their virtues, and to magnify their faults. The fineness and scrupulosity of our conscience are lost, the restraint which should be placed upon our tongue is removed, and we not only allow ourselves to repeat what should be sacredly concealed, but to give to it a false and mischievous colouring. The extent to which the character of men has been maligned, their reputation damaged, and their happiness destroyed through the circulation of wicked reports, is appalling. It is, indeed, deplorable to think of the harsh censorious judgments which have been passed upon men, to hear of the cruel vindictive words which have wounded them, and the spiteful tricks which have been played upon them. And what can we say of the results of such things as we see them in wearied and broken hearts, in baffled and cheerless lives! Many are now sunk in degradation and ruin who might have been uplifted and ennobled. Some are hopelessly crushed to the ground by burdens which others might have shared, and long for death —terrible as its summons must ever be to them —as their only deliverance. What multitudes there are who have drifted, if they have not been driven, into reckless defiance, or hardened into chill despair! Hearts there are which seem beyond hope of recovery, from which all light has been extinguished, and where joy is an unknown visitant. They are strangers to all aspiration, and have not the remotest hope or idea of redemption. They distrust both God and man; how, then, can they rise? for

> God's possible is taught by this world's loving,
> And (these lost ones') doubt of each.

Oh, if we did but know a tithe of the evil we may thoughtlessly and recklessly commit, how differently we should act! And how much might we do by patient forbearance, by firm self-restraint, by kindly considerateness, by a spirit of loving and generous helpfulness, to put a stop to the evils which abound. Not strife, but peace; not the hindrance and the ruin, but the recovery and salvation of men, should be our aim.

"*The beginning* of strife is as when one letteth out water." A slight crack is seen in the mound or embankment of a reservoir, such as allows a mere trickling of water to pass through it. It is in itself so trivial, and the oozing out of the water is so insignificant and harmless, that at first no notice is taken of it. There is, we imagine, no reason for alarm. But by-and-by the crack has visibly widened. You can put your finger through it, then two fingers, and after a little three. And now the water in the reservoir begins to swirl round the crack and to push its way through it with increasing strength. It is a trickling no longer. It may perhaps even yet be stopped; but if through carelessness or stupidity or ill-will towards the owner of the water it be neglected, what will be the result? In a few hours the crack will widen into a broad *crevasse*, the water will roll out in a mighty volume, the embankment will give way, and the valleys round it will be deluged. The flood has been set in motion, and no power can now arrest it. The fields which a short time before were smiling in their summer glory, covered with crops which were ready for the sickle of the reaper, are now desolated. The homes in which the merchant, the farmer, and the workman found their sweetest earthly rest, where they were solaced by the play of tender affection, and charmed into forgetfulness of their cares by the prattle of little children, are overthrown, and the lives of scores of human beings are lost. More than once during the last quarter of a century have we had to mourn such desolations as these, and in each case the terrible calamity has resulted from a small and insignificant beginning—a tiny rift, a treacherous trickling rill.

How often it is so in every aspect and every sphere of life. It is folly, either in a good cause or in a bad, to despise the day of small things. Many a fine and flourishing tree has been withered by a tiny insect—a wood-worm of two inches long. The mighty river takes its rise in some shallow stream, hidden far away among the hills, but the stream flows on, and is fed by successive springs and rills, until it bears upon its waters the ships which traverse the ocean and maintain the greatness of their land. So it is with our actions; good and bad character is a growth, a development, not a sudden and hasty creation. Habits are not formed in a day. Act after act contributes its share towards their strength, and tends to ripen them. There is in all our deeds this mysterious power of growth, a cumulative power, a power of increase, and naturally we go on as we begin, repeating to-day in a bolder and more decisive form what we did yesterday. The spirit of our deed takes more complete possession of us, we are familiarised with it, it becomes a part of our nature, and finds in us a home. And thus it is that at the beginning of a course we know not what will be its end. But it is evident that we should never do, even in the simplest and most harmless form, what we know or suspect to be wrong, and what we are not prepared to continue. We may set in motion a power that we cannot arrest; the force with which we now sport at will, may by slow and imperceptible degrees become ungovernable, and work

appalling havoc, even as the letting out of water from the mighty reservoir.

The bitterest estrangements of men, both in domestic and social life, have generally had a trivial beginning. A hasty word, an angry look, an inconsiderate demand, a senseless provocation, have called forth perhaps undue resentment, a spirit of retaliation, and have resulted in the most determined hostility. Many bitter controversies have had no more honourable origin; and while greed and ambition have ruthlessly lighted the flames of war, they have as often been kindled by slight mistakes in diplomacy—by the neglect of some trivial duty—by sheer misapprehension and error.

To all of us, therefore, whatever our position and responsibilities, and in reference to each of our relationships, sacred and secular—in our homes, our schools, and our places of business; in the social circle; in our seasons of recreation; and in our religious fellowships, in our contact with men of other classes and other nations—let us "leave off contention before it be meddled with." Let us leave it off in our own practice, and resolutely discourage it in others. Then shall we do something to lessen one of the most potent evils, as we shall also save ourselves from one of the bitterest miseries of life. Injurer and injured have often found that

> A whisper may grow to thunder,
> And a scathing bolt may fall;
> And a good ship is dismasted,
> And hearts are like to break,
> And a Christian life is blasted
> For a scarcely-guessed mistake.

FREDA'S CHOICE.

ASH GROVE was the home of the Lesters, a family consisting of father and mother, Freda a girl of fourteen, and a little orphan niece of Mrs. Lester's whom they had adopted. The house stood in pretty grounds, and was quite near London, though, once within the gates, all was so green and sweet in its summer beauty you could hardly believe the great city was so near.

One summer's day at the beginning of the holidays, Freda and her cousin Olive, who was just her own age, sat in the big schoolroom, the windows of which gave on the back lawn.

Freda was a tall handsome girl, with bright brown eyes, and thick dark hair in long plaits down her back. Olive was small, with a delicate little white face that told the tale of suffering, and long golden hair.

They were a great contrast—Freda full of health and spirits, Olive gentle and quiet, and often, from delicate health, unable to run about as Freda did.

"What shall we do this afternoon, Freda?" asked Olive, putting by her drawing materials."

"I don't know," said Freda. "It is so cool we might have gone for a walk, only there is no one to go with us."

"Oh, Freda—I remember something I wanted to do," said Olive. "I must try and finish that shawl I am making for Miss Osborne, to send her on her birthday."

"Well, then, do—and I will practise," said Freda.

"But, Freda—can you lend me your crochet-hook?" asked Olive, timidly. She knew that Freda very much disliked lending her possessions, though she by no means made it a rule not to borrow.

A frown came across Freda's forehead. She did not like being asked, and she answered shortly, "I can't lend it, Olive—I wish you would not ask."

"I will take such care of it, Freda," pleaded Olive. "And I can't finish my shawl unless you do, for I have lost mine."

"Olive, it is no use asking; I won't lend my things," said Freda, marching off to the piano and beginning to practise, though she knew Olive's head ached. She wanted to get a passage in a fugue of Bach's perfect, and as usual she considered herself and her own inclinations first.

However, she had not struck two notes before she felt a hand on her shoulder. Mr. Lester, a tall man, had entered unperceived, and had heard what had passed about the hook.

Freda started. "Oh, papa! I did not see you."

"Freda, I want you a few minutes," said Mr. Lester; and Freda, rising, followed her father out of the room into his study, which was at the other end of the landing.

Mr. Lester was much occupied generally, studying and writing. He wrote scientific papers for many magazines, and his lectures were much thought of by learned men of the day. He had an absent dreamy expression in his eyes, and people often fancied that he was so lost in thought that he did not perceive much of what went on around. His own family, however, knew to the contrary, and that "papa" noticed everything, and had a deep insight into

character, a wonderful way of finding how to help those who could not tell their troubles in words; and a habit of really observing everything. He was a most kind husband and father, and with all his learning he had as well a real love of God. Deeply as he studied nature and science, the ways and will of God were his first study, and great had been his joy to find that both Olive and Freda had for some time been trying to live not for themselves, but for God.

it is a question of obedience, not of yielding, and you are obedient. But you are selfish; you were just now in not lending that hook to your cousin; and I am sure if you look carefully into your life, your conscience will bear me out in what I say."

"Indeed it does, papa," said Freda, after a moment's pause.

"Then profit by the knowledge, Freda, and remember Him who pleased not Himself. But now I

"'Oh, Olive!' said Freda, 'see what has happened to your bed!'"—*p.* 429.

"Freda," said Mr. Lester, standing before his daughter, and looking gravely into her bright brown eyes, now raised questioningly to him, "I am surprised at you."

"What about, papa?"

"My child, your selfishness," said Mr. Lester.

"Selfish, papa! am I selfish?" asked Freda, looking surprised.

"You are, Freda; extremely selfish. I have noticed it in many ways, and I warn you of it, as I know you really want to do right. Do you not?"

"Indeed I do, papa," said Freda, and for a moment the bright eyes were dim. "I really did not know I was selfish."

"My child, consider how constantly you think of yourself, and how you dislike giving up to Olive. I mention her particularly, because with your parents am going to tell you what I came into the schoolroom to say."

"Something nice, I see," said Freda, her spirits reviving. "Oh, papa, tell me first."

"Don't you think Olive would like to hear as well?" asked Mr. Lester.

Freda smiled, but, fresh in her good resolution to amend, she ran and called her cousin, and the two girls listened as Mr. Lester spoke.

"In a fortnight our pastor is going to have a children's flower service. All children are to attend, and bring with them some flowers, which will be given to the hospitals on the following day."

"Oh, papa, and can we give some?" said Freda.

"Yes; you and Olive can go, and the flowers, I think, should come from your own gardens."

"That will be much nicer," said Olive, shyly; "it will be like having something to give God."

"It will. Give your choicest and best to Him for His poor."

"It is nice being able to do that," said Freda; "and I do love flowers so much."

"Yes," said Mr. Lester, dreamily. "Yes, it is sweet to think that children's hands can tend God's flowers, and then give them again to Him. But, children, remember these are not the only flowers you can give God."

"Oh, of course, papa," said Freda, "there are the wild flowers. I do get some when we go into the country, and Miss Osborne sends them to the hospital for us."

"I don't mean wild flowers, Freda," said Mr. Lester, smiling at the wistful face of little Olive, who was rarely well enough to run about and gather the large bunches of primroses and daffodils as Freda did when they went at Easter to the country. "I mean the sweet graces of love, faith, humility, unselfishness—all the fruits of the Spirit, all that makes us more like Christ. All these are like sweet flowers, and we must cultivate them, and so make them in our lives as meet offerings to the King."

II.

THE children often thought of Mr. Lester's words. They were both anxious to do right, and they asked God constantly to help them. Olive was one of those sweet saintly characters who seem to be good naturally, but Freda had many difficulties to contend with, and a hard sharp battle to be fought before the beautiful flowers her father spoke of grew in the garden of her soul. From the day on which my story opens until the Saturday morning before the flower service, the children had been hard at work at their gardens. They had each a square of ground bordered with box close to the large vinery, and many sweet flowers grew in these squares. Olive and Freda watered their flowers daily, tied up the carnations, and anxiously watched the roses and mignonette, hoping that they would have sufficient for a lovely nosegay.

Saturday morning came, and they ran eagerly to look at their beds.

"Oh, Olive!" said Freda, who had run on before, "see what has happened to your bed!"

Olive could not run as fast as Freda, but she hastened her step, and saw that her mignonette had all been trampled down, and that her large Gloire de Dijon rose-tree had all the flowers crushed and the branches broken, as if some weight had fallen on the tree.

At first Olive was speechless. She had been so delighted at the idea of having these flowers to give to the poor sick people in the hospital—she, who could do, as she feared, so little for God—and now they were ruined; only some few common scarlet geraniums and sweet Williams were left. Her lip quivered, and the tears came silently down.

"I am so sorry, Olive," said Freda. "But how could it have happened? for, see, my bed is perfectly untouched, just as we left it last night, you remember?"

Olive nodded. She remembered quite well how, after tea, she and Freda had gone to water the mignonette, as it had been a very hot day, and the remembrance of her flowers looking so lovely in the sweet evening twilight made her only cry more.

"Well, Miss Freda, ain't this a piece o' work along of Miss Olive's bed, eh?"

It was Hilton the gardener who spoke as he came out of the vinery.

"Oh, Hilton—is it not dreadful?" said poor Olive. "How can it have happened?"

"Well, Miss Olive, I can tell you. As I came along this morning what should I see but Zulu, Mrs. Chester's black cat—as vicious an animal to all appearance as you can wish to see. Well, there he was running over the bed chasing of a mouse. Up the tree, too, he goes before I could make after him, and I could only send him off in time to stop him doing more mischief."

Well, there was no help for it, and the children returned sadly to the house, and at breakfast told Mr. and Mrs. Lester of the accident.

Mrs. Lester was much occupied reading some important letters, but after breakfast Mr. Lester went out with the children and looked at Olive's bed.

"Is it not sad, papa?—poor Olive won't have any flowers to give."

"I am very sorry, my poor little Olive," said Mr. Lester. "Well, I shall propose something that may mend matters a little."

Olive shook her head. Nothing could bring back her lost flowers.

"Make up two bouquets from the two gardens, and each take one. Olive, you can make it up to Freda another time by giving her some of your flowers for the Infirmary."

Olive's face brightened; Freda's was clouded.

"Give Olive some of my flowers, papa?" said she, slowly.

"No, only lend them for this time. I will give Olive another rose tree instead of that one, so you will get some roses," said Mr. Lester, watching Freda anxiously.

Freda turned away, and Olive began looking at her poor remaining flowers, hoping that Freda would do as Mr. Lester suggested.

Freda went into the vinery, and, sitting on the step of a flower-stand had a hard battle with herself. It did seem hard, she thought, after all her care of her flowers, that her bouquet should be quite spoilt. She had made it up in imagination so often. Ferns and sweet mignonette, some delicate jasmine, geraniums, and above all her four lovely Gloire de Dijon roses, which were just in perfect beauty.

"Even Christ pleased not Himself." The words came to Freda then, but she would not heed them, and went on thinking how she had made up her mind to give her best flowers to God. "Ah!" whispers Conscience, "but you know that they would

be given to God all the same, though another's hand gave them."

"My bouquet will be so shabby," said Freda to herself, in answer. "Only two roses, and only half of all the best flowers."

Again Conscience spoke, and whispered of the sweet flowers of love and unselfishness she could offer by the sacrifice.

Which would she choose?

III.

SUNDAY afternoon came, the church bells were ringing, and the children were carrying bouquets of flowers as offerings for the sick and poor. All had some flowers, but the bouquets varied very much in appearance.

The children of the rich carried beautiful exotics and hot-house flowers, daintily arranged in delicate baskets, or made up into lovely bouquets. There were white and coloured bouquets; and the poor children of the Sunday-school, who came many of them from some home in a back street, had also brought their offerings. Some had saved up their few pence to buy flowers, and carried them lovingly, feeling that pleasure bought by offering to God the fruits of self-denial; others, who had no pennies, had some shabby flowers, the best they could get, yet which they had walked a long way to get. Faded and shabby they might be, but God, looking down on the loving thought, saw perchance those shabby flowers shining with a radiance that many hot-house bouquets lacked.

Olive was there, carrying a few geraniums and other flowers. As Freda had not mentioned the subject again, she had concluded, and rightly, that she could not have any of hers.

Mr. Lester, determined to test Freda, had not offered Olive any others.

Freda's face was not happy. She had an exquisite bouquet of flowers, all from her own bed, and all of her own rearing, and yet she was not happy, and she began to wish that she had followed her father's advice.

Round the churchyard was a low stone wall, with railings, and Freda laid the flowers down for a moment while she fastened the lace of her shoe, which had come undone. Olive, who had not perceived her cousin was stopping, walked on.

"Olive, wait. I am just tying my shoe," said Freda.

Olive came back just in time to see a rough boy, who had been watching Freda, catch up the flowers and run off with them.

He was out of sight before Freda realised what had happened, but as the bell was just ceasing, she had to go into church all the same—the only one among all those there who had no flowers to offer.

Poor Freda! She felt it was a punishment to her for her selfishness, for though she knew that it might have happened all the same if she had shared her flowers with Olive, she felt she deserved it now as a punishment.

The service went on—the prayers and Psalms, and sweet children's hymns; and then all the children gave their flowers to the minister, who held a large long basket to receive them.

As Freda waited for Olive, she thought of many things.

Her thoughts went out into good deeds, and one certainly could hope that Freda had learnt a lesson never to be forgotten.

Children, have you no lives of love and unselfishness, sweet as God's flowers, to offer to Him?

THE MAN WHO AGREED WITH EVERYBODY.

LIFE-PICTURES OF MEN WE HAVE MET.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWN, B.A.

THE man who agrees with everybody is sure at first to be liked by everybody. There is something pleasant in being told that what you have said or what you think is *exactly* what another says or thinks—especially if it be said with geniality and naturalness. The most crabbed are appeased by it; and there is a certain amount of agreeableness in it even to those who have no reason to be flattered by such coincidence of opinion. There can be no doubt, for instance, that even the strong mind of Dr. Johnson, that was always ready to hold its own against all the world, was insensibly gratified by the subserviency of the far inferior mind of Boswell.

When, however, we discover or begin to suspect that the man who agrees so pleasantly and genially with us agrees just as pleasantly and quite as genially with everybody else, then the charm is broken; and though we may still like the person, we can no longer attach the smallest value to his opinion. We remember an old college fellow who was so amiably disposed towards the young undergraduates that he was always ready to have them come to his rooms to talk over any difficulty they might meet with in their classical studies. Unfortunately, his own knowledge had not kept pace with his years, but had become very rusty indeed. And the men found out that, instead of helping them by his superior acumen, the old gentleman's plan was simply to endorse whatever they might give as their rendering of the difficulty; and so, at last, they used to go to him merely for the sake of a joke. "How do you make out this passage, sir?" one of them would say.

"The children were carrying bouquets of flowers as offerings for the sick and poor."

"*FREDA'S CHOICE.*" *p.* 430.

"Well, let 's hear first what you make of it yourself," would be the reply. "Yes; very good; that will do very well, I think." "But don't you think, sir," the rogue would persist, "that this would be better?" And then he would give a very different version of the passage. "Well—yes," would be the answer, with some little show of deliberation; "perhaps that *would* be better." We have sometimes heard it said, "I like my doctor; he lets me take just what medicine I fancy best." We may be quite sure in that case that the doctor does not think the patient very bad. However agreeable and however suitable, even, such treatment may be to one whose malady is imaginary, no one who is really ill would care to place himself in the hands of one who was known to make it his first study to give his patients nothing but what they *liked*. Thus to agree with everybody would be to cure nobody.

When we were at school, there was a boy (whom we will call Knyvett) who was an almost universal favourite. He got on well with the bigger boys, and, though a big boy himself, he was popular even with the younger ones. He made himself equally agreeable to all the masters, from the head-master downwards, so that there never was a more popular schoolboy. But one day there was a terrible uproar in the school. A "round-robin" was placed on the master's desk, who had severely punished one of the boys. It was a rebellious protest against the punishment, not signed with their names, but each word in it written by a separate hand, amongst others by Knyvett's. "Who wrote this?" cried the master, in a fury, quickly losing the temper he so sorely needed if he was to do any good in the matter. But not a boy answered. "Stand up!" he cried, his fury increasing, "the boys who have written this." A not very likely thing for them to do on command. But what they would not do on command they quickly did (all but one) on appeal to their honour. For the master, foiled in his rough attempt to find out the author of the writing, fixed on one word in it, and thought he recognised the hand. "This is your writing, Smith," he said, turning on the suspected boy, and, when he did not deny it, punished him. Then, instantly, every boy that had had a hand in the writing stood up, save one, and that one was Knyvett.

For many years we lost sight of Knyvett, and then he turned up again. He was a great man then; or rather, he occupied a position, as squire of the parish, in which he might have had great influence for good, which is the only true greatness. But the character of the man was the character of the boy. To agree with everybody was still the pole-star of his daily course. To keep in with everybody, not to offend anybody, to keep the peace with all at almost any price, this was to him the first if not the whole duty of man. And what was the result? As with the boy, so with the man, it was a failure. Not an acknowledged failure, but a real one for all that. He did *not* really succeed in agreeing with everybody. And not only so, but as, when disagreement springs from adherence to principle, there is something, like a tempest, wholesome about it, so when, as in his case, it arose from trying to agree merely for agreement's sake, without regard to principle, it produced a bad and unwholesome effect on all around, a weakening of regard to principle worse than disagreement itself.

We must, however, here observe that the man who agrees with everybody, whatever be his faults and failings, is certainly a great deal more agreeable, and sometimes quite as well-principled, as another character—the man who agrees with *nobody*. Of the former we may say with some truth that "e'en his failings lean to virtue's side;" but of the latter we must own to the opinion that his very virtues are of the nature of failings. We are thankful not to have the unpleasant task of dissecting such a character, which is ever on the look-out for points of difference, viewing them with microscopic power, and seldom or never heeding points of agreement, or looking at them as through an inverted telescope. We would only entreat any one who may find himself getting into a habit of general contrariety towards others, to wake himself up to the fact that it is impossible for him to be always right, and that the sooner he takes a lowlier view of his own judgment and superior rectitude, the more likely he will be to see good in others and do real good himself.

We will proceed to the more agreeable task of analysing the more amiable character before us. It is compounded of various elements, existing in *very* variable proportions. Sometimes one is wholly absent; sometimes it is made up almost entirely of one—it is never quite the same.

The commonest, and not unfrequently the almost sole ingredient is *amiability*. The quality of this amiability is not always of the highest. It is largely physical and constitutional, and a lively sense of the pleasantness of agreement, and of the disagreeableness of the contrary, has much to do with it. It partakes even of the nature of aversion to taking trouble. Many a one agrees with everybody for no better reason than because it would be more or less troublesome to do otherwise. "To be sure: just so," saves a deal of trouble. Acquiescence is a short cut to peace and quietness. The quality is often better than this, and even due to a sincere liking to please. Yet this desire to please, however amiable, may pass the bounds of rectitude, and degenerate into weak good-nature. The rule laid down in Scripture by which to regulate our desire to please is —"Let every one of us please his neighbour for his *good* to *edification*." And another Scripture says, "The wisdom that is given above is *first* pure, *then* peaceable." Nevertheless, in proportion as this element prevails within due limits will even excessive readiness to agree with others be not only excusable, but a good deal to be commended.

Another and an almost equally common ingredient is *want of earnestness*. It is easy to agree when it does not seem worth while to differ. A good deal of

what is called liberality of sentiment arises, not so much from proper respect for the opinions of others, as from having no definite opinions of our own. About some matters it is of no consequence whether we are in earnest or not. The man and his wife who fatally quarrelled over the question whether a certain operation had been performed with a knife or a pair of scissors were absurdly in earnest. It really mattered nothing to the fact whether they agreed or whether they differed. But in things about which we ought to be in earnest and are bound to have opinions of our own, our agreement or non-agreement with others may be of very great consequence indeed. We recollect a friend, when he was ill, putting all the bottles of medicine that were sent him untasted into a cupboard, and showing them to the surprised doctor when he paid his last visit on convalescence. He would never have done that had he earnestly believed that the medicine was essential to his recovery. People are never content to accept any version of the table of weights and measures a tradesman may choose to adopt. Why? Because they are rightly in earnest to have what they ought for their money. And it is a curious fact that those who are most noted for agreeing with everybody as a rule, will, in some particular thing, be fiercely positive sometimes, and for this simple reason—that in that particular matter they happen to be very much in earnest.

Then there is another and less common, but more subtle, element. Men agree with everybody sometimes from *design*, or what we may call "diplomatic considerations." They have an end to serve by seeming to agree. They do not agree in reality, but it suits their purpose to appear to do so; and the more the semblance looks like reality, the better—they think, but they are not always right—they succeed in gaining their purpose. Thus Polonius thought he was humouring Hamlet in his madness, though Hamlet was only laughing at him, when he declared the cloud to be first like a camel, then like a weasel, and at last "very like a whale." Complaisance in things indifferent may be harmless, even when purely a matter of design and policy; but even then when it becomes a *habit*, there is a danger of its lapsing into systematic petty hypocrisy, like that of the well-known character who, when he was hesitating for a simile, and some one absurdly but earnestly suggested "an oyster," could not restrain his habitual complaisance, but, after the first shock of ludicrous inaptness, exclaimed, "Yet not unlike an oyster." In matters of principle, however, the habit of agreeing with others in order to gain our own ends is simply dishonesty of the worst and gravest description.

But there is one more element of this character which we must not pass over. It is the better and the nobler one, though not the most common. There are some who may be said to agree with everybody, or who at least seem more ready to do so, because of the very *comprehensiveness* of their mind. A comprehensive mind is not a latitudinarian one—at least, that is not what we mean by it. A latitudinarian mind takes truth to be (so to speak) anywhere: a comprehensive one takes it to be in more places than one. It is said of one of our greatest Chancellors (Lord Eldon, we think) that in his judgments there was such careful weighing of every point all round as to give an appearance of uncertainty and indecision as to what he really thought. And Macaulay makes the remark, that statesmen as they advance in years often become more comprehensive in their views, for the very reason that their greater experience inclines them to the persuasion that truth is not all with one set of opinions. Such comprehensiveness is not weakness, but rather strength—it is not indifference, but earnestness. "A just weight and balance is the Lord's—all the weights of the bag are His work." The man who thus inclines to agree with everybody does so in reality from broad sympathy with whatever there is of truth in everybody. But it takes a great mind, and a rare one, to acquire this kind of comprehensiveness.

"CALL NOTHING COMMON OR UNCLEAN."

ONLY a clod, only an ugly clod,
A lump of shapeless, dull, and sombre earth
Bearing the marks where hob-nailed boot hath trod
And crushed it, as a thing devoid of worth.

And yet these clods, in this strange world of ours,
Mellowed by winter frosts and April showers,
Contain within themselves such subtle powers
That from them springeth food, and fruits, and flowers.

Ay, more! take thou this common ugly clod,
Touch it with chemic art and make it glow,
Transformed by fire, as by magician's rod,
'T is changed to dazzling white like drifted snow.

Only a clod, only a human clod
Bearing the scars of poverty and pain;
Of earth created, and beneath the sod,
Swiftly returning to the earth again.

And yet this mortal clod, with hopes and fears
Matured by chilling frosts and burning tears
Feels, acts, and suffers, dimly sees and hears,
And heaven's temple on the earth uprears.

Yea, and the very humblest, saddest clod,
The type of misery, of want, or woe,
When touched by the all-cleansing fire of God
Becomes an angel—whiter than the snow.

W. A. GIBBS.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL."

CHAPTER I.—CAPTAIN RAE AND HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL RAE, R.N., stood leaning with folded arms upon his garden gate. It was twelve o'clock at night, and he had stood there for an hour. The lights were dropping out one by one in the town below him; in the harbour beyond innumerable lights still twinkled, and beyond these was the darkness over the sea. A strong north-easter had vexed the waters, and the breaking of the waves upon the shore came this evening distinctly to his ears. A cloudy wind-tossed sky over-arched him, with a moon that showed her face by moments pale through the scudding clouds, lighting up the ships far out to sea, and the square mass of the Castle on the opposite hill.

Captain Rae had stood for an hour, and had scarcely moved a muscle. It could hardly be the prospect which absorbed him, for that lay stretched before his eyes from one week's end to another, and many a windy night had he thus come down to the gate before he shot the bolt of his door. Yet to-night, without a hat on his head, he stood rapt, and heeded not the flapping of his coat and the tossing of his hair. A patient man he undoubtedly was, demanding little from life, and requiring no excitement to feed unquiet nerves; but to-night something more than patience was accountable for his proceedings. The fact was, Captain Rae bore a heavy heart, and more than one deep-drawn sigh had escaped him, as he looked with unseeing eyes down to the town and the sea. A fit of sadness, unaccountable as it was unusual, had attacked him that evening, and here was the end of it. He had sat in the parlour till the clock of St. Stephen's Church had given its eleven sonorous strokes, and at the eleventh he had jumped up and declared to himself that he would go to bed. Yet an hour after here he found himself, and possessed still by his dreary mood. An undefined yearning, a sense of loneliness, had come up somewhere from the secret places of his heart, and with them came the vision and memory of a far-distant past, and a vague discontent with the present. With the stroke of twelve he started, stretched himself, and shook his head as at his own folly. In a moment more he began to laugh at himself, and a laugh from Captain Rae was a cheerful thing to hear. It appeared to be so to a listener who, on light feet, had stolen down the path behind him. A laugh, as hearty and more musical, echoed his, and the Captain turned himself hastily, not without a knitting of his brows, for he knew well what was the meaning of it.

The moon that moment looked down upon them, and scarcely could she have chosen a prettier sight than the girl who stood, with supple figure, steadying itself in the wind, and loose garments flying. She had a white wrapper on, which could not shame the dainty fairness of her face; nor could the pale light entirely hide the scarlet of her smiling lips, and the shining of the rings of hair which clustered close as a child's over all her little head. The two looked at each other for a moment, and the Captain's well-meant frown relaxed. The scolding in his head knuckled under to the affection of his heart, and "Bless your wicked eyes!" was the outcome of the struggle. The epithet, though it sounds odd, would hardly have been felt so had you stood with Captain Rae, and looked into those roguish eyes, where a hundred merry imps defied you. But the remark, though excusable, was unfortunate, for thereby the Captain lost his chance of the offensive position, which in all warfare is of the first importance.

"And what, father, is the meaning of this?" cried the owner of the saucy eyes. "Don't you know it is twelve o'clock, and you ought to have been in bed quite an hour?"

"You saucy girl! What business have you to know what o'clock it is, or what my doings are at this time of night?"

"The best right in the world, of course. Where would be the use of a father having a daughter to take care of him, and look after his house, if she could go to sleep before he did?"

The Captain laughed, yet he felt the matter ought to be treated in a more serious light, if he only knew how.

"Frances, joking is well enough, but it's downright naughty of you not to go to sleep when you're sent to bed."

"And pray *why* is it naughty?" with a mock-serious face."

"Because young people require plenty of sleep," said her father, impressively, after a moment's puzzling.

"But not so much as old people do, because they are stronger and livelier," said Frances, in a tone of conviction, eluding at the same time her father's somewhat ponderous attempt to imprison her in his grasp.

"You are not flesh and blood," he declared; "why aren't you sleepy? You're lively enough for midday instead of midnight." And, indeed, from head to foot the girl was dancing with life and glee.

"And what sort of a scolding do you think you deserve," she cried, "for standing in the wind without a scarf round your naughty throat, or a hat on your dear old head? Grey hairs won't prevent your catching cold, though they are such useful things."

The stalwart captain, who had weathered the wind on his quarter-deck through many a long year, had nothing to say in rejoinder. His daughter's wit was too nimble for him, and again she had taken the words of rebuke from his mouth. The slim creature stood laughing at him, and the bitter wind searched her slight garb, and had no mercy on her pretty defenceless head.

"I wish I knew what to do with the girl!" he muttered. "Come back to the house this minute."

Frances obeyed, and stood smiling on the doorstep when her father's weightier steps had brought him there. Nor would she leave him till he had fastened up the house, and was safely landed at his bedroom door.

"I shall send you back to school yet," he said, as she gave him a bird-like kiss. But the threat was so common a one that it was merely a form of speech between the two, and Frances did not deign to take notice of it. The Captain shut his room door with a smile and a sigh, and though he went to bed at once, he courted sleep for a long time vainly. At fifty-three years old he possessed a sound body and a clear conscience, and he held himself a happy man. He had nothing left to expect or desire. It was a year now since he had left the sea, after forty years spent on it, and had taken his little daughter to himself that he might satisfy a certain vague hungering which had sprung up within him. But in vain to-night he taxed himself with ingratitude, and demanded indignantly what right he had to low spirits. He was lonely, and he knew it.

But morning brought him new courage and a contempt of low spirits, as it does to most healthy people. Coming out of the door into the brilliant cold May air he looked about him with glad grateful eyes, and filled his lungs with a deep inspiration. The house stood nearly at the top of one of the many hills overhanging the famous town of Castleport. The town is built in the opening out of a narrow valley, and is hemmed in by steep cliffs on either side. Up landwards the course of the little river Donne is marked by many-tinted foliage and green meadows, but on both sides of the town there is scarcely a tree to break the sweep of the bleak rolling uplands, everywhere clothed with scanty grass. Many a green corner down in the valley might the Captain have chosen to make his home, but no place could suit him which was not swept by all the winds that blew, and where the salt breath did not come to his nostrils. Therefore Hill Cottage pleased him, for above it there was nothing but the rounded crest of the hill. Below the house the road led steeply down to the town, but a quicker mode of getting there lay in a long flight of steps, which, starting from opposite the garden gate, landed you in a few minutes in its very busiest quarter. Down there it might be oppressive, hot, but climb up to Hill Cottage and you could desire no more bracing air, though for three parts of the year you might desire a milder. And what a view rewarded you!

Below were the old red roofs, not without chimneys sending up smoke into the blue air, and amongst them glimpses of narrow streets filled with diminished hurrying figures. Landwards ran the fertile smiling valley, seaward lay the docks, their still blue-green waters bearing strange gay-painted ships from Baltic shores. Beyond were the piers, stretching out into the sea like arms, and the glittering water itself, crisp, fresh, and flecked with foam. All lay clear like a map outstretched. The house was a somewhat prim dwelling, square built, with a parlour window on each side the door, and a gravel walk to the road cutting in two the grass plot and flower borders. The mellow red brick peered out only here and there through closely covering ivy, and a handful of firs planted on the hill made a background. Behind the house was a kitchen garden, and, the hill coming down steeply here, the Captain cultivated his potatoes and cabbages in terraces. He was his own gardener, and with spade and hoe worked early and late, with his usual hearty disregard of trouble. The Captain was a gentleman, and a man of intelligence. He was both of too sympathetic and too genuine a nature to be otherwise than at home in all kinds of society and in all modes of life, but his own habits and tastes were of the simplest, and his household arrangements were in accordance with them. This morning, as he strode up the path, the dawning of a smile flickered on his face. It was Saturday, and his Frances' pleasant comedies had helped the morning brightness to put him in cheerful trim. For Frances was very busy on a Saturday morning. She had pastry to make. She awoke with a sense of responsibility upon her soul which filled her with much solemnity. And if she forgot herself so far as to indulge in any kitten-like demonstrations when she made her morning greetings, it was only to add a double measure of importance to her manner when she recovered herself.

On this Saturday morning in question, her pies in the oven, she stood by the kitchen hearth, holding Augustine the cat in her round bare arms. Augustine had a sleek pious face, in spite of a wicked disposition and numerous larder depredations. She addressed Mrs. Leek, the one servant of the Hill Cottage establishment, who suspended scrubbing operations to listen to her young mistress's remark.

"If that pie isn't good, I shall really cry," Frances said, stroking Augustine carefully the wrong way, and pursing up her lips with decision. "I rolled it out nine times, and my arms ache, for the paste was so hard."

"Lor, miss, don't talk in that way. But I wish that there cat of yours was dead: I've no peace in life with his nasty thieving ways. And I wonder at you, miss, nursin' of him as you do; there's no surer sign that you'll be an old maid."

Frances dropped Augustine with a suddenness discomposing to that animal's sense of dignity. He retired gravely.

"Well, I don't know that I should mind that, after all," said she.

"It 's not many that don't, however," answered Leek. "You 're young yet, and sweetly pretty, and we shall see what we shall see."

She was a fat placid-looking person, and she beamed and nodded.

Frances turned her back on her, and answered, haughtily, "I never mean to get married. What would become of my father if I did?"

"Oh, miss, there 's many says that, when they are young, and has got all their troubles afore 'em. Wait till you're a bit older, and some one comes a courtin' you. Not one of your twopenny swells, with a glass stuck in his eye, and a cigar in his mouth, but a good solid gentleman with money at the bank and a carriage of his own."

"Oh! you horrid old thing!" said Frances. "If I marry any one it will be a brave sailor, exactly like papa."

There had been a listener to this conversation, invisible to the two in the kitchen. The Captain had entered the adjacent scullery, to fetch some tool he wanted, and for the last few moments had stood there in an attitude of arrested attention. He now appeared in the doorway. Frances darted towards him, but was stopped by the words—

"Go into the parlour, Frances."

His tone was grave; and his daughter, glancing at his face, did not meet, as usual, a look of responsive cheer. The Captain, indeed, hardly saw her; but she thought he must be angry, and obeyed trembling; for the child's defiance, where she loved, was only like a butterfly's in sunny hours. At a carelessly unloving word or look she shrank like the leaf that curls up at a touch.

Frances out of the way, the Captain turned to Leek, and said, with gathering wrath—

"As you seem to have no sense or proper feeling to tell you how to talk to the child, Mrs. Leek, I must let you know what I think of it. The fact is, if you cannot keep your tongue from wagging in that mischievous fashion, you and I will have to part."

Having thus delivered himself, he departed the way he had come, without allowing Mrs. Leek time to "answer again," as she would have considered it her duty to do.

"Well, it only shows," she said to herself, "what I always say, and shall to my dying day, as you may live with a man year in, year out, and never know whether he 's a saint or a villain. He 's been that mild and unparticular about his boots and his victuals as I never could wish no milder, and now to hear his unreasonableness! And me as has done my duty, and ever will in this house till I leave it!" With many groans and shakes of the head, Leek took up her scrubbing-brush, preparing in her own mind a course of action which should bring her master to contrition.

The Captain's mind meanwhile was in no more peaceful condition than his servant's; indeed there was a perturbation there arising from a complication of feelings such as it was not in the mind of Mrs. Leek to conceive.

Captain Rae had lived an eventful life. Danger, warfare, shipwreck—he had passed through all these with an imperturbability which left the man at fifty much the same as the boy at twenty. Yet there had been one episode in his life which had struck deep, and left ineffaceable marks on the nature which had taken all else so calmly.

Before the age of thirty-six Captain Rae never fell in love. For anything on dry land he cared not a jot, and his leaves of absence from his ship were a penance to him. But on one of these occasions it was his fate to meet a certain roguish, lovely Fanny, who teased so prettily this weather-beaten salt that, past all recall, she stole his heart away from him. They had only plighted troth a swift eight days before they married, with but a swifter month to pass before they should have to part. As he sailed away, how strange it was to feel as he had never felt before, that there were cords between him and the land, which as he watched the retreating shore, stretched and strained and well nigh broke his heart. Two pictures were there of that time, which had so pierced his inner vision that they remained more real to him still at fifty-three than many of the outward things he saw. Which was the dearest, which the most full of pain he could not tell. The first was of a tender shining face, more tender and more serious than of wont, and shining with a glowing love and pride as he put the little hoop of gold on a dear slight finger; the second of a face, passion-pale and anguish-fraught, with eyes that clung to his in a mute terrible appeal, as if he perforce must save her from that wild parting pain.

Captain Rae's ship had been sent out on an exploring expedition to the South Seas. Far away from English shores she was tossed about in strange waters, and no words for many months came to England of the *Viceroy*. She was announced as missing, but not long after sailed into port little better than a wreck, but with one hungering thankful heart on board. How many times had the Captain heartened himself as he thought of the little wife who prayed for him on shore! And now he was home—home only to learn that never again should he look into the eyes which had haunted him night and day. She was gone, and had left a small new life in her place. Killed of grief and love, they told him, a frail and clinging creature, little fit for a sailor's wife. He did not make any show of sorrow, and some of the folks thought him heartless; others said he had always been slow and dull, and never worthy

of poor Fanny. And so he went off to sea again; and as the years went on they brought healing to the wounds that none had ever guessed at, and to the little Frances left on land every year brought a fresh delight in life, and an added grace and a new likeness to her mother.

But at last it had come to pass that Captain Rae began to feel a sense, to which he had long been a stranger, of something lacking with him. Those two visions of the past haunted him with a fresh persistency. He craved to put solid ground under him, and to get some unshifting bit of the world to call his own. He was home-sick. With pride and love he thought of his Frances; he never would call her Fanny. He had seen her only at long and uncertain intervals; if he took her nearer to his heart, that would still its new disquietude. She must be nearly seventeen, he reckoned, and had been at the best school in Castleport this many a year, and must be ready to be a comfort to him.

And now they had been together for a year. Without delay, the child had slipped into her father's heart, and filled its emptiness. She had been to him a plaything, a wilful charming child. But now a sudden quick alarm had seized him. A small occasion may be the match which sets alight the train of powder. Crises in our feeling often arise from apparently inadequate sources. A few words of careless talk had opened up a whole world of responsibilities and anxieties to the father's heart.

It had struck him like a blow that the child—the little playful child—was not a child, but a woman, after all. She had talked of marriage! She was seventeen; at seventeen many girls talked of it, he supposed. Fanny was only eighteen when he married her—only one year older. Frances ought to have other influence than Mrs. Leek's, or his—a rough man, and a careless, he feared, and quite unused to women and their ways. If it had been a boy now! He flattered himself he might have done something with a boy. But a pretty fragile thing that would laugh at him were he to scold her in joke, and cry if he tried it in earnest. The Captain groaned. His poor merry little Frances to be married! In his alarmed imagination the thing appeared almost done. Her words rang in his ears, he heard the rippling tones, saw the saucy toss of the chin that was such a habit with her. "If I marry any one, it will be a sailor like papa."

It appeared to him like a prophecy, and his heart died within him. He thought of her mother; in days long gone by there had been in his heart a selfish importunate craving to see her again, for an hour, or a moment. The tender regret, into which that craving had faded now, woke again into passion—of a nobler, yet more bitter sort. If she could come to save, to guard the child! There were certain words heard long ago which had never lost their scathing force. He had borne it on his soul that marriage with him had killed his Fanny. And Frances was her image. She also would die of grief and love—were her lot to be like her mother's. A sailor's wife she should never be.

He had returned to his task of preparing the asparagus bed, and had plodded on diligently while fighting with this new sharp pain. Such natures as his are happy ones; they have no need to run away from sorrow, to seek solace in distraction; in every-day duties they find the surest balm, in submission lies their strength. Gathering his tools together, he now returned to the house, washed his hands, and held his head under the pump, which was his favourite means of refreshment. After leisurely completing these operations, he proceeded to the dining parlour, quite unconscious that poor Frances had been there piteously awaiting his coming for the past two hours. He had quite forgotten that he had spoken to her when he entered the kitchen, and indeed in his preoccupation had not realised that his manner had been less tender than usual.

"Oh, father, father," she cried, "what have I done? Why didn't you come to me? Why are you angry with me?"

The Captain, alarmed as he always was by any sign of her mother's passionate sensitiveness, kissed her, and said, soothingly, "Why, Frances! why, my dear, I am not angry. Why did you think so? I could not be angry with my little child."

He lifted her in his arms as if she were indeed a child, and sat down in the easy-chair, keeping her on his knee. His one thought had been since he saw her, "I must talk to her of her mother." This he had never done. He had not felt that he could speak to this bright baby of the deep anguish of a life-experience such as his. But he had been wrong; he had made a mistake. Now as Frances, subdued and tender, lay so close to his heart, he felt he could speak to her of what was nearest it. They were silent, and Frances put up her hand and stroked his cheek, and passed her fingers through his beard.

"Frances," he said at length, solemnly, "I have a great deal to say to you, and I want you to promise me something."

She raised her head and looked at him gravely, with wide-open eyes.

"You must promise me never to marry a sailor, my Frances."

She nodded.

"I am not going to marry anybody; never! never!"

"But that is not a promise; say, I will never marry a sailor."

The wonder in her face deepened. She repeated her father's words with an echo of his earnest tones. The Captain, foolish man that he was, gave a sigh of relief, and kissed her fervently. But Frances had been serious long enough. The usual roguish twinkle came into her eyes. She looked up gaily.

"But why shouldn't I, if I want to? Sailors are so very very nice!"

The Captain smiled. Frances' mood was changed.

He could not talk to her of her mother now. He would wait.

"I will tell you some day soon, why I asked for that promise," he said, and then the talk passed to other things.

CHAPTER II.—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE AND AN OLD ONE.

It was early in May, and the spring was late that year, being kept back by bitter winds. On the heights, indeed, spring seemed yet only an imagined good; but in the Donne valley, and the fertile plain which lies at the back of the Castleport hills, warmer breezes were blowing, tight fern-fronds were uncoiling, unfurled primrose leaves were starred with pale blossoms, and interest in the cuckoo's call had died out by reason of the advent of fuller-throated minstrels.

The village of Thurfrestone (pronounced Thurson), four miles from Castleport, might be fifty miles away, its climate so differs. It is a pretty place, typical of villages in that part of the world, with its cluster of grey houses, well enfolded in trees, and appearing from a distance to shoulder up the grey church in their midst. If any glory be attached to Thurfrestone it is due to its church. It is a Norman structure, tiny indeed, but perfect throughout, bearing down unspoiled through the centuries its riches of quaint vigorous carving. The place is little known, and the churchyard gate seldom opens to admit a stranger, unless it be a rambling antiquary now and then in the course of the year. Therefore a lady, who sits reading under the decrepit yew, which keeps watch over the graves, is surprised to perceive, on looking up, an unfamiliar figure standing near. It is evening, a warm evening, and but for the leafless trees it might be summer. Captain Rae is fond of walking, and enjoys well the long solitary rambles which he is accustomed to take when Frances is full of housekeeping cares, or goes to the town to take her French lesson. To-night he had an object in his walk. He has not yet carried out his resolution of telling Frances about her mother. He hardly knows why it appears to him so difficult a step to take. There is a strong instinct in some natures to keep such experience close-sealed, for their loves and sorrows are so inwoven with the fibre of their being that speech, which inevitably dissipates and squanders emotion, must be, where such things are concerned, repugnant—almost impossible.

The Captain's thoughts have been so much with his young wife lately that he has made a pilgrimage to the Thurfrestone churchyard, where, seventeen years ago, Fanny was buried. She had lived in this village with her mother and sister. The former died long since; the latter married, and went to live in America. Not one of Fanny's kin is living here now.

Miss Magdalen Ford, looking up from her book, sees him standing not far off with his arms folded behind his back, lost in thought. Had she met him in the lane she would probably have passed by with little notice. But his aspect, as it is, excites some curiosity in her mind. To begin with, his is by no means an unpleasing figure. Height and breadth are satisfactory, there is an easy vigour in his attitude, his hat is off, and thus may be seen the massive proportions of a well-shaped head. But what strikes her most is the unlooked-for expression on his face. While the features are cast in a mould rough enough, the complexion bronzed to something near mahogany, and the hair of beard and head of an iron-grey, suggestive of the age of common sense, there is upon the face a contradictory expression of feeling. It is unmistakable. There is a suffusion of something tender, regretful, compassionate over the face and in the bearing. His head is downcast, yet not abased; his face sorrowful, yet not dejected. In any observer of perception his aspect must excite interest; to a woman it must be touching. Magdalen, in her screened position, could observe him, herself unobserved. Fearful of disturbing him, she did not like to rise, yet she hardly liked to stay. She knew where he was standing, and the inscription upon the stone, for the churchyard was as familiar to her as her own garden. "Sacred to the memory of Fanny, wife of Captain Michael Rae, R.N., who died September, 18—, aged 19." Presently the Captain turned to walk away, and the movement recalled Magdalen to a sense of her duties. The air was getting chilly, and glancing at her watch, she found that it was nearly seven o'clock.

"Say, Say!" she called, "it is time to go in."

She had risen from her seat, and the Captain, walking down the path, which led past the yew to the gate, saw her standing before him—a tall figure dressed in black. She picked up her book and shawl and again calling, "Say, Say!" cast a rapid glance round. The Captain, coming up at the moment, stopped and said, "I have not seen any one else in the churchyard since I came in."

"It is a child," she answered. "She was playing here quietly a little while ago. She must be hiding; I don't think she would go home without me."

The Captain offered to help in the search, and she accepted frankly. Her manner and tones were gracious, though serious, and touched with a just perceptible frost of reserve. All discoverable nooks and corners were peered into, and tall headstones circumlocuted in case a naughty five-year-old might lurk behind them.

"She is fond of the church, but the door is fast," said Miss Ford, trying it. "She must have gone home."

Passing out into the road, it seemed their way lay in the same direction. The lady stopped at the entrance to a gravel-drive and shrubbery. The Captain said he should like to know whether the child were at home; so he waited. She rejoined him almost immediately.

"No one has seen her," she said; "they are going

to search the house, but I feel sure she is not there. She is such an adventurous creature, one does not know how far she may have strayed."

The Captain declared himself at her service, and was sent down to the blacksmith's and the pond—two of her favourite haunts. Returning unsuccessful, he found that Magdalen and other seekers had fared the same. Considerable anxiety began to be felt. Supposing Magdalen to be the child's mother, the Captain had admired her cool and quiet manner throughout the affair; but now, on the advent of another lady on the scene, he discovered that his first acquaintance was only the aunt, and he began to think she ought to show more concern. They were standing at the garden-gate discussing probabilities. The lady who, it appeared, was the child's mother, and who had come down to the gate muffled in shawls, turned to Magdalen, and said, in a plaintive tone—

"Really, Magdalen, it is very odd the child should be lost; it never happened before. Of course, I should not think of imputing any blame to you; but really, in my nervous state, I shall never be easy again unless she is with nurse."

The Captain, though standing in an outer circle of spectators, was observant of the scene, and saw a tinge of colour rise in the sister's face. She answered, with a kind of dignified humility—

"Yes, I was culpably careless; but we must not get alarmed; I do not doubt that she will soon be found."

It was impossible to observe this person without growing interest. Her figure, air, and voice had a distinctive quality, so that it was difficult in her neighbourhood to be oblivious of her. Captain Rae began to feel an oddly personal obligation to find the child. He fancied he perceived that his new friend was at bottom more concerned about the matter than any one. Her voice was not heard in the babel of questioning and suggestion, but now and then it penetrated the confusion with some pointed remark, and the practical work she undertook was accomplished with remarkable speed and effectiveness. The church was searched, notwithstanding the closed door; for it appeared, on inquiry, that the old woman who had the care of it had been there during the evening, and had left the place, unnoticed by Magdalen. Seekers were despatched down the lanes, into the fields, but to no purpose.

At nine o'clock Magdalen and the Captain met once more in the churchyard. She had a lantern in her hand, and he saw how pale her face was, and read the anxious questioning of her eyes. His face, always a kindly one, on such an occasion became doubly pleasant. It looked down on Magdalen with a kind of hopeful solicitude.

"What can we do now?" he said.

"I am going to look into the church again," she answered; "the others have been, but it has really not been thoroughly searched, for they only looked round, and called to her, and it has struck me that she may be asleep. It is a forlorn hope, but it is better than doing nothing."

The Captain took the key from her hand, the heavy door swung back, and the two entered the church, which struck uninvitingly dark and chill upon the senses. Magdalen shivered.

"Do not let yourself give way to alarm," he said. "Depend upon it the child will turn up soon, safe and sound.

"It is impossible to avoid getting anxious, but I am not alarmed," she answered.

They began the search. A few moments afterwards the Captain called out, "Bring me the light over here." A restrained eagerness in the tone made her hasten. There, indeed, was the child, coiled up in a corner of the vicar's pew, fast asleep. The Captain lifted her up into his arms so gently that she did not wake. He looked at Magdalen. She had not spoken, but he saw that her face was rosy-red, and her eyes flashing brightly through tears. Her calm face was wonderfully changed. "Why, now, you were alarmed after all," he said, smiling, and looking at her kindly.

"No," she said; "but when one has kept one's mind still, and held the reins tight, it will all the more have its way when relief comes. You remember it is my fault. I am too engrossed when I read."

Her smile answered the Captain's. She smiled rarely; but when she did, the effect was like the sun breaking through on a cloudy day. It created an atmosphere round her.

"Come," she said, "will you carry the child to her mother?"

The Captain followed her.

"See now," he said, speaking slowly, as he always did when he was thinking, "what a good thing self-restraint is! It keeps down pain, but lets joy have its way; and so it is its own reward."

As the two came up to the house, the Captain bearing the child and Magdalen lighting him, they were flashed upon by another lantern, and a stout gentleman came up to them hurriedly—

"Ah! you 've found her, I see, Magdalen. That 's lucky. Pretty greeting it was for me, when I got in, wasn't it? Halloa, Captain Rae! It *is* Captain Rae, isn't it? I thought I couldn't be mistaken. Why, where on earth did you spring from? Ah! yes, I see, my dear, she 's asleep, and as soundly as if she 'd never raised the wind. Take her in to my wife, and then I must hear all about you, Captain."

They were now at the door of the house. Magdalen held out her arms for the child.

"She is too heavy for you," said the Captain.

"Oh, no," she replied; and as he gave it to her he thought his remark a foolish one. She held it as only a woman can hold a child, close to her bosom, with strong arms, and with something in the clasp that makes one feel that all the nerves are thrilling with tenderness.

"Come into the house, Captain," said the father,

"You must have some supper with me. I was detained in town, and have not dined. We'll have a chat. Depend upon it I've not forgotten Barbadoes and my obligations to you there."

But the Captain excused himself. It was late, and Frances would be waiting for him. In this Mr. Verney he recognised a West Indian merchant to whom years before he had been of some service. It now transpired that the two were to some extent neighbours, Mr. Verney having retired, and, with his wife, child, and sister-in law, settled down at Thurfrestone. The Captain promised to call at no distant period, and at last succeeded in escaping from his friend's volubility. He walked away quickly through the darkness, all the more quickly because of a certain absorption of mind, in which our legs will carry us on without our conscious volition. Magdalen, her looks and tones, were filling his mental vision and hearing. Her personality had affected him with singular suddenness and keenness. The most vivid picture was one he tried to get rid of, and could not. His mind insisted upon dwelling upon her as she looked when he put the child into her arms, and then passed away from him into the house. It had a painful effect upon him—the thought of her going away into the lighted hall, with only an inclination of the head, and a "good-night," and he sent off into the darkness. But what an absurdity, he thought. What had he to do with her, or she with him? So absorbed was he that he started when he found himself at his own gate, and heard a ringing voice accost him. There was Frances on the look-out for him.

"Oh, you naughty father!" she cried; "what have you been doing? If you play truant like this, I won't trust you out of my sight."

She linked her arm in his, and gave him sundry admonishing cuffs and pats, light as caresses, all the way up to the house. He found it even pleasanter than usual to be scolded and loved, and visions faded in the keener sense of realities. In the dining-room the supper was laid, the fire burned brightly, and his slippers stood on the fender. The customary struggle ensued as to whether Frances should take off his boots for him. They were wet and muddy, but she got her way as usual, and tugged for five minutes at what her father would have accomplished in as many seconds.

"Oh, you, dreadful little tease!" said he. Frances desisted in a moment, and looked up at him.

"Do I tease you, papa?" she asked.

"No, my girl, you rejoice my heart."

His tone was earnest, but Frances would not show how much it moved her. She resumed her work, and said with a laugh, "Then now I'll tease you till you cry for mercy, papa."

She ran off with the boots and to wash her muddy fingers. A knock at the door announced Mrs. Leek with a dish for the supper table. She had not yet "had it out" with her master for his undeserved reprimand. She had contented herself with preserving a generally dejected appearance, and accounting for any irregularity in the household arrangements by saying with a sniff, that in her state of lowness nothing else could be expected. Having done her business in the room, and heaving a portentous sigh she startled the Captain by the query—

"May I make so bold as to ask, sir, if you've found any one yet in my place?" The Captain stared bewildered.

"Why, my good woman," he stammered, "you surprise me; I thought we were getting on comfortably enough; why should you leave us?"

"Sir," said Leek, with gathering importance as she grew in a sense of her mastery of the position, "you've spoke to me about my conduct to your dear young lady in a way that no lady—and I feel that I am a lady though humble—ought to take from any one, master or no master. And it would not be doing right by myself if I stayed where I was spoke to in that unbecoming manner." Here she began to whimper. "And so fond as I am of you both," she continued, "as I was telling the milkman only on the Friday, that I hoped I should never be called on to leave you, and then to be told as my tongue was mischievous, and I don't know what all."

The Captain cast a despairing backward glance on his old free life, his snug cabin and windy deck; women were extraordinarily troublesome creatures, and he thanked his stars he had seen so little of them. He must have said something quite brutal to the woman, without being in the least aware of it. And when as a finishing touch she put up her apron to her eyes, his heart smote him.

"Pray don't distress yourself," he said; "I dare say I spoke more roughly than women are used to. You see I've had sailors to deal with. You must accept my apology."

The poor Captain was saved any further sacrifice of authority, for at this juncture Frances entered. She perceived the state of affairs, and she was not used to hesitate long over her actions.

"Be off with you to the kitchen, Leek," she said, carelessly, yet with a mien that Leek knew by experience had will in it. "I can see you have been bothering papa, and that can't be allowed. I'll right your wrongs for you, if you've got any."

Mrs. Leek did not wait a moment. She could eat humble pie with as good a grace as any other food when it suited her, and she knew she had gained her end. The Captain would be in mortal fear of her for the rest of his days.

Mrs. Leek had been introduced to them as an "experienced person;" experienced she undoubtedly was. Her grand aim was to make herself comfortable, and she was skilled in all branches of the art, including the sometimes neglected one of securing peace for herself by making life sufficiently smooth for her employers. While she secured the reins for her own hand, no one knew it but herself.

Frances made an odd mistress. Her dainty tongue could whet itself, her bright eyes gleam defiantly,

her small foot set itself with determinedness. In fact, she would have her way. Her father, no less than Leek, must do her bidding. But the astute Leek, nevertheless, with little trouble, equally got her way, and Frances never knew it. The wayward, careless, imperious child seemed to herself to rule the house with a rod of iron. She wished, indeed, her sway to be benevolent. On her father she waited hand and foot, danced round him, fed him, fostered him till the poor man knew not whether he were more discomfited or pleased.

Frances had a set of tenets with regard to housekeeping which she had picked up in the course of her career, and to which she clung with tenacity. First and foremost, she must keep the keys in her pocket, and give out her stores by driblets; this rule she rigidly adhered to, and Leek might have had a bad time of it did not the little mistress, so complacently jingling her keys, as often as not leave the cupboards open; and as she would have been quite unconscious had half their contents been abstracted, Mrs. Leek on the whole did not suffer much inconvenience.

"'What, father, is the meaning of this?'"—*p.* 433.

The housekeeping had now a history of some twelve months, and from a state of stormy confusion it had subsided into comparative regularity and calm.

At supper the Captain related his adventures.

"I should like to see that lady," said Frances.

"So you shall," said her father; "I'll take you to call there."

Frances uttered a cry of horror: "I daresay! Grand houses with fine ladies in them are a kind of ogre's mouth, into which I shall never put my head."

After supper, when the table was cleared, the fire stirred, and the arm-chair drawn up, Frances fetched her father's paper and cut it for him. They sat side by side, and Frances was unusually silent. She was gazing into the fire, and her father watched her. He thought her lovely enough to please any eyes; the small head set daintily upon her shoulder, the skin creamy-white with the glow of young life upon it, the rings of curly hair, cut quite close to save trouble, neither exactly brown nor yellow, but of the real warm gold hue, and eyes of the rare kind that matches such hair—eyes that have also caught the gold gleam in their brown soft lustre. If any fault were to be found with her face it must be with the expression, which might be thought a little too vivacious and petulant usually, yet hardly so now, as she sat looking thoughtfully into the fire. She started when her father spoke to her. He had finished looking over the paper, and his mind was made up as to what he should do next. "Frances," he said, "come and sit on my knee." He expected a merry answer, but none came; she nestled down silently. "I am going to talk to you about your mother," he said. His voice trembled, for he was filled with nervous dread that speech would jar upon the sacredness of that silent past. But he need not, it seemed, have had any fear of Frances. She spoke not a word, and as he told her the story, the clasp of the arms around his neck, and the girl's mute sympathy, made an atmosphere in which he could speak on and on. It was even a strange unexpected pleasure to him to empty his heart of that long-hidden emotion.

"I have never spoken to you about her before," he said at last.

"No; you never have, papa," she answered in a low tone.

Her father's quick sense detected a shade of reproach.

"Yes, child," he said, "I ought to have done, but I dreaded it."

"Father, put me down," said Frances.

He let her go, wondering.

She sat down by his side, and took his hand, and stroked it gently, looking up into his face. Her eyes were full of tears, and her look was so tender, grave, and womanly that her father was almost startled. She seemed the living, breathing image of her mother.

"Father," she said, "did you love her very much?"

"Yes," said the Captain, with a quick catching of his breath.

"And now you have only me—only a naughty ignorant child, who loves you, but cannot make you happy."

Her father tried to take her again on his knee, but she gently put his encircling arms away.

"No," she said, "no; I don't want to be a baby. I want to be better, and more grown-up. Papa, I don't know what to do. I was thinking—oh! so many things when you began to talk to me! You don't know how often I have wanted to have my mother, and I was thinking why it was you never talked to me about her. I wish she had lived—oh! I wish, I wish——"

Frances' voice had sunk to a deep whisper, and she spoke with passionate earnestness.

"What do you wish, my dear?"

"Oh, so many things; I cannot tell you all. I want to be good. Mamma was only nineteen, you say, when she went away—only two years older than I. I have only got that little mamma in heaven, and no one old and wise here to tell me what to do."

"Oh, child," said her father, "I believe I'm a selfish old fellow; but I don't see what I can do more."

Frances kissed him, and said with a sob, "Father, dear, dear papa, you have been so good—everything to me. It is not that; I did not mean to hurt you, it was only that I wanted my mother; she is different from a man, you know; but you will talk to me about her now, and I will tell you everything I feel, and that will help me."

Captain Rae comforted and kissed her, and after he had sent her to bed pondered long over that evening's work, often sighing deeply. Life was not so simple a matter as he had been used to think it. He had been accustomed to do his best, and then with a simple trust in God's guidance to make his mind easy. And he had loved his child, and had done his best. But it was evident he had not understood her. He had been quite unconscious that she lacked anything. Her way of speaking of her mother moved him deeply; her thoughts must often have been full of her during the year they had lived together; yet she had never breathed her name till she knew he wished it; the thought of it touched him very much. He began to feel there were strange contradictions in the child, depths of which he had only caught a glimpse.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR.

THE ARREST OF JESUS.

I.—THE TRAITOR.

It is Thursday night—or what we should call Thursday night—in that memorable week in which the Lord was crucified. Jesus and His disciples are in the room of the last supper. They have just sung the concluding hymn; and then, all of them rising from the table, Jesus keeps them standing a little while whilst He closes His parting discourse, and offers up His great High-priestly prayer to His Father in Heaven. When He has finished they pass out into the open streets and make their way to the city walls.

And what is Judas, the traitor, doing at this time? As you will remember, he had left the table some time before, stung with rage at the discovery of his malicious intentions. He never liked Christ very much—no, not at the first—but he joined the band of followers because he thought it would be to his own interest to be associated with one who was so great and powerful; who could, if He pleased, give sight to the blind and cleanse the leper, and even raise the dead, But when he found how unworldly the Saviour was, the little liking he may have had for Him originally began to pass away, and contempt and animosity took its place. Nor did matters improve as time passed on. Judas felt as if Christ had deceived him by false pretences, for did he not join Christ in the hope of bettering his position, and now, what has he to expect but hardship and loss? And these bitter feelings became more bitter as he listened to the Saviour's discourses, and perceived more clearly what was the real nature of the Saviour's Kingdom; and at last he was ready, in his deep hatred, to do anything to gratify his malice, even to sell his innocent Master for a handful of silver.

So there he goes, with these dark thoughts in his heart, through the lighted streets! He has been in communication with the authorities before, and they have promised to reward him if he will put Jesus in their power. He goes to say that the time has come, and that he will do what they wish immediately. A meeting is summoned, and Judas is ushered into their presence. "Jesus," he says, "has entered into Jerusalem, and brought Himself, by so doing, within your reach." Well, they know that already; but they feel that in the present state of things, when Jesus is so popular with the multitude, it will be unsafe to attempt to arrest Him. Then Judas proposes a plan. "I can show you," he says, "how to do the thing quietly. I know His habits, and I feel sure that to-night, about this time, He will be on His way to the garden of Gethsemane. He goes there for prayer, after the labours of the day. Give me a band of men, and I will lead you to the spot, and deliver Him into your hands, and then you can deal with Him as you like before the city is awake in the morning, and before His followers and friends can attempt a rescue."

Well, they consider the proposal carefully. It seems a good one for their purpose. And soon, because there is no time to be lost, they send for a party of the Temple policemen, whose business it is to watch over the Temple by night, and who are armed, like our police, with truncheons. And then they dispatch a message to Pilate, and ask him to let them have some Roman soldiers, for they are going (they say) to apprehend a false Messiah—an enemy of the Imperial Government—and they expect trouble. Pilate consents. The soldiers come—with their armour and weapons. The party is reinforced by some of the chief priests, who forget their dignity in their eagerness to apprehend the hated Jesus of Nazareth; and all move on, with Judas in their midst, in the direction of Gethsemane.

But what have they got torches for? There is light enough without them, for the broad Paschal moon is shining brightly in the sky. Yes, but there are recesses and nooks and corners in the hills, and there are trees on the Mount of Olives, and the pursuers think that Jesus, when He hears them coming, will hide Himself; and then the torches will help them to find Him.

II.—THE GARDEN.

Now let us follow Jesus Himself, and His eleven Disciples. He went out of one of the gates on the eastern side of Jerusalem. Then, descending the sides of the mountain on which the city is built, into the valley of the Kedron, He came presently to the bridge which spans the little stream. Crossing the bridge, He began slowly to ascend the pathway which leads to the summit of the Mount of Olives in the direction of Bethany. Was He going to Bethany? Was He intending to pay His friends there another visit? No. He had lodged there several times in the course of the present week, but now His "hour" was at hand, and the great work for which He came into the world was to be accomplished; He was to know rest no more until He found it in the grave. So He stopped short at the entrance of the Garden of Gethsemane. This garden—which probably belonged to one of His disciples—was situated by the roadside. It was a square enclosure, surrounded by a stone wall. It was full of olive trees, just beginning to put forth their first tender leaves; and the moon cast the shadow of these trees in a sort of fret-work on the ground as Jesus passed through the gateway. Eight of the Disciples He left at the entrance. They were

not to come any further. But three of them—Peter, James, and John—the three who understood Him best, and loved Him most—He took with Him as He advanced into the shade of the trees. Then a strange mysterious feeling began to oppress the Saviour's spirit: a horror of great darkness overwhelmed Him. It is an awful subject, this, my dear children, and we must speak very carefully about it. We may be permitted to suppose ourselves witnesses of the scene, but at the same time we must always remember that what we are contemplating is *the soul-agony of the Son of God*, and that it was endured for us; that it was our sin which made such terrible suffering necessary. And we must remember, too, that it was not the mere fear of death which so troubled the mind of Christ. That He could have easily borne. The reason of His suffering was this—that He, the sinless One, was regarded and treated by God as the guilty one, in order that through Him sinners might be accepted and forgiven. Do you understand?

Now let us look on very reverently. The distress of Jesus becomes so great that at last He cannot bear to have the three Disciples quite near Him. He wishes to be alone with God, whilst yet He does not wish to be very far off from His human companions. It is a comfort to Him to think that they are within call. Accordingly He withdraws from them into the deeper recesses of the garden, telling them to tarry where they are, and watch, and pray; and then He prostrates Himself on the ground, imploring His heavenly Father, if it be possible, to let this cup pass away from Him. After a while He rises up from prayer, and goes to His three disciples, as if in hopes of getting some comfort from them, and finds them asleep. Yes, asleep! and He is deeply pained at their indifference at such a moment, when they ought to be helping Him by their prayers, and watching for Him against the plots of His enemies. Again He goes away, and offers up the same petitions, and comes back. And again a third time He does the same; and His agony is so great that great drops of what is like blood force themselves out from His sacred body, and fall heavily to the ground. But still the Disciples are drowsy, and do nothing to help Him. At last this terrible anguish is over. He has regained peace. His will is one with His Father's will. He has made up His mind to drink the cup of sorrow. And rising up from prayer, He advances to His Disciples to tell them that their watching is now no longer needed; for the enemy is nigh at hand, and "the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

He has heard them coming.

III.—THE SEIZURE.

Yes, you can hear voices now; and the tramp of many feet—and you can see, if you look down the road—the red flash of the torches mingling with the soft light of the moon—here they come!—the soldiers, the Temple watch, and the high priests, with Judas amongst them directing their movements, and they spread themselves round the garden, lest Jesus should climb over the wall and escape them, or find some loophole by which He may creep out and elude their vigilance. But Jesus has no such thought. He has no intention of saving Himself. Whilst His disciples shrink back from the armed multitude in alarm, He steps forward in great dignity, confronting the soldiers, and asks them who it is they are in want of. And when they answer, "Jesus of Nazareth!" He tells them that they have before them the object of their search. "I am He!" Then a very strange thing occurs. As soon as Jesus has uttered the words, "I am He!" His assailants recoil a step or two from His presence, and fall, in a confused heap, to the ground. Had the Saviour put forth miraculous power? It seems so. If so, why did He put forth His power? For two reasons, I think—first that He might cause His assailants to know that they had no power over Him but what He chose to allow—that no man could take His life from Him, but that He laid it down of Himself; and then to dispose them to comply with His request that they should arrest Him alone, and let the disciples go; for if they had not been in a measure afraid of Him, they might have arrested His disciples as well — and this He was determined not to permit.

Well, the men gather themselves up again from the ground awkwardly, and in alarm, and stand not knowing what to do. How shall they dare to lay hands upon a man, who by His bare word can put forth so much power, and prostrate them all in the dust? They have heard of the miracles of Jesus, but never before did they hear of His working a miracle in self-defence. They do not know what to think; why, perhaps He may choose to strike them all dead, and perhaps He can do so if He likes. And there is a momentary pause; no one knows what to do.

At this juncture, Judas, the traitor, steps forward. He approaches his master, and kisses Him—after the ordinary fashion of Eastern disciples. He does this not so much for the purpose of pointing out Jesus to the soldiers, for Jesus has already announced Himself, as of reassuring the hesitating and reluctant crowd, and encouraging them to apprehend their victim. Jesus is deeply pained at this treachery on the part of one of His chosen friends, though He was prepared for it, and says to him, quietly but sadly, "Friend [*i.e.*, comrade], wherefore art thou come?" But what about the crowd? Well, they look on as Judas salutes his Master. Will that Master avenge Himself? Will Judas drop down dead? No! nothing happens, and so they take heart, and rush in upon the Saviour, and roughly lay hold of Him, and bind His arms with cord behind His back.

They have seized their prey.

IV.—THE SEQUEL.

But what about the disciples? Were they too frightened to do anything? Peter was not. He

happened to have a sword by his side; and when he saw a man advance to lay hands on his Master, he was so indignant that he drew the sword, and struck a blow full at the assailant, intending, of course, to kill him. The sword, happily, glanced aside, and, missing the man's skull, cut off his right ear, and, falling heavily on his shoulder, brought him to the ground. It was a brave thing for Peter to do; but still it was a mistake, and the good impulsive Apostle was acting, as he so often did, without his Master's orders. Why, you can see that now it is only too likely that all the disciples will be arrested—the very thing which Jesus wishes to prevent.

Besides this, Peter's hasty act was a mistake for other reasons. The Lord Jesus was perfectly well able to defend Himself, if He had chosen to do so. He had only to speak the word, and more than twelve legions of angels would have come swiftly down from the battlements of heaven to protect or avenge Him. Peter surely ought to have known this, and ought to have understood that his Master did not choose to be protected. There was a reason for Christ's offering Himself up defenceless to His enemies. He had to drink to the dregs the cup which the Father had put to His lips; and it was not Peter's business to interfere—and with earthly weapons, too—between Jesus and His fulfilment of the Father's will. No doubt Jesus was pleased with the ardent devotion of His disciple, but, still, He rebuked him for his presumption—"They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Jesus then has to repair the mischief caused by this well-meaning but hasty and bungling follower. And He does it in this way. He says to His captors, "Suffer ye thus far"—*i.e.*, "Loose Me from these thongs, and leave me free to do something to this unfortunate man, who has been cut down by My impetuous friend. If you will permit Me, I will put matters straight!" They consent, and set His arms free. Then, reaching out His hand, He touches the man's wounded head, and restores him at once to perfect soundness before them all. Is it not astonishing that after this—after witnessing with their own eyes the power which Jesus has, and which cannot but be given Him by God—they should have had the hardihood to bind Him again and lead Him away prisoner! Why, you would have thought, surely they will be afraid to do so. But no, they are not afraid; their hearts are hardened. Nothing moves them, and now that their companion is sound and strong again, they tie the hands of Jesus behind His back once more, and proceed to lead Him off.

Just then, glancing round upon the crowd, Jesus perceives amongst them the ecclesiastics who have accompanied the expedition, and whose faces express the malignant gratification they feel at seeing Him a helpless prisoner. The sight moves Him to a sad but indignant remonstrance—"Is this the way to treat a man like Me? Am I a thief, or a robber, or an evil-doer of any kind, that ye are come out to apprehend Me with swords and staves? And why seize Me by night? I have been in the Temple often enough, openly teaching, in the daytime, and, if I had done wrong, ye could then have laid hands upon Me, and punished Me. Oh! why do you act in this way? For your own sake, as well as for Mine, I ask the question. These rough officials of yours, and these ignorant Roman soldiers, they, perhaps, do not understand what they are doing. But *you*—the spiritual teachers and guides of Israel—you ought to know better than to do such things."

But the men said nothing. Indeed, they had nothing to say. They had gained their object. They had entrapped the victim they hated, whom they were determined to put to death if they could; and mere words would not move them. Their stern animosity was proof against the appeal of Christ. They looked at Him malignantly and triumphantly, but made no answer.

And now the soldiers and the police begin to put themselves in motion. With Jesus in the midst,

bound and helpless, held by two soldiers, they pour out of the gateway of the garden, and, with much noise and hubbub of voices, and trampling of feet, and waving of torches in the moonlight, descend the road, until they reach the bridge that crosses the little brook Kedron at the bottom of the valley. Over this the sad procession goes.

Then you can see them climbing the steep path which leads up to the City gate in the direction of the Temple, then they enter into the gate and the sound dies away in the distance, and a perfect stillness broods over the scene. The little birds sleep with their heads under their wings, the bright moon shines in the sky, and the shadows of the olive trees lie motionless on the grass of Gethsemane. All nature is calm and tranquil; who would imagine here what is going on in that wicked city yonder?

Such is the story of the arrest of the Lord Jesus Christ.

SHORT ARROWS.

PERSECUTED CONVERTS.

THERE are people who exclaim at the cost of missionary work, and who even grumble that the money so expended had not been spent in some other way. When we relate the difficulties against which a Christian convert has frequently to contend, our readers will be astonished—not at the expense, but at the perseverance of the missionaries. A missionary at Moradabad had baptised many converts. One convert, Tauna, was quickly set upon, his wife insulted, his trade ruined, and he himself turned out of his shop for professing Christ. His caste fellows threatened to leave the neighbourhood, and give up their holdings if he were not cast out. This is one instance. We may quote another. A farmer who had been converted was beaten, his house destroyed, his wife carried off, and they both were then banished from the village, and threatened with death if they dared to return. Such facts as these show the opposition of the Mussulman to the native Christian, and to the preacher of the Gospel. Even those who show an interest in the doctrines of Christianity have been persecuted and beaten. All inducements are held out to converts to return, and even restoration to caste is promised for a small sum if they will return; but we are rejoiced to learn that the new converts prefer the Way of Life, even with sorrow, and labour, and tears awaiting them on the road, steadily refuse to deny the faith they have embraced, and the hope that is in them.

THE WORKING WOMEN OF THE WEST END.

Some few weeks ago a goodly gathering of young women of the middle classes was held in Burlington Hall, in response to an invitation issued by Lady Kinnaird and other well-wishers of the Young Women's Christian Institutes. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and pointed out to his hearers the many dangers and difficulties which beset young women employed in the great London establishments. We have in these columns already advocated reforms in shops and in the conditions under which numbers of young women are obliged to serve, the long hours of business, and the want of provision made for the physical well-being of the shop-women. The organisation of ladies at Kensington for the improvement of the present state of things deserves notice, and we trust the long hours will be shortened, and shopping be done in reasonable time. The Young Women's Christian Institutes aim at providing a substitute for home for those women who are obliged to work in London far away from friends and relatives who could counsel and assist them. In this particular alone the Institutes deserve support, and the physical benefits conferred upon the members will doubtless pave the way to their spiritual benefit. Twenty-five years ago no such institution existed in London, and even now there is room for more places of the kind where the country girl may be received and assisted in her hard, and it may be perilous, struggle with the world while earning her living.

AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

From time to time we read accounts of the fight maintained by the United States troops against the Indian tribes. We hear of warriors captured and imprisoned in various places, and after a while permitted to return to their wasted homes. But it is left to a United States officer to institute a new system of Indian warfare—a warfare in which no weapons but love and charity are used, and friendly interest the motive. Many Indians he has sent home civilised; and he has now formed an Indian school in the barracks at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. It was in October, 1879, that we read the first delegation of boys and girls, eighty-four in number, arrived. These children of the "Red Cloud" and "Spotted Tail" were utterly wild and uncultivated. Long hair, painted faces, dirty, unkempt and unwashed, they seemed intractable. By degrees soap and water were adopted, combs and scissors came into use, blankets gave way to coats and dresses, moccasins to boots and shoes. The result of this first effort is already apparent. The number of children at present in this Indian training school is over two hundred, and at least eighteen tribes are represented. Applications from other Indian communities are constantly being received, and it is anticipated that the full capacity of the school (300) will

very quickly be reached. The object of the school is to make these wild pupils useful and self-reliant, capable of supporting themselves by work. Industrial pursuits are therefore instilled. Household work of all kinds is taught to the girls, while the boys are instructed in various trades, such as tailoring, shoemaking, harness-making, printing, etc. A Pawnee lad edits a tiny paper to which the students contribute. A band has been organised, and music is most creditably performed. They are all, of course, instructed in Gospel truths, and attend religious services and Sunday schools. This, the first institution of its kind, is doing an excellent work in an effective and unostentatious manner, and is well worthy of imitation in other cities of the Union. We cannot over-estimate the good influence such treatment and instruction will have upon the future generations, and even upon the present members of the numerous Indian tribes on the reservation territory of the States.

A UNITED SERVICE HOME FOR BARBADOS.

The want of a United Service Home has long been felt at Barbados, and we are glad to learn that steps are being taken to establish such an one for soldiers and sailors in Her Majesty's ships. It is expected that, once set on foot, the institution will be self-supporting. The Prince of Wales has already subscribed towards its establishment, and the Government has granted the use of certain convenient buildings. As the movement is regarded with favour by the Governor of the Barbados, and the naval and military officers commanding, respectively, we trust that the account in Messrs. Cox and Co.'s books will soon show a good balance on behalf of the institution, which is deserving of support.

GOOD WORK IN GENEVA.

Every one—and most of our readers must have done so—who has travelled in Switzerland has visited Geneva, that town of hotels and pleasant associations. All travellers are ready to acknowledge the attention they have received from the servants in those well-appointed *caravanserais*, and all English people will be glad to hear of the efforts made to bring them to a knowledge of the Word. Some Christian ladies resident in Geneva have organised a tea-meeting and a service for the native and other servants. The suggestion was willingly listened to by the hotel-keepers, and one good landlady remarked how much the girls needed a helping hand, and wished the undertaking all success. The result was gratifying. At the first meeting nearly eighty domestics attended, comprising Protestant and Catholic French and Germans. Some kind visitors formed a choir and sang, and subsequently led the hymns. Some heart-felt addresses from German and Swiss pastors were most attentively listened to. All seemed really grateful, and warmly acknowledged the kindness that had prompted the idea of the meeting. As the congregation departed each member was presented with some tracts and a copy of the Gospel in his or her own tongue. Now is not this an example that may well and with less difficulty be followed by many Christian people at home and abroad? Think what a blessing may be conferred upon the servants in other towns by some such pleasantly-organised meeting as this! A few words in season, a kindly greeting, and a pleasant and unaffected mixing with others may help those a little higher in the social scale, and would do more to solve the vexed question of servants and employers than much legislation, and would do away with the bitterness of spirit in the arguments for "rights" on either side, which is now becoming too common in dealings with our domestics.

A HOSPITAL PILLOW AND LETTER MISSION.

It may be that many kindly readers do not know what the Hospital Pillow Mission is, and in as brief a space as possible we will give a few details concerning it. This admirable movement was initiated a few years ago at Brighton by the late Rev. Edward Elliott, and his assistants were then bound to secrecy. These Christian workers were soon employed in folding, enclosing, and addressing to local hospitals parcels of printed letters or Christmas cards, to be placed upon the pillows of the poor and suffering patients upon Christmas morning. What a beautiful idea this was, and how lovingly it has been carried out! Fancy the surprise and pleasure with which every poor patient welcomed the advent of the pretty card or affectionate address that had found its way—by means unknown to the sick one—to his pillow during the night. "The angels," they said, had been at work. "The fairies!" cried the little ones, forgetting their suffering in the pleasure the letter gave them all. "I shall never part with that letter," said a poor woman many weeks after it had been received by her dying husband; "my poor husband had it left on his pillow on Christmas morning. It was ever such a comfort to him, and he gave it me himself before he died, to be a comfort to me." Since that small band at Brighton began this Christian work it has mightily increased. The intention to keep the distribution secret can no longer be carried out. The inmates of military and other hospitals eagerly desire the letters to be sent. From foreign countries comes the cry for help and comfort. "I have had a letter, and it is so nice," said one old woman; "it told me about Jesus, and how kind He was, and that He would help me." After some conversation she continued, "My poor heart is often sad and weary, but such words make me happy." We could multiply instances, and give a lengthy account of the comfort thus brought the sick and suffering, but we think we have now said enough on this occasion to interest our numerous readers in this most deserving and truly Christian

effort. We can picture to ourselves the delight of the patients; we see it reflected in our children's faces when the postman brings the friendly Christmas card and welcome letter to our houses. How much more, then, are the card and letter welcomed by the sick away from friends and home, telling them of mercy to help them in time of need, and of Him who is mighty to save. We therefore indicate to our readers a good channel for their benevolence, and we are sure that any application for information to Miss Strong, 9, Ladbroke Square, W., will meet with a kind and ready response, as our own inquiries have done.

SEATS FOR FEMALE SHOP ASSISTANTS.

With reference to a paragraph inserted some time back,* respecting the injury done to female shop assistants by being compelled to stand so long on duty, we have received a note from the secretary of the above society. We are glad to learn that a society has been formed for the protection of shop assistants from so much suffering and hardship. Several eminent physicians and many ladies are interested in this good work; and if local committees could be appointed much might be accomplished. A meeting has been held for this purpose, and we are glad to notice that a seat which can be easily let down has been invented for the use of those who serve behind the counters of our shops. We are glad to direct public attention to the useful labours of this society, located at 16, Southampton Street, Strand, and we trust the appeal made to the humanity of the public may not be in vain.

THE RAILWAY BOYS.

Our attention is frequently called to our railways in consequence of some unfortunate accident, but lately our thoughts have been turned into a pleasanter channel, in connection with railways. The neighbourhood of Vauxhall station, whatever it may have been once, is now a not very fashionable locality. Yet, amid these unattractive surroundings, an unostentatious and thoroughly practical work is being performed under the direction of a true Christian gentleman. He has for some time taken the greatest interest in the boys and young men employed by the railway, and from a small beginning at his own residence he has organised a railway boys' mission, and railway young men's Christian Association. By judicious means, Mr. Walton has collected and retained a number of boys and young men in the association. Here they are instructed in various subjects, religious teaching being, of course, a feature—but not a too prominent feature—in the course. The method is to instruct and amuse, to keep within sound of the Gospel tidings those who have been brought in. Singing, Bible reading, writing, arithmetic, as well as some branches of manual labour, are here taught gratuitously. Prayer-meetings and Bible classes are also held. The number of lads and young men is nearly two hundred in all, and not long ago it was found necessary to enlarge the old building or to provide a new one. The institution is well worthy of support, and further particulars may be obtained through the treasurer, Mr. S. Gurney Sheppard, 28, Threadneedle Street, if any of our readers desire information on the subject.

* Page 759, THE QUIVER, 1880.

EXTRAORDINARY FALL OF MANNA.

We have received an account, from a journal conducted by missionaries at Erzroom, of a very extraordinary fall of manna, which is deposited upon the earth like dew. This curious fall occurs in the summer, and not only is the grass covered by the "clear honey-like drops," but the rocks and the bare ground alike receive it. Occasionally it appears like a very fine dusted flour, and the villagers of Melican, where the deposit was observed, used to go out and collect it early in the morning, ere the heat had melted it. The people call it "heavenly bread," and the missionaries often partake of it. The taste is described as sweet and agreeable, and it may be eaten as freely as honey. The manna-drops sparkle brightly in the early morning sun, and the appearance of them is described as quite brilliant at times.

THE SPREAD OF PURE LITERATURE.

Every parent wishes that his children may receive instruction as well as amusement, but he is often at a loss to lay down a rule for a boy's or a girl's reading. The average novel of the present day is not a book to put into a young person's hands, and many so-called boys' papers are too full of excitement and adventure. To assist the matured judgments, and to indicate to the searcher after harmless literature, the Pure Literature Society is established. We have before us their report for last year. Notwithstanding the depression that existed the useful work of that excellent Society has been increasing. Its efforts to check the flow of pernicious periodicals have been crowned with success, and they continue to place healthy and interesting literature within reach of the poorest. It is not a publishing company; it makes no profit. It simply recommends such publications as after careful consideration it finds worthy of a place in Christian households, and makes grants for libraries at half-price. Subscribers to the Pure Literature Society can obtain some important advantages which are set forth in the report. There is no doubt that the work done by this Society is of great importance and has been the means of assisting many to better things. Any reader desirous of more information will receive every attention from the Secretary, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. We can cordially commend the labours of this Society, to the usefulness of which numbers of correspondents testify.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

83. What did the Ark contain when Solomon placed it in the Temple?

84. What places are mentioned as the boundaries of the Jewish dominions at the time of the dedication of the Temple?

85. What present did Solomon give to Hiram king of Tyre for his services?

86. Mention two passages which show the low estimation in which the Galileans were held by the Jews.

87. Quote a passage in which Jesus declares Himself to be the Messias prophesied of old.

88. What special gift did the queen of Sheba bring to Solomon from which harps and psalteries were made?

89. What was the second occasion upon which God appeared to Solomon in a vision?

90. At what place were the kings of Judah mostly crowned?

91. What feast was held on the fifteenth day of the eighth month?

92. In what words did St. Peter confess his belief in the Divinity of Christ and the belief of the Apostles generally?

93. What happened to our blessed Lord in Jerusalem at the feast of the Dedication?

94. How many kings were tributary at one time to Benhadad king of Syria?

95. What act of humility is recorded of the wicked king Ahab?

96. On what occasion was an army miraculously supplied with water?

97. In what way was some poisonous food made wholesome?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.

71. The prophet Joel (Joel ii. 28, 29).

72. "My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God (1 Cor. ii. 4, 5).

73. Seven years in building the Temple and thirteen years in building his own house (1 Kings vi. 38; and 1 Kings vii. 1).

74. They were made of brass, eighteen cubits high (about thirty-two feet), and were named Jachin and Boaz (1 Kings vii. 15, 21).

75. "After these things Jesus went over the sea of Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias (John vi. 1).

76. "Never man spake like this Man" (John vii. 46).

77. "Forty days and forty nights to Horeb the Mount of God" (1 Kings xix. 8).

78. In the reign of Baasha king of Israel (1 Kings xvi. 1).

79. The old prophet at Bethel caused the death of the prophet who had been sent by God to speak to Jeroboam (1 Kings xiii. 18—23).

80. To Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians, to Chemosh the god of the Moabites, and to Milcom the god of the children of Ammon (1 Kings xi. 33).

81. At Sychar in Samaria (John iv. 6, 12).

82. Healing the nobleman's son (John iv. 46—54).

JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THE SERVANTS OF GOD.

He will keep the feet of His saints (1 Sam. ii. 9).

The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants: and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate (Ps. xxxiv. 22).

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand (Ps. xxxvii. 23, 24).

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon (Ps. xcii. 12).

The Lord preserveth the souls of His saints (Ps. xcvii. 10).

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever (Ps. cxxv. 2).

He preserveth the way of His saints (Prov. ii. 8).

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom (Luke xii. 32).

My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand (John x. 27, 28).

Where I am, there shall also My servant be: if any man serve Me, him will My Father honour (John xii. 26).

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God (Rom. viii. 28).

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads (Rev. xxii. 3, 4).

DAY NURSERIES FOR POOR CHILDREN.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO," ETC.

EVERY one who has had anything whatever to do with babies, has a tolerably clear idea of what is meant by "Baby Worship." A large proportion of the best and truest women in the world act as though they believed it to be a matter of course that the particular baby with whom they are connected should be an object of worship. They bow down themselves before the little autocrat who reigns in their homes, and they expect every one who approaches him to do the same.

Have these large-hearted mothers ever thought of the little ones less fortunate than their own who have to dispense with this tender mother care? The question is a foolish one, for certainly the neglected babies are thought of. Love purifies and enlarges the heart into which it enters, and it is impossible that a good mother should clasp her baby to her bosom, thanking God that he is beautiful and good, and that she is able to supply his every need, and that she should not now and then breathe a sigh for babies who need but do not receive. Pity and sighs, however, are of little use unless they pass into action. It is in the hope that mothers who preside over happy nurseries may be induced to act and stretch out a helping hand to little ones now uncared for, that I am writing these lines now.

It is surely worth our while to inquire what is the fate of the baby, or rather of the thousands of babies whose mothers are compelled by necessity to leave their homes and work for a living. How is it with the little ones who live in the back slums of our large cities, where families are crowded by the score into one house, the young are exposed to every bad influence, health is sapped by foul air and unventilated rooms, while, to add to all other troubles, the mother is obliged to be absent? Unfortunately in too many cases there is no doubt about their fate, and it is a sad one. Of course, something must be done with the babies who are left without a mother's care. Sometimes they are locked up alone in the miserable homes, with just as much food as will keep them alive; sometimes they are left in the care of an elder sister, who is herself little more than a baby, and who, though wonderfully clever and 'cute for her age, as poor children frequently are, is physically unfitted for the task devolving upon her. More frequently still, they are given into the charge of one of those women who make a living by taking care of babies for hire while their mothers are away. The evils associated with this latter method are too well known to need description here. The babies are too often drugged and soothed in order to prevent their giving trouble, until their health is completely ruined, and their feeble hold of life is loosened.

Most terrible revelations have been recently made as to the treatment of children in private nurseries. It was proved not long ago that in a large number of these establishments "the vilest spirits were systematically administered to children and infants, so as to keep them in a constant stupor, while one of the children more precocious than the rest was placed in charge of a detachment of infants, and instructed to give the stated dose at certain hours, and enforce obedience in case of refusal.

A large proportion of children brought up in this way die. The infantile mortality which prevails in large towns is enormous. In London over 40 per cent. of the children die under four years of age. In New York the rate is still higher, and 50 per cent. at least are annually carried off, while the death-rate of infants under the age of one year in our large cities is, on the average, 325 out of every 1,000.

Those children of the very poor who do live drag on a feeble miserable existence. They grow up in dirt and squalor and wretchedness, and the immorality which grows out of such conditions, and develop into men and women who constitute what we call our dangerous classes.

The late Canon Kingsley once said that to see a baby die was one of the saddest sights of earth. A sadder sight even than this, however, is found in watching life, which is capable of all noble development, continued in physical and moral degradation. Can the mothers of England do nothing to prevent this state of things? Will they not allow wretched poverty-stricken little ones to share the tenderness which is showered so freely upon their own babies? We believe that numbers of them would gladly do so if they were convinced that such work was possible for them. We also believe that much of the evil complained of might be arrested at its very source, if a most excellent plan, which has already accomplished great things on the continent, could be extensively carried out in England. In other words, we believe that lives might be saved and evil might be checked, if *crêches* or day nurseries could be extensively established in the large towns of England. Comparatively few people understand what a *crêche* or day nursery is. It will therefore be worth while to give a short account of these valuable institutions.

Public nurseries have for many years been established in different places on the Continent. They have perhaps been carried on more successfully in Belgium than anywhere else, but they have also found their way into France (where in fact the idea originated), Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and

America. It is more than probable that they will not be confined to Europe and America, for a model *crêche* was established at the Paris exhibition of 1878, and the Japanese delegates were so much delighted with it that they visited several of the Parisian *crêches*, and had a special model constructed to take home with them.

Public nurseries were not introducedinto England successfully till Mrs. Hilton's *Crêche* was established in 1871, and since then various institutions of the kind have been opened in different parts of our country. The leading idea in Mrs. Hilton's nursery was the establishment of a home where the helpless children of the very poor could be provided with daily shelter whilst their mothers were at work. It was felt that there was need for a place where these babies could be washed, fed, educated, or amused during the day, then restored to their parents when the day's toil was over.

Mrs. Hilton's *Crêche*, which is usually and justly regarded as a model of its kind, is situated at No. 16, Stepney Causeway, Ratcliffe Highway. In the first instance it was commenced on a small scale, but its operations have been extended, and poor mothers have availed themselves of its advantages so largely, that the attendances last year reached the number of 30,697, when over 100,000 meals were prepared.

The children are not admitted to the nursery indiscriminately. Application for admission has to be made beforehand, and a strict investigation is made as to the circumstances and necessities of the mother and the health of the child. It is obvious that it would be most dangerous to introduce a baby suffering from any of the infectious diseases to which children are so liable into an assembly of little ones. Since the Nursery was opened it has occasionally happened that a contagious disease has broken out amongst the children, and then it has been necessary to close the place entirely for a time for disinfecting and cleansing purposes. It is absolutely indispensable, therefore, that a medical man should be in daily attendance, in order that he may examine the children from a health point of view, and pronounce an opinion as to their freedom from skin or other diseases. Ophthalmia, that distressing disease which so persistently attacks those who have to exist on poor food, is the great enemy in these cases ; and as the disease is exceedingly infectious, it has to be very carefully watched and guarded against.

The child, when admitted to the nursery, is taken every morning to the lavatory. The clothes are removed, and he is well washed, then re-dressed in clothes belonging to the institution. His own clothing is put into a bag, to which a number is attached, and hung in an airy situation, and so rendered pure and sweet, till it is time for the little ones to return home, when he is re-dressed in his own garments, and delivered to his mother.

After the bath the child is taken into the *crêche* proper, where he is fed, tended, amused, and looked after until the evening. Cots are provided for the infants, a large portion of whose time is spent in healthful sleep.

A very interesting and affecting fact connected with these cots is that a few of them are endowed by ladies in remembrance of little children who have been removed by death from their mother's arms. Surely there can be no more certain method of gaining comfort in sorrow, and making the memory of a loved one blessed, than by providing for the wants of the helpless, and associating the name of a darling child with an act of charity and grace.

According to Mrs. Hilton's estimate, £15 per annum (combined with the pence of the mother) would provide for one child in the home, £10 in the infirmary, and £6 in the *crêche*.

Infants are placed in the infant nursery from one month to three years of age. They have three meals a day, the food given consisting, for the most part, of wheaten flour and rice, with beef tea twice a week. Children of three years of age are placed in the lower nursery, where they may remain until they are five years old. These older children have four meat meals per week.

The work of the nursery is carried on by paid assistants. The staff of helpers consists of a matron, teacher, trained nurse, three head nurses, ten nursemaids, cook, laundry-woman, and helpers, a house-porter and sick visitor, whose time is devoted to visitation from house to house. In the Babies' Nursery there are forty cots for forty babies, who are looked after by a head-nurse and three under-nurses. One part of the *crêche* is used as an infirmary, where children who are ill, but not with an infectious disease, can be nursed and cared for. This department is under the charge of a trained nurse fully competent to perform her task. There is urgent need for a country house which will answer the purpose of a convalescent home for invalid children. Benevolent friends occasionally arrange for the children to have change of air, and this is a great advantage when it can be obtained.

Connected with the Nursery is a Home, where a limited number of children are taken and brought up entirely. Notwithstanding all the care which has been taken to prevent imposition, it has occasionally happened that children have been taken to the institution and left there unclaimed. In the majority of cases of this kind the children have of necessity been sent to the workhouse; but a few of them have been sent to the Home, which is a distinguishing feature of the institution. Here at the present time there are thirty-eight children. Ten of these are being trained for nursemaids, and will, it is intended, ultimately take a place on the working staff. Those who are too young to be trained are sent to the school connected with the institution. Some of these children are sent by their friends to the Home, and a certain sum is paid towards their maintenance.

So much for Mrs. Hilton's *Crêche*. All will acknowledge that it is a most valuable institution; and there is every reason to believe that the work done

by those connected with it is highly appreciated by the mothers, and that numbers of children are benefited. The next point of interest is, Can we help the work in any way?

Institutions of this kind always need help. Money is wanted of course; and, as the *crêche* possesses no endowment or reserve fund, the interest in it needs to be kept up every year. Collecting boxes and cards may always be had, and "subscriptions are thankfully received."

Not every one, however, is in a position to send money; and there are other gifts which are quite as acceptable. It has been already said that the clothes of the children are taken off, and fresh ones belonging to the institution are substituted for them. It will be obvious that, if thousands of children are received during the year, a very large stock of clothing will be required. Gifts of clothing, therefore, to suit children of all ages are most valuable. If mothers therefore would send articles of cast-off wearing apparel, or new plain clothes, to the *crêche* they would be doing a service to the little ones. Brown calico night-dresses and print frocks to suit children of from one to three years of age, with winter dresses to suit older girls, and napkins and pinafores for the babies, are, perhaps, needed more than anything else. Boots and shoes also for children of all sizes are always acceptable. In winter time also warm ties, petticoats, and shawls are much wanted.

A limited number of Day Nurseries have been established in different parts of the country, but these are not nearly sufficient for the wants of the community. When they are set afoot they are thoroughly appreciated. Poor women will come long distances in order that they may take up their abode near a nursery. Children nursed in them have grown up strong and healthy who were formerly weakly and ailing. It is impossible to estimate the good that has been done, and is now being continued, by the establishment of these valuable institutions.

It is very greatly to be desired that these institutions should be multiplied throughout the length and breadth of the land. I have described Mrs. Hilton's *Crêche* particularly in the hope of inciting others to copy her example. There are few large towns in which such an institution could not be established. All that is wanted is good organisation, persevering voluntary work on the part of a committee (preferably of ladies, for it is work specially fitted for them), and a reliable subscription fund, which in most places could be readily obtained. I am myself engaged at the present time in endeavouring, by the aid of a few warm-hearted friends, to collect funds for promoting one for the district in which I live; and if I can be of service to others inclined to do the same, I shall be only too happy to give such additional information and assistance in the way of advice as may be required to further so good a work.

If the object of these few lines needs further warrant, I would add it in the words of the Old Book:—"Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto Me!"

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. ANSTEY'S RESOLVES.

WHILE Mrs. Anstey was halting between her inclination to reproach her daughter, and her motherly pity for Kythe's distress, a shadow darkened the window, and Lucilla Harwin's face, all smiles and eagerness, peeped in at them.

She had so much to say, and was so absorbed in her own affairs, that she did not perceive Kythe's swollen eyes, but plunged at once into the business that had brought her to the cottage.

No; she had not come to say good-bye, although she supposed she might as well say it now, as they would leave the neighbourhood in a couple of days, and she must not ask Kythe to come and see her while that dreadful man was at large.

"Pray don't go away, Mrs. Anstey," she added, hastily, "as my visit is to you this time. Papa and I want you to do us a favour—a very great favour."

"If you have come to ask me to let my daughter go with you to Manchester," was the irritable reply, "it is she who must decide the question. My wishes are not studied nowadays."

"Oh, but it's not that," cried Lucilla, pacifically. "Kythe has said in such positive terms that she will not leave you till you feel better able to spare her, that we have mutually agreed to let the pleasure stand over for a little while. I came to speak to you about my brother Martin. The vicar is very anxious not to lose his pupil till the Christmas holidays; and as Martin has grown quite studious since he has been

under his care, we shall be sorry to remove him. But Mr. Stenton cannot accommodate him at the vicarage, and so we don't know how it is to be arranged, unless you, Mrs. Anstey, will kindly agree to have him here."

Kythe, who liked the boy in spite of his wayward humours, and knew that as soon as he was beyond the pale of her influence there would be nothing to prevent his sinking back into his old habits of idleness, looked entreatingly at her mother, and wondered why she demurred so long. She could not have forgotten that there was a small chamber at the head of the stairs which would do very well for so young a lad as Martin Harwin, while the sum his father would pay for his maintenance, would be an acceptable addition to Mrs. Anstey's small earnings.

None knew this better than Mrs. Anstey herself; but there was Noel Raynor to be considered; and he detested the Harwins. Kythe's mother still clung to her hope of seeing the young girl become his wife, and was most unwilling to take any step that could give him offence.

It was Martin himself who put an end to her wavering. He had followed his sister into the cottage, and now clasped his hands round Mrs. Anstey's arm, with a coaxing—

"Yes, you'll have me—I know you will; I won't be troublesome, I promise; truth and honour I won't; I never do get in a rage here, now do I? You don't bother a fellow when he's busy, and help yourself to his things, and jeer at him when he feels rough, as they do at home. It's all settled, Luce. Mrs. Anstey 'll have me, and I 'll get Jock Beacham to help me carry my books and tools here to-morrow evening. I may have the corner of the wood shed for my box-making, mayn't I?"

Yes, it was all settled; there was no resisting the boy's urgency, and Lucilla went away heartily thankful to be relieved if only for a few weeks, of the turbulent spirit that not only defied her weak efforts to control him, but rebelled so passionately against the petty acts of injustice committed by his elder brothers, that very unpleasant scenes were apt to occur.

Mrs. Anstey continued to look and feel uneasy till half an hour's conversation with Mr. Raynor, whom she met on her way to the village, went far towards stilling her fears of displeasing him. He was too much relieved to learn that Kythe was not going to Manchester to carp at the hospitality extended to Martin Harwin.

That he had been deeply wounded by something her impetuous daughter had said, she divined from the dark flush that overspread his countenance as soon as he caught sight of her, and she noted that he carefully avoided any mention of Kythe's name. Yet somehow his manner to herself conveyed the impression that he had not relinquished his intention of wooing and winning his little kinswoman.

And so it was, for when had Noel Raynor ever consented to own himself worsted? What other men had compassed with energetic efforts and much talking, he often contrived to achieve by a dogged silent perseverance that carried him steadily on to the goal. And the same spirit now influenced him. While he believed Kythe free, he would not be discouraged by her pettish speeches, however sharply they might sting him at the time; and after every rebuff he was ready to renew his suit.

As strong for evil as for good, is such a character as this; the wife so persistently sought is often neglected or even ill-treated when won, and many—let us hope, most—mothers would have hesitated to trust the happiness of a beloved child into such keeping; but it was not thus Mrs. Anstey argued. Must the castle she was building be razed because Kythe was wilful, and cherished romantic notions gleaned from books, and was obstinately blind to the worldly advantages proffered her? No, no! The foolish girl could not but see the madness of her conduct sooner or later; and surely the tears her mother had found her shedding when she thought she had sent Mr. Raynor away for ever, proved that in the moment of rejecting her suitor she had begun to realise and regret her folly in so doing.

Kythe had always been difficult to manage, her mother reflected—Mrs. Anstey had a tendency to manage her children, instead of exacting from them the unquestioning obedience which was her due—and again, she must have inherited from her father the high-flown notions that now threatened to mar her prospects in life, for her mother had none of them. Mrs. Anstey had borne penury with great fortitude, but not with the patience born of faith. She flattered herself that, without being actually a religious woman, her principles were good, and that deeper convictions would follow when illness laid her by, and she had leisure to study her Bible and think of the world to come, but she saw no harm in resolving to leave no means untried that might endow her favourite child with prosperity. It was for Kythe's benefit, she plaintively assured herself. She believed she could die happy if she saw Kythe the mistress of such a home as the Grange; and so she dwelt on the golden visions she was always conjuring up, till the question of right or wrong ceased to enter her mind at all. This marriage was to be accomplished; what consequences might result from it she forgot to consider.

Martin came to his new home under the escort of Jock Beacham, too much excited at the thought of being in some respects his own master to feel sorrow over the temporary separation from his family. Jock must help him unpack his books, he cried, and fix the shelf that was to contain them; and then a whisper to Mrs. Anstey secured an invitation to the young man to stay while Martin studied his lessons for the next day with the aid of Kythe, who coached him indefatigably.

It was an epoch in Jock's life, that evening spent in Mrs. Anstey's cottage, for it awakened in him a desire for knowledge that had hitherto lain dormant.

He turned over the leaves of Martin's geography and history, asking questions, to which the boy, or more frequently Kythe, responded, sighing as he became more and more conscious how little he knew. His grandfather, though vain of the smattering of many things he had acquired in his chequered life, had always thrown cold water on his wife's efforts to obtain education for her grandson. Jock was a blockhead, he would aver, and it would be money wasted ; so she had been forced to content herself

"Gladly!" he replied, speaking to Alessie, but looking at Kythe, whose blush and smile had, to his inexpressible delight, endorsed the invitation of her sister.

"It would be selfish to expect you to take so long a walk after dark," she objected, solely for the pleapose of hearing his eager assurances that the distance was "nothing, nothing ;" and his out-of-door life had made him indifferent to the weather.

"But I will not come if you forbid it," he added,

"'It is for your sister,' he said, as she raised the lid."–*p.* 455.

with sending him to school at Bickley whenever—and that was seldom—he could be spared from the work in the garden his grandsire exacted, and this had been only till he procured the berth he was now holding.

It was a delightful task to instruct so apt and willing a pupil, and Kythe ceased to be shocked at his ignorance when she found that his memory retained all she taught him. He was so good-humoured, too, when Martin, with boyish conceit, laughed at his mistakes, that Alessie, always an eager listener, became his champion, and not only scolded the lad for his rudeness, but begged Jock to come again.

"Mother will be pleased to see you, won't you mother ? and the evenings won't seem so long to me when I can hear all of you laughing and talking of things that give one something to think of afterwards. You 'll come ? "

seeing the blush suddenly fade, and a graver look steal over the fair young face at which he delighted to gaze. Kythe loved admiration, but her eyes had fallen on Jock's clumsy boots and homespun clothes. When she could forget his ignorance and rusticity, he was her hero, whom her promptings were to incite to great deeds ; but at such moments as these she was obliged to remember that it would be no easy task to mould the untaught inexperienced country youth into the Chevalier Bayard of her dreams.

Then, as she saw how anxiously he was regarding her, she grew ashamed of her hesitation, and ran into the opposite extreme, pressing him to come with such warmth that Martin stared, and Jock's features glowed with joy.

But now Alessie made herself heard again. She had detected how the young man's voice insensibly

took a softer tone when he spoke of his grandmother, and was anxious to know more about the good old woman than she had been able to gather from Kythe's descriptions. The excellence of his grandame was the one topic on which Jock could wax eloquent, and he roused in his blind auditor so strong a desire to be taken to Mrs. Beacham's cottage, and know her, that she would not be denied.

After some demur on account of the weather and the distance, it was agreed that the sisters and Martin should avail themselves of the first fine afternoon to walk thither, any fears Mrs. Anstey might have entertained being allayed by Jock's promise to watch over their safety, both in going and returning.

"It will be fine to-morrow," he predicted, as Kythe followed him into the porch to peep at the stars; "so fine that there will be nothing to prevent your coming to grandfather's, unless you are afraid of meeting Noll Moyes."

"I fear and yet I pity him. Is he a thoroughly bad man? Can nothing be done for him?"

"Not while he stays in this part of the country; even grannie says that; but he has his good qualities. We've had worse men living in our parts than Noll was till they sent him to prison for poaching; and it was hunger drove him to that."

"But it was a crime; you do not excuse him, you who are so careful of your master's property?"

"I could excuse more to him than to young gentlemen who trespass for mere sport," replied Jock, stoutly. "However, it is not what *I* think, we were speaking of, but what Noll thinks. It is not easy to persuade him that he ought not to shoot or trap the wild creatures he finds on the moor. He will do it, and that's why every one's hand is against him."

"He should emigrate, he and his boys. Why does not some one persuade him to do so?"

"Ay, he has talked of it, but there's the passage money to be considered," Jock reminded her.

Kythe was posed, and yet her compassion had been so strongly excited by Martin's description of the wretched man's lair, and the thought of him and his boys shivering there beneath the bleak winds of the coming winter, that she could not banish him from her thoughts.

"Stay!" she cried, as Jock, bidding her good-night, would have walked away. "We have a book somewhere that informs one how to get an assisted passage to Canada or Australia. If he were to read it, he might be induced to take heart, and try to get there. But how am I to send the book to him?"

"Give it to me, and I'll take care that he has it!" was the prompt response.

"Oh, no! it would be exposing you to such dreadful risks!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "I could not do that!"

Jock—a giant in strength and stature compared to the half-starved poacher—laughed at the idea of his having anything to fear from him, adding, in a burst of gratitude—

"But it's very good of you to be so careful for *me*."

And the tenderness of his accents made Kythe retreat precipitately into the cottage.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CHECK.

THE morrow vetified Jock's prediction, for it proved to be one of those exceptionally bright calm days we sometimes enjoy in October, and as Alessie was eager to take advantage of it, and pay the promised visit to Anne Beacham, her mother consented.

It fretted Kythe when Mrs. Anstey, pleading her dread of their encountering the poacher, insisted on their taking a route that led them through Mr. Raynor's fields; it was still more provoking to find him in the first one they crossed, directing the labourers who were thatching a corn-stack, and it sadly ruffled her equanimity to know that while he walked beside Alessie to assist her in crossing a brook, his searching eyes swept past the pale girlish face of the blind girl to dwell upon that of the sister, who would have fain avoided his scrutiny.

Kythe was tolerably well satisfied with herself for the promptitude with which she had rejected her wealthy lover, yet, woman-like, she longed to know whether the easy coolness of his demeanour was the result of indifference, or whether he was smothering beneath it angry recollections of the taunts with which she had driven him from her at their last interview; but Noel Raynor prided himself on his stoicism; he wore neither his heart nor his intentions on his sleeve, and baffled her by evincing no sense of injury. On the contrary, he talked to her just as he always did—in the slightly satirical style, that made her contrast with it the gentler tone of protection he adopted whenever he addressed himself to her sister.

Alessie was sorry when he left them, and said so frankly. Kythe fancied she was glad when his intent gaze was no longer upon her; yet she pouted and spoke snappishly to her companions until they drew near the cottage of Anne Beacham, and Jock came hurrying to meet them, his rough every-day clothes and thick boots exchanged for the holiday suit donned in her honour. Then her good humour returned, and she delighted his grandsire by sauntering about his garden with him, praising the improvements he had made, and lending a patient ear to the chronic grumbling in which he indulged whenever he could get hold of a fresh auditor. It would have been tiresome enough—for she had little or no sympathy with his fancied wrongs—if Jock had not hovered so near, to pluck for her the brightest of the blossoms yet flourishing in the sheltered garden, and sometimes dexterously turn the old man's monologue into a pleasanter strain.

It was an afternoon of unmixed enjoyment to Alessie, whom Grannie Beacham petted with a kind of reverent tenderness, as one whom the hand of the

Lord had set apart by reason of her affliction. Nay, so engrossed was she in her blind guest, that she scarcely found time to be hospitable to the others; and it gave her a shock, that left her cold and breathless, when, as the sisters—their thanks and farewells spoken—were departing, she saw Jock stoop for a flower Kythe had dropped, and put it to his lips ere he hid it in his vest.

He coloured with shame when he found Mrs. Beacham's eyes fixed on him, but hurried away before she could recover herself sufficiently to speak; and when he did come home after escorting Kythe and Alessie back to their mother's, and lingering there till Mrs. Anstey mildly reminded him of the hour, he wore a defiant air that forbade her to question him.

She was silent till her husband rose to go to bed, but ere she followed him from the room her wrinkled hand gently smoothed Jock's curly hair. Ah, if it could but smooth away the trouble she foresaw, if he was thinking to win an ambitious high-spirited girl like Kythe Anstey!

Yet her words sounded pleasant in his ears.

"She 's very fair and lovable, my boy."

"There 's no one in the world that 's like her!" was the enthusiastic reply, spoken with rising colour.

"I 'll not gainsay that: it may be so; but she 's not for you, Jock. Could such as she content herself here?"

Jock winced. He was not practical enough to have considered such a question as this till it was forced upon him.

"*You* have done so," he observed, "and there isn't a prettier nor better cultivated bit of land anywhere round about. You are happy here, gran, aren't you?"

"Ay, it 's been a restful place to me," she answered, with a look of contentment on her deeply-lined features; "but, then, I came to it worn with much trouble, and tired of the world; and there 's no comparison betwixt me and the bright young lassie who has just left us. Fifty years' wandering and much wrestling with sorrow has made me thankful for the quiet of such a home as this; but what is there in it you 'd care to offer to Kythe Anstey?"

"It is unkind to discourage me!" said Jock, shaking off the hand that lay on his shoulder. "Is it my fault I am poor?"

He would not hear another word, but, in spite of the lateness of the hour, snatched up his cap and left the cottage. He was impatient under the pressure of his first real trouble. His grandmother was right, he could not ask Kythe to be his wife until he had raised himself in the social scale, and it mortified him to know that this would be no easy task. He had let the years flit by without an effort to improve his circumstances, or to add to his amount of worldly knowledge; and now he saw himself as he was—ignorant, awkward, incapable of taking any employment but the rough work in the woods to which he was accustomed—and in his mortification he exaggerated his deficiencies, and told himself he must never attempt to see Kythe again.

Yet the following evening found him at Mrs. Anstey's door. Where he had spent the interval his anxious grandame could not tell. He had not been at his work, for she had listened in vain for the ringing of his axe or the sound of his gun. She longed to still the storm she had raised, and by her sympathy and wise counsels discourage without altogether extinguishing his hopes. For should not any maiden be proud to wait a few years for so brave and good a lad as her Jock? He had never before refused to be guided by her, and she was eager to imbue him with patience as well as prudence.

But he was too restless and dissatisfied to care to go to her, either for comfort or advice. He had discovered that betwixt him and Kythe there was a gulf which he knew not how to bridge, and was rebelling against his helplessness, as men often do when they suddenly find these checks imposed upon them. The unconscious girl, smiling a welcome when Martin admitted him, saw that he looked haggard, but attributed it to the contrary moods of his grandsire, and made room for him at her own side of the table.

But he could not talk of indifferent subjects; he could not appear interested in the book which, on Alessie's account, Martin and Kythe were taking turns to read aloud. On his previous visit he had entered with avidity into the discussion that had arisen over a chapter on the wonders of the shore, and had taken great trouble to make the blind girl comprehend the shape and beauty of some of the shells occasionally found in the bay where she had first drank in the invigorating breezes that sweep across the ocean. To-night he either sat quite silent, or answered in monosyllables and by an effort; yet as he rose to go he put a little box into the hands of Kythe.

"It is for your sister," he said, as, with a wondering look, she raised the lid, and saw that it contained one of those necklets of tiny silvery shells sold at most of our watering places. "I heard you describing these things to her, and saying you would get one for her as soon as you could. I have been to the town to-day, and, seeing this in a window, I went in and bought it. Don't deny me the pleasure of giving it to you; if you knew how unhappy I am——"

He did not say any more, for Mrs. Anstey was addressing him. Looking up from her work, she had seen the good-natured rustic lad, whose presence she had merely tolerated to please Martin, bending over her daughter with a look in his eyes that no one could mistake; while the young girl, blushing and downcast, was listening to the murmured words that were evidently intended for her ear alone.

Clenching her hands and gasping for breath, the dismayed mother threw herself back in her chair. Was it here she had found the cause for Kythe's indifference to Noel Raynor? was this the rival who was wresting from him the affection he might, nay, must otherwise have won?

It was not to be thought of! She could not suffer it! To see her beautiful, her gifted child, for whom she had formed such ambitious projects, fling herself away on a Jock Beacham! For the moment she told herself, impiously, that she would rather see her die.

Martin and Alessie, absorbed in their book, and Kythe talking softly to Jock and drawing the shell necklet over her slender fingers, saw nothing of Mrs. Anstey's agitation. They had almost forgotten that she was in the room, when, pale but smiling, she stepped forward and spoke in her ordinary tones.

She wanted to make some rosemary tea. If Mrs. Beacham had a root of that herb in her garden, would Jock bring her a few sprays on the morrow?

This was eagerly promised, but Mrs. Anstey contrived an errand to the village for Kythe and Alessie about the time he was most likely to arrive. The bunch of sweet-scented herbs lay on the table when they returned, and their mother sat tranquilly at her sewing. How should Kythe suspect that she had seized the opportunity to speak bitter scathing words to Jock that had driven him away reckless and despairing? Reckless because she had robbed him of his faith in Kythe's sincerity; despairing because, even had she been all he imagined her, she was lost to him; the lips of her mother had hinted that she would be ere long the wife of Noel Raynor. Mrs. Anstey told him what she hoped, and told it so equivocally that she could not be accused of a positive falsehood, though Jock drew from it just the conclusions she wished, and he left her believing that his boyish heart was broken!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE NEW-COMERS.

MARTIN rushed into Mrs. Anstey's cottage one morning with a letter for Kythe. He had been to the village post-office on an errand for his tutor, Mr. Stenton, and the post-mistress had handed it to him instead of retaining it for delivery on the morrow. The post-mark was Manchester, the writing Lucilla's, and he threw himself on the floor at Kythe's knees, bidding her open the missive and read what they said about him.

"Very little," she replied, when she had come to the fourth page. "They are all well, and think they shall like their new house better when more used to it. The children have all been ill with colds, and Willie has been lost twice and brought back by a policeman. The rest is about Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, and will not interest you."

Martin scampered off, and Kythe submitted her letter to her mother. It was rather a difficult one to understand, but the gist of it was summed up in the question, Would Lucilla's dear little Kythe go to Mrs. Lamont and pacify that lady's vexation at the damage done in her china closet and napery?

"She has written to me rather crossly," Miss Harwin went on to say, "which I think is unfair, for who can help breaking crockery? and linen will wear out, especially with a family; and boys always will have bolster fights, and take the towels out when they go bathing, and forget to bring them back. I have not answered her note, because it is so difficult to make explanations in writing, and as she asked if I knew any one in the neighbourhood who could mend some lace for her, I thought of you, and what a capital introduction it would make for you if you called as my friend and just went over the list of the linen with her, and apologised, and made it as light for us as possible. We don't want to offend the Lamonts, for we shall not be able to stay here; everything is so expensive, and the boys are out till all hours in the night, and papa cross, and the children always ailing; we shall rejoice to get back to the Lodge as soon as its owners will let us; so do your best to make things pleasant, will you, Kythe dear?

"P.S.—I have just written a letter to Mrs. Lamont to tell her you will call and explain everything."

"Better keep away," Mrs. Anstey advised. "Miss Harwin asks too much."

"But there is the lace, mother! Until you will be persuaded to leave here, we must not refuse any work that offers."

"No, I must not refuse it," Mrs. Anstey replied, slowly. "If it is to be my lot to drudge to my life's end, it's no use murmuring. But I shall have to go myself; I cannot let you risk meeting that man again."

"Nay, mother, I have thought of a better plan than that! I can walk up to the lodge with the old postman, when he goes to fetch Mrs. Lamont's letters, transact my business with the lady while he trudges on to the farms beyond, and return home with him as far as the cross roads."

Mrs. Anstey considered awhile, then agreed to the arrangement, for she saw that Kythe was in one of those restless moods for which a long walk was the only cure. Her mother had irritated her by her comments on Jock's gift, the shell necklet, when it was presented to the delighted Alessie, and spoken words which she was longing to forget.

"It is very pretty indeed," Mrs. Anstey said; "and it was kind of him to think of the poor child, who so seldom has anything given to her; but I wish you had consulted me before you accepted it. Why do I say this? Because I should like to be sure that the lad came honestly by the money it cost him."

"Jock dishonest! Jock Beacham!" exclaimed Kythe, indignantly.

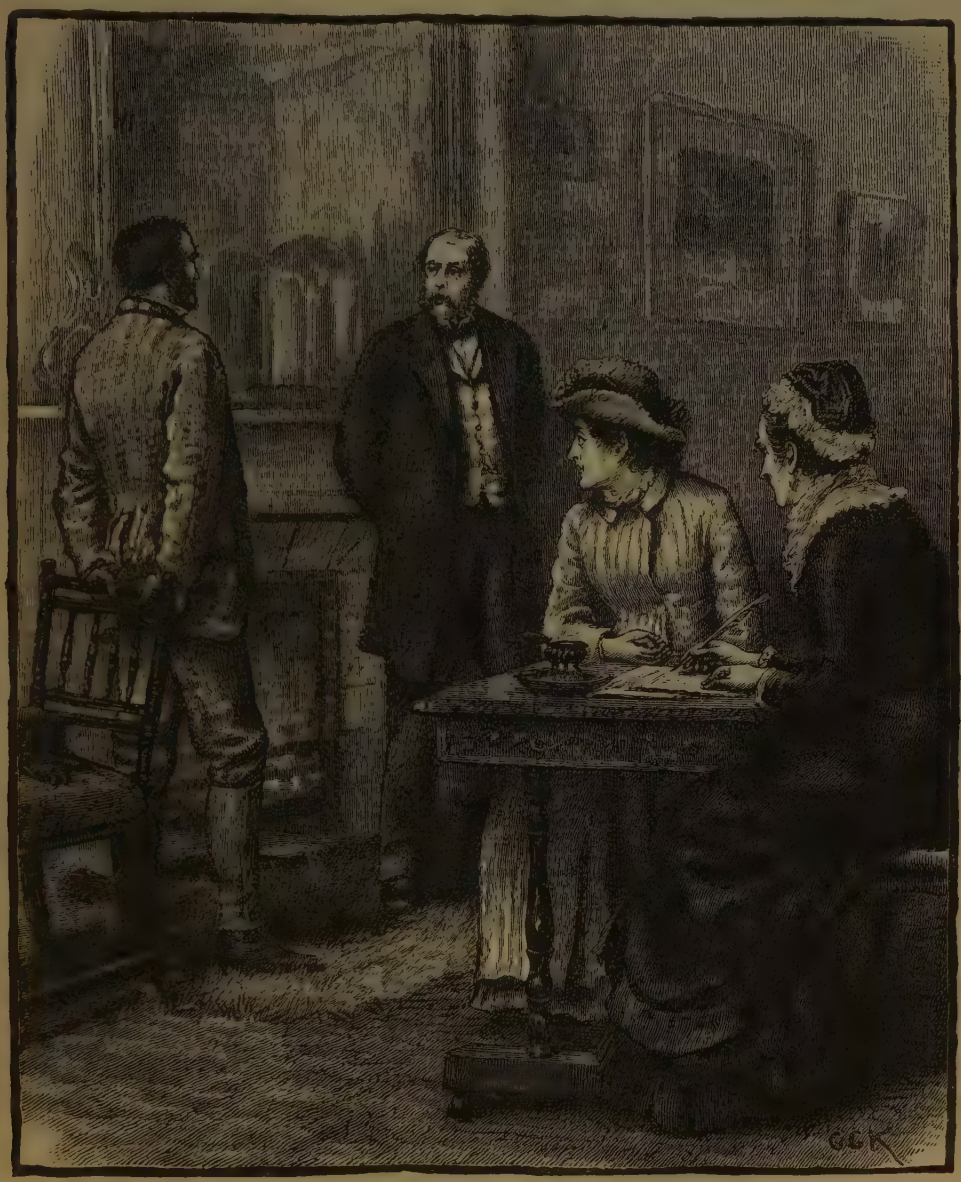
"I did not say he was, my dear; but any one can see that he is not in a position to make presents; and I must repeat that I am sorry you encouraged him to do so. His grandmother seems such a decent old woman that one wishes to be civil to him for her sake; but it won't do to let him forget that he is not in our station."

"What is our station?" demanded Kythe, in rebellious tones.

"Need you ask? Your father was well educated,

and of a respectable family; and I am just proud enough of my own connections to feel that I should be sorry to do anything to disgrace them while we are living in their midst."

This silenced Kythe; but she chafed inwardly at the injustice of classing Jock Beacham with the "common herd;" and yet she was vexed with him at having given occasion for it. Why did he waste



"She was amusing herself with watching them."—*p.* 459.

"I fail to see how this concerns Jock Beacham; it is no disgrace to know him."

"If you will not understand me, I cannot help it," replied her mother, coldly; "and it is disrespectful to cavil at what I say. I don't think I am uncivil to any of our neighbours, however poor or humble they may be; but I do not choose to be under obligations to them."

his days over a poorly-paid occupation, instead of going out into the world and learning to be so manly and self-reliant that people would forget his origin, or remember it only to praise the energy and perseverance that had raised him far above it?

The long brisk walk partially dissipated her annoyance, and she looked so fresh and pretty when shown into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Lamont

lay on a couch, fretfully marvelling how she was to get through the long hours till bed-time, as to rouse that lady into unwonted animation. Mrs. Lamont had been pretty, too, in her youth; but the aimless life she led had robbed her face of all expression. Next to herself she loved her husband, and to please him she professed some interest in his pursuits, and endured a few weeks' residence in the country whenever he was seized with a mania for sport. But she was wont to declare that she never felt at home out of London, although even there she would have preferred living at an hotel to being troubled with the cares and responsibilities of keeping house.

Three days at the lodge, with no one to speak to but the servants and Mr. Lamont, who only came indoors when he was so fatigued as to fall asleep in his chair, made the visit of Kythe quite an exciting event, and she soon grew pleasantly confidential.

"She had always considered this place detestable," she said, turning her back on the magnificent prospect the windows commanded. "I cannot have my daily drive," she continued, "because there is nowhere to go to, and these horrid roads would ruin the carriage springs; nor can I fill the house with visitors, unless Mr. Lamont will consent to refurnish it. I assure you, Miss Anstey, there isn't a thing in it fit for use. I cannot endure chipped cups and cracked plates, nor table napkins so full of holes that they look as if the mice had nibbled them, nor carpets so ragged and faded that they could not be worse if a company of soldiers had bivouacked upon them. It is really grievous to see the latter, for they were so handsome when laid down! I chose them myself. I hope Mr. Lamont will never be induced to lend the house again."

However, she accepted good-humouredly the apologies tendered in Lucilla's name, congratulating herself that she was not pestered with a pack of unmanageable children; yet glancing while she spoke at an exquisite copy of Raffaelle's Madonna, as if she sometimes felt the void a childless wife has to suffer; then put aside all question of her domestic grievances in order to chat with Kythe.

To find in this out-of-the-way place an intelligent animated girl sufficiently well-informed to be companionable, yet whom she need not trouble herself to entertain—a girl who had frankly stated her circumstances, and was willing to be made useful—was as agreeable as it was unexpected.

Mrs. Lamont promised to send her some lace—she always wore a profusion, and was learned on Venetian point, and Spanish, Brussels, and Mechlin—to be repaired by Mrs. Anstey's practised fingers; and, having ascertained that Kythe wrote a ladylike hand, and could speak French with tolerable fluency, proposed that she should come to her two or three times in each week, to answer her letters and read aloud those French authors whose light flippant works provided the only mental food she cared for.

The offer was accepted, subject to Mrs. Anstey's approval; but this reservation appeared to remind the lady that she also had some one to consult.

"Come with me, my dear," she said, rising and beckoning her visitor to follow; "I must introduce you to Mr. Lamont. He is a most indulgent husband, but likes to be apprised of all my plans. We shall find him in the study, I dare say."

Mr. Lamont, a rather pompous-looking middle-aged gentleman, puckered his brows when the door opened, and glanced sharply round, as if not overwell pleased at the interruption. Twenty years spent in the society of a shallow-minded woman had given him an unmitigated contempt for the sex, but as he was too well bred to express this openly, and she was too obtuse to suspect it, they lived on very amiable terms.

He was not alone. They found him in conversation with Noel Raynor, with whom he was in treaty for some land the farmer had purchased not long since. Excusing himself to Noel, he set a chair for his wife, and listened attentively while she named Kythe, and asked his sanction to the arrangement she had been proposing.

"Pray do as you please," he said, blandly. "Pray employ this young person if you think she will suit you. I suppose she is supplied with references—testimonials?"

Kythe reddened, for, with a supercilious air, he was surveying her through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, and Noel Raynor took a step nearer to her.

"Miss Anstey is a relative of mine," he said, briefly; but those few words sufficed to make Mr. Lamont drop his glasses, bow with more courtesy to the young stranger, and assure her that he should feel obliged if she would occasionally enliven the dull hours of which his wife complained.

"My cousin cannot always walk home," observed Mr. Raynor; "the distance is too great, and the way too lonely. Unless you can arrange for one of your people to drive her there, I will send my own trap."

But Mr. Lamont would not hear of putting him to so much trouble. Kythe kept rising in his esteem as he found that he would be expected to treat her with an amount of consideration seldom bestowed on those he paid to serve him or amuse his wife, and he promised that a carriage should be sent for Miss Anstey on the days Mrs. Lamont required her, and convey her back to her own home as soon as she was set at liberty.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UNPLEASANT COMMENTS.

DETAINED by Mrs. Lamont, while that lady wrote a list of articles for her work-table she wished Kythe to procure for her at Bickley, it was impossible to avoid hearing the conversation Mr. Lamont resumed with the master of Hartswood Grange, and equally impossible to avoid drawing comparisons,

which were in favour of the latter. Excesses at the table had set their mark on the face of Mr. Lamont, and robbed it of the healthy hue of Noel Raynor's, and though both were tall and somewhat stout, the one was active as in his boyhood, the other soon fatigued, and troubled with occasional twinges of the gout.

She was amusing herself with watching the play of their features, the fidgety movements of Mr. Lamont's hands while he talked, and the repose of Noel Raynor's attitude, when she heard the former say—

"Well, well, I shall think over your terms, and let you know my decision in a day or two. They are high, very high!"

"I am not anxious to sell," was the calm reply.

"No, no, I see that, and I don't know that I'm acting wisely in proposing to take up more land here. It's only for sporting purposes, and I have trouble enough as it is to keep those wretched poachers at bay. I'm positive that half my birds are shot for me."

"And yet you tell me you have made a very good bag every time you have been out."

"That doesn't reconcile me to such trespasses. I am told that there's a ruffian and his confederates, or sons, I'm not sure which, camping out on the moor, and actually supporting themselves by their onslaughts on the game we landholders spend so much money to breed and preserve."

"I thought you had no keepers," Noel Raynor observed.

"Not while the Harwins were living here; in fact, I had let my shooting to Sir William, but his lease has expired, and I have it in my own hands again. These rascally poachers will not find me as lenient as he has been; it is a duty we owe to ourselves to punish such miscreants."

"No one likes to be robbed," said Mr. Raynor, smiling slightly at the exaggerated language of the angry gentleman.

"And I'll not be, my dear sir, I'll not be robbed. I intend to bestir myself, I can assure you. I shall engage a couple of keepers from a distance, unless you can recommend me any honest steady fellows."

"It's not in my line," was the reply; "Jock Beacham might know some one who would suit you."

"Beacham!" Mr. Lamont repeated; "why, that's the name of the young chap Sir William employs. I should be sorry to take any one on his recommendation; I don't think much of him; in fact, I've heard two or three whispers already that have determined me to keep my eye upon Master Jock Beacham. He's had it all his own way here, and made the most of it, no doubt; but I shall look after him a little more carefully than Sir William has done. Why, I am told that he——"

"Four yards of black corded ribbon, and—that's all," said Mrs. Lamont just then, and Kythe lost the remainder of what her spouse was saying. "I'm sorry to give you so much trouble, Miss Anstey, but I may like to work while you read to me, and my work-box is quite empty."

Kythe was quivering with wrath, but she was obliged to take the list Mrs. Lamont was offering, and accompany her to the hall, where, as she positively declined any refreshment, and the wind blew in keenly, her hostess bade her adieu, and retreated precipitately to the snug drawing-room.

But as she quitted the house, a hand was laid on her arm, and she found that Noel Raynor had followed her from the study.

"Stop a minute till Mr. Lamont's man brings my trap round. Yes, Kythe, you really must; I cannot let you walk while I drive, and our road is nearly the same."

So she was handed into the vehicle, and for the first half mile sat there so silent that at last Mr. Raynor pulled up to a walking pace, and turned to look at her more fully.

"If you do not like the idea of being at the beck and call of that silly woman, send her an excuse," he said, abruptly.

"Why did you hear an honest man slandered without saying a word in his defence?" she demanded, without deigning to notice his suggestion.

"I did not know I had been guilty of such cowardice," he retorted, lifting his eyebrows.

"But you heard what Mr. Lamont said about Jock Beacham?"

"I heard it? Yes. Well, Kythe?"

"It is not well if you encourage such injustice by your silence."

"Before I speak, I must be convinced that it is injustice. You need not cast such resentful looks at me. I have the greatest respect for old dame Beacham. If anything would make me a religious man it would be her example; but I do not like her husband, and of her grandson, whose cause you are espousing so hotly, I know so very little, that I cannot answer for his honesty."

"But you do not know anything to his discredit," she asserted, defiantly.

Mr. Raynor was silent for a few seconds, then replied, "No, I cannot say that I do. Shall I go back to Mr. Lamont and tell him so? though if the young man's character is good, will it not stand him in better stead than anything I could assert?"

Kythe did not reply, but her bosom continued to heave, and angry tears to well into her eyes. Everyone was against Jock! First her mother, then Mr. Lamont, and Noel Raynor's pause implied a doubt, although he had not actually expressed it.

When she spoke again, however, it was of the poacher and his sons. "Mr. Lamont is as cruel as the rest. He adopts the prejudice against this unfortunate man, and is eager to drive him from his miserable refuge; but he will not help him to live a better life."

"A man who has fallen into such habits, is not easily reclaimed."

"Who has tried to reclaim him? Have you?" asked Kythe, impetuously.

"Is it my business to do so? I had no quarrel

with the fellow, till he meddled with you; but if I had preserved my game, and caught him snaring it, I should have done as others have done—punished him."

"Yes, and brutalised him, and left his children to grow up in sin and misery, as those wretched boys are now doing. I thought it was the duty of all of us to make the world better if we can, and you, with your wealth and influence, might do so much; instead of which, you shift the responsibility off your shoulders, and say it is not your business."

There was another pause that lasted till they were yourself if you did what was right for no better motive than to win the approval of a woman."

He lifted her out of the chaise, raised his hat, and drove away without replying, leaving her to interpret his silence if she could.

Her sister seized upon her as soon as she ran indoors. The blind girl had been so anxious to visit Anne Beacham again that she had persuaded Martin to walk there with her, and the two had but just returned, bringing with them a kitten, which was to be the especial pet of Alessie.

"He lifted her out of the chaise."

in sight of Mrs. Anstey's cottage. Then Mr. Raynor spoke, suddenly and hoarsely—

"You are very hard upon me, Kythe, always hard; but supposing I admit that you are right, that I have lived too much for myself, and thought less of my duty to my neighbour than I ought to have done, will you on your part be generous, and help me to lead a different life? No, you will not. I know what it means when you shrink from me. Then why not let me go on in my old course? Call me selfish and miserly if you will, but remember that you could have made me otherwise, and would not."

"It is you who are ungenerous," faltered Kythe, "and what you say is not true," she added, her voice gaining strength as she went on. "It will *not* be my fault if you do wrong. You would despise

"She is such a dear old woman!" murmured the latter. "I think I should learn to be good-tempered and patient if I lived with her always. But she is in trouble, Kythe, I could hear it in her voice; and it's about Jock. I 'm afraid he 's doing something that vexes her."

Again! Why was she tormented on all sides with the same story? Alessie detected the impatient movement, and asked if she was tired, but being reassured on that point, went on talking.

"Mrs. Beacham asked me if it was with us Jock spent his evenings. I was so sorry that I couldn't say yes, but he hasn't been here since—since—when was it he came last, mother, can you remember?"

Alessie prattled on, and no one interrupted her, for Mrs. Anstey did not choose to reply, and Kythe was

meditating over Jock's absence. She had looked for him nightly, and when he did not appear, had concluded that his exacting grandsire had found something for him to do that kept him away. But a week had elapsed since he gave her the shell necklet, and though he had then seemed eager to have some books she was to look out for him to study at home, she had not seen him.

Surely he would come this evening! But he did not, and when it was too late to expect him, Kythe pushed her hair off her forehead with a gesture of annoyance. His name had been spoken in her hearing more than once this day, and always in a strain of disparagement. She should begin to distrust him herself if he stayed away much longer.

"It is time for bed, child," cried her mother, at last. "Why do you sit dreaming there? Come."

"I will follow you directly," she replied. But nearly an hour passed away, and still she sat brooding over the fire, troubled about Noel Raynor, about Jock, and herself.

Presently Mrs. Anstey's impatient tap on the floor above aroused her, and she began to fold up the work that had been lying idly in her lap.

While thus employed a sound outside the window made her pause and listen. Was it Alessie's kitten that made it? Had the little creature escaped from the house before the outer door was closed for the night, and now, frightened at the darkness, was striving to gain admittance?

Use had so accustomed Kythe to the lonely position of the cottage and the almost solemn stillness that fell upon the spot as soon as it was night, that she had no hesitation in pulling back the curtains, unlatching the casement of the cottage kitchen, and looking out into the garden.

But she recoiled directly in speechless terror, for outside the window, leaning on a gun, she could discern the figure of a man, and now knew that it was his carefully-subdued footsteps that she must have heard.

(To be continued.)

EMINENT MEN OF GOD AMONGST MUSICIANS.

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

MONUMENT TO BACH.

MUSIC has always held a deservedly high place among human attainments. If poetry was designed to be "a handmaid to religion," music is her twin sister. It is, therefore, almost impossible to write about music and musicians without referring to the makers of verse.

The first concert of sacred music of which we read was when the creation of the universe awoke the harmony of the heavenly choirs; when the "morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." In like manner, when the advent of the world's Redeemer had been announced by "the angel of the Lord" to the shepherds of Bethlehem, the vaulted heavens were filled with the harmonious voices of "a multitude of the heavenly host," praising God in strains which have never ceased, and which shall be prolonged down the eternal ages.

Dr. Stainer, the accomplished author of a series of articles on "The Music of the Bible,"* classes the music of the Bible under three heads—worship, war, and social intercourse.

The musicians with whom we have to do in this article will be chiefly those whose compositions have been prepared for the service of song in the house of the Lord, and whose productions have become an inheritance of joy in Christian families and schools; indeed, wherever piety and taste and any degree of musical talent have been blended.

The congregational singing which characterised the worship of the early Christian Church, and which was continued for several generations, was prohibited in the fourth century. It had become deteriorated by contact with secular and heathen productions, as in the case of the Jewish psalmody in Old Testament times; and what little life remained was stifled when the Council of Laodicea ordained that the singing in churches should be done by the canons and the choir. The exclusion of singing in the vernacular, and the restriction in all the services of the Church to the Latin tongue, removed the people to a still greater distance from their fitting place in sanctuary worship, and served to quench almost entirely the flame of piety.

But the denseness of the darkness of these ages gave place to the dawn of the Reformation. Martin Luther appeared, a master of song as well as a doctor

* In "The Bible Educator."

of theology. He had written his Theses, he had begun to proclaim the great doctrine of justification by faith, he had sounded the trumpet of war with the Roman corruptions. But his hymns and his tunes had not been written. One day, as he sat in his study at Wittenberg, much depressed in mind, he heard a street-singer singing a hymn. The notes and the words deeply affected him—even to tears. Following the tears came the thought that the new doctrines might be spread by means of popular hymnology. He set to work; he selected hymns and adapted music, and composed some of both himself, and the Reformation was sung into the hearts of the people.

The tune and hymn which had such an effect on the mind of the great reformer were composed by Paul Speratus, a Suabian noble, one of Luther's early coadjutors. He had been converted while attending Luther's lectures at Wittenberg, and he became an earnest preacher of the Gospel, for which he was apprehended and imprisoned in a dungeon in Moravia, and narrowly escaped martyrdom.

Of the tunes and hymns of Luther many anecdotes are told. Some of them had been introduced into the service of the papal chapel of Duke Henry of Wolfenbüttel. A priest complained of the innovation.

"What hymns are they?" asked the Duke.

"May it please your highness," answered the priest, "they are such as '*Es woll uns Gott genädig seyn*' (O that the Lord would gracious be)."

"Hold!" said the Duke; "must the Devil then gracious be? Whose grace are we to seek if not that of God only?"

The singing of the hymns continued.

In the year 1529 a Romish priest was preaching at Lubeck. As he was concluding, two boys commenced Luther's hymn, "O God, from heaven now behold." The whole assembly took up the strain, and the priest was silenced; and in future if any of the priests ventured to inveigh against the doctrines of Luther, the congregations would sing one of Luther's tunes and drown his voice.

At Heidelberg, the Elector, who was favourable to the Reformation, did not suppress the saying of mass so soon as the people wished, as he feared the power of the Emperor. One day, just as the priest was about to begin the service at the high altar, a solitary voice led off the melody of Paul Speratus—the one that so affected Luther, as mentioned above. The large congregation joined; the Elector yielded to the popular demand, and mass was said no more.

A beggar lad was once singing the same tune and hymn before Luther's door. He was deeply moved, and, taking out of his pouch his last crown-piece—a crown of St. George—he said, "Come here, my St. George—the Lord Christ is here;" and he gave the piece to the boy, asking him to sing it again. When he had ended, he asked where he had learned it. "In Prussia," said the boy, "where they sing it in Church." "It is a voice from Germany," said he, and thanked God and took courage.

Luther had a great love for children, and, in connection with George Rhau, he prepared and published a book of spiritual songs for children—the first child's hymn-book the world had seen. Many of the hymns and tunes were composed by himself. "We must of necessity," said he, "maintain music in schools. A schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, otherwise I would not regard him. Neither should we ordain young fellows to the office of preaching except they have been well exercised and practised in the school of music."

Carlstadt raised objections to Luther's book for the children, on the score of harmony. He urged the strange argument that as there are but "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism," so there ought to be but one part in singing. Luther's reply was characteristic. "By parity of reasoning," he said, "Carlstadt ought then to have but one eye, one ear, one hand, one foot, one knife, one coat, and one penny." Luther's tunes were very popular in all the German States; Miles Coverdale and other English reformers brought them into England, and Franc and Goudimel introduced them into France. They wrought wonders wherever they went, especially in Germany, where, more than in any country in any age, musical talent has been developed. In about a century and a half from the Reformation two thousand chorales had been composed; and up to the present time more than eighty thousand German hymns have been printed, the larger book of the Moravian Brethren containing three thousand six hundred and sixteen hymns. The priests hated the popular movement in the direction of congregational psalmody, and said that Luther's hymns and tunes had made more heretics than his sermons.

The German people not only sang his melodies, but there rose up around him men of like spirit and devotion, who, having received the doctrines of the Reformation, caught the enthusiasm of their leader, and rolled out hymns and tunes which still live, and some of them are not unfamiliar here in England.

One of the first of these was Hans Sachs, the shoemaker of Nuremberg, born in 1494. His father was an earnest Christian man, and used to set his boy on his knee and teach him lessons of filial obedience and the fear of God. The child gave evidence of talent and of good dispositions, and his father sent him to the Latin school, hoping to make him a scholar. The boy studied hard, and was making rapid progress when he was attacked with fever. When at length he recovered, his father's poverty compelled his being bound to a trade. The father was a tailor, and Hans became a shoemaker.

The high school of the Meister Singers had been founded at Mayence, next to which came Nuremberg, and then Strasburg; and in connection with them similar societies were formed in all the cities and towns of Germany.

Thus the people were prepared to take up the music of Luther and his coadjutors, and waft the strains on every breeze. On Sundays and holidays the societies

met, and the art was cultivated, and the style of both composition and singing improved.

At the age of twenty-two Hans Sachs declared himself a Protestant, and he consistently maintained the cause of evangelical religion the whole of his long life. He has been compared to Bunyan, and also to Burns, but while his name is as popular in Germany to-day as that of the one in England and the other in Scotland, the comparison is hardly fit, for Bunyan was neither poet nor musician, and no one claims Burns as a saint. Of all the musical coadjutors of Luther, Sachs must be reckoned the greatest. He was a truly great man, self-denying, and humble, and full of holy fervour and faith, and the blessing that attended his productions was only less than that which rests on the great Reformer's sermons.

The Book which had been the guide of his youth, the strength of his life, the fount of inspirations for his songs and his tunes, was the comfort of his old age. With his snow-white hair and flowing beard, and the well-bound Bible open before him, he sat all day at the table on which he had written his never-dying pieces, calmly waiting, like another Simeon, till his eyes should see God's salvation in that nearness and fulness of vision vouchsafed within the vail. When in his eighty-second year, the message came, and he passed away to sing before the throne of God. While a great flood of water was spreading devastation all around, he entered into the joy of his Lord.

No country has given birth to so many distinguished musicians as Germany, and nowhere do we find so many in whom eminent gifts were associated with exalted piety. We can do little more than mention the names of some of the most noted.

One of the deputies sent to Luther by the Moravians, in 1522, to congratulate him on his conversion, was Michael Weiss, joint editor with Johann Horn of the first Moravian hymn-book, and a poet, but he excelled as a musician.

Other memorable names of sacred musicians in Germany are Hans Kugelmann, Capell-meister to the Prince of Prussia, about 1540; Melchior Teschner, Cantor of the Church of the "Manger of Christ," at Fraustadt, in Silesia, in 1613, the author of the expressive melody to Herberger's beautiful hymn, "Farewell, henceforth for ever, all empty worldly joys," which is still popular in German churches. It may be mentioned that its original heading commemorates a great deliverance from a visitation, in which 2,000 people died at Fraustadt, in harvest-time, 1613.

Johann Schop, organist at Hamburg, about 1640, had a fine musical genius, and was full of religious sentiment. He produced some of the finest chorales of his time. Johann Crüger, music director in Berlin about the same time, was, however, a still greater master of the art. He was the author of the melody set to Rinkart's hymn, which is sung in thousands of German households as the clock strikes twelve, announcing the death of the old year and the birth of the new—"Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness." He re-arranged the chorale composed by the Electress Louisa Henrietta for her fine hymn, "Jesus, my Redeemer, lives."*

One of the grand chorales in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" is by George Christian Neumark, librarian at Weimar, born in 1621. Other names are—Johann Rudolphe Ahle, a senator in his native town, Mulhausen; Johann Rosenmüller, music director at Leipsic; Johann Pachelbel, organist at Vienna; and Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen, son-in-law of Francke, the founder of the Orphan Institution at Halle.

A story is told of Severus Gastorius, cantor at Jena, in 1675, that he was sick, and his friend Samuel Rodigast, a neighbouring pastor, went to visit him. He found him much depressed, and wrote a hymn to comfort him, to which Gastorius composed a beautiful and expressive chorale, not unknown in this country. The hymn begins—

> The will of God alone is good,
> Most just His will abideth;
> To Him I will my all submit,
> And follow where He guideth.

John Sebastian Bach was one of the finest musical composers and performers which the last century produced, and the greatest of all the more than fifty musicians bearing his family name. He held many high appointments, and in 1723 was director of St. Thomas's School, Leipsic, in the open space in front of which stands his monument.

It had been well for France and England, and for the work of the Reformation in both countries, if they had possessed some great hymn writers like Speratus and Gerhardt, and musicians like Luther, Sachs, and Crüger; but Calvin had no musical genius, and Bishop Coverdale's "Goostly Psalms and Spiritual Songs," were set chiefly to Genevan music. The earnest preaching of the English Reformers had no fitting accompaniment in song. Sacred themes, however, swelled in the breast of the people, and sing they did; for Bishop Jewell says it was a common thing for six thousand people to be singing at Paul's Cross; but no great master of the art arose to furnish suitable psalmody.

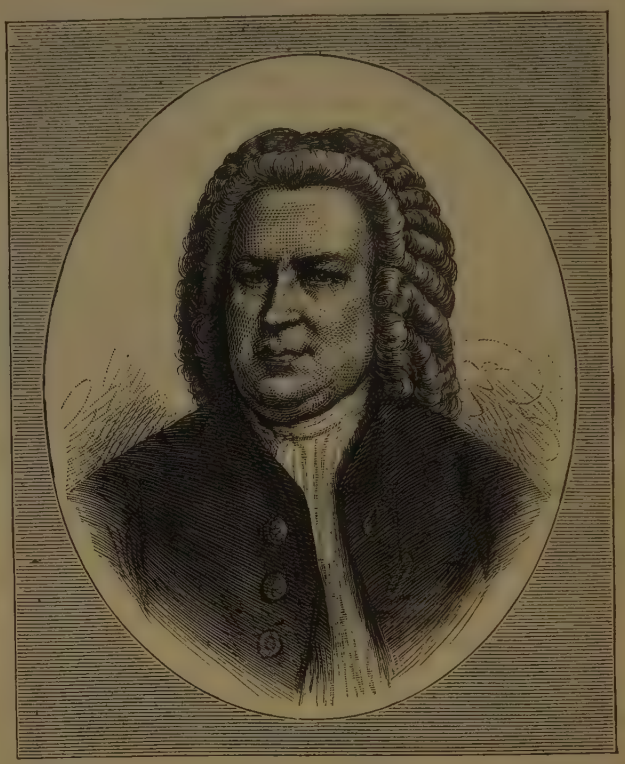
Calvin saw the need of introducing metrical psalmody into the Reformed Churches of France, and to his influence with the courtly Clement Marot we owe the first metrical version of the Psalms, which was completed by Calvin's friend, Theodore Beza, the Commentator, and set to the best music they could find. The best of these musicians was Guillaume Franc. Besides adapting some of the melodies of the Latin Church, he composed some of his own. One of these, composed to the one hundred and thirty-fourth Psalm, is the tune so well known—better in England and America than on the Continent—as the "Old Hundredth."

Claude Goudimel was said to have been the best musician of his day. His engagement—as a partner

* See THE QUIVER, 1879, p. 461.

in a music-printing establishment in Paris—to harmonise the Psalter music, led to his conversion to Protestantism. He perished in the massacre of "Black Bartholomew." He was at that time music director at Lyons, and was an object of hatred on account of his Huguenot tunes. He was dragged from his house, shamefully abused in the streets, then beheaded, and his body cast into the Rhine—"The Martyr of Protestant Song," as Dr. Allon observes.

The movement which produced the Reformation in England was less from the people and more from the prince than in either Germany or France; it was rather ecclesiastical than popular, and its songs and music partook of the same characteristics. There were several composers who distinguished themselves in their day, as John Marbecke, Thomas Ravenscroft, and others; but the palm must be given to Thomas Tallis, a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, and organist under four sovereigns, from Henry VIII. to Elizabeth. He is rightly called "The father of English sacred music." He is described as a pious man, and the testimony of Sir John Hawkins that his name is not found in connection with any of the lighter kinds of music supports this claim.



JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

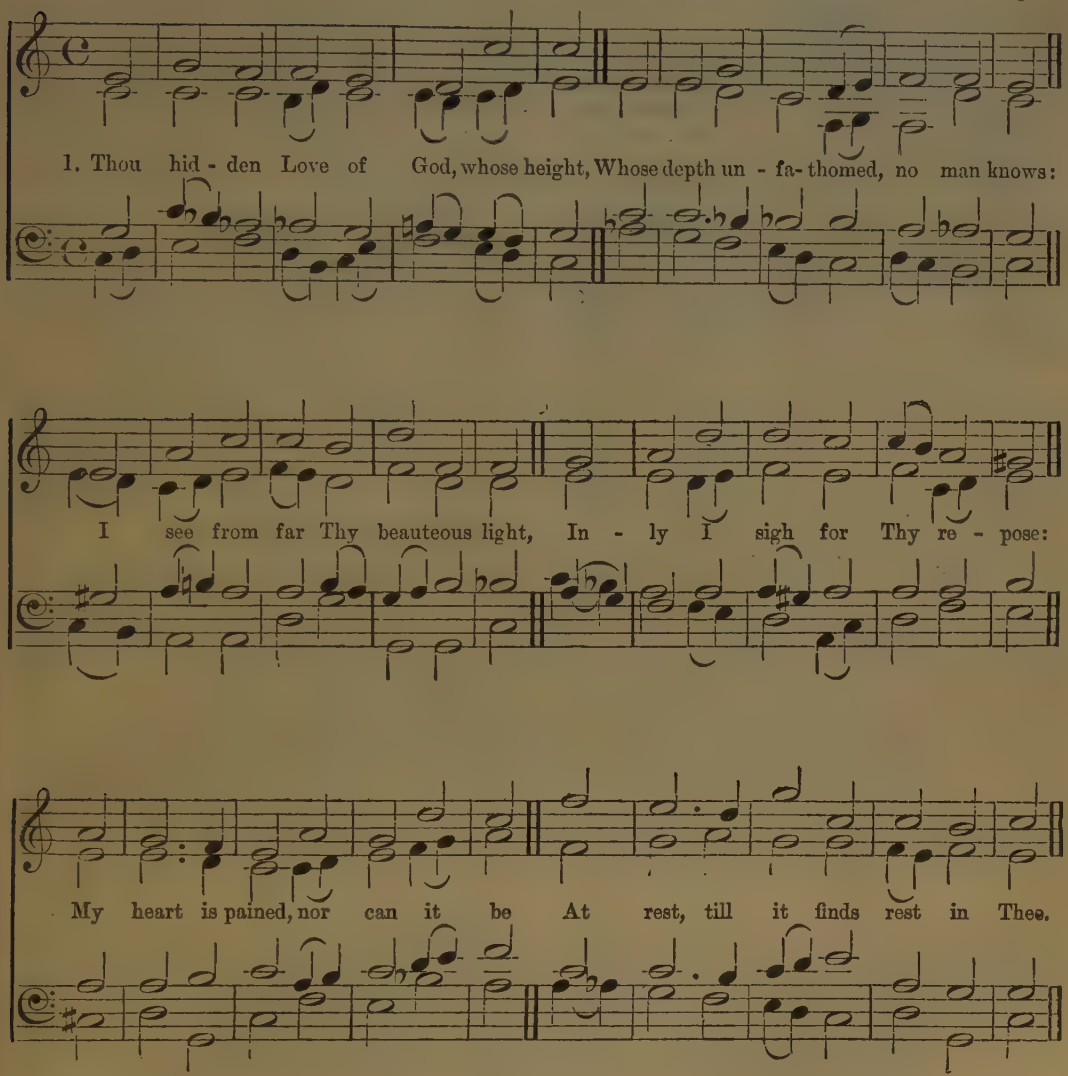
English musical composers, if they have not always been of the highest order, have been very numerous. Men pretending to no great gifts have sometimes produced tunes which have become very popular. Such was "Coronation," written in 1794 by Isaac Holden to Edmund Perronett's hymn, "All hail! the power of Jesus' name." It is very popular in America, and, as the writer has been informed recently by a grand-daughter of Mr. Holden, residing in Boston, Massachusetts, was a great favourite with the "praying regiment" of Massachusetts in the war of the rebellion, being sung by the men around their camp fires, in their marches, and when hasting to the deadly combat.

There are two names that must not be omitted from this paper. The former is that of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A. His "Psalmody," edited since his death by his late excellent daughter, Frances Ridley Havergal, is a work full of interest. His first published musical composition was a setting of Heber's hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The proceeds amounted to £180, which he devoted to the Church Missionary Society. He gained high honours, but he loved his work of proclaiming the Gospel of Jesus Christ too well to accept of a Professorship of Music in Oxford University.

The last name to be mentioned among recent musicians, and of whose compositions the world has pronounced a highly favourable verdict, is that of the late Prince Consort. We cannot conclude better than in words which Dr. Allon, to whom we confess our obligations, pronounced at the time of the Prince's lamented death:—"No man ever lived amongst us in more exalted respect, in more spotless reputation, in more exemplary goodness. Of noble and modest worth, of intellectual breadth and culture, he was a wise and patriotic counsellor of the Queen, in whom all men had perfect confidence; he was a virtuous and exemplary husband and father, making the highest house in the land its brightest example of conjugal happiness and domestic virtue, and constituting it a home of most precious teachings and influences for those who are now our princes, and may be our rulers. In accomplishments, wisdom, and patriotism; in all that was virtuous, religious, and affectionate, the Prince was everything the people of England could wish in the husband of their Queen and the father of their princes."

Thou Hidden Love of God.

Music by JAMES TAYLOR, B. Mus.
Organist to the University of Oxford and of New College.


1. Thou hid - den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fa-thomed, no man knows:
I see from far Thy beauteous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

THE "BEGINNINGS" OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL (MARK i. 1).

THROUGHOUT the civilised world, "The Gospel of Jesus Christ" is recognised as a supreme and well-established power—the strongest and most beneficent of the forces which control our intellectual and spiritual life. It has everywhere won for itself a welcome as the good news of God—a message of peace and gladness—a source of light, holiness, and strength, capable of rectifying the disorders, and subjugating the evils of the world. Even where its supernatural authority is disputed, and its narratives of miracle declared incredible, its ethical ideals are accepted, its principles silently approved, and its methods often unconsciously employed. It is not more certain that the Gospel professedly aims at the well-being and happiness of the race, than that it is actually promoting them. Notwithstanding the opposition of science "falsely so called," and the clamours of a perverted rationalism, its design is being steadily accomplished, and it exists among us not as a speculative idea, or a mere theory of religion, but as a power whose vitality has, during the course of eighteen centuries, and under every variety of condition, been abundantly tested; and which, amid the boasted progress of the world in literature and art, in physical and social science, retains, as it ever will retain, "the dew of its youth."

Adequately to estimate our obligations to the Gospel is impossible. It moves among men as a visitant from another and higher world, with a star-lit crown upon its brow, a sceptre of righteousness in its hand, and words of benediction on its lips. It brings with it the choicest gifts of God, and offers them freely to all. As a revelation of truth, it brings within the sphere of our knowledge what would otherwise have transcended it. It quickens the dormant conscience, and restores it to its proper supremacy, healing the wounds which sin had inflicted, and by the gift of divine pardon insuring its peace. It purifies the heart, calming the turmoil of its passions, restraining its evil bias, and developing every high and holy impulse. In its ministry of consolation it soothes the sorrows of the afflicted, and relieves the care of the distressed. Amid misfortune, penury, and gloom it has made men partakers of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and enabled them to rejoice as in treasures of boundless wealth. Weary and exhausted sufferers have had their murmurs silenced, their pains eased, and their fears charmed to rest by that strange power which has created in their hearts a secret spring of joy, and taught them to glory in tribulation. Worn out and languid devotees of pleasure, disgusted with *ennui*, and bitterly lamenting that life was not worth living, have found in Christ an object of commanding interest, so that there has been opened to their view a new world, and they have risen to the blessedness of a new life. In the hour of bereavement, when the heart bleeds as from the wounds of a cruel wrench, how often does there stand at our side "One like unto the Son of man" who gently heals our wounds, breathes into us a spirit of chastened resignation, and makes our very tears glitter in the brightness of His love. Death itself is stripped of its terrors, the darkness of the grave is dispelled by the sympathy of Him who is the resurrection and the life; and the farewell we bid to all around us here is but the prelude to a greeting which awaits us on the other side. All who die in Christ shall be welcomed to the shores of the eternal world by that Saviour and Lord to whom they have committed the keeping of their souls. The mystery of death will be solved, and its loneliness relieved by His presence. And then, too, will there be restored to us the loved ones who are gone before, and our life shall be completed in the hallowed fellowships and disinterested service of Heaven. There is among men no power so strong, so unconquerable, so blessed as the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We have become so thoroughly familiarised with its presence; its principles have been so closely intertwined with the texture of life; its spirit has so subtly leavened our institutions, that we can scarcely conceive a world without the Gospel. To be plunged from the glory of noontide into the grim darkness of midnight, or from the magnificent beauty of summer into the barrenness and dearth of winter; to relapse from the refinements and comforts of civilisation into the coarseness and strifes of barbarism—startling as such changes would be—would give us but little idea of the loss inflicted on the world by the extinction or removal of the Gospel of Christ. And yet there was a time when the Gospel, as we now have it, was not. St. Mark speaks of "the beginning of the Gospel," and the phrase implies that, however sorely men needed it, and however

manifestly the world was being prepared for it, previously to this time it was not. The men who lived in the ages preceding, died either in ignorance or in faith, not having received the promises, but at the most, "having seen them afar off."

The beginning to which the evangelist alludes was the annunciation of John the Baptist that the Messiah was at hand. The messenger was sent to prepare the way of the Lord, whose advent is in the strictest sense the Gospel. Christ Himself is Christianity—Christ as presented in these narratives. The means of our deliverance from the power and penalties of sin, is in its outward and objective aspect a series of facts, and not a mere system of truth, or an enumeration of spiritual principles. The Incarnation, the life, the death, the resurrection, and the ascension of the Son of God, form not only the strong foundations of our religion, but its superstructure as well. Christ came into the world not merely to announce the existence in God of kind and compassionate feelings, and His willingness on certain conditions to save men, but He came to be and to do that which alone could give effect to God's purpose, and secure the end He had in view. Christ became a partaker of our nature. In Himself, holy, harmless, and undefiled, He yet bore our sins, and carried our sorrows. He combated and overthrew the great adversary of our souls, that we also, freed from the burden of guilt, might share His victory, and be established in everlasting righteousness. He proclaimed the completion of the times, the carrying out in Himself of God's eternal purpose, the setting-up of a spiritual kingdom, which men are to enter by repentance and faith; and this is, in brief, our Gospel. Christ as thus set forth, and thus received into our hearts, becomes the power of God unto our salvation.

Sceptics have frequently asserted that Christianity is but the republication, under other forms, of previous systems of religion—that there is in its precepts nothing original and distinctive, and that we may find parallels to the noblest of them in the writings both of Hebrew rabbis and heathen philosophers.

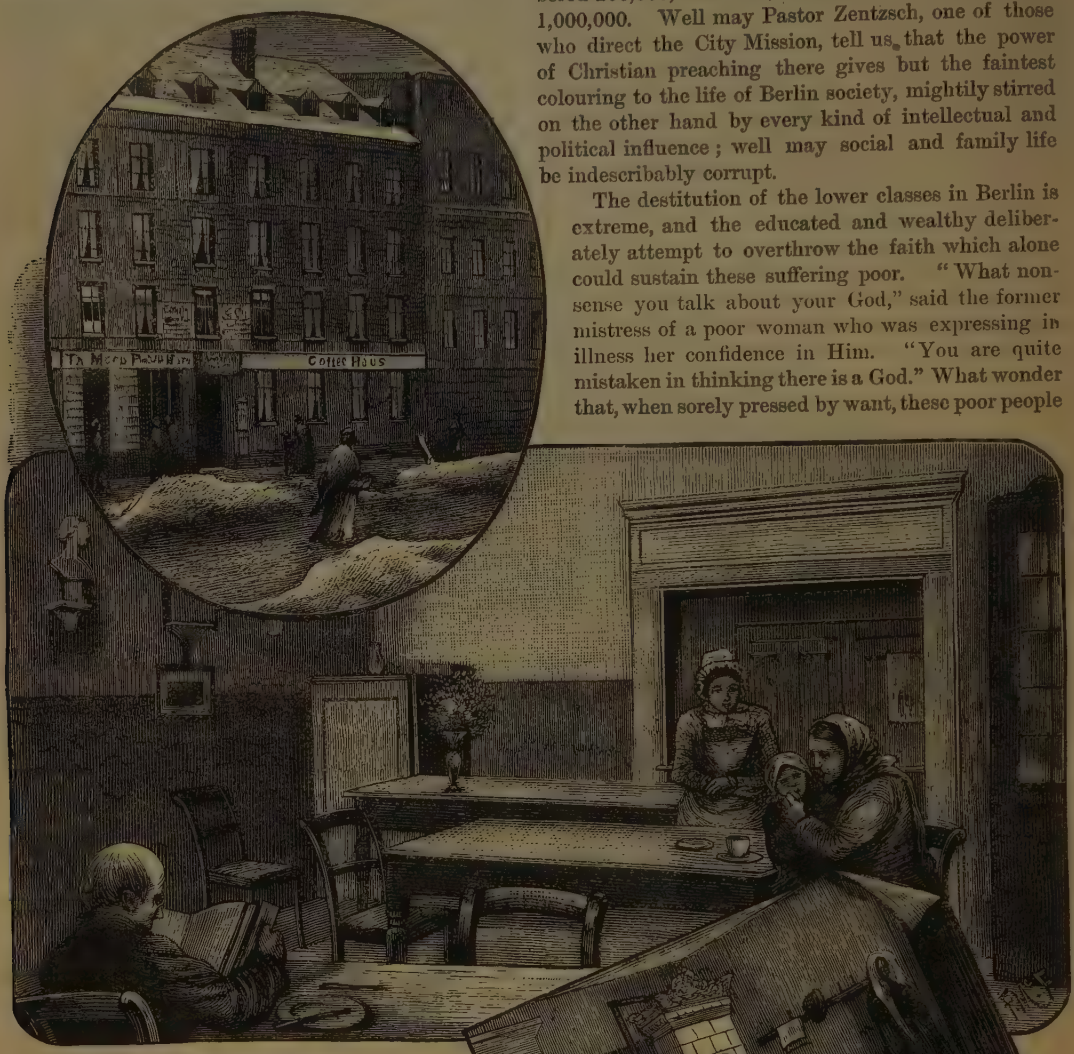
There were, doubtless, prior to Christ's advent, approximations to His teaching—foregleams of the perfect light—yearnings and hopes in men which plainly fore-shadowed what a world-wide and effectual Gospel must be. The resemblances said to exist between certain sayings in the Sermon on the Mount and certain other sayings in the Vedic hymns, in the pages of Confucius, in Plato, Isocrates, and the Talmudists are not so absolute and striking as is sometimes supposed. The theory of their identity is absurd, and will scarcely be maintained by any serious and competent critic; and at the utmost, such resemblances could only prove that for the advent of Christ there had been going on in the minds of thoughtful men, both in the Jewish Church and out of it, a direct and necessary preparation. Christianity was not an afterthought on the part of God, but the outgrowth of an eternal purpose. It is a mystery which was hid from ages and generations. Christ, as the Lamb of God, was foreordained from the foundation of the world—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." He is the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and whatsoever treasures men may lay at His feet, they can but yield Him of that which is already His own.

The utterances which are said to disprove Christ's originality as a teacher were but scattered fragments of truth, and not coherent parts of a perfect system. Nor, if they had found place in such a system, could they—apart from Him, have become sources of moral and spiritual inspiration. Whatever light they conveyed to the mind, they could not kindle a fire in the heart. They were powerless to expel the principles of selfishness and sin, and to harmonise the discords of our nature. They failed egregiously to arouse the conscience, and to win the affections of men. They had no regenerating and saving might. The world needed more than a teacher—One who, while speaking with authority, could live what others only taught, and by His life quicken those who were dead. Men craved for principles, not rules; for moral healing, not merely intellectual conviction; for renewal, not development or progress; for inward spiritual inspiration, not direction and discipline. They were baffled and tormented by the contrast between knowledge and action, between their ideal and its realisation, between the misery which oppressed them and the happiness of which they dreamed. If their philosophy in any measure anticipated the words of our Lord, it was mainly in the sense that it was "a sigh for Him." And the distinctive feature of His Gospel is this, that it removes these appalling contrasts, harmonises elements which but for Him and His work would have been for ever irreconcilable, and that in His relations with us He becomes our life not less than our light. And thus the true beginning of the Gospel was Christ coming into the world, as *for us* its beginning is His entrance into, and His dwelling in our hearts by faith.

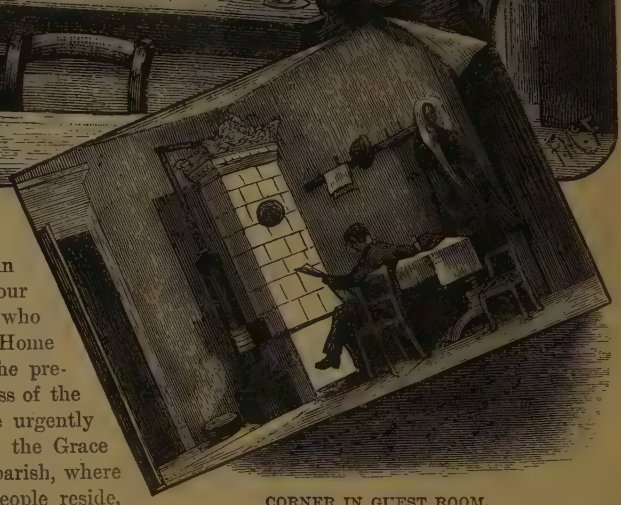
"HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT;" OR, GOOD WORK IN BERLIN.

IT is a very humble work, the Berlin City Mission; but since its beginning, six years ago, it has steadily gained ground, and now numbers twenty-five missionaries, men of earnest piety, carefully trained for their ministry, which is precisely the same in character as that exercised by the agents of our own invaluable London City Mission. Any who have read in such works as "German Home Life," "Germany, Past and Present," of the prevailing ungodliness of that land, once a fortress of the Christian faith, will feel that no city more urgently needs such a ministry of the pure Gospel of the Grace of God than the German capital. In one parish, where two city missionaries are labouring, 40,000 people reside, with one ordained minister among them; in another are 80,000 souls, also with one minister alone. The number of church-goers in the city has not increased between 1820, when the population of Berlin numbered 200,000, and 1880, when it has reached beyond 1,000,000. Well may Pastor Zentzsch, one of those who direct the City Mission, tell us that the power of Christian preaching there gives but the faintest colouring to the life of Berlin society, mightily stirred on the other hand by every kind of intellectual and political influence; well may social and family life be indescribably corrupt.

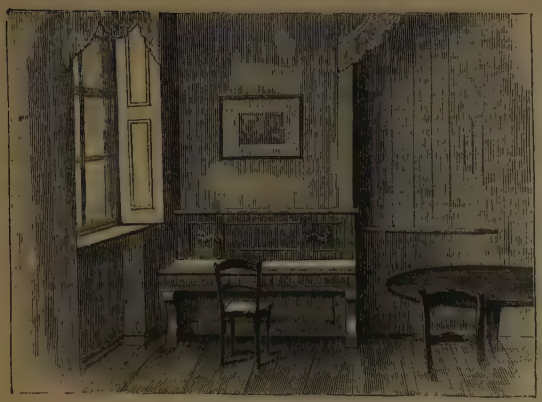
The destitution of the lower classes in Berlin is extreme, and the educated and wealthy deliberately attempt to overthrow the faith which alone could sustain these suffering poor. "What nonsense you talk about your God," said the former mistress of a poor woman who was expressing in illness her confidence in Him. "You are quite mistaken in thinking there is a God." What wonder that, when sorely pressed by want, these poor people



GUEST ROOM.



CORNER IN GUEST ROOM.



THE MERCY ROOM.

resort to suicide! "This was what we wanted," said a woman to her husband in the presence of the missionary who had brought to their destitute home the consolation of the Gospel. "Those few words have revived my faith. This is better than your plan to end our sorrows by taking poison." A touching story is told by Pastor Zentzsch of an infidel cobbler, who, after repulsing the missionary with rage and scorn, was so much affected by the interest of the latter in the infidel's sick children, that, for the first time in his life, he too folded his hands in prayer—and when his little ones were spared to him, began to attend the missionary's Bible-class with his wife, who had already secretly joined the class, and the man became an earnest Christian.

Besides such Bible-classes, highly prized by many who shrink, on account of their shabby clothing, from entering a church, there is wide distribution of the written Word of God and of Scriptural tracts, and there are eleven Sunday Schools, containing 2,000 children, held in connection with the City Mission.

Lately there came across these Christian workers in Berlin Lady Hope's well-known book "Our Coffee-room," and they were moved to emulate the blessed effort therein described. A very interesting account of the homely building opened for this purpose, and of its first year's usefulness, has lately been published. The Berlin Coffee House consists of three rooms besides the kitchen. There is one large guest-chamber, whose walls are adorned with brightly-coloured texts, and the well-known German inscription :—

Where faith, there love;
Where love, there peace;
Where peace, there blessing;
Where blessing, there God;
Where God, no want.

In this room are busts of the Emperor and Empress. The sympathy of their Majesties in this humble work is warm and practical. There is a good collection of books, newspapers, and Christian magazines in the guest chamber, which are eagerly used. Fresh flowers frequently stand on the great centre table.

Passing through two smaller apartments, one a retiring room for any visitor wishing to write a letter, or take a rest on the sofa, or play on the harmonium; the other set apart for lonely young girls whose daily work may lie in the neighbourhood—we reach the "Room of Mercy," where nourishment is freely given to any deserving poor known by the missionaries to be in urgent want. And often in winter a meal is here spread of which eighty or ninety needy ones partake, the company being chiefly composed of entire families. During the meal, now simple religious addresses are given, now the harmonium is played; at the close books are distributed to the children. The following letter, received at the coffee-house some months ago, was the starting-point of this custom :—"It will be sixty-one years to-morrow since God gave me my life, as the earnest of eternal life already won for me; and it will be forty-five years to-morrow since I chose my God as my Prince of life and peace. I ask leave to make a small thank-offering of the sum enclosed, to be spent on a free meal for your poor, during which I request that a few words may be spoken concerning the salvation of God."

On that occasion some places at the great table were left over and above, for any strangers "whom God might invite;" and, in fact, just as the feast began there entered a poor family who had come on foot from afar to see a child in the Berlin Hospital, and after wandering the streets for hours in cold and hunger, had read over the coffee-house door that strangers might take shelter there, without ordering

THE COMMITTEE ROOM.

food. The warm welcome, the abundant meal, the words of heavenly comfort, the good books received, caused tears of gratitude to flow down their wan faces, and they turned away with renewed trust in their God.

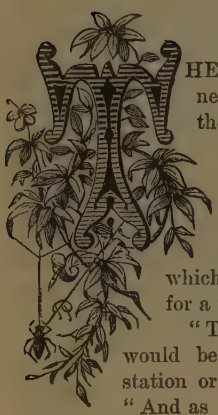
It is for no striking novelty in this work of faith and labour of love, that we thus place it on record, but because, offspring as it is, humanly speaking, of our own City Mission, it calls for our thankfulness and our prayerful sympathy; while any reader of the reports, from which (as well as from conversation with Pastor Zentzsch) we have drawn this brief notice, will feel that they contain much which we, in our turn, as workers for God, well may imitate.

A. J. T.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL:

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

GILBERT COMES TO A CRISIS.



THE Bristo family settled into their new home. Aunt Mary went with them, and stayed awhile, and found out all its advantages. It was near the boys' school—it was on the sunny side of the street—there was a church to be seen from its back windows, which was quite a pleasant prospect for a town house.

"Think what a different house it would be if it was close to a railway-station or a cab-stand," said Aunt Mary. "And as for there being only one sitting-room, what of that? The kitchen may be the pleasantest room in any house, if only rightly kept. There need be nothing in this house not exactly as you wish, and Lizzie will learn two important lessons—first, how domestic work ought to be done; and, second, the real value of any woman who does it well, and the due respect and reward which she should receive."

"Yes," said Lizzie, who heard this speech. "I am beginning to think I may be doing as good work in the world, planning my plain sewing, and the dinner, and brightening up the rooms, as painting my pictures. I mean to go on doing them, because I love them so much; and if I succeed, then I can pay somebody else to do my housework, who might not succeed at pictures. But if I didn't love art, I wouldn't turn to it simply because it is thought 'genteel.' I'm sure a nicely-kept room is more artistic than a feeble 'interior;' and a savoury meal is the best bit of 'still life.' The original is always superior to the copy."

But Mrs. Bristo noticed that while Gilbert never repined over their changed surroundings, yet he was inclined to accept them in a spirit against which she herself rebelled. He did not seem to think that a meal in the kitchen demanded the same care for one's appearance and manner that had been maintained in a dining-room. He was a little bitter sometimes, not as she had expected him to be, at the coldness and neglect of old acquaintances, but rather at the family's brave endeavours to maintain its accustomed standard of behaviour and style of conversation and study. Sometimes she wondered whether this was a morbid manifestation of that courageous acceptance of the worst of a situation, whose very blunders Aunt Mary had praised in the earl's daughter. She would have liked to think so. Only it was hard to do it while Gilbert still stuck to his kid gloves and silk umbrella, and did not ever grudge himself an occasional dainty perfume. Mrs. Bristo was thankful that the family had required to make no claim on Gilbert's private earnings; so that she trusted he indulged in these little luxuries thoughtlessly, rather than wilfully, in deliberate selfishness.

Suddenly there came another change on Gilbert. His peevish restlessness passed into gloom, broken now and then by bursts of cynicism. The little personal indulgences were neglected and discontinued. The younger boys drew entirely apart from him, feeling there was nothing in common between them. Lizzie had once tried chiding and banter, now she timidly attempted to coax. The mother felt that she could almost have rejoiced to see some of the little foibles and vanities which had so often fretted her.

There are few blows which fall on us so suddenly as they seem to. But the prophet in our own hearts, like most prophets everywhere, is seldom believed till his prophecies are in the past.

When the explanation was whispered from the outside, Mrs. Bristo felt herself not unprepared.

It came, as so many bitter revelations come, from the light tattle of a gossip.

"I'm sure you must be glad that Gilbert's attentions in a certain quarter are not acceptable now. Of course you knew all about it? You see, I hear these things from my sons. I expect they know more of the world than your poor boy, for I don't think they would have dreamed of offering that girl to me as a daughter-in-law. They always said that she might amuse herself with Gilbert, while she had nothing better to do; but that if a better quarry came within her aim, he would soon find himself kept at a distance. Well, it will be for his good, though he may not think so yet."

Mrs. Bristo listened with dignity, and her infor-

mant went away doubtful how much new tidings she had imparted, but with an impression that Mrs. Bristo's opinion of her was considerably lowered.

The mother had heard the name and seen the face of the girl thus mentioned. One of the younger boys had pointed her out as being considered a "beauty" by the faster sort of young men in the neighbourhood, who knew her behind the counter of a shop where they wasted their time, money, and all good manners and high moral feeling. Mrs. Bristo had felt a little alarm at the lad's knowing anything about such people, but a few questions had elicited that all he had learned was from the chatter of a schoolfellow.

But now, alas, for poor Gilbert!

Oh, if it had only been a sweet and noble story, with no matter how much of sadness and disappointment in it, she could have gone to her boy and told him that she had felt something of this all the time, and assured him how true it is that—

> 'T is better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

But how could she offer sympathy in a present sorrow, for whose past joy she could have offered no sympathy? It seemed false in herself and cruel to her son, and he must certainly resent it.

She clung to the hope that he might be able to deny the truth of the story. Some of the lax habits and frivolous speeches of the demoralised life into which he had lapsed, might have given colour to the report. She must appeal to himself first, perhaps to himself only. Mrs. Bristo held steadily to the upright single-eyed creed that to each human being we owe a separate duty, with which duty we must not allow even nearer and dearer ties of our own to interfere. She was the youth's mother, as well as her husband's wife.

The house was hushed and still. The two were alone together. She sat at work, and Gilbert lay on the sofa with his eyes closed. How worn he looked! Even in that semblance of repose, the lines of his face were wrung and discordant.

"Gilbert," she said, "I have heard something about you. I dare say you can guess what it is. Is it true?"

"Yes," he said, "it is. At least, I mean it was."

"Was it right to keep it from us?" she asked.

"I knew you would not like it," he answered. "She said so all the time. She said you would despise her. I did want to speak of it at first; but she had got a sort of fear of other women, especially elder women. She fancied they would be jealous and spiteful."

"And were you really engaged?" she asked.

"Yes, we were," answered Gilbert, rather defiantly. "I always expected you would hear about it through some of the fellows, who would have been glad enough to be engaged to her themselves. I knew the sort of stories you would hear. There are always people ready to throw stones at a girl if she has to stand on her feet ten or eleven hours a day, and smile and chaff with all comers, to earn a paltry weekly pittance, and save herself from dependence on her relatives."

"I am sure the picture you have drawn is of a very cruel and destructive life," said Mrs. Bristo; "but no girl can be forced into it while hundreds of comfortable kitchens and pretty nurseries, with adequate salaries and kindly consideration, await the services of young women."

She saw where her boy's feelings had been worked upon. There was a streak of romance in the affair, ignorant and ill-judging indeed, but still redeeming it from burlesque, and lifting it within the range of her sympathies. Her heart instantly softened even towards the girl. Simple, noble natures are always easily reminded that sweet flowers sometimes grow in very strange places. This girl might have been ill-equipped for any better start in the battle of life, yet with possibilities of goodness and refinement in her nature. It was not unnatural in the mother to think that even a passing attraction towards her boy was some sign of these—a turning towards that in the horizon which seemed least hardened and sensual. It might be well indeed all was over—well for both of them; for Mrs. Bristo was too true a mother to think only of what was good for her own child. Only it would be certainly well if the affair had ended without bitterness, and could be recalled without shame—as a slight spring blossom borne fruitless from the tree of life by the first unfavourable breeze, yet, perhaps, fair enough to be stored in the book of memory, and to shed a sweet, sorrowful aroma on many a blank page therein. Far different may such an ending be from the full fruition of a wise and prosperous love, but equally far from the Dead Sea fruit of mere foolish frivolity, eating out the heart of faith in ourselves and in our fellow creatures! This was what the mother had feared for her boy; and certainly the tone in which he uttered his next words brought back all her fears.

"Rosa had tried domestic life in the house of an aunt," he said, "but she found that too humdrum. She would have had no chance of seeing anybody but a ploughman or a miller. Rosa had a high spirit, and felt made for better things."

He spoke with biting sarcasm. His mother could understand that he had brought the scathing light of a bitter new experience to bear on speeches which he had once seen through a brighter medium.

"When we lost our money," he went on in the same hard tone, "and she suddenly discovered that it was not right to conceal our friendship from you, I, poor simpleton, thought she felt drawn nearer to you, and was less afraid of you, and admired how noble she was. I now know she only wanted to break off with me, and thought that the opposition you would make might give her a good opportunity to do so without making her faithlessness too manifest. And when she did break off at last, because she found 'her heart had gone somewhere else,' she wanted us 'to be friends still'—yes, that she might be able to

draw me on again, if ever it suited her. And this is woman—angelic self-sacrificing woman!"

The heart is wiser than the head. Mrs. Bristo dropped her work, sat down beside Gilbert, and drew his head upon her shoulder.

That did more than any argument. It said, "Here is one faithful love." It brought back the spirit of earlier days. As in the sudden spring of an Arctic region, the sun shone out, the ice was thawed.

He drew back his head, as if he would repel her caress. But next moment he hid his face on her neck, and then she felt something warm drop on her hand.

"And all that while," he said, "I was so cold and hard to you! I could not be quite the same while I knew I was keeping such a secret."

"Thank God for that, dear!" she said. "The terrible thing is when those who are living a separate life can be quite the same as if it was not so."

"I shall never have any faith in myself again," he remarked. "I have been so foolish once——"

"If a child blurs a page in its copy-book, shall it never try another?" she asked, affectionately. "Only let it try more carefully."

"I did really believe in Rosa," he said forlornly. "I thought that the circumstances of her life were unfortunate, and that made it seem the more right to like her. She often spoke sorrowfully to me. I thought she was obliged to flirt and trifle; she used to say so, and to wish that her lot was cast differently."

He said this with curious self-contempt—as if he wished his mother to see how foolish he had been to mistake this daintily-stamped gilt for genuine gold. She heard with other ears. No excuses which he could have framed could have pleaded his cause so eloquently. The genuine woman always feels that Don Quixote is not despicable; it is only such a pity that he should get wounded in charging windmills and defending shadows in a world where there are really giants to be slain and sufferers to be succoured. Gilbert's companions might sneer at him, as a simpleton hard hit by a vulgar coquette, whose measure they had known from the beginning. Yet his mother's heart could take in her boy again; he had been foolish and wrong-headed, had mistaken false for true, and darkness for light, but he had not chosen evil as evil.

"You must forgive her, Gilbert," she said. "The best you can do for her now is not to let her injure you."

"Oh, she says she will be always grateful for having known me," returned Gilbert, with a dash of mockery. "I may make a pretty streak of sentiment in her past, when she has married a rich husband, and got seal-skin jackets and a visiting list—if she does. Such women want somebody to whisper about, between the lights on wet afternoons; the very practical pleasures of their present, are made piquant by the poetry of 'what might have been.'"

Mrs. Bristo sat thinking. Little did Gilbert dream of whom! Even of the unknown wife that the future was almost sure to bring him. For she felt that nameless woman had been wronged here—that here was a pain planted which she must some day gather—since the first freshness of the love which would make her best of earth, had been offered to another, and rudely plucked in paltry triumph.

But it would be time for Gilbert to realise all that his mistake had cost, when he had rallied new hope after the first loss. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"—ay, and the knowledge thereof, and the repentance thereof. There are truths which may be uttered in timely warnings, but had better be remembered in silence if the time for warning is past.

"One must have sorrow and loss," he said, presently. "But I see how different they are from troubles one makes for oneself."

"And yet, as none of us seem able to keep from making troubles," rejoined his mother, "we must infer that even the misery of our mistakes is part of a necessary discipline of life. It can be no true philosophy which does not teach us to be patient with ourselves, as well as with others; only we must always remember that those views of God, of our fellow-creatures, and of the future, which flit across our minds while darkened by the shadow of such mistakes, are not likely to be infallible. It is when we have done wisely and well—when our lives are bright with the simple blessedness born of mental vigour and physical energy—that we are most likely to receive inspirations of truth. While we have to be patient with ourselves, we must hear oracles from outside ourselves, and believe and obey those, though they sometimes do not wake even an echo in our own hearts."

They heard the steps of the others in the passage. Gilbert rose, and pressed one kiss on his mother's forehead; that was the close of his confession.

Mrs. Bristo said no word of what she had heard to her husband or to Lizzie. Gilbert might tell them himself some day. In the mean time, better that the hidden wound should sometimes smart under the chance word or sarcasm which would not be uttered if its existence were known, than that it should linger on in an atmosphere from which all the vital element of spontaneity was withdrawn.

Woman has been always called to stand beside the cross and feel the bitterest of pain in watching the sacrifice and pain of the beloved, and never is woman-love more tried or more faithful than in bearing the sight of the crucifixion of the dear one's old self, with its baser affections and lusts.

In after days, Gilbert understood the significance of that bit of his history. "If I wrote my life," he said, when he was an elderly man, "that would be its longest chapter. Yet if it was written for me, my biographer might not know it should be there at all. My mother was twice my mother after that, for I owed my soul and my destiny to her, as I had always owed my physical life. God knows what it all cost her. I can only guess."

BY misty glen and babbling rill,
In solemn chant that ceaseth never,
The lonely voices of the hill
The solitudes with music fill,
That swells and falls and swells for ever.

To-day the same as yesterday,
Where woodlands gloom and waters glisten;
To-night as weird and sweet the lay
As heard a thousand years away,
The silent hills alone to listen.

Low when the winds are still they sing,
By sunlit brooks the mountains under;
By starry lake and glimmering spring,
When moonlit peaks fantastic fling
Their shadows in a land of wonder.

Loud when the winds are loud they rise
From rocking woods and gusty hollows,
From craggy deeps where darkness lies,
Along the moorlands to the skies,
Wild chorus echoing chorus follows.

Song of a lone world far away,
Where mist-enfolded mystery slumbers,
Night unto night and day to day,
While nations rise and thrones decay,
The ages hear thy solemn numbers.

Man's little din of work and war,
Man's fury and tumultuous fever,
Die on the bounding slopes afar
In silent air, and never mar
The song that heavenward goes for ever.

J. HUIE.

ST. PAUL'S LAST TESTIMONY TO THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. CANON ELLIOTT, M.A.

THE value of human testimony depends very greatly upon the circumstances under which it is given. The same objects present themselves, not only to different persons, but also to the same persons at different times, under widely different aspects. The near approach of death commonly exercises a powerful influence upon the estimate which men have formed of the value of those objects which they have pursued during life. The light of another world dispels the false glare which has veiled from their view the relative worth and importance of the things of time and the things of eternity. It is then that men too often awake to the discovery that a religion which has sufficed them in life is unequal to their support in death, and that the hope which has sustained them in this world forsakes them in the prospect of another.

It was not so with St. Paul when, in the second Epistle which he addressed to Timothy, he delivered his dying testimony to the truth of the Gospel which he had preached, and to the strength of the hope with which that Gospel inspired him. Some of the circumstances under which this Epistle was written are very graphically and pathetically described by the writer. St. Paul was, for the second time, a prisoner at Rome for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus. Irksome as were the restraints of his first imprisonment, its severity was far exceeded by the second. During his first imprisonment the Apostle was permitted to dwell in "his own hired house," and to receive freely "all that came in unto him" (Acts xxviii. 30). At his second imprisonment it was a work of difficulty on the part of Onesiphorus even to find out the Apostle's abode; and it required courage such as few possessed "not to be ashamed of his chain" (2 Tim. i. 16, 17). At his first answer, at this time, before the Roman Emperor, or his representative, "no man stood with him, but all men forsook him" (2 Tim. iv. 16). Even Demas, who, in the Epistle to the Colossians, is associated with St. Luke (iv. 14), and who, in the Epistle to Philemon, is described, together with the beloved physician, as St. Paul's "fellow-labourer" (v. 24), had deserted him. And although, after his first defence, a temporary respite was granted to the Apostle, and he was "delivered out of the mouth of the lion" (2 Tim. iv. 17), nevertheless he well knew that the danger, though averted, was not removed, and that it was only the sword of the executioner which could release him from the chain of the oppressor.

We may not wonder, then, under circumstances such as these, that St. Paul experienced that craving after the sympathy of kindred souls which is felt most keenly by those who are capable of the strongest emotions. And as we trace the influence of this yearning for the presence and the sympathy of his companions at an earlier period of the Apostle's history, when, upon his arrival at Troas, he had "no rest in his spirit because he found not Titus his brother" (2 Cor. ii. 13), so also we find evidence of the same yearning in the direction which St. Paul gave at this time to Timothy, that he should bring Mark with him to Rome, and also in the urgent and repeated desire which he expressed that Timothy himself should "do his diligence to come shortly unto him" (2 Tim. iv. 9, 11, 21).

But though not exempt from human infirmities, and though keenly alive to human sympathies, St. Paul rose superior to those trials and sorrows beneath which others would have sunk; and instead of being moved from his own steadfastness, or of dissuading others from treading in his steps, he not only expresses in this, his last Epistle, his unshaken confidence in the cause which he had espoused, but he employs the nearness of his own martyrdom as the ground of his exhortation to Timothy, his beloved fellow-labourer, to increased diligence in his work, and to continued patience under his afflictions. "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. Endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry. For," he adds, "I am now ready to be offered (or, *to be poured out as a drink-offering*), and the time of my departure is at hand" (2 Tim. iv. 1—6).

These words seem to denote that, in common with St. Peter, St. Paul had received a revelation from heaven, not only of the fact of his approaching martyrdom, but also of the manner in which he was about to glorify God. We find, in one of the Epistles written during the Apostle's first captivity, an allusion to the same mode of death, when he addressed the Philippians in these words, "Yea, and if I be offered" (or, as in the passage last quoted, the word, literally rendered, is, *if I be poured out as a drink-offering*) "upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all" (ii. 17). There can be little doubt that the allusion of the Apostle in these words is to the drink-offerings, which were appointed by the law of Moses to be brought by the worshipper, together with the appointed sacrifices, and which appear to have been poured

out upon the flesh of the victims when they were offered upon the brazen altar.* But when he was writing his Epistle to the Philippians, St. Paul knew that the appointed time for his martyrdom was not yet come, and that there remained work for him to do on earth before he should be called to his reward. And hence it is that we find him at that time referring to his end in terms very different from those which he employs in his second Epistle to Timothy. Then he was "in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ;" but willing to remain, and conscious that it was his Master's will that he should for a season "abide in the flesh" (Philip. i. 22, 23). But when he addressed his last words of warning, of exhortation, and of encouragement to Timothy, he was no longer in a strait betwixt two, for he knew that his work on earth was done, and that his ties to earth were severed. And hence it is that his language is no longer conditional, but positive. He no longer expressed, as before, his willingness to be poured out, if so be that necessity should be laid upon him, but he states his conviction that the battle was already fought, that his course was already run, that his blood was ready to be poured out, and that the time of his departure was at hand.

Under circumstances such as these it becomes a subject of deepest interest and importance to examine carefully on what foundation the faith of the great Apostle rested, and what was the nature of that hope which inspired him with such strong confidence in his retrospect of the past and in his anticipation of the future. Now there were none who were better acquainted than St. Paul with the external evidences of Christianity, and none who could wield his weapons with greater skill or effect than the great Apostle of the Gentiles. But it was not upon the undoubted proofs which prophecy and miracles afforded of the truth of Christianity that St. Paul fell back, in this hour of trial, for the further confirmation of his faith; neither do we find him dwelling upon these evidences when exhorting Timothy to follow in his steps.

Again, none could look back upon a life spent in stricter conformity with the moral law than St. Paul. In this respect his most bitter adversaries could not deny that, as touching the righteousness which was in the law, he was blameless. Nay, more than this. If any man was entitled to build his hope of future happiness upon the work which he had done for Christ, and for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom upon the earth, that man was St. Paul. From the day in which he had been "ordained to be a preacher and an Apostle," he had been found faithful to the commission which he received, and the whole course of his life may be summed up in the words which he addressed to the Church at Colossæ, "warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus" (Col. i. 28).

But, great as was the occasion for gratitude which reflections such as these supplied, and great as was the inward peace and satisfaction which the Apostle derived from the recollection that he had fought the good fight, and that he had not only kept the faith himself, but had been the means of propagating it in the world, it was not upon anything which he had done or suffered for Christ, or for Christ's Church, that St. Paul fell back in this hour of trial as forming the foundation on which his faith rested, or on which his hope reposed. That foundation is plainly expressed in his own words, "I know Whom I have believed." As a sinner, conscious of his guilt and of his danger, St. Paul had been brought to feel his need of One who was able and willing to save.

Whilst going about to establish his own righteousness, he had not submitted himself to the righteousness of Christ. But as soon as it pleased God to reveal His Son in Him, he learned to count those things which had been gain to him as loss for Christ, and thenceforth he was content to count all things as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord, by whose cross the world became crucified to him, and he unto the world. The law sufficed, indeed, to impart to man the knowledge of sin, and the need of atonement. But the law provided no satisfaction for a breach of its requirements, and was utterly unable to restore man to the favour and to the image of his Maker. The Gospel of Christ Jesus not only convinced man of sin, but revealed to him the way of salvation. It was there that St. Paul had learned to see sin displayed in all its guilt and defilement, and salvation revealed in all its fulness and sufficiency. And having himself, by faith, received the atonement, he had felt the heavy burden of sin removed, and its reigning power vanquished; and in the place of that inward disquietude which they experience who rest their hope of heaven upon any merit of their own, or any works of righteousness which they have done, he experienced that peace which Christ's Gospel can, and does, impart to those who receive and obey it—even a peace which passeth understanding, and a hope which is full of immortality. There was nothing in the outward circumstances of the Apostle which can account for this inward peace, and this calm and unshaken hope. A religion which had no other foundation than that of personal feelings and emotions, would have utterly failed to sustain its possessor amidst the gloom of a dungeon, and in the prospect of the sword. There was no longer the excitement which attends the proclamation of a new message in divers places and amongst divers nations; neither was the great Apostle any longer sustained by the per-

* This inference is confirmed by the direction which is given in Exodus xxx. 9, that no drink-offering should be poured out upon the golden altar of incense.

sonal presence and sympathy of those who, under God, owed their own souls to his labours and his prayers. And yet, under circumstances which were calculated to shake the courage of the boldest, and to try the faith of the strongest, St. Paul was able to rest with firm and unshaken confidence upon that foundation which he knew to have been once laid in Zion, and upon his own personal experience that that Gospel which he had preached to others was indeed the power of God unto his own salvation. And hence it was that when he knew that he must "die and not live," he was neither overwhelmed with the apprehension of death like Hezekiah, nor divided, as at the time of his first imprisonment, between the desire to serve Christ on earth, and the longing to be with Christ where He is; for he knew Whom he had believed, and he was persuaded, with a confidence which neither life nor death could shake, that his Saviour was both able and willing to keep the deposit which he had committed to His trust.

And here the question will arise, What was the nature of that deposit which St. Paul had committed to the safe keeping of his Saviour, and of which he so confidently anticipated the future restoration? Now we find, in the words of a fellow Apostle, who was called, like St. Paul, to suffer for the Gospel of Christ, a partial answer to this inquiry:—"Let them that suffer according to the will of God," St. Peter writes, "commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator" (1 Pet. iv. 19).

But there was something more than the salvation of his soul which was comprised in that deposit which the great Apostle had committed into the hands of his Redeemer, and of which he looked for the restoration in the day of his Lord's appearing. St. Paul knew well that the work of redemption included not only the deliverance of the soul from that death, both temporal and eternal, which is the bitter wages of sin, but also the investment of the mortal body with glory and incorruption. The work of redemption purchased for man, as the fruit of Christ's resurrection, the gift of the body's incorruption. This was the theme on which St. Paul specially delighted to dwell, and which he expounded with such incomparable force and beauty in the fifteenth chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians. And it was this same Gospel of the resurrection which, as he declares, he delivered "first of all" to the Corinthians, and by the hope of which he comforted the sorrowing Thessalonians, which cheered and sustained his own soul in the immediate prospect of martyrdom. And though no earthly friends stood by him in the hour of trial, to rehearse in his ears the same words by which he had sustained the faith and the hope of others, nevertheless that same Saviour in Whom he trusted supplied, by His own presence, the place of earthly comforters, and by the more immediate communication of the influences of His Spirit, enabled him to look forward with joyful anticipation to the day when the deposit which he had committed into his Saviour's hands should be restored, and he should receive from the Lord, the righteous Judge, the unfading crown of righteousness.

There is something very remarkable in the seemingly abrupt transition which the Apostle makes from the gloom of his dungeon at Rome to the glorious light of the day of his Lord's appearing. "For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless, I am not ashamed, for I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." But, abrupt as this transition may appear to some who read his words, there was no sudden or abrupt transition in the prevailing current of the thoughts and expectations of St. Paul. "That day" to which the Apostle refers, and to which he well knew that Timothy would at once apprehend his reference, was the day to which his own thoughts habitually reverted, and on which his hopes and expectations were habitually fixed—even the great day of his Lord's appearing, and of the gathering together of His people unto Him. Full well the Apostle knew that until the dawning of that day the whole creation must continue to groan and to travail in pain, and that even they who already possess within themselves the first-fruits of the Spirit, must share in the universal subjection to vanity and to bondage until the promised day of adoption, when the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall be clothed with immortality.

Nor was it without a cause that the Apostle, in the passage which has been quoted, and again in the last chapter of the same Epistle (v. 8), anticipates, on the part of Timothy, the instant apprehension of his meaning when, in the words "that day," he carries forward his thoughts to the great day of his Lord's return as that in which the deposit entrusted to His care shall be restored, and the crown of righteousness shall be bestowed on those who now love, and look for His appearing.

Then the long night of sin and error shall end. Then the bold reprover of sin shall no longer languish in his dungeon, or groan beneath his chains. Then the faithful preacher of righteousness shall meet with those who, whether friends or strangers in the flesh, shall prove his joy and his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord; and then they who, though accounted fools for Christ's sake, have been wise unto salvation, "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament," and they who have "turned many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL."

CHAPTER III.—MISS FORD RECEIVES TWO VISITORS.

MAGDALEN one morning was again sitting under the yew tree. It was her favourite resort. She felt the atmosphere of Lawn Court, her sister's house, to have something oppressive in it. She was an enthusiast for air, and was wont to say that an enjoyable book was twice as enjoyable out of doors. If she had a difficult subject to study, or still more, if she had a mental conflict to fight, the widest walls made a prison for her. During the winter she had had to content herself with long walks taken in all weathers, but now she was rejoicing in the warmth, capricious as it was, of the spring weather which sometimes allowed her to sit out of doors for hours. Mrs. Verney declared she would not on any account interfere with her eccentric tastes, but she pleaded that she would at least remain in the garden. Its trim lawns and bedding-out plants were, however, little more congenial to Magdalen than the drawing-room, besides which she was not there secure from visitors, nor far enough removed from the calls upon her time between which, in-doors, there was seldom a long interval. There were always notes to write, or clothing club accounts to be added, or crewel work that must be finished; in fact, more of the idle business of a gentlewoman's day than Mrs. Verney felt herself equal to. Magdalen was fairly good-natured, but had not more of that quality than is compatible with a strong will, and a sense of her own individuality and its claims. So she retained her freedom, which is a difficult matter under the reign of a gentle petty tyranny.

This morning she had brought out an Italian grammar with her, to which she meant to bend her mind in good earnest, as a means of escaping from troublesome thoughts. Her little niece was with her as usual, but she was no hindrance to study. She would amuse herself contentedly for hours together. Magdalen's resolution remained good for some time, but after a while thoughts came crowding fast, and stood between her and the pages of her book. To fight against them longer was useless. She put the book down and glanced round. The hand of the clock in the grey tower before her pointed to eleven. Say was threading daisies together and talking to them softly. The cawing of the rooks sounded in her ears, and the sunlight and shadows passed to and fro over the grassy mounds. It was all still and dreamy, all discordant with her mood.

She was quarrelling with her life, past, present, and future, busying herself over the might-have-beens and to-comes. She was reflecting that she was twenty-nine, that her girlhood was past, and asking herself what she had done with it. She had always been ambitious, yet what had she accomplished? She had been a great deal in society, and though not a beauty had been much admired; she had had a good many offers of marriage, she had studied, she had travelled, and then she had nursed her father through his last illness. Three months ago he had died, and she had come to stay with this married sister. The summing-up seemed remarkably poor, and what was there to come that would not be still poorer?

What was she to do with her life? To stay at Lawn Court would be to rust away, not to live—that was out of the question. She had plenty of money, there was no need for her to work. She envied women who had their lives filled from other sources than their own choice. She craved involuntary aims and duties; these, she supposed, were only to be found in marriage. She felt inclined to be angry with herself for not having married; and yet she had never seen any one whom she could marry. She envied women who were content with less than she, but she could not understand them. She had always felt it would be impossible to her to love, unless the man's nature were so far greater than hers as to contain and reach beyond all her best thoughts, and highest aspirations, and to fulfil her utmost exactions; therefore she had felt sure that marriage was not to be read in her fate, and now she was twenty-nine, and so it seemed more than probable that her convictions had been right; but what was she to do? it was always the same question, always the same no answer. She knew there were ways of spending one's life for others; there was philanthropic work—nursing, teaching. But the prospect seemed barren, and the more repugnant because she felt that to undertake such work not from love, but from very weariness of everything else, was to degrade it, and to rob it of all beauty and sacredness. She condemned herself that she could not feel that divine enthusiasm, but indeed her experience had been little fitted to prepare her for it. The bent of her aims and tastes would have to receive so violent a wrench before she could throw

herself into such a life. And then "work for others," what an empty cold sound the phrase had with it! Home would have had a more beautiful sound, conveying so many meanings folded in it, of tender relationships to keep the heart bright and warm, of loving indulgence and forbearance, and lives so closely knitted together that error, and sorrow, and time cannot part them.

Magdalen, thinking these thoughts, sat still as a statue. Her hat was off, and she had planted her back firmly against the yew-trunk, and had clasped her hands behind her head. She had the kind of figure which makes all attitudes striking and graceful. Her face was not beautiful, but it was individual and pleasing, yet with an absence of marked expression, due doubtless to the veil of reserve which she ordinarily kept drawn over herself. Her hair was particularly abundant, growing in masses of light brown, the colour of a hazel nut, and giving additional emphasis to a candid forehead and a finely-moulded head. Her dress was of some black woollen stuff, made with almost nun-like plainness, but fitting her to perfection, and thus making manifest the grace of the curves and lines of her figure. At last she let her hands fall with an impatient gesture.

"Heigho!" she sighed, "I am an ungrateful wicked creature, I believe."

She rose and called to the child. If there was any one she loved it was this child. The two were perfect friends. The aunt had a store of fanciful thoughts and a fund of gaiety which no one got a peep of but the little niece, and Say repaid her by showing complete content in her aunt's society. All round the church, under the eaves which were so low as not to be very far above Magdalen's head, there was a row of wonderful carved heads. No two were alike—some were quaint and funny, some hideous and distorted, and a few were beautiful. Magdalen and the child had made friends of these strange creatures, and when Say wanted a story they would take one of these fierce or funny faces for a text. Magdalen rose from her seat and threw off her heavy thoughts. She had brought them only to the bewildering point at which they always arrived, and no solution of her difficulties was to be gained in this way.

"Come along, child," she cried; "shall we have a story?"

Say put down her daisies, and ran eagerly.

"Tell me about the greedy monk, Auntie, who 's got the rabbit in his mouth."

They went round the church to find this individual, and Magdalen lifted the child to her shoulders to look at his goggle eyes and the great mouth stretched from ear to ear to hold the rabbit in it. At that moment Magdalen observed in the distance a masculine figure. She put down the child hastily, and said—

"So much for our story, Say. Here comes Mr. Fortescue, and he doesn't want to hear about the greedy monk."

"Oh, yes, he does; he said he would like you to tell him a story. Shall I run and ask him?"

"No, certainly not, child!"

"Oh, Auntie, he 's such a kind gentleman! Isn't he kind to you?"

"I suspect him of wishing to be kinder than I like," said Magdalen, with a smile, as she observed Mr. Fortescue catch sight of her, and advance towards them rapidly.

Magdalen suffered the usual fate of elders when they indulge in enigmatical allusions before the children. Say ran forward to meet her friend, and asked him if it was true that he did not want to hear Auntie's story.

"I am afraid Miss Ford hardly thinks me worthy to be admitted to such a privilege," he answered.

Mr. Fortescue was a sensible man, yet he was a prey to a nervousness in Miss Ford's presence, to which the best of us are liable when we are over-anxious to please. That lady sent the child away in some haste to fetch her daisy-chain, for she feared a more extended report of the previous dialogue. Mr. Fortescue walked on by her side, and, though not generally wanting in conversational ease, he found it an effort to break the silence.

"I am very fortunate in meeting you this morning," he said at last. "I have been waiting to ask you to help me. There is an obstinate old woman in one of my cottages at Littleham Green who refuses all my improvements. I don't want to turn her out, but I must run a drain through her back yard. They will all be down with the fever. I think a lady would have a better chance in arguing with her."

Magdalen, regardful of inferences, answered with some coldness. "You have so many lady-helpers, Mr. Fortescue, you do not need any more, surely."

Mr. Fortescue reddened. He had recently come into the possession of the Littleham Manor Estate, which included a considerable portion of the village of Thurfrestone. He had entered into his responsibilities with admirable conscientiousness, determined to order everything according to the newest lights, and overflowing with schemes for the benefit of his tenants. These naturally including sewing meetings and mothers' clubs, he was, being a bachelor, obliged to solicit the co-operation of the ladies of the neighbourhood. Though by no means conceited, he could not be unaware that the younger ladies were more than willing to do his bidding. He supposed Magdalen's remark to imply disapprobation, and he felt it a hard case, for he was conscious of having always acted in such matters with sense and discretion.

"That is true," he said, after a pause; "yet one may be of more value than many, if judgment and efficiency be on her side."

"I should be glad to be of service," said she, "while I am in Thurfrestone, but the old women seem rather spoiled than neglected, the ladies already interfere more than is wise with the schoolmistress, and I fear your unreasonable tenants would only become more unreasonable if I intermeddled."

"You are hard on us all, Miss Ford."

"I? Surely not. You are all doing your duty, while I am out of my element."

"Not out of your element in Thurfrestone, I hope. It would be a great misfortune if you felt that."

"Oh, no, I think not. It is not my home. I am not intending to stay long here."

"Oh, why should you leave us?" Mr. Fortescue, excited by the unexpected announcement, had stood still in the path, gazing at Miss Ford in a manner so free from his customary embarrassment that she coloured, and moved on with a slightly increased dignity of carriage.

"I hardly think I could live in Thurfrestone," she said, quietly. With a return to his usual manner Mr. Fortescue continued—

"We are too dull for you, I fear. But at any rate you will be here next winter, I trust. We have been so looking forward to your becoming a leader in the society here; you who are so fitted to guide and inspire."

"I would be content with a humbler niche," said Magdalen, slightly smiling, "if Thurfrestone offered me one. But there is nothing to fit me."

A shower seemed impending, and she bade Mr. Fortescue good morning.

"I don't think I am wrong," she said to herself, as she walked thoughtfully home, "in imagining that there is a sphere awaiting my acceptance here in Thurfrestone. Can this be the solution of my problem? Would it not be wise, while it is not too late, to bottle up discontent and ambitions, and settle down to the duties and ties of such a position?" Wise it might be, yet an involuntary shake of the head, and a tightening of the lips seemed to imply that wisdom was here, as it not seldom is—distasteful.

On the afternoon of the same day Captain Rae started to pay his promised call at Lawn Court. His air was always that of one on good terms with himself and the world. His very walk indicated the good humour of a man thoroughly healthy in body and mind, and his perturbations of either came so seldom that they could not interfere with the cheerful lines in his face. Yet with an outward aspect of serenity Captain Rae was in reality very much perplexed as he walked through the lanes to Thurfrestone. Content, as a rule, to accept life with an easy philosophy which left his mind at peaceful leisure, when once stirred up his feelings were apt to be immoderately keen, and his conception of the situation exaggerated. Thus it happened that his habitual action was too lax, his occasional too stringent. He seldom attained that golden mean between prudence and enthusiasm which we call wisdom. Frances and her position weighed upon him heavily. He called himself all the bad names under the sun for what he considered his neglect, but this, though a comforting, he hardly felt to be a remedial proceeding. This maiden child, so delicately fashioned, so sensitively strung, shooting up into womanhood, ought not to have a rough old sea-captain for her only guardian. He was not likely to understand her, much less to train her aright. She ought to have some refined, comprehending feminine influence about her. But what could he do? He could not send her away from him—that would be to spoil both their lives. They had friends in Castleport, of course. The Captain reviewed their lady-friends. First came his sister, his only near relation. She was the wife of a doctor, and she came before him pale, thin, hard-worked, and much worried with her large family of young sons and daughters. She was accustomed to come to him with her troubles, monetary and otherwise; other people's troubles in her neighbourhood could hardly keep up a languishing existence. The other ladies passed before his mind in order. The bent of Captain Rae's mind was eminently charitable; he found reasons in each case, sufficient to explain the fact, yet the fact remained that he could think of no one who appeared enough at leisure from their own concerns to give his sympathetic attention. And what if the case had been otherwise? If he had found a friend of so rare a description, from whom it would have been no painful obligation to accept help? He laughed aloud, as he pictured Frances under tutelage. No, with the wilful Frances nothing could be done except by starting with love as a lever.

Captain Rae's card was delivered to Mrs. Verney, as she and Magdalen were arranging flowers for the table. Mrs. Verney was giving a dinner that evening.

"Oh, dear, Magdalen!" said she, "here is that sea-captain friend of Henry's. He always happens to be out at these inappropriate times. Would you very much mind entertaining him, dear, till I have finished these flowers? Henry said we must be civil, as he is under some obligation or other."

"Oh, yes, I have no objection," said Magdalen.

The room into which the Captain had been ushered was large and elaborately appointed in the modern style of art by the yard, and æstheticism to order. Captain Rae looked round him with curiosity and growing disfavour. The drawing-room at home was small and very simple, yet he liked it better, which showed, he supposed, that he was nothing but an old fogey. But in reality his innate sense of fitness, which was all that had guided him in his own furnishing, had resulted in something more harmonious than the upholsterer's triumph at Lawn Court. Magdalen, coming into this room with her plain black dress and noble bearing, had an effect like that of a tall white lily in the midst of forced exotics. As she came up to greet him the effect her presence had had upon him before was renewed, and with greater force. One of his rash impulses came upon him, and carried him away. Here was the very woman to help him with Frances. As they began to talk, the conviction deepened that she was a person unengrossed; and as he had from the first felt assured that she was a thorough woman, which in his mind implied entire unselfishness and tenderness, of course she would be only too glad to

befriend a poor little motherless girl. Like most people of simplicity, he believed himself astute, and particularly so in determining not to broach the subject to Magdalen until he had made further advances to friendship. He admired her very much, but he felt too sure of her goodness to feel other than at ease with her, and he enjoyed looking at her as she sat before him, her white capable-looking hands clasped in her lap, and her large grey eyes calmly meeting his. Magdalen was, as we know, neither so simply good nor so purely unselfish as he held her to be, yet it is probable that we are never in the presence of some one who believes us better than we are without being insensibly influenced, an ungenerous nature for harm, a generous one for good. However that may be, Magdalen was in a softer, more responsive mood than usual. The talk had got into a vein in which while treating of light subjects it seemed to be skirting deeper ones. They were talking of the mistakes made by a public minister, which were then in everybody's mouth.

"Ah! life is a perplexing affair," said Magdalen.

"You find it so? And you so young!"

"No; I am not young," said Magdalen. "I am twenty-nine."

"When you are fifty-three that will seem young enough," said the Captain, adding, with a sigh, "If I had seen life to be a perplexing affair when I was twenty-nine, I don't suppose I should find it so now. I should have learned wisdom by this time."

"Come," said Magdalen, "I shall begin to think you are not old. I have generally found it a sign of youthfulness to acknowledge error. Old people do not find themselves wrong."

"Then by that test I am a mere boy," said the Captain, with a smile, "for I have just found out that I've been guilty of worse things than I ever thought myself capable of."

Magdalen regarded him with quickened interest. This was one of her crucial tests of character—it was one of her theories that the capability to feel and acknowledge one's self thoroughly in the wrong was never to be found in an ignoble nature. Yet perhaps this was a spurious exhibition of the quality, and she suspended her judgment till she should discover if it were an earnest matter. Seeing her face attentive, the Captain was encouraged to proceed.

"I have one daughter, Miss Ford; the only living thing belonging to me. I have been on the sea all my life, and she has been at school, and all those years, I declare to you, I've never thought of any one but myself. Of course I've loved the child, and looked forward to having her with me, and a year ago we settled down together in Castleport. Well, if you'll believe me, she's had no companion all this year but me, rough sailor as I am; and I never dreamed she needed any one else. But the other night she opened my eyes, and it's as plain as daylight to me, what I was blind not to see before, that she wants a woman to be a friend and help to her."

"How old is she?" asked Magdalen.

"Seventeen. And I don't know what to do, you see. None of our friends have the time, and besides—besides——" the Captain hesitated, "I want something better than ordinary for her. No one but a real lady could do much with Frances. I want a good clever woman. In fact, I was going to ask you if you would do it."

Magdalen would not have laughed for the world in face of the Captain's direct gaze, with the frank appeal in it, and she was touched by the confidence she had inspired; yet she had to restrain an inward sense of amusement, nor could she keep her mind from glancing at the fact that this was the second time that day that her co-operation had been solicited. She said, however, heartily and with sincerity—

"I should be very glad to help you; but how could I do it? I hardly see what I could do."

"Ah!" said the Captain, regarding her doubtfully, "but we might think of some way, perhaps, since you look at it so kindly."

"A stranger could do so little," continued Magdalen; "it should be some one in your house, you know, to live with her."

"Ah!" again exclaimed Captain Rae, but this time not with a doubtful intonation. He had been struck by a sudden thought—a lightning-flash of illumination. "Ah! I didn't think of that."

The Captain's look and manner threw an illumination for her over her own words. The meaning they might bear occurred to her, and she was horrified to feel that the blood was rushing to her face. To stop it by force of will was impossible. She was the more vexed because it was not her habit to blush, and it appeared so particularly out of place and undignified on this occasion. But with her usual self-control she resumed the subject calmly.

"Well," she said, "at any rate I should much like to make her acquaintance. Will you bring her to see me?"

The entrance of Mrs. Verney here put a stop to further conversation of a personal kind, and Captain Rae soon after took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.—FRANCES GOES OUT TO DINNER.

ABOUT a fortnight after the Captain's visit to Lawn Court, Frances up-stairs one morning heard her father call to her.

"Frances, Frances, come down! here's an invitation come for you."

"I suppose Aunt Russell wants me to go to tea," thought Frances, and she continued her operation of putting the contents of her chest of drawers to rights, singing the while. Frances had no sense of order, and grand straightening-up times were therefore a necessary part of her economy. Her native refinement, however, prevented her untidiness from having anything repulsive in it, and in some subtle way she managed to evoke a kind of harmony out of the chaos with which she surrounded herself. Her attire

though never exact, somehow always suited her, and looked attractive, and even the house, which everywhere bore evidence of a scattering, not an arranging, hand, had nothing ugly in its disorder. One reason for this lay in the fact that Frances had a lively aversion to dust and grime, and in this respect was a strict mistress, besides lavishly renewing curtains and cloths when their whiteness did not satisfy her eye. But there was beyond all this a certain power

"'Come along, child,' she cried; 'shall we have a story?'"—*p.* 478.

of pleasing about Frances which some fortunate individuals possess, and which gives a charm to their looks and speech and ways, plainly enough to be felt, but not so easily analysed or explained.

Frances, in spite of such occasional yearnings as had found expression to her father the other night, was thoroughly in her element. Her life suited her; she was happy. She had no pleasures such as girls of her age are generally accustomed to regard as essential to happiness. She had little or no society. At school there had been, of course, at least one bosom friend, but she had gone home now, a long distance from Castleport. Her Aunt Russell's unruly boys and noisy girls were no companions for her, and she was too shy to care for strangers. But her nature had one great requirement—it must have some one person to love, and if she could sun herself in a responsive affection, and expend all her energies in service, she was satisfied. She had throughout her school life fed herself on the anticipation of one day living with her father; his bronzed face, cheerful tones, and kind looks had become to her, long before she knew anything more of him, the earnest of a dreamed-of future. At school, her chief delight had been in music, her practice hours the sunny part of the day, and her music lesson the event of the week. And in her mind-pictures of her new life, music held an important place. But when her father took her up to view the final effect of the Hill Cottage furnishing, Frances saw that a piano had not formed part of his schemes. Her heart sank, but there was nothing for her father to notice; her delight with everything was manifest. She tied up her music in secret, letting fall two or three scalding tears upon the cover. The rest she bottled up tight, and put the parcel away on a top shelf where she would never see it. When her father asked her what lessons she would like to continue, she named French.

"Not music?" said her father.

"No, thank you," answered Frances. Her father was surprised, but soon forgot the matter.

The choir at St. Stephen's Church was a fine one, and to listen to it on Sundays was her weekly treat; yet it was not unmixed with bitterness, for it was her music-master whose playing filled the church with glorious noise, and sometimes she caught a glimpse of his grim familiar face. Her father, following the service with the docile attention and simple devoutness characteristic of soldiers and sailors, never dreamed of the feelings with which the music filled the heart of the girl at his side, often rising up so high that they sent the tears into her eyes. Yet it never repented her that she had not chosen to continue her lessons, for they would be of no use to her without a piano at home, and she would not let her father know that she would like one, because she knew that he would buy it for her. She was quite aware—though he would have been as astonished as other fathers are, on like occasions, to find she knew anything about it—that he had a drain on his income, sufficient to cripple him very considerably, in the shape of his sister's family.

Dr. Russell, though a hard-working, was not a prosperous man. His practice lay principally among the poor; and to educate eleven children, and to start the boys suitably, was a business in which Captain Rae had had a very large share.

So Frances went without a piano, and contented herself with a recreation within her reach—namely, reading.

She was not, of course, aware of the machinations of her elders concerning her; yet for the last fortnight she had had an uneasy sense of something in the air. Her father was not quite himself. He would often betray preoccupation, and did not hear when he was spoken to; and she would catch him looking at her in what she called, very inappropriately, a "funny" way. And then he had done one very unkind thing—so unlike him. He had come into the drawing-room one afternoon, where she sat curled up with a book, and had said, "Frances, I want you to go out with me." She had jumped up with alacrity; but then he said, "Put on your best frock;" and, looking at him, she observed his best coat, and a generally brushed-up appearance. Her suspicions were roused, and the following dialogue ensued—

"Where are you going to take me?"

"To a delightful place, where you 'll enjoy yourself immensely."

"You are going to the Verneys'!" with a sudden illumination. "Well, as you are going there, I shall put on my oldest frock, and spend the afternoon with Aunt Russell."

"Now, Frances, don't be silly. Run and change your frock like a good girl."

"No, indeed, it would kill me. Good-bye, papa. I hope you 'll enjoy yourself," and Frances buried herself in her book, yet kept one corner of her eye for the observation of her father. He was standing with his back to the chimney-piece looking blankly before him with an oddly disconsolate air. "What can be the matter with him?" she wondered, "why does he take it like this? why cannot he go without me?" But he did not appear to be intending to go, and by-and-by she began to feel uneasy.

"You don't really wish me to go?" she asked coaxingly.

"Yes, I do," said he, brightening.

"What! if it will kill me?"

"You little goose! Yes, I very seriously wish you to go."

Frances threw down her book, and prepared for her martyrdom. She put on her best dark-blue suit, and set off with her father. Having made up her mind to the sacrifice, she did not take the grace from it by any but playful murmurings; indeed, she very rarely displayed temper, and never to her father. Her habit was to take her own way with perfect good humour, and on the exceptional occasions when she agreed to take somebody else's way, it was not with her a necessity to do it any less pleasantly. So her father did not at all realise that she was positively suffering from her nervousness, though when he looked at her critically after he had rung the bell at Lawn Court, he did observe that she was paler than usual. But he was more than satisfied with her appearance, and though inclined from his very anxiety to be, for the first time in his life, difficult to please, he could not but be content with the way in which she conducted herself when they were ushered into the presence of the ladies. It was true that all her sparkle and vivacity were gone as completely as if they had never been. Miss Ford might think her quiet and demure, but she could not think her awkward, and it was possible that the sweet pale face and timid manners of this transformed Frances might find their way to her heart sooner than the gaiety of the unabashed one. When they came away the Captain asked her, with inward trepidation, how she had liked the two ladies. "Oh, I am sure I don't know," she answered; "I had enough to do to hold myself together. They frightened me so I felt as if I should fall to pieces." And this was all the comfort the poor Captain had been able to get.

Frances this morning stood whisking her possessions here and there, according to her notions of arrangement, and had almost forgotten her father's announcement when she heard his step on the stairs. Presently he appeared at the door. "Halloa," he cried, "you 're here, are you? You might have an invitation to dinner every day of your life, to see how coolly you take it."

"Oh, I know," she said; "you can't take me in. It 's only aunt."

"Indeed! Your Aunt Russell does not generally send a liveried footman with her notes." Frances uttered a cry of horror, and stared blankly at her father.

"Oh, papa, it 's those dreadful Verneys!"

Her father laughed. His face was radiant, and his voice had in it a tone of cheerfulness almost exultant.

"You must have a new dress, Frances. Put on your hat, and we 'll go and choose it."

Entreaties were of no avail. Her father represented that an invitation could not be refused; and the dress was an unconfessed alleviation. About this there was much discussion. Her father favoured muslin, but was promptly snubbed. Muslin was out of date, Frances averred. But he was firm on the subject of colour: it must be white. A cream-coloured cashmere was eventually chosen, to be set off with a crimson flower, which her father undertook to procure for her.

The dreaded evening came at last, having its arrival delayed, as it seemed to Frances, by intervening days of unnatural length. Dreaded it certainly was, yet anticipated too, for it was hardly possible to regard her first dinner-party, and the wearing of so lovely a dress, with unmixed horror.

"Papa, be sure you sit by me all the time," were her last words before they entered the gate; "don't leave me a minute."

"My dear child, that 's impossible," laughed her father. "Some gentleman will take you in to dinner, and will make himself mighty agreeable to you, I daresay."

"Oh!" groaned Frances, "then you must look at me all the time, father, so that I can catch your eye when I want to. Be sure you don't forget."

The time in the drawing-room before dinner realised Frances' worst apprehensions. Up-stairs, when she had looked into the glass, she could not avoid a glow of pleasure. She had never seen herself from head to foot in a long glass before. It had, in truth, been a lovely sight—a slim well-poised figure, crowned with a sunny head that turned itself to catch all the effects with a saucy grace, like a bird's. But Frances reserved all her admiration for the soft sweep and perfect fit of her cashmere, and the deep rich crimson of her rose, for which she was sure her father had paid a great deal more than he ought. If she thought of herself at all, it was to notice with surprise that she looked quite grown-up in this attire. She supposed she must really consider herself a young lady now. But all the pleasure fled when she reached the drawing-room. When she collected her senses sufficiently to notice anything, she found herself stranded on the sofa by the terrible Mrs. Verney, and a very long way off from her father, who stood on the hearthrug with the other gentlemen. But when they were seated at dinner, she began gradually to recover herself, and to look about her with interest. Mr. Verney had taken her in, and she did not feel very frightened at him, for he called her "my dear," and, beyond seeing after her wine, did not take much notice of her. There was only one other visitor—Mr. Fortescue—and he sat on her left hand. On the other side of the table were her father and Miss Ford. Her father's face was hidden by the flowers in the centre, and Miss Ford was opposite to her, and, she was sure, often looked at her. Miss Ford was by far the most dreadful person of them all, so cold and dignified—the kind of person, she said to herself, that she could never feel at home with. She began to listen to the talk that was going on. Mr. Verney confined his attention principally to his dinner, contenting himself with putting in a word now and then. Mrs. Verney was telling Mr. Fortescue the unfortunate history of some lady friend of hers, and Mr. Fortescue was giving her a not undivided attention, being in reality listening for Magdalen's voice with even more anxiety than that with which Frances was listening for her father's.

"Oh," the Captain was saying, "you talk about reading out of doors! if you want to appreciate Shakespeare, Miss Ford, you should read him as I used to do, with the wind and the sea making a roar round you. There 's no quietness like that. The noise wraps you round like a better kind of silence. When I hear of orchestral music to 'Macbeth,' I think I know of a finer."

"When there is a question of the sea, Captain Rae," said Miss Ford, with a smile, "I have observed long since that you cannot talk prose. Am I beginning to find that Shakespeare gives you the same difficulty?"

"Well, you see, a sailor's library gets well thumbed. He can't get the new books, so the old ones have to see the more service; and I think it 's not a bad thing. But we don't expect to keep abreast of the age."

"By-the-bye, Captain," interposed Mr. Verney, "have you seen this new fellow play 'Macbeth?' I 've not seen him myself, but I 'm inclined to think, from what I hear, that he makes a dreadful mess of it, which is always the way with these fellows who overturn precedent for the sake of sending up their own rocket."

"I can't judge," answered Captain Rae. "I never go to the theatre."

"Bless me!" ejaculated Mr. Verney, "how 's that?"

"It 's a whim," was the answer. "My mother didn't approve of it, and I kept out of it at first to please her. I 've never had any strong inclination to forego."

All eyes round the table were upon her father, as he said this, and Frances coloured on his behalf, while he looked entirely at ease.

"That is an honourable whim," said Mr. Fortescue, "and deserves a better name." Magdalen did not speak.

Mrs. Verney presently making a move, Frances found herself once more in the drawing-room, this time separated from her father by walls instead of a few yards of carpet, and shut up with these two ladies without any hope of rescue. But it was not very awful, after all. Mrs. Verney took her in charge at once, and made her sit on a low chair before the fire, and began to talk to her, and as that lady did

not appear to very much notice what she said in reply, she soon felt re-assured. Miss Ford went to the piano, and while paying due attention to Mrs. Verney's talk Frances found herself quite enough at liberty to listen with mingled envy and delight to her fine playing.

"I suppose you go out a great deal, Miss Rae?" Mrs. Verney was saying. "No? that's a pity; but perhaps you have not been long at Castleport. I must introduce you to some of the Thurfrestone people; there are some charming girls who would, I am sure, be pleased to know you. You must be very dull. No? Well, you have your father, as you say, and he is a very striking-looking man, certainly. I don't wonder you are proud of him."

Thus Mrs. Verney amiably continued to do her duty in entertaining the young stranger. Coffee was brought, and soon after Frances heard a door open, and the sound of voices, and then the gentlemen appeared. Her heart welcomes her father as eagerly as though they had been parted for a month. She feels sure he will come and speak to her. No! He has not caught her eye, or even looked her way. He goes straight to the piano, where Miss Ford is standing. She has turned round, and instead of a view of the heavy plaits at the back of her head, Frances can see her face. A beautiful smile flashes over it as her father comes up, and they sit down at once and begin to talk. She is not the only interested and envious observer of this little scene. Mr. Fortescue is looking on, and he cannot avoid a pang, although he calls himself foolish for it, and reasonably attributes Miss Ford's favours to the Captain to the feminine reserve which will prevent a woman from extending her favours where she knows they will be most prized. But the evening is at an end for him, as far as any enjoyment is concerned. He has not had the chance of talking to Miss Ford since before dinner. She and the Captain do not tire of each other. Mr. Verney, with great good humour, overwhelms Frances with photographs, convinced that he is entertaining capitally this shy pretty maiden, while she, poor child, is longing for the evening to be over. How her father enjoys himself among these people! How much at home he seems with the clever Miss Ford! And she had thought he cared only for home.

At last that haven of safety is reached. She can become herself again, and she does not hesitate over the process. She begins by ruffling up her father's hair, to make him feel that he is at home, and then dances a jig in her long white dress, in order to convince herself, she says, that she is not really a grand lady. Her father watches her, and smiles, but he is silent, and takes no share in the fun. When she says good night, she kisses him a great many times, and says, in a coaxing voice—

"Father, are you sure you are contented with me? Don't you want me to be like that grand Miss Ford? Are you quite, quite sure you love me, and don't want any one else?"

Her father's eyes meet hers in a confused fashion, and a redness is plainly visible through the brown of his cheeks. But there can be nothing wrong, she feels, for he takes her in his arms, and kisses her tenderly, saying, earnestly—

"I do indeed love thee, my child."

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AND EXETER HALL.

THERE is almost always some difficulty in discovering who was the actual founder of any great institution.

The first Young Men's Association may have been originated in some upper chamber in Jerusalem, and branch associations may have held their meetings in the Catacombs of Rome and Alexandria — wherever persecuted Christians dwelt, and wherever the need of mutual help was felt.

Most great philanthropic movements have originated in the labours of individuals, and not from the efforts of committees and societies. Thus it is generally agreed that Robert Raikes inaugurated the present system of Sunday-schools, that John Pounds founded ragged schools, and that David Nasmith founded city missions and Young Men's Christian Associations.

In a little room in Canning Terrace, on the bank of the Regent's Canal, two gentlemen met David Nasmith by appointment on May 16th, 1835. Here are the minutes of the meeting:—"After prayer we three founded the London City Mission, adopted our constitution, assigned offices to each other, and after laying the infant mission before the Lord, desiring that He would nurse and bless it and make it a blessing to tens of thousands, we adjourned."

On the evening of that same day David Nasmith went to the house of Mr. George Seeley in Fleet Street, and met a party of young men who then and there formed themselves into the Metropolitan Young Men's Society, of which the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel became the president. That society was the parent of the Young Men's Christian Association, as the Young Men's Christian Association has become the parent of other societies in this country, in America, and on the Continent of Europe.

David Nasmith's societies flourished both in this country and in America, where, in the course of a visit, he planted them right and left. While they were growing up and developing, important changes were taking place in the constitution of English society.

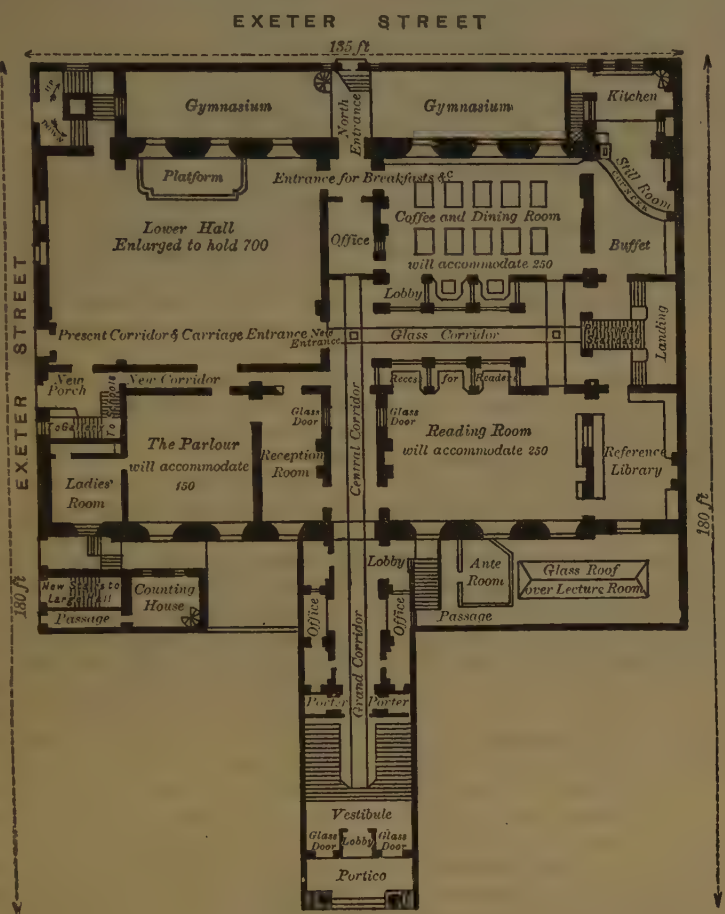
EXETER HALL.

THE NEW HOME OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

(See page 484.)

he elective franchise was enlarged, municipal ghts were extended, popular education had become fact, mechanics' and literary institutions were xerting a wide influence; the Ten-Hours' Bill, miting the hours of labour, was passed, and the rototype of the Early Closing Association was esta-lished. Directly or indirectly, all these movements ore up the Young Men's Societies towards a higher evelopment; and in 1844 the present Young Men's hristian Asso-iation was ormed. It was naugurated at meeting held t 72, St. Paul's hurchyard, hen it was de-ided to form a Society for mproving the piritual Condi-ion of Young Ien in the Dra-ery and other Trades," and the resent name of he Association vas adopted. The leaders in hat movement vere the late Mr. George Hitchcock and Mr. George Wil-iams, and about ighteen others, who formed the irst committee —men wealthy nd poor, in-luential and un-nfluential, but nimated by one common notive, which was "the mental nd spiritual im-provement of young men" by means of devotional meetings, classes for biblical study, meetings for reading the Scriptures, nd for mutual edification and encouragement, to asso-ciate in membership Christian young men, without regard to sectarian views or doctrines, and then with counsel to strengthen and confirm their hope and zeal; and all this as far as possible in the sphere of their daily calling.

A rich blessing rested upon the labours thus com-menced. At the end of the first year there were 160 members. Then the Association took a wider range, and incorporated with their plan a Mutual Improve-ment Association, not giving membership to the Christian Association, nor needing any certificate of Church membership. Year by year the movement gained force and impetus; soon it spread to various parts of the metropolis, to the provinces, to the Continent of Europe and America, to the nearest and most distant colonies, until, at the present time, Young Men's Christian Associations are established in almost every part of the world where the Gospel has gained a footing. It would be impossible, in a short article, to give even a glance at the good work accomplished by the Association in the thirty-seven years of its existence. Among other things, the series of lectures delivered at Exeter Hall by some of the most eminent men of the day, and continued for twenty-one years without interruption, will be remembered. But this was only one thing, and an outside one. Within the Association a great and good work was being carried on—reading-rooms and class-rooms were provided, friendships were encouraged, aid and assistance was given in all good purposes, and young men were led forth into higher and holier life. In 1849 commodious rooms were taken in Gresham Street, where for five years five hundred men had their rendezvous, and then, the place having grown too narrow, larger premises were taken at 165, Aldersgate Street, where the head-quarters of the Association have been until March of the present year, when a new era in its history was commenced.



EXETER HALL.—GROUND-FLOOR PLAN.

A year or two ago a rumour went abroad that Exeter Hall was to be converted into a monster music hall or hotel, and this rumour being verified, six gentlemen, Messrs. J. D. Allcroft, R. C. L. Bevan, T. A. Denny, E. M. Denny, S. Morley, and

G. Williams subscribed the munificent sum of £25,000, purchased the property, saved it from the wreckage of its time-honoured and world-famous associations, and gave it to the Young Men's Christian Association, to be used also, as in days of yore, for the annual May meetings of religious and philanthropic societies. A further sum of £25,000 was required to adapt the premises to their new use, and to make improvements in the building which have long been recognised as a necessity. This sum has, we believe, been subscribed, so that the almost unexampled sum of £50,000 has within a short time been collected and devoted to this good work.

In the month of March of the present year, being the jubilee of its history, Exeter Hall was opened under the most auspicious circumstances as the central home of the Young Men's Christian Association in London.

The site on which Exeter Hall stands has many memories, as, indeed, has almost every spot in London. The great Lord Burleigh built a handsome mansion here or hereabouts which was called Burleigh (or properly Burghley) House, and afterwards Exeter House, from the son of the great statesman, Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter. To this house came Queen Elizabeth on a visit to Lord Burleigh; here pious John Evelyn was seized by the soldiers of the Commonwealth on Christmas Day, 1657, "for that he did observe the superstitious time of the Nativity;" from this place issued the funeral procession of General Popham, the Lord General of the Army, Oliver Cromwell, being one of the mourners; here lived Anthony, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, and here was born his grandson, the third Earl, author of the "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times," and advocate of the doctrine that ridicule is the test of truth.

After the Great Fire, the Courts of Doctors' Commons were transferred here, and continued till 1672. A few years later Exeter House was taken down, and on its site the Exeter Exchange—a collection of shops, forming a kind of bazaar—was built by a speculator. In one of the upper rooms the body of Gay the poet lay in state. The 'Change turned out a practical failure, and when in 1829 vast improvements were made in the Strand, Exeter 'Change was taken down, and on part of its site the present Exeter Hall was built. A scheme for providing a central building for public meetings had been mooted as early as 1822, by a Mr. Brooks, but the scheme languished until taken up with vigour by Captain Pownall, who formed a company of which the late Sir T. Baring, Bart., was a member, and eventually Exeter Hall was raised. That building is so well known there is no need to describe it again—it will be enough to say that John Peter Deering was the architect, that the entrance facing the Strand is Græco-Corinthian, with two columns and pilasters, and in the Attic is inscribed in Greek characters "Philadelpheion," indicating that it is a temple dedicated to brotherly love.

On the 29th March, 1831, Exeter Hall was opened, and from that day till now Exeter Hall has held its position as a focus of religious life notwithstanding the torrents of abuse that have been poured upon it, and the malignant attacks of enemies who hated its very name. It would be a long chapter that could give even an epitome of these attacks; and such a chapter had better remain unwritten. The best refutation of all charges brought by enemies of truth, and liberty, and brotherly kindness is a simple record of what has been done in Exeter Hall, and the manner of men who did it. On the platform of Exeter Hall the great Anti-Slavery movement gained force and strength from the eloquence of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Sturge, Buxton, Lloyd Garrison, and others. Here Clarke, Wilson, Gurney, Morrison, Noel, Bickersteth, and their worthy successors, have advocated the cause of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which now circulates the Holy Scriptures to almost every nation, kindred, people, and tongue in "the language wherein they were born." Here John Williams, Knibb, Duff, Moffat, Livingstone, and hundreds of other heroes of the Cross in heathen lands, have uttered their impassioned appeals on behalf of the peoples sitting in darkness and the shadow of death; and here almost every religious and philanthropic movement has for half a century past received an impetus.

Some of the incidents of that period are full of interest. In was on the 1st of June, 1840, that the first public meeting on behalf of the Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade, and for the Civilisation of Africa, was held in Exeter Hall, presided over by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, when Buxton and all the leading Anti-slavery men of the day were present. "I sincerely trust," said the prince, "that this great country will not relax in its efforts until it has finally, and for ever, put an end to a state of things so repugnant to the principles of Christianity, and to the best feelings of our nature." This was the first public address delivered by Prince Albert in England, and was so well received as to reward him for the great anxiety he felt as to its delivery. "He was nervous," the Queen wrote in her diary, "before he went, and had repeated his speech to me in the morning by heart."

On the 12th of that same month another great meeting was held in the same hall, under the presidency of that grand old man, Thomas Clarkson, the father of the anti-slavery movement, who was then in his eighty-first year; and the scene has happily been preserved in the well-known painting by Haydon.

Exeter Hall has not narrowly confined itself to religious and philanthropic movements only. Music has there found an important place in the past, as we hope it will in the present and future. In the orchestra—which was built upon the principle adopted by Sir Michael Costa at the "Philharmonic," so as to enable every member to see the conductor—the sublime works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and every classic composer have been given with a splendour

hitherto unknown. Here Jenny Lind gave her concerts; here Grisi, and all the wonder-working priestesses of the divine art, have entranced their audiences; here the mighty choruses of the Sacred Harmonic Society have echoed; here John Hullah illustrated his popular system of singing with a choir of 2,000 voices, and led the way for the further development of the "Heaven-born art." Princes, peers, statesmen, divines, missionaries, and philanthropists, leaders in art, science, music, literature, and divinity have made the platform of Exeter Hall famous for all time, and have sent forth a sound into all the world. For Guizot has told the story to France; D'Aubigné has told it to Switzerland; Krummacher, Bunsen, and Tholuck to Germany; Elihu Burritt and Neal Dow to America; while Moffat and Livingstone and a host of missionaries have caused the inhabitants of the dark places of the earth to hear of this "centre of light."

With all these memories it would have been a blot on the fair page of Christian history in London if Exeter Hall had been allowed to pass into alien hands.

By the trust deeds of the Young Men's Christian Association it is provided that the trustees or trustee may, with the consent of the donors or their survivors, sell the premises, *if need be*, but "every conveyance made under this power must contain a covenant by the purchaser that the premises shall not be occupied or used for the purpose of a theatre, music-hall, hotel, or tavern," so that the threatened evil is averted, Exeter Hall is saved from worse than destruction, and has entered upon a new term of useful life.

Among the great improvements which have been effected under the superintendence of Mr. Pite, the architect, and Mr. Brady, the clerk of the works, may be mentioned the renovation and reconstruction of the Lower Hall on the ground floor, which is now one of the most charming in London, light, elegant, classical in decoration, and affording ample accommodation for about seven hundred persons. On the same floor is the new lofty restaurant and buffet, and the well-lighted and comfortable reading-room, library, and parlours. In the Great Hall special attention has been paid to lighting and ventilation; the vast orchestra has been renovated, the gallery has been brought forward, the flooring lowered, and in addition there are now eight convenient exits—a most important alteration, as formerly the Great Hall was one of the most dangerous in London in the event of an alarm of fire being raised. In the basement, where formerly bottled beer was stored, a wonderful transformation has taken place; the whole has been converted into commodious, well-lighted, and well-ventilated class rooms, gymnasium, lecture hall, and kitchen. Here, too, is the warming and ventilating apparatus, and the powerful engine which blows the large organ bellows, and is to be used in the electric lighting.

One most important feature of the reconstructed hall is the erection of a gymnasium, which promises to be one of the best furnished in London. It is fitted with all the newest and best appliances, covered with a lofty glass-domed roof, and complete with dressing rooms, bath rooms, lavatories, and such like things. This gymnasium is a significant sign of the times, and of the reaction from the gloomy and irreverent views of certain mistaken ones of a former day, who took delight in vilifying their corporeal nature, designating it a "clog of clay," a "dismal prison," and themselves "crawling worms." It shows that Christian young men of to-day have thrown off these un-Christian forms of speech and thought, and have taken up the language of the Psalmist who said, "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made." It shows that they are alive to the effect which manly exercise has upon physical health, the effect which physical health has upon a man's temper, and therefore upon his happiness, upon his working power, and consequently upon his usefulness.

It is to be hoped, now that the Association has made such rapid strides in the right direction as to introduce athletics as a study, it will widen its range still further, and give a special prominence to music. The Sacred Harmonic Society has retired from Exeter Hall; why should not a Christian Harmonic Society take its place? the main object of which should be the higher cultivation of sacred music, so that the service of song in every sanctuary in the land should be improved and made more worthy of Him to whom "praise belongeth." Athletics are good, and muscular Christianity generally is good, and for young men, especially those confined to sedentary occupation, is perhaps the very best thing for health and enjoyment. But to those who are harassed in business, fatigued in body, weary with the monotony of daily uncongenial tasks, surely there is nothing in the world so beneficial as music; it restores the strained nerves to harmony, inspires the low-spirited, and drowns the "roar of the wheels and machinery of Mammon." "Music is calculated to compose the mind and fit it for instruction," says Aristides. "Music to the mind is as air to the body," says Plato. "Achilles was taught music in order to moderate his passions," says Homer. "I have always loved music," says Martin Luther; "I would not for any price lose my little musical power. It drives away the spirit of melancholy as we see in the case of King Saul. By its aid a man forgets his anger, lust, and pride, and expels many temptations and evil thoughts. The devil cannot abide good music—he hates it. Music is a great disciplinarian; she makes people tractable and kindly disposed. Music is a lovely gift of God; it awakens and moves me so, that I preach with pleasure."

It seems to us that there is no study which comes more legitimately within the scope of the Young Men's Christian Association than the cultivation of music; and with their Lower Hall, Great Hall, and extensive class rooms there is every facility for its encouragement.

It will interest some of our readers to know that in London the names of 6,384 members are on the books of the Christian Association, and that there are also 1,380 members of the Institute. The subscription ranges from 5s. to 21s. per annum, according to age, entitling to the use of reading rooms, conversation parlours, circulating and reference libraries, good and cheap refreshment rooms, and more than the ordinary privileges of a club. In addition there are Bible classes, prayer meetings, debating classes, and lectures occurring daily; there are also evening educational classes for modern languages, literature, shorthand, music, and almost every other useful subject, and on such inexpensive terms that it is no wonder every class is crowded, and that the students speak in glowing eulogy of the benefits derived from this exceptional means of continuing education.

It is pleasant to know that the premises occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate Street and King William Street will not be relinquished in consequence of the establishment of a Central Association in the Strand, but, on the contrary, judging by the vigorous work being carried on there, and the additions that have been made in the class-rooms in Aldersgate Street, necessitating the incorporation into the premises of a large warehouse consisting of five floors and a basement, it would seem that new life has been infused into the whole concern, and that the Association is destined to take a place of importance it has not hitherto occupied in this country. It is certain that these improvements are to be attributed to hard workers whose names do not appear, and whose labours are below the surface.

CHRIST THE PROMISE OF ALL AGES.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, AND FORMERLY HULSEAN LECTURER.

GEN. iii. 15.

I HAVE given, as a general title to this series, "Christ the Promise of ALL AGES," the design of it being to show His relation to all time, and His connection with all the dispensations given to mankind. The Apostle, it will be remembered, uses the remarkable expression, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" that is, the same through all past, present, and future duration: as if he would say, "Such as Christ was under the dispensation given to our fathers, such He is under the Gospel delivered to us in these latter days, such He ever will be in the uninterrupted successions of the heavenly state." And as Christ is immutably the same in Himself, in all ages, so is He always the same in the relations He sustains towards the children of men. From the day of the fall of man, until this day, He is always set before us as the Saviour and Redeemer of the world; always "the One Mediator between God and man;" always the Author and Finisher of an everlasting righteousness; always the mighty potentate and deliverer who should overthrow the kingdom of darkness, and bind its prince in everlasting chains.

It is in this last character He appears in the passage containing the first promise of a Saviour ever given to the world. Promise as it is, it is yet wrapped up in the folds of a curse; a curse on the serpent-angel, who, in order to effect the ruin of our race, had "transformed himself into an angel of light." And for this he is cursed; branded with eternal infamy as a reptile upon the ground; a thing to be trampled upon, and to lick the very dust of the earth. But even this was not the whole of his sentence. That world which he had polluted with the breath of sin, shall henceforth be to him a scene of misery, and bitter strife, and mortifying defeats; whilst, as to the woman he had beguiled—from her seed, it is declared, shall come forth a mighty Conqueror, who, while submitting to apparent defeat for a season, shall wrest from him the sceptre of his usurped dominion, and lay his honour in the dust:—"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

I. Here it is first to be noticed that the victories of Christ are to be preceded by a condition of *fixed hatred* on the part of Satan, not towards the woman only, but towards her offspring, and the whole human race. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman."

For the enmity of Satan towards the *woman* we are at no loss to see reasons—enmity, too, of all others the most implacable and hard to subdue—namely, the enmity of envy, and jealousy, and mortified and humbled pride. Satan, a miserable outcast from the society of immortals, beholds a being immeasurably his inferior in intellectual endowments, surrounded by the means of the most perfect material happiness; walking erect in all the dignity of moral innocence; rejoicing in the smile and welcome of the Infinite God, without a sorrow, and without a fear. And

the sight was too lovely and happy for his malignant nature to look upon. What comfort could his intellectual elevation yield him, while one, of inferior rank and powers to himself, could move the sceptred Monarch of this fair creation, and have the choicest bestowments of heaven laid, morning by morning, at his feet? As to the enmity on the woman's part towards Satan, that would not come till after the fall—till after the fatal discovery, that, under a promise of being raised to a higher condition of moral dignity, of approximating to a perfectness like that of God Himself, Satan had robbed her, "at one fell swoop," of happiness, and innocence, and hope. From that moment, we may well believe, that bosom which, till then, had never felt anything but the throbbings of gentleness and love, would all at once become fired with a burning and insatiable hatred — causing the woman to fly with loathing from the presence by which she had been so basely and perfidiously betrayed. This law of human hatreds, as we know, has survived until this day. Let penitent thoughts once overtake the sinner, and there is no hatred so inveterate and deep, as that with which he regards the tempter who was the first to lead him into sin.

But whatever the enmity of Satan towards the woman, it was far greater towards Christ. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed." Here the point which especially calls for notice, is that Christ should be called "the seed of the woman." It is a part of the usage of all ages that posterity should be reckoned from the man. By the Jews, especially, was this mode of genealogical computation observed most strictly; and the departure from it by Moses, in this passage, is considered, by their commentators, as veiling some hidden and important mystery. To us it is given to know what this hidden mystery was. We know that "in the fulness of time," One was to be born into the world who, in some unique and transcendental sense, was to be "made of a woman"—One, through whom the power of Satan was to be bruised, the bonds of our spiritual bondage should be broken, and we, the seed of the outcast and the rebellious, should "receive the adoption of sons." By none, born of the corrupt race of Adam, could this spiritual emancipation have been effected. The Lord must "create a new thing in the earth." One must be found who should be "holy, harmless, undefiled," pure as none else is pure, who should free us from our nature's evil, and our nature's stain. "The seed of the woman must bruise the serpent's head."

With regard to the enmity here predicted between Satan and the offspring of the woman, it will be seen to arise naturally out of the conflicting aims, which, on the Scripture showing, each is assumed to have in view. They are aims mutually destructive of each other. The object of Satan is to found and maintain an empire of apostate spirits, in open disobedience to and revolt from God. The aim of Christ is to set up a kingdom of peace and righteousness—to give effect to that scheme whereby, having once suffered for sin, "the just for the unjust," He might bring us to God. The aim of Satan is to destroy man's immortality; to extend the gloomy reign of spiritual and eternal death; to shiver to atoms the great master-piece of creative wisdom; and to set this fallen star of Paradise as a trophy in his own diadem of darkness. The design of Christ was to fill the mansions of heaven with redeemed and rescued spirits—to have the sanctuary of immortality adorned with the victorious fruits and purchase of His cross; to see thousands of believing eyes fixed on the precious ensign of His Atonement, that their souls might be saved alive. Such contrary aims and designs, it is manifest, must perpetuate the original enmities of Paradise. The two seeds are severally contending for empire, and neither can have a throne, except on the overthrow and destruction of the other. The Seed of the woman avowed this to be His purpose from all eternity. To this end came He into the world—to crush, to break, to overturn, to abolish. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the Devil." "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

II. We come next to consider the promise contained in these last words, of a mighty Deliverer to arise as the offspring of the woman; the great price at which His mediation would have to be purchased; but, withal, the certainty of a victorious and triumphant issue to the struggle. "It (the Seed of the woman) shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

In perfect keeping with the rest of the sentence passed upon Satan, it will be seen that the several expressions in this part of it are figurative, being all taken from the habits of the natural serpent. Thus, take the expression, "It shall bruise thy head." It is manifest that the chief destructive power of the serpent tribe, whether lodged in the tooth, or the sting, or in the emitted poison, lies in the "head," so that, if this part be effectually crushed, the creature is for the most part powerless. The promised bruising of the serpent's head, therefore evidently corresponds to a promised stripping of Satan of all destroying power—the reducing him to a condition of comparative innocuousness; in fact, the assurance of a raising up to them that fall, and the final beating down of Satan under their feet. So, with regard to that part of the sentence which relates to Christ. His victory was not to be obtained without grievous assault, and suffering, and hurt

—"Thou shalt bruise His heel." His heel—that is, one of the less sensitive parts of the human organisation—a part in which a wound might be received without necessarily disabling the sufferer from taking his part in the ordinary duties and avocations of life. The plain import of the prophecy, therefore, is that while a *partial* wound should be sustained by the Seed of the woman, the seed of the serpent should be *utterly* and irretrievably destroyed. Let us see how this prophecy has been fulfilled.

And, first, as to the partial evil permitted to fall upon the Offspring of the woman—the bruising of "the heel" of Messiah—the wounds, and scars, and stripes which He was to endure in His lower nature. These began with his life, and only ended with His life. From the first day of our Lord's manifestation, the seed of the serpent began to contrive against Him his deadly plots. First, Herod was set on to destroy the child Jesus in infancy. On commencing His public ministry, the Holy One has to sustain those forty days' fierce encounter in the wilderness. On coming to His own city, Nazareth, the maddened populace are stirred up of Satan "to cast Him headlong from the brow of the hill." And in all the subsequent trials and insults endured by the Blessed Saviour, we see the work of the subtle serpent of evil, devising new plots and agencies to bruise and distress the human soul of Christ. He moved Herod to mock, and Pilate to scourge, and the priests to revile, and the rabble to shout. He was with the false witnesses who accused, and the apostate disciple who betrayed; with the thief who cast railing in His teeth, and with the heartless soldier who pierced His side. Yes, behind all this machinery of evil, did Satan plant himself. Mistaken, short-sighted, utterly suicidal as his policy was, it had its origin in that sentence-promise of Paradise. It was so "written in the bond." Our salvation had been an imperfect thing without it. All that was mortal in the Incarnation; all that was capable of suffering; all that belonged to the nature which the Holy One had assumed, was, and was to be bruised, insulted, dishonoured, shamed. Hunger pinched Him. Thirst distressed Him. Fatigue wearied Him. Pain rent His limbs, and anguish cast down His soul. Oh! it was indeed the sharpness of the serpent's tooth He felt when, out of the deep agony of His spirit, He cried out, "Father, save Me from this hour." But instantly the thought occurred, "For this cause came I unto this hour." The Scripture had said that thus it must be—"Thou shalt bruise His heel."

But then, blessed be God, the Scripture had said also, "It shall bruise thy head." And here the triumph of Divine mercy culminates. The two parts of the sentence are found to be correlative; that is to say, it is the very bruising of the *heel* of Messiah that leads to the crushing of the *head* of the serpent. For how stood the case? The head of Satan—that wherein his great strength lies—consists in his having the power of death—a death on which the sting is sin, and the strength is a violated law. But it is the bruised heel of Christ that has rendered both of these powerless:—His submission to all the experiences of the Incarnation being a perfect satisfaction to all the demands of the law, and His death upon the cross having provided an infinite propitiation for sin. Hence, as the apostle argues, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, Christ, by tasting death for every man, has purchased a salvation for every man. By making His righteousness ours, and our sin His, He casts His lot with us—"For both He that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one;" and He has made us one, says the apostle, to this end, that through death, that is, His own death, He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil.

Here, then, we have the prophetic promise, the sentence-blessing laid out in its complete fulfilment. Satan is allowed to bruise the heel of Messiah; but meanwhile, and in the very act of submitting to this bruising, Christ is Himself bruising Satan in his most vital part. He is casting out the god of this world; He is destroying him that had the power of death. He is delivering "them who, through fear of death, were all their life time subject unto bondage." He is making death welcome, and the grave a house of victory, and is opening the Kingdom of heaven to all believers. True, all this He was to accomplish, and could only accomplish by His own death; "Out of the eater must come forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness." God often confounds human expectations by the agency of contraries. Our joy is the fruit of Christ's tears. Our healing comes from His stripes. Our victory is from the cross, and our light is from the tomb. "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel," was the faithless language of the two sorrowing disciples—not perceiving that Christ could only conquer death by yielding to him, and could only make a prisoner of the grave by suffering the grave to imprison Him.

Even in his last overt act of triumph—the lifting up of the Son of Man—Satan was unconsciously setting the seal to his own utter and everlasting defeat. For then was the Saviour submitting to that which should draw all men unto Him, all eyes to His cross, all hearts to His embrace, all hopes to His sacrifice, all souls to His eternal throne. As His spirit passed away, as He gave up the ghost, Satan was seen as lightning to fall from heaven, and the sovereignty of all worlds was given into the hands of the Son of Man—"The Seed of the woman had bruised the serpent's head." Amen.

LEARNT AT LAST.

A LITTLE STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE "kitchens" in Alexander Street were both dull and gloomy. The front window opened on the area, and as you looked out you could see little more than the railings, and possibly a patch of sky if you craned your neck up. Several families lived in No. 10, the particular house of which I write, but the "kitchens" were occupied by Mrs. Ray, a widow, with her four children. Mrs. Ray was an honest respectable woman, with a kindly face and pleasant eyes that had much light and brightness in them.

The rooms were dull, but when you talked to Mrs. Ray you forgot that, she seemed to bring brightness; and though small and necessarily dingy, the results of London soot and smoke, the rooms were kept in beautiful order and cleanliness.

Mrs. Ray was very happy, though so poor, and her life was in its humble way really beautiful, so closely did she try to follow the example of Him whom she loved and served. Many a time did she deny herself food to take something to a poor neighbour or starving child—and many an hour of her own rest did she forego to mind some sick child or lighten some weary mother's burden.

Matty, the youngest, a girl, was just six years old. Tom and Johnny were twins of eight, and then several children who had died came between them and Robbie the eldest, who was thirteen.

The younger children went to school, and Robbie had got a place as errand-boy at a butterman's, and considered himself fairly started in the world. Very thankful was good Mrs. Ray when Robbie got the place through the kind interest of a district visitor, as times had been bad for her all that winter, and she had lost several of her customers for plain sewing. Indeed, Mrs. Ray's faith had been sorely tried, but it kept bright throughout, and never failed. She knew in Whom she trusted, and she was sure that however dark it seemed, good would come out of the trial, and all prove to be for the best.

"Robbie," said Mrs. Ray, one Sunday evening, as a few stray gleams from the setting sun found their way into the front room, and were making Robbie's yellow hair shine like gold, "Robbie, you 're going to church to-night."

"Yes, mother," said Robbie, who was carefully folding up a paper of questions his Sunday-school teacher had given him to answer. "Yes, I 'm going."

"Well then, Robbie, on your way just leave that book Mrs. Garner lent me at her place, will you?"

Mrs. Ray stopped in her employment of washing the tea-things, and pointed in the direction of the right-hand cupboard.

"It 's in there, Robbie; just you look. She lent it to me when Tom had measles, to amuse him, and yesterday she asked me for it back again. She 's leaving to-morrow morning, or I wouldn't trouble her on a Sunday."

Robbie coloured, and began folding his paper still more carefully.

"Well, Robbie, you look," said Mrs. Ray. "I can't go, as I am not going to church to-night, as it's my turn to mind Mrs. Waters' baby, who 's teething, and that fractious that it 'll be a rest for its poor mother to have her church to-night."

"Mother," said Robbie, looking up, his big clear blue eyes meeting his mother's, "I lent that book to Sanders, and——"

"You *lent* it, Robbie?" interrupted Mrs. Ray, quickly. She was annoyed, as the book belonged to Mrs. Garner, the district visitor, and Mrs. Ray was always most careful of anything lent to her.

"Yes, mother," said Robbie, "I 'm very sorry now I did, but I lent it to Sanders because I thought it would do him good."

"Well, can you get it again this evening, Robbie?"

"No, mother. The truth is he has lost it," said Robbie, hanging his head. "I met him yesterday, and he told me so."

"There now, Robbie," said Mrs. Ray, "that 's what comes of your disobeying me. You know you 're never to lend books that are lent to us. Haven't I told you so?"

"Yes, mother; but I thought it would do Sanders good," said Robbie.

Mrs. Ray shook her head. "Never do evil that good may come, Robbie. You mind my words. It 's many a time I 've said them to you, and you 've never taken heed to them."

"But, mother," said Robbie, "it wasn't very bad, my just lending that book."

"It was disobedience, Robbie boy. And constantly you're doing things of the kind, same as lending this here book. Your object 's good; I 've no call to say it ain't; but all the same, Robbie, remember you should never do evil that good may come."

"It 's a hard lesson to learn, mother," said Robbie, looking for his cap. "For often one can do such a lot of good by doing——"

"*Never* by doing wrong," said his mother. "It may appear good to you, but it isn't real good, and you're not to do it. Try and learn that lesson, my boy; though it may seem a hard one."

Robbie nodded, and running off to church, he reached it just as the sweet-toned bell stopped.

CHAPTER II.

THE weeks passed on, and the hot summer with its long days had nearly passed away.

Mrs. Ray often wondered how it was that Robbie was going on so smoothly, and that she never had occasion to reprove him for what really was his besetting sin. It was a habit of disobedience and a doing wrong things wilfully. And this was rendered all the more dangerous by the subtle deceit that ensnared poor Robbie, who tried to think it was quite allowable to do them as his object was good in the end. Even in past days he had actually stolen some grapes from a fruiterer's shop to give to one of Mrs. Waters' children. He would not have stolen now, but still the principle of wrong-doing for the sake of ultimate probable good was there, and the reason that Robbie had been better lately was simply that he had not been tempted.

One day in early autumn he went to the butterman's where he was employed, and when he entered the shop Mrs. Gray the butterman's wife gave him some errands at a good distance. Robbie was pleased, as he was fond of walking, and he set off at a brisk pace and came back so soon that his master was highly delighted.

"Well, my boy, you certainly do errands quicker than I should think possible," said Mr. Gray, a kind good-natured man; "if you go on at this rate I shall raise your wages in a little time."

This was grand news, and poor Mrs. Ray was pleased when Robbie told her of it. She was weary and worn, having been washing all day, and the bit of good news cheered her up.

"Mother," said Robbie, after a while, "where is my bat?"

"Oh, your bat—I have put it away," said Mrs. Ray.

"Have you, mother? I want it; at least, I shall want it to-morrow evening."

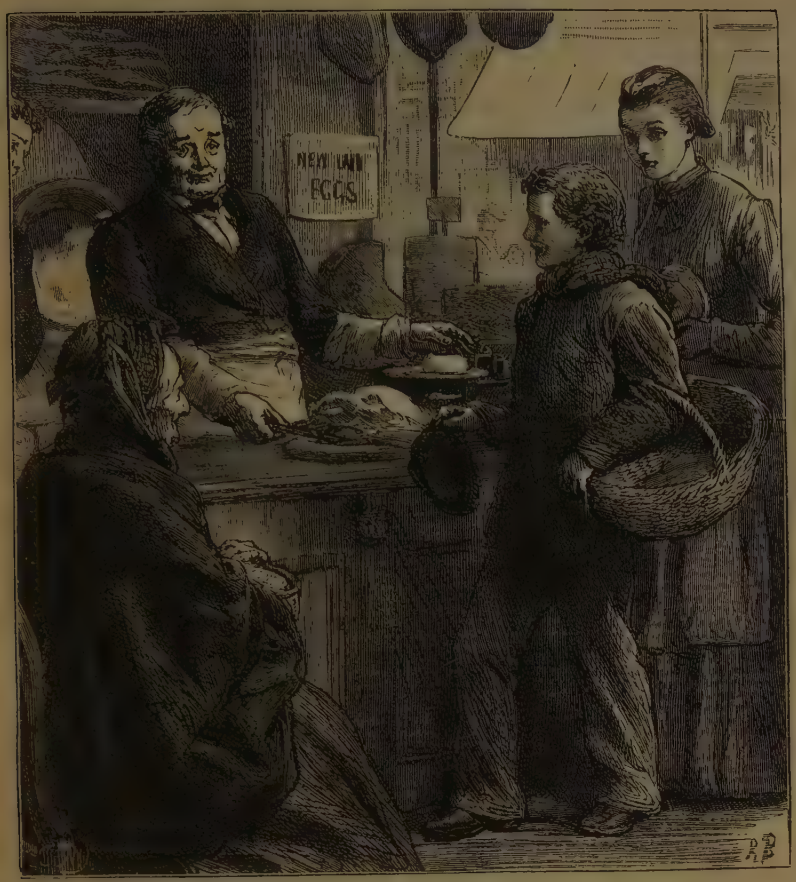
"Are you going to play cricket then, Robbie?"

"No, mother; but I promised to lend it to Johnny Waters."

"I am glad you are kind to him, as he wants encouraging in a right way," said Mrs. Ray, approvingly.

Johnny Waters had been rather a wild troublesome boy, but had lately changed very much, owing to his mother's influence, which was beginning to

"'Mother, I lent that book to Sanders.'"—*p.* 491.



"'Well, my boy, you certainly do errands quicker than I should think possible.'"—*p.* 492.

be felt at last. Mrs. Ray was glad that Robbie should try and get the boy into good company and keep him out of mischief, and she knew that Robbie in lending him his bat was giving up his place in a small cricket club got up by the boys of Alexander Street.

The next evening Mrs. Ray was gone out for a few minutes. She was in the midst of washing, and the copper was full of boiling clothes when she had to go out for more soap. In the meanwhile Robbie came in and began hunting for his bat. He searched in the front room, then in the back, and then in the tiny wash-house. Just over the copper was a shelf, and on it Robbie spied his bat.

In a moment he had jumped on the table by the side of the copper, and was going to step on to the latter, when he remembered his mother had forbidden the children to stand on it. There was a window at the side, and she was afraid they might fall out.

"Such an idea!" thought Robbie, as he hesitated for a moment. "What danger can there be?"

The good angel whispered that his mother had forbidden it, and that he should obey, but another angel—one, alas! that Robbie often listened to—reminded him that if he was disobeying it was for a good object.

In a moment he had yielded, and springing on the copper, reached out his hand for the bat.

He had just touched it when his foot slipped, and the lid of the copper sliding, he was soon up to his knees in the boiling water. Robbie had reason to remember that hard lesson of obedience learnt at last. Mrs. Ray, when she came in, found him in great agony, and for many a week did Robbie lie on a bed of pain.

Not only had he to suffer intense pain in his legs —long wakeful nights, and many hours of extreme weakness—but he had the sad thought of all the expense and trouble he was giving his mother. One day, when he was just able to get about again, he and his mother had a long quiet talk on the subject of his disobedience.

"But I meant it well, mother; I wanted the bat for Johnny," said Robbie, falling even now back again on his old excuses.

"What did I tell you about doing wrong that good may come?" asked his mother.

"I see it now, mother," said Robbie, after a few moments of silent thought; "I was wrong."

"It has been a hard lesson, Robbie," said Mrs. Ray.

"I've learnt it at last, though, mother," said Robbie, "and I do hope I shall never forget it."

Robbie never did. He now had learnt by bitter experience that truth which all would do well to remember—*never* to do evil that good may come.

L. E. D.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 13.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings vi., vii. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. Last lesson ended with a truce between Syria and Israel—now war breaks out again. King of Syria makes great effort to take the capital of kingdom—what city was that? So wars go on till reign of Prince of Peace shall be established in all the world (Is. ix. 6: Ps. xlvi. 9).

I. THE SIEGE. (Read vi. 24 to end.) Who was the king of Syria? Had already tried to take Samaria in Ahab's reign (1 Kings xx. 1). Now seemed likely to succeed. City reduced to great straits—provisions fearfully dear. Now describe the king's walking along the wall to see defences properly attended to—the woman calling out to him for help—his stopping to listen—the lords in waiting listening too—what a horrible tale! the king could do nothing—could not even speak! what did he do? Why rend his clothes? Shows he had sympathy with the people in their distress, even if could not help them. But what fearful oath did he take? This very different to calling Elisha "Father" (vi. 21). Remind how often people thought the prophets were cause of the troubles foretold by them. Thus Ahab said to Elijah that he was troubling Israel (1 Kings xviii. 17). Also high priest complained of apostles (Acts v. 28). So Jehoram thinks Elisha cause of this trouble. Meanwhile where was Elisha? Most likely in a college of "Sons of Prophets." Who were with him? What orders did he give about the messenger? But who was behind the messenger? What did the messenger say? Jehoram had given up trust in God—it was vain to serve Him—had only trouble—would now give up serving God, and slay His prophet. Help was near, though he knew it not. One day more would have brought deliverance. How different from Job's state of mind—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii. 15).

II. THE DELIVERANCE. (Read vii. 1—20.) What did Elisha prophesy? Cheap food in twenty-four hours! How was it possible? Who seemed to think it impossible? How was the nobleman rebuked for his want of faith? Now ask questions as to the manner of the deliverance. Who were sitting in the gate because unclean? What did they say to each other? Would choose the less of two evils—food with enemy rather than starvation amongst friends. At what time of day did they go? Thus would not be seen and taken for deserters. But what did they find in the Syrians' camp? What an astounding thing! the camp was empty! How was this? What had the Syrians heard? What had they done at once? Fled without daring to strike one blow! Let children see how easily God can disperse the enemies of His people. Remind of Pharaoh and his army drowned in the Red Sea—Sennacherib's army slain in one moment (2 Kings xix. 35). So that, if God pleases, no weapon formed against His people can prosper (Isa. liv. 17). This true of all enemies, spiritual as well as temporal. So can be strong in the Lord (Eph. vi. 10, 13). Now picture the lepers going from tent to tent, collecting spoils, hiding them (ver. 9), eating and drinking—at last surfeited with good things, began to think of others—so what did they do? Picture the excitement of the night porter—his calling other porters—news so important must call up the king. But what does the king say? Forgot or disbelieved Elisha's prophecy—can only imagine a plot of the Syrians to lay an ambush. What do the servants suggest? Can be no harm going to see—so two mounted messengers sent. What do they see? Probably by this time daylight—could see the spoil cast away by the army in their retreat. How far do they track the enemy? About thirty miles—to the Jordan. Can be no doubt now, so return to the king. Oh! what joy in their city! no longer need to eat offal. What do the people do at once? But order must be preserved. To whom was the charge of the gate given? What happened to him? Thus died by what seemed natural causes—yet by whose appointment was it? So "God killeth and maketh alive—He maketh poor and maketh rich" (1 Sam. ii. 6). The lord was killed—the price of bread was what Elisha foretold—God's word by His prophet came to pass.

III. THE LESSONS. (1) *God's foreknowledge.* How did Elisha know that there would be plenty the next day? Thus the past, present, and future, all alike known to God (Ps. cxxxix. 12). This thought may give us comfort, for God uses His knowledge to protect His people, as a father would, could he foresee

what was likely to harm his child. (2) *Danger of unbelief.* "Hath God said, and shall it not come to pass?" The lord would not believe and so was punished with death. Remind of similar case of Israelites in wilderness. (See Heb. iii. 18, 19.) From what were they shut out? But how much worse to be shut out of heaven. Therefore must ask for true, constant, living faith to believe God's warnings and promises—and to show faith by our lives. Righteous are never forsaken. Trials may come — poverty, sickness, bereavement—but all must end well as long as we put our trust in God (Ps. lxxxiv. 11).

Questions to be answered.

1. Who was king of Syria, and what fresh attempt did he make?
2. To what evil condition was Samaria reduced?
3. Upon whom was the trouble charged?
4. How did deliverance come?
5. Who did not share in the deliverance, and why?
6. What general lessons may we learn?

No. 14. JEZEBEL'S DEATH.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings ix.

INTRODUCTION. Read in last lesson of miraculous deliverance of Samaria from a siege—how God's word came true and famine was turned into plenty in a few hours. To-day shall read another instance of fulfilment of God's word. Who was Ahab's queen? Was one of most wicked woman that ever lived. What great sin had Jezebel done against Naboth? What punishment was predicted against her? (1 Kings xxi. 23.) Shall see to-day how this came to pass.

I. JEHU ANOINTED. (Read 1—13.) Remind how Elijah has been told to anoint Jehu king (1 Kings xix. 15). Some delay had taken place—or perhaps had anointed him in private and now time come for him to begin to reign. Whom does Elisha send for the purpose? What instructions were given him? In whose name was he to do this act? Now picture his arrival at Ramoth Gilead—the captains all assembled, probably at a meal—in comes the prophet in strange dress—what does he say? Who answers him? Jehu seems to have been the leader amongst them. Now what does the prophet do? Takes him aside as bidden, delivers the message—anoints him privately and hurries away. And what was the message? Jehu is to be God's avenger of Ahab's and Jezebel's sin. What had they done to the prophet and servant of the Lord? Their whole house must be cut off as a punishment and warning; and so sins of fathers are visited on the children.

Now Jehu comes out and tells his tale. What a scene of excitement follows. What do they all do? Spread their garment for the king to walk on, as the multitude did for Jesus nine hundred years afterwards—on what day was that? (Matt. xxi. 8.) Blew the trumpets and proclaimed him king. What does all this teach us? *The certainty of God's word.* Elijah was dead, and Joram was reigning peacefully—might have thought Elijah's prophecy would be forgotten—but God cannot forget—at the right time Jehu was sent. So always—what God hath said must come to pass.

II. JEHU TRIUMPHANT. (Read 14—29.) Where was Joram the king all this time? Why was he at Jezreel? Had been a great battle with Syrians—king of Israel wounded—taken to his palace at Jezreel to be nursed—probably eat cool grapes from Naboth's vineyard. So Jehu determines to go there at once—had received message from God—must begin his work immediately. Who was on a visit to Joram? (Ver. 16.) How was Jehu's coming known? His troop of mounted captains, easily seen in distance, would produce commotion in Jezreel. What did Joram do? Seems to have suspected some danger. So two messengers sent out to meet the troop. How did they know who it was? This march of Jehu's own character—bold, impetuous, daring. Now what do the two kings do? What a strange scene. King of Israel—pale with illness and perhaps fear. King of Judah as his friend, going out to meet Jehu and his friends. Where do they meet? Just outside the palace in the vineyard which Ahab had seized. How strange! we say—but was it strange? What question did Joram ask? What was Jehu's answer? But why was Joram to suffer for Jezebel's sins? Alas! instead of repenting of them and so turning away God's anger, he had continued them—had been trained up in sin, and when he was old had not departed from it. So his parents' sin descended to him, and he must be punished. How did he die? Just as Ahab his father had before him (1 Kings xxii. 34). And where was he buried? So once more God's word came true. Ahab had for a time repented, and God's anger was stayed (1 Kings xxi. 29), but Joram was altogether unrepentant, and so was cut off in his sins. What does this teach us? *The certainty of God's punishment.* Wicked often escape for time—seem to prosper—but at appointed time God will avenge Himself and show that "there is a God that judgeth the earth."

III. JEZEBEL'S END. (Read 30—37.) Now Jehu drives up to Jezreel in his chariot triumphant. Who looked out at the window? What had Jezebel done first? Already knew of death of her son, as seen by what she said. Yet vain and heartless woman adorns herself in Eastern fashion. What taunt does she utter? Remind how Zimri killed Elah, and himself perished in one week (1 Kings xvi. 18). So she prophesies with Jehu. What did he do? Servants soon see which is triumphant side—desert the queen—go over to Jehu—throw her down—and she dies miserably. Then all come and greet Jehu—he goes into the palace—feasts with his captains and then thinks of Jezebel. After all, she is a king's daughter, must have an honourable burial. But what had become of her? Dogs had quickly done their work—so this great queen, who made whole land tremble—who set God in defiance, comes to this miserable end. Had despised and rejected God in her youth and health

and beauty. He rejected her in her old age and misery. What an awful warning to seek God while He may be found (Isa. lv. 6), to repent while we can —lest we be cut off in our sins. Once more let teacher point out lesson of whole story—the certainty of God's word. And as in past so in future—the soul that sinneth shall die—but as with warnings so with mercies—God's word is true—Christ is exalted to give repentance and remission of sins (Act. iii. 26).

Questions to be answered.

1. What prophecy had been pronounced against Jezebel?
2. How did it come true?
3. Describe the anointing and proclamation of Jehu.
4. What prophecy was thereby fulfilled?
5. How did Joram die?
6. What is the great lesson we learn from this story?

BORNE BACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—TRUE RICHES.

ALL my short life—long in humiliating experiences—I had been learning the value of money by the want of it. I was now to learn its valuelessness by seeing what it could not do. God was training me for it—— Well, I must not anticipate.

I have never been personally connected with business, and am thoroughly ignorant of the forms and details of merchandise; the initiated, therefore, must excuse me if I blunder over any part of my story.

There was some commodity—I really forget what—of which the English markets ran short. My uncle, foreseeing the dearth, invested largely, and bought it up wherever available. Ships on their way importing fresh supplies were detained by contrary winds in the Channel. Days passed; prices went up: there was a run which only my uncle's stores could meet. He could make his own terms, and he did so to the wholesale buyers. At the end of a fortnight he had realised by this one successful speculation a sum which seemed to us almost fabulous, and which would have been sufficient to turn hundreds of abodes of poverty into places of comfort and blessing. The newspapers teemed with accounts of the transaction, and men marvelled at his foresight and business capacities. Leopold gave us a graphic description of the whole affair, and people looked on us with interest as relations of the successful merchant. The money was made, the treasure laid by for himself; but was he truly rich?

Within a month, on the floor of that inner office, where his mind had conceived, and his ingenuity arranged the means of execution, of that scheme with the fame of which the business world rang, a poor disabled man lay helpless and alone. Having "brought nothing into this world," he could "carry nothing out." A sudden stroke, a rush of blood, and the busy brain was surcharged. The noise of a fall was heard, a clerk knocked, then entered in alarm. There was a whisper and a rush. Men's faces paled, and business was suspended. One alone stood calm and could command. This was the one on whom all eyes turned as being second in authority to him who had hitherto ruled, but who now lay a mere wreck of manhood, dismissed from his stewardship by the decrees of the highest Court. By order of this gentleman, Mr. Calthorpe, every effort to restore was promptly made. A physician was sent for; nay, two, three physicians. They bore our uncle to his home; Leopold stood near, and never left him during that miserable night. At the other side knelt poor frightened Coralie, as long as she was permitted to remain. He showed no signs of recognition to either of the orphans whom he had befriended. No word came from his lips, no word to tell how he was passing away, or whether one gleam of hope illumined the gloom, and played fitfully through the failing mind. He could have surrounded himself in life by luxury and magnificence; he could have dwelt in grandeur, and rolled through the busy streets in moneyed triumph; but was he "rich towards God?"—that was the question now. Was his immortal soul safe? No one could tell; no one *can* tell till the secrets of all hearts are revealed. I knew the ills of poverty; but never until my anxious inquiries as to my uncle's spiritual state met no response had I seen that money may be a burden, a care, and a snare, and that one who possesses it largely may yet be "poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked," "without Christ, without hope, without excuse."

The electric telegraph had been for some years in use flashing intelligence over the face of the country, but not so did the news of this sad event reach us. A messenger travelled express from London along a newly-opened line of rail, to give my mother all particulars, and require her presence as sister-in-law of

the deceased, and natural guardian of the youth who now stood in his room.

I was not prepared to go with her, so was left to take charge of the cottage and Hannah. I stayed and pondered.

answered, solemnly. "Hannah, we may have treasure in heaven."

Her only remark was the irreverent inquiry—

"What good would it be where we would 'ave everythink for nothink?"

"He lifted his hat gravely, and passed on."—*p.* 502.

"Hannah," I began one day, recognising my responsibilities, "what do you think makes people truly rich?"

"Plenty of money, sure," was the unhesitating rejoinder.

"I don't think so," I said. "I think it must be something they cannot lose."

"It should be put up very safe then," was her reply.

"'Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal,'" I

But, undeterred, I went on—

"That treasure will not be silver or gold. Gold will be beneath the feet of those who reach the holy city as a pavement of the streets, and precious stones nothing accounted of. I think," I continued, "the Lord Christ Himself will be the treasure of His redeemed people—He who loved us, and gave Himself for us here, and whom we shall worship for ever."

"You speaks as if you knew Him," she said, sullenly.

"So I do," I returned, flushing and tingling all

over with the confession; "He is my nearest and dearest Friend. Oh, Hannah! should you not like to have a friend who could help you always?"

Hannah replied, with something of that irony which marked Ireland's great man, Dean Swift, when he requested to be allowed to accompany his man-servant to "see a friend (?)"—

"It is easier to hear of me than to meet one."

"But now One offers Himself to you," I persisted; "and He has proved His love as no other could, by leaving His glory, and coming down to earth to die. He has taught me to know Him, and oh, Hannah, I wish you knew Him too!"

She was silent for some time; then she said, in a sort of dry tone, which I very much disliked—the old evil nature found it so hard to bear—

"I s'pose Miss Capel taught you all this?"

"Miss Capel showed me I had a heavenly Friend, but He taught me about Himself in His Word," I said.

"I s'pose it's pretty much the same, for Miss Capel talks all Bible," she rejoined, in a still more contemptuous way.

Whenever she got into her present humour I thought it best not to argue with her; therefore I maintained a grave silence, but felt no small amount of displeasure, which I had some difficulty in keeping under control. Hannah surveyed me curiously: without turning my head in her direction I felt her gaze.

"Ain't Miss Capel Miss Agnes?" she asked, at length.

"Yes," I returned, curtly.

"Well, if ever! I always thought somehow Agnes was a big bony woman."

"Why so?" I inquired, the diversion producing the desired effect of restoring equanimity.

"'Cos I read a book long ago about Sister Agnes. She was a big bony woman, and I believed she really lived, and was afraid of her. Mother found this out, and always threatened me with her."

"You loved your mother well, Hannah?"

"I should think so," she answered, her eyes growing strangely dim. "You spoke of a friend awhile ago; she was the only one as ever I heerd on who thought a pin about me."

"Don't you remember your father?" I asked.

"I do; I would rather forget him."

This short rejoinder was enough. I questioned no more, but she volunteered some further information.

"Mother was poor, so I came to service. I think 't is the greatest misfortune on earth to be poor. I never took what worn't belonging to me, but if I knew where to find one of them pots of gold they say is hid away in the ground I'd surely dig, and dig, and dig till I reached it."

A long silence ensued, as I was not prepared to say anything suitable, and felt remonstrance or counsel would be vain. I was fain to let the matter drop, and muse in secret over a line of thought which our young domestic had unconsciously awakened—even the mental connections we form between objects and names. In after life I have remarked that hearing much about people—public characters, for instance—I have constantly portrayed them in my mind, and invariably found on meeting the originals afterwards they were decidedly unlike—generally, indeed, the very reverse of what my exuberant fancy had sketched.

CHAPTER XI.—A RISE IN THE WORLD.

A GREAT change had taken place in our circumstances—a change from poverty to wealth, from poor, proud, paltry gentility to the activities and independence of business.

We were to leave our simple village home. To the young almost any change is pleasant. The fresh glad nature, full of hopeful unrest, with all its living aspirations, glories in excitement, and hates repose save what the tired frame absolutely needs to renew its vigour and prepare for further effort. The aged veteran would quit the battle-field, the toil-worn labourer courts rest, the disappointed heart would fain be still; and they leave the scenes of trouble and sadness—it may be even the gloom of a prison—with regret. Was I young? Yes, in years. Was I old? Yes, in many a humiliating experience which made me feel like an old woman, afraid of a step in an unknown direction—a leap in the dark.

Uncle James's will had been read. There were various legacies to old servants who were in his employment and his private housekeeper, a more important arrangement for his principal man of business, Mr. Calthorpe; then a large sum well insured to Coralie; but the bulk of the property was bequeathed to Leopold.

Subject to guardians (Uncle James must have been a wise man), he could make no changes until he was of age. One was a city merchant; the other our old friend, Squire Hardman. Our mother was to have sole charge of her son; he was to reside with her until he came of age, she drawing a large yearly income from the business. I think Uncle James remembered too well her former indifference, for this was her only provision. The surplus was to accumulate.

Nor was I forgotten. I, Suey Wyld, who had dined off a cup of milk and a piece of bread, who had wept over a damaged white frock, who had swept out our little rooms, and ordered all kitchen arrangements, was a young lady possessed in prospect of five thousand pounds!

Five thousand pounds! What a sum! The tidings took away my breath and completely staggered me. I put it down on paper in figures; I wrote it down in full round letters to try whether this would have the power to make me realise it; but in vain. I could have understood and rejoiced at getting five shillings, but I am not quite sure that I enjoyed getting five thousand pounds.

It was not that I did not value money; I rather over-valued it. It was not that I had not sorely felt and often lamented its need. But it could do so much—so very much—it almost took away my senses to think of it; and how could I ever spend it aright?

I have often since thought, when recalling my first mental experience at that time, it might serve as a useful illustration in a common spiritual difficulty. Now, I had no doubt the intelligence of the bequest was true, it never entered my heart to say I don't believe it; but I had no realising sense of the accepted fact, consequently no conscious enjoyment of it.

All this came afterwards, and was but a sequence of unquestioning reception. Even so it is with the bulk of mankind regarding the truths of salvation. They do not close with its gracious offers, they do not rest on an Almighty assurance, but wait for some corresponding supernatural influence upon the mind, some strong undoubting sense of possession. Thus they want to feel they have a thing before they take it; they seek to make a Saviour of frames and feelings, instead of trusting in a living Christ, and a work accomplished outside of themselves. And when they fancy they discover hopeful signs, and are sensible of some supernatural credibility from which they may derive comfort, God may be taken at His word, and the helpless and undone sinner—never more undone than when building a structure of self-righteousness, or weaving a web of suitability—trusts that He is true.

I must go back a little from this digression. My mother came to me, and from her I learned all the particulars I have given. The furniture of our cottage was to be sold, and another tenant found. I cannot linger over the breaking up of that poor establishment, and the severing of old associations. It had been our home; I had never known another. I went out into the garden, and there in a corner, where I felt myself secure from Hannah's restless activities, enjoyed a good cry.

Hannah was to go with us; for this I was thankful. It was not that I loved her, but I knew her, and she seemed to link us with the old life we were leaving for ever. In passing it had seemed trying; but, gone beyond recall, memory began to dwell fondly on happy hours we had known—bright spots appearing here and there. Ah, what rambles Leopold and I had enjoyed in the dear old Priory grounds; rambles which gave us such a hearty relish for our plain food! It may be very unladylike to have a large appetite, but often since then, when seated at sumptuous dinners, I have wished I could partake of what was set before me with something of the healthful zest with which I devoured my daily crust long long ago.

If I cannot dwell upon the parting from inanimate though familiar objects, still less can I dwell upon the parting from my beloved Miss Capel.

"A great change has indeed come to you, Suey," she said; "you have got what people call 'a rise in the world.' I don't think I ever knew a more extraordinary instance of it. Oh, may you thus be drawn nearer to God, and so be more weaned from the world."

"I feel it has only brought me very low," I returned, unable any longer to restrain the tears which came with a quick and sudden flow, like the impetuous rush of a storm-shower. "It seems as if the cloud was all around, and I could see no brightness—nothing but the present trouble."

"That is not well," she replied, gently; "the alteration in your circumstances has come to you as a blessing, and you should feel humbly grateful. It is a Father's provision for His child—an entire deliverance from the cankering trials of want. Then, too, it is God's way, and must be best. You have not chosen it yourself—you have had no part in bringing it about. It is God's guiding; but in the path He has marked out, remember, dear, comes your responsibility."

I was not a little comforted—nay, I was content to go—it was God's path. But then again came in the thought of my responsibility.

That was all. Then she folded me in her arms, and when I issued from them I felt as if I had left part of my better self—part of my heart of hearts behind.

"Make her a light for Jesus," I heard whispered over my head as her parting words. We had previously knelt in prayer. "Dear Suey, amid the corruptions of a great city, where temptation will beset you on every side, seek constant supplies of grace. The Spirit of God says, 'Shine ye, as lights in the world.'"

So we parted, and I went away—in every sense I went away.

Hugh saw us off. As he walked with me to the new railway station which was near, mother having passed on before with Squire Hardman and the luggage, he whispered—

"You are rich now, Suey; don't let it make a change in *you*."

"You are rich, too," I said, suffering my appreciation of his kindness to appear; "and it has not spoiled you."

"Ah, I was born to it," he said, simply and frankly. "It came to me naturally to be surrounded by luxury, and somehow I never thought about it. To you it is a change, and any sudden change is trying."

There was truth in this which could not be controverted, so I said nothing, only accepted in silence the beautiful bunch of the Priory's choicest flowers, which he pressed into my hand. I don't know whether it is foolish to confess it here, but these are the withered flowers which, as relics of early life, lie beside my brother's first letter.

The journey was made in a very quiet but contented spirit; it was God's way. Arrived in the great metropolis, the whirl of the busy streets, the

strange sights, and above all, strange sounds confused me exceedingly, and caused my brain to swim and sight to grow dim. My life was endangered at the outset, for I felt that out of the crush of packed vehicles where progress was seriously impeded, we were preserved as by a miracle.

Uncle James's house was in the northern part of the city. Why he lived so far from his place of business I cannot tell, unless it was as being healthier for Coralie. I afterwards found how quickly he could be conveyed from one part to another, and that he did not leave his work until late in the evening, dining no one inquired where. He was a strange man, and of few words. None cared to interfere with, still less to mend his habits. The person he trusted most was Mr. Calthorpe; the being he most loved was his niece. Neither exactly knew how large a place they had in his confidence and regard, but divined it after he was gone from habits of life and traits of character as they were recalled little by little by his old housekeeper, or others who knew him well.

Of course this tall, dusty, and somewhat bare dwelling became to me at once a home, for it was Leopold's. I was never weary of admiring my brother in his handsome dark grey suit, and he had gained an air of still greater self-confidence which made me rely on him at once as I never before had done. He received me tenderly, which encouraged me on the first fitting opportunity to breathe into his friendly ear my difficulties, and alarming sense of responsibility.

"Leopold," I began, "how ever am I to spend it?"

"What?"

"All that great sum of money I have got."

"Little simpleton!" he returned, bursting out laughing; "you are not to spend it at all, you know: only the interest."

"What 's interest?" I questioned.

"What any one will pay you yearly for leaving it with them."

"Oh! but I cannot leave it with any one. I must do as the Lord shows me," I said, very reluctantly.

"Whew!" whistled Leopold. "You will soon get over this."

And I did get over it. Oh, I did get over it!

"I say," continued my brother, "it is an awful bore to be tied up like this, and fenced and guarded until one feels cramped and enslaved. It reminds me of the papooses we read about, so swathed and settled they present no appearance of life. I want to be my own master, and see the world."

How handsome he looked!

"I may be a merchant-prince," he went on, with a toss of his fine head; "but I feel like a naughty boy. Do I look like a prince, Suey?"

"Very," I replied, foolishly fostering the vanity which rather needed control.

He laughed, but did not kiss me as of old. He was getting beyond this now.

I loved Coralie at once, and was thankful to think Uncle James had had such a dear young companion in his home—one who loved him in life, and missed him when gone. She looked very pale and sad in her new black frock, her dark eyes gleaming mournfully through their swollen lids. The genuine appearance of grief—for all through the house, and in my mother's manner, was restraint, but not emotion—went straight to my heart. I opened my arms involuntarily, and took her to it there and then. I suppose she felt she was understood, for without a word we immediately became friends.

CHAPTER XII.—MADEMOISELLE VALERIE.

WE were to have a governess—Coralie and I; that was a change for the better, at all events. For my own part, I knew very little, and was eager to taste the sweets of learning; so that when Mademoiselle Valerie came to reside in our family, she found two very willing pupils awaiting her. Despite her name, Mademoiselle Marie Valerie appeared a very gentle refined English girl; one whose sensitive nature rendered her reserved, yet whose quiet dignity seemed sufficient to bear her through every difficulty. My mother had advertised for an instructress, and amongst a host of eager applicants (it pains my heart to remember how many), had chosen this young lady for two reasons. First, she was an orphan, and, as my mother said, would have no relatives coming after her. Secondly, she gave a high testimonial as to ability and steadiness of purpose, from a lady of rank. The latter circumstance threw an additional weight into the scale, which sent all the others up, and Mademoiselle Valerie became the Misses Wyld's *gouvernante*.

I was attracted to her at once. There was a depth in her violet eyes, a certain sound in her calmest tone, which commanded attention, yet never betokened passion. I obeyed her instinctively. To think of disputing her authority in her peculiar province and department would have seemed impossible. And yet I recognised from the first that there was "a great gulf" between us; and I possessed a secret of happiness and strength to which, with all her gifts and acquirements, she had not attained. She had a little Bible, and read a portion of it every night before retiring to rest; but it was in a listless weary way, as one would wind up a day of trial with a sigh. I don't think the task could have been a pleasure: I rather think all the irksome duties were folded away together when the gilt clasp went back to its fitting with a soft click. I never saw it opened at any other time, and I pondered on this. Now, I knew if there was life in her soul it could not, as my beloved Miss Capel would say, be sustained without nourishment, and its meat and drink would be found in the green pastures and living springs of the Word. Where there was no appetite for this the soul must be sickly or dead, and no amount of intellectuality or amiability can create or restore vitality.

I am sure Coralie tried her often, for our cousin had a wayward temper, and under certain influences, and when positively thwarted, her black eyes would gleam with passion in a way that frightened me to behold. At such times Mademoiselle Valerie's voice will try to rub off some of her rusticity, and correct her austerity. With advantages like hers, it is not needful to go moping through life. A strange religion which refuses to enjoy what the Creator gives!"

"'Leopold, can you possibly want seven pounds?'"—*p.* 503.

was peculiarly quiet, her self-command perfect. She never argued or persuaded, but she persevered, and invariably carried her point. Often afterwards, when I have seen the black eyes suffused with tears, and heard the humble tone proclaim the calm of reason had returned and passion past, I felt a wise unseen power had guided my mother in her choice of an instructress. I suppose, in a different way, I too tried her.

"You will find my daughter a very puritan, Mademoiselle Valerie," my mother had said. "You

Thus encouraged, Mademoiselle Valerie set herself to win me from what she called the morbid religious sensitiveness of a recluse; and as I was of a complying nature, she too often succeeded. She took a different method with each of her pupils: Coralie she commanded, me she led. Coralie set herself up in proud defiance; she conquered her without appearing to do so until the end was accomplished. I quietly tried to hold my own way, and had to concede. The first thing I gave up was an hour in the morning for private reading and meditation. Made-

moiselle Valerie not only represented to me that at that season my mind was peculiarly fresh and vigorous for study, but actually gave me such lessons to prepare that I was forced to comply. Often, when I tried to redeem this hour later in the day, the entrance of a visitor, or the necessity for healthful exercise, was pressed upon me, and a walk or ride in one of the parks took the place of the quiet communion for which my soul longed.

Did I enjoy these walks and drives? Yes, vastly. At first, not quite with an easy conscience, as I remembered what they had cost; but I knew the exercise was needful, and felt a certain elasticity of spirit under the influence of the fresh air and change of scene. They did me good in many ways; and if mademoiselle had just allowed me my morning hour in undisturbed privacy, I should have felt quite contented.

Still I was enjoying life. It was a grand thing to gaze into the shop windows, to see the living tide which swept down Bond Street and up Piccadilly, or Oxford Street on to High Holborn; to look at the costly robes (which, by the way, I did not in the least covet or desire), the pretty gew-gaws, or glittering gems of the Queen's jewellers. (By-the-bye, it often struck me how much of everything the Royal household consume, for even in our remote rural district and unpromising town there was a purveyor to her Majesty!) My mother said it was decidedly vulgar "to do London and see the lions," but as I was so profoundly ignorant, to "rub off the rusticity" (a favourite expression), Leopold was permitted to take me all over the metropolis. Coralie and Mademoiselle Valerie accompanied us. I was glad of that, for, though Leopold thoroughly enjoyed my simplicity and made merry over my mistakes and childish enthusiasm, so that it enlivened the whole party, he had a way of hurrying from one thing to another which took away from me the power of enjoyment. Were it not for Mademoiselle Valerie, I should have felt very unsatisfied, but she managed, by allowing me to linger in contemplation where the mind needed perfect quiet, or by a well-directed remark when interest flagged, and some required information, to render the whole thing one of the greatest treats I have ever enjoyed. Coralie was in high spirits; with unfailing energy she went through it all. It took us days, but it was over at last. I had mused on past greatness, and thought, after all, what an empty thing is the name man leaves behind him in Westminster Abbey. How poor earth's honours and titles must seem in the eternal state; how miserable, if we have bartered aught to gain them. And yet it did me good to dwell upon some noble lives—lives which had not passed in vain. I had mused over great reverses 'neath the gloomy arches of the Tower, and felt of all pre-eminence the pre-eminence of pain is the saddest history hands down. One man is known by what he has achieved; another by what he suffered. How many hearts have ached from childhood for the smothered princes, or murdered monarchs who there have been laid to their coveted rest!

One day, as we were driving through the park, a gentleman passed us on horseback. He gazed for a moment or two steadily at Mademoiselle Valerie, then lifted his hat gravely and passed on. I looked at our governess; she had flushed deep scarlet, then her cheeks became paler than usual; but as we descended for a stroll she walked with a steady step and her usual quiet dignity. Coralie, ever impulsive, and whose tongue was chary of restraint, said somewhat abruptly—

"You know that gentleman, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes," she replied quietly.

"I like his look. May I ask his name?"

"Lord Hetherton."

"Oh," ran on my saucy cousin, "why does he not come to see you? My aunt would approve of him."

"He is a nobleman; I a poor governess working for daily bread."

There was a touch of pain—a lash of satire turned in upon one's self, which made me look at her.

"He is but a gentleman, you a lady," I replied; "thus equal. If he considers you beneath him for using your superior education to gain an independence, his is but an empty name—he is not a nobleman."

I had got upon the old subject which always roused my spirit, and spoke warmly. My words went straight home. Mademoiselle Valerie involuntarily placed her hand upon mine, and gave it a gentle pressure. Then she turned the conversation into another channel.

From thenceforth I knew Mademoiselle Valerie had a history which my young imagination could weave into a pretty romance. What girl is not charmed with the very suspicion of such a thing? My interest in our governess was doubled, and I think, despite my strange fancies and our different ways, there was more sympathy between us than between any of the others in our family. My mother looked down on her from an altitude so lofty, it could admit of no friendly intercourse; at the same time mother was too much of a gentlewoman, too sound in her judgment to exclude from her table and treat as a menial one who was the constant companion of her daughter and niece. Our teacher very properly was expected to do more than impart; she was to form, develop, and train. How this could have been carried on if from the outset she had been subject to systematic slights, I cannot divine. Certainly, with my levelling principles, I should have resisted any attempt to put her in a lower position; probably Coralie, with her impatience of wrong, would have resented it; but with other girls it might have told far worse. It would have resulted, as is too often the case, in the unfortunate preceptress becoming the object of petty annoyance, vulgar resistance, or open contempt, instead of regard. Then comes the strange anomaly of a parent demanding respect for, and upholding the authority of one whom she habitually

dishonours and treats as an inferior. It was not so in our family, I am happy to say.

It is needless to tell how my governess lured me from the narrow path—the singularity of following Christ. I know she could not have done so had I sought aid from on high to be true to my early principles; but, alas! there was a traitor within my own breast who too readily seconded her endeavours. It was not much that I had in great measure to follow my mother's wishes in the fashions of the day—it was more to me that I was continually in society, which, while it fascinated, weakened my relish for spiritual things. Bit by bit, and step by step the world encroached, and I gave way; compromises were made, sometimes with sore misgivings and trouble of heart. When under Mademoiselle Valerie's influence, however, especially as I listened entranced to the strains of her rich contralto voice, my love of music charmed away all sadness, and I lived in a sort of dreamy melancholy which was neither pleasure nor pain. Further than this I need not trace my backward or—to give it a stronger term—downward course.

An incident occurred about this time which diverted my thoughts from self, while it made me very anxious about my darling brother.

He had been sitting with Coralie and me one evening, dilating upon the stage as a noble profession, and ended with the characteristic words—

"I might never be able to star it, but better hang on the skirts of genius than walk dirtily through the miserable details of business."

Coralie curled her pretty lip, and gave him a look it was well he did not receive. She, at least, never rose above or ignored "the business." Leopold was too much engrossed by the greatness of his subject to notice her. I looked nervously at him. I had seen him after he had hung upon the skirts of genius in unknown circles to which only the initiated were admitted. He had boasted of his introduction to them, but I, who was so fearful in my great love for him, did not receive the impression that the society was improving.

Coralie here left the apartment, upon which Leopold brightened into still greater animation. Advancing close to my side, he bent down and said, in a hurried whisper—

"Suey, can you lend me seven pounds?"

I was startled at first, and could not answer, then I said—

"Leopold, can you possibly want seven pounds?"

"Yes, my dear," was the cool reply.

"Why?"

"Do you ask me for what purpose?"

"Partly; and also how came you to want it?"

"Well, in answer to the first part of your inquiry," he returned, with a would-be *nonchalant* air, but, I thought, secretly ill at ease, "I may need it to make up a trifling debt of honour, anything you please. I came to want it because my supply ran short."

"How, short? Your allowance has not been stopped?" I exclaimed, in alarm.

"Bless your innocence, no," he rejoined, "but my allowance was insufficient."

"Insufficient!" I exclaimed again, an overwhelming sense of all this might convey coming upon me.

He was silent; I hope he felt ashamed.

"Leopold," I said, very earnestly, and almost in a whisper, as if afraid of the sound of my own voice, "do you *really* want this money? Must you have it?"

"I must," was the low reply. "I want much more, if you can give it. This paltry sum is nothing."

Without another word I ran up-stairs and took a note for the amount named from my private drawer.

"You could not spare more than this?" he asked, rather nervously, as I handed it to him.

"Not now," I replied, "unless I got it from Coralie."

"No, not from her," he said, decidedly; "not on any account from her. Thanks, little sister; you shall have it with good interest in three weeks hence."

But, alas! not for my money, but for my poor brother, I never was paid back my first loan.

(To be continued.)

JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THOSE WHO WAIT ON GOD IN PRAYER.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart (Ps. xxvii. 14).

Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee (Ps. l. 15).

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth (Ps. cxlv. 18).

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint (Isa. xl. 31).

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you (Matt. vii. 7).

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive (Matt. xxi. 22).

LIFE PICTURES OF MEN WE HAVE MET.

THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWN, B.A., AUTHOR OF "OUT-OF-THE-WAY PAPERS," ETC.

WHAT is a head?

"The head," says the dictionary, "is the uppermost part of the human body, and contains the brain, which is supposed to be the seat of the intellectual powers." It is, in fact, a case, not a mere knob. As a mere knob it might be beautifully carved and highly ornamental; but if it were nothing more—if, that is, there were very little or nothing of value *inside*, then it could hardly be called a head. It might be a very fine knob, but not properly a head.

And this idea of a simple knob, with nothing inside to hurt, must have been unconsciously present to the mind of the man who, when reporting to his master how a much-valued fellow-servant had met with an accident and fallen down some thirty feet, endeavoured to allay that master's very natural fear of fatal consequences by naïvely adding, "But he fell on his *head*, sir!"

So that when we speak of a man "without a head" we do not, of course, mean a man without this "uppermost part," this knob, but one who has little or nothing inside it, or whose brain for some reason or other is not at all made use of as it should be.

What a startling and unpleasant phenomenon it would be to see a man walking down the street literally without a head! to have to sit opposite him in a railway carriage, or be associated with him in any other way! Yet it is in reality much more inconvenient, though by no means so unsightly, to meet with one, as we have so frequently to do, who, in this figurative but very practical way, is without a head! In the former case we should expect nothing, and so not be disappointed, but in the latter we are not only disappointed but grievously incommoded often, because we have the head without the sense, the palace without the king, the stronghold without the garrison, the purse with no money in it, the hamper, raising such anticipations, with nothing inside it but straw.

The man without a head is, in fact, like a ship whose steerage is defective. Such a vessel may be harmless enough, and pursue the uneven tenour of its way in the unfrequented seas and in fair weather, but when the stormy winds arise or when it traverses seas or channels crowded with shipping, then it becomes helpless itself and a source of danger to others. What a wide berth would be given to the ship that sailed up the channel with the signal flying "steerage defective!" But the worst of it is that we often do not discover that the man is without a head till we come into actual collision with him. Sometimes the discovery is a very painful one. It will be brought about by his being suddenly placed in circumstances requiring the exercise of sound judgment, and it is found, to our cost and perhaps the cost of many, that, whatever other excellent qualities the man possesses, he has *got no head*. But more frequently the character we are speaking of is to be found floating easily (to himself, if not always to others) along the stream of life, not altogether purposelessly or uselessly, and by no means without attracting friends and well-wishers, yet with the unmistakable verdict pinned to him, "Very good sort of fellow—but no head."

The verdict, however, is not always equally justified by the facts. In other words, some cannot help being without a head, while others, to a great extent, have no business to be without one.

There are those who cannot help being without a head, for the simple reason that they have *not got one*. They are physically deficient. We are not speaking here of idiots, who are an extreme instance of the case in point, but of those who, while perfectly entitled to be called rational beings, have, nevertheless, not got their due complement of brains. It is their misfortune, and they ought to be tenderly treated accordingly. Heaven sends them compensation, for we observe that such persons, as a rule, are blessed with a placid temperament, and it is only when they are tempted or forced out of the byways of life into occasional or more permanent contact with the busy world that they become inconvenient or troublesome. We remember one whose mental capacity may be judged of by the fact that when he was once trying to sell a horse for which he wanted only twenty pounds, and was told that a more expensive animal than that was required, he cried out, "Well, you can have it for *thirty!*"

But it often happens that natural deficiency is aggravated by the maltreatment it receives at the hands of others. Many a man is said to be "without a head," because, though he had by no means got a strong one, he had been treated too much (perhaps from his youth) as if he had *none at all*. When this is the case, then no matter what he says or does—though he uttered "the wisdom of Solomon," and did the most wonderful things—it would be all to no purpose in the eyes of men. And the worst of it is that the external treatment keeps down and degrades the mind of the man himself, so that, always being *told* he has no head, he is trained to *think* he has none, and to act accordingly. We recollect a young

man who was brought up under the stunting influence of such habitual depreciation from without. Certainly he did seem to have no head, and, though it was years ago, we distinctly remember sharing, as a matter of course, in the general appraisement of the poor fellow's brains, and never for a moment thinking that he could be anything else but a simpleton. Yet how went the matter with him? It pleased God that when he went forth into the world to try and do something for himself as a pronounced fool, he fell into the hands of a wise lady who happily held fast to the notion that everybody could be improved if only we set the right way to work. She set to work with our young man, and, as it proved, in the right way too, for, treating him as improvable instead of unalterably deficient, she gradually wrought such a change in him that he became, not bright, but a very passable young man, and by no means a simpleton any longer. She was determined to *find* brains, and there they were, hid under a heap of rubbish which mistaken friends had been shovelling over them all his earlier years. Truly she *found him a head*, and we verily believe that many a man "without a head" would, in like manner, find one if only those about him would, especially in his younger days, fan the dim flame of intelligence by encouragement, instead of quenching it with their constant assumptions of incompetence.

Sometimes, however, the man "without a head" is, to a great extent, his own depreciator. It is not so much that others think him deficient as that he thinks himself so; though the world in general is pretty sure to take us at our own valuation, when that valuation is a low one. This self-depreciation is not good wholesome humility, which is quite compatible with consciousness of power, and, in fact, stimulates instead of paralysing the exercise of it; but it is rather a morbid nervous feeling, a false humility, a sensitiveness with which pride has sometimes but not always a good deal to do, and which springs chiefly perhaps from constitutional temperament. Who has not met with an instance of the kind, of a person who has shrunk from effort and lived a life of inactivity, not purely from idleness, but because he was possessed with the idea of incapacity—that he had *no head* for anything? And, on the other hand, it has sometimes surprised us to see how one thus self-condemned to a sluggish and almost imbecile existence, perhaps for years, will, on some rousing emergency, when for the moment forced to forget himself, suddenly *find* his head, and act in such a way that, had he always so acted, his life would have been one of the wisest and the best.

In all these cases infirmity has more or less to do with the character we are describing; but we come now to a class of persons who are "without a head," not so much from infirmity as from their own fault. They have got a head, perhaps a very good one, but they do not use it. These are what the Book of Proverbs calls "fools;" not because they have not *got* good sense—for the Bible never says hard things of men for what they cannot help—but because they do not make a right use of it. It is not a case of deficiency, but of culpable neglect.

And we have noticed how some undoubtedly religious people make much too little of the *head* in carrying out the duties of life. They even seem to think it part of their religion to make light of it. We remember an excellent man, who had indeed become "as a little child" in his reliance on God, falling into this mistake, and supposing he ought to be like a little child also in matters of business. "I know nothing about business," he would say, with a little sigh, of complacency rather than of regret, when he had made some blunder; as if that blessed simplicity of faith, which all must have who really come to Christ, meant childishness of disposition in all respects. Simplicity is not childishness. To be *like* a child in one particular is not to *be* a child in all things.

Surely religion should make the most of a man in every way, and not the least of his head. For though the world by wisdom never did and never will know God, and a certain sinking and giving up of our own understanding is required, and an acceptance on good evidence but with all simplicity of what God has revealed, before we can know Him as He is—this does not mean that the head is divorced from religion. Rather is simplicity of faith the very highest elevation of reason. The head is never so high as when most humbled to believe. And, thus elevated, the head ought ever after to be all the better for religion, and to be made all the more use of. Such in fact is the case in a multitude of instances. Religion *does* make the most of a man's head. It does not make the dull man clever, or the ordinary man a genius; but it makes the dull man brighter and the ordinary one more sensible than he would have been without it. We know a man who, but for religion, would in all probability have been out of his mind, and who owes the mental equilibrium and quiet usefulness of many years to the tranquillising effect of the good hope of the Gospel. And who that has read the life of the poet Cowper can doubt for one moment that, so far was religion from being the cause of his mental aberration, it was positively the means of his enjoying that long interval of sanity which has been such a blessing to many, but which followed his first mental seizure at a time when he knew not what true religion was?

But of all men "without a head" no one is in reality more so than the man who makes a mock of religion. We do not say who is not a truly religious man, although it is true in degree of him, since he is neglecting the most important of all his concerns. But it is the *heart* rather than the head that is at fault in the case of one who simply neglects. Of the mocker, however, we boldly assert that, whoever he be, and however clever he may be in other things, in this matter, more momentous than all other things put together, he is emphatically "a man without a

head." And what difference does it make, except as a matter of taste and feeling, if, instead of scoffing, he simply disbelieves? We are too obsequious to unbelievers. Let us never revile them; let us by all means honour their intellectual powers in regard to other subjects where honour is due. They may be giants in these things. But in regard to religion—the religion of the Bible—let us take higher ground with them, a great deal higher ground, and remember—not tell them so, but treat them so in our own minds—that they are men "without a head."

An undevout astronomer is mad.

THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR.

FOUR GLIMPSES OF THE SAVIOUR AFTER HIS RESURRECTION.

I.—THE RESURRECTION.

THE Lord Jesus had died upon the cross. There could be no doubt about it. The centurion, who was accustomed to attend executions, and to see people die, had reported his death to the authorities. As if to make the matter more sure and certain still, a rough Roman soldier had driven the broad edge of his lance into the Saviour's side, cleaving His heart, and blood and water had gushed out when the weapon was withdrawn. No human being could possibly have lived after such treatment. And to crown the whole, when the sacred body of Jesus had been placed in the tomb by His friends, they had wrapped it up in linen with such a quantity of spices, that if there had been a spark of life remaining in it, that spark must have been undoubtedly extinguished.

Yes, the Lord Jesus was dead, and had been buried in the sepulchre belonging to the good Joseph of Arimathæa. There the body lay, with the scars on the hands and feet, and the wound in the side, in awful silence, but untouched by the breath of corruption—through the remaining hours of the Friday, through the whole of the Saturday, until now the day is soon about to break on the Sunday morning. Outside the sepulchre and in front of the massive stone which lies like a door against the entrance, there is a group of Roman soldiers keeping watch to prevent the disciples of Jesus from coming and taking His body away. They have a coal fire, for the nights are chilly, and they are sitting round it. You can see the gleam of the fire glancing now and then upon their helmets and the steel heads of their spears; and if you look away from them to the horizon you can see by the grey tints of the sky that the daybreak is near at hand.

Now, will Jesus rise again out of the grave? He said that He would. You look at the large heavy stone, with the broad seal of Pontius Pilate upon it. You think what lies behind that stone; you look at the guards, in their armour; you look at the signs by the approaching dawn; you say to yourself, "This is now the third day since He was crucified;" and you wait in hushed and solemn expectation, for you feel convinced that something is about to happen. Suddenly there is a rocking and heaving of the earth! A bright angel, his face like lightning, flashes down from heaven, and rolls away the massive stone, and throws the tomb open. The Roman guards are bold and brave men, but the sight of the angel terrifies them, and they drop their weapons and fall to the ground, as if they were dead! And whilst they lie prostrate and thunderstruck, the Saviour issues in His living body from the recesses of that cave, and is gone! Yes! "He is risen!"

And what is the resurrection of Jesus Christ to us? It is everything. It is all-important; and I will tell you why. The Jews rejected Jesus when He came, and said He was not the true Messiah, but a wicked pretender; and on this ground they put Him to death. Now, if there had been no Divine interference, but Jesus had remained in the grave like other people who have died, it might have been thought that the Jews were right in the opinion they had formed, and in the things which they did. But, you see, God *did* interfere; and when He raised up His Son from the dead, He proclaimed Him to be the "Holy One and the Just," and made men understand what a terrible crime they had committed in crucifying the Lord of Glory.

Then (not to speak of other reasons) our own resurrection in the body depends upon the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. You know what will happen to us when we die, if we are real disciples of the Lord. Our spirits will go to paradise, to the place where the blessed dead are gathered together; our bodies will crumble away into dust, and at last disappear altogether from the eye of man. But one day we shall rise again, in bodies made bright and glorious, and shall shine like the sun in the Kingdom of our Father. And all this will happen because the Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified, dead, and buried, rose on the third day out of the grave.

II.—THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

It was on the afternoon of the day on which Jesus had risen from the dead that two of His disciples started to walk from Jerusalem to the little village of Emmaus—the distance being some seven or eight miles, and the village lying on the hills in a south-westerly direction. The men had heard reports about the Resurrection, but obviously did not credit them; and they left the city to return home, thinking it was of no use to remain in Jerusalem any longer.

They were very sad and depressed. All their hopes had been dashed to the ground by the crucifixion of their Master. Once they had believed Him to be the Messiah. They had trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel. But how could they hold that opinion any longer now that He had suffered the death of a malefactor on the cross? Was it possible for the Messiah to die, and to die in such a way? They were puzzled and perplexed, and did not know what to think, or what to believe.

It was true that in the morning some women of their company had brought a strange tale about a vision of angels; and Peter and John, on hearing what they said, had hurried off to the sepulchre and found it empty. But no one had *seen* the Saviour, so far as they knew. All, then, that was certain was that the body had been removed; but as to a rising again, there was no evidence of it. No! The women must have been deceived. Jesus was dead and not alive, and their hopes were buried in His tomb. And so they walked on, slowly and sadly, on their way to Emmaus, discussing these things.

After a while a traveller overtook them. They were so absorbed in their talk that they did not notice Him until they found Him by their side; and He began kindly to ask them what was the subject of their conversation. They looked at Him in some surprise. Why, what *could* they be talking about but the strange events which had recently taken place in Jerusalem, and which were in everybody's mouth? Was it likely that they were speaking about anything else? And then, emboldened by the stranger's manner, they went on — at least, one of them named Cleopas did—to unbosom all their sorrows, and to tell Him how distressed and perplexed they were by what had befallen their Master.

Thereupon the stranger began to speak. They did not know who He was. His features were new to them: but they felt that He must be at least a learned teacher—perhaps a Rabbi—when He began to explain to them the meaning of those passages in the writings of Moses and of the Prophets, which referred to Messiah. Their difficulty was, as I told you, that Messiah should die; and the fact that Jesus had died on the cross seemed to them to prove that He could not be the personage they once had thought Him. But the stranger pointed out, in scripture after scripture, that the death of Messiah was decreed by God, and that it was necessary for Him to suffer before He could enter into His glory. As the speaker proceeded with his explanation, they felt their difficulties vanish, and everything become clearer and plainer, and their hearts began to burn within them; their dead hope revived; their confidence in Jesus came back; and they hardly knew how the time had passed until they arrived at the door of the house where they intended to spend the night. They begged the stranger to go in and sup with them, and He consented to do so.

There they are, then—the three at the table. The stranger, whom they have placed in the chief seat, to show their respect, takes the bread in His hand, and blesses it, and breaks it, and gives it to them. The familiar action discloses to them their divine Master. *Why, it is Jesus Himself, and we knew it not!* And as they start up from their seats, in their surprise, He vanishes out of their sight.

Then what do they do? They rise in all haste and return to Jerusalem, to carry the tidings to the disciples. Arriving before the gates are shut, they hurry to the room, and find the whole party gathered together in great excitement, saying, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon."

III.—THOMAS THE TWIN.

The eleven Apostles (I leave out Judas) were all good men—they were all devoted to their Divine Master—but they were men of very different characters. That we should expect. No two persons are exactly alike either in feature or in disposition, and the Saviour probably wished that there should be specimens and representatives of every class of mind amongst His followers. Think of the difference between the bustling Martha and the quiet thoughtful Mary; between the ready-tongued Peter and the silent John; between the fiery, yet loving, Paul and the gentle Barnabas; and you will understand what I mean.

Now, Thomas the Twin, or Thomas Didymus, was very unlike the rest of his brethren. He was a true disciple—there could be no doubt about that; and on one occasion, when he found that the Lord Jesus was determined to return to Jerusalem at the risk of His life, he proposed to His disciples that they should accompany Him, and lay down their lives for His sake. But Thomas was a man who, by nature, was hard of belief. He found it difficult to credit what he did not see, or what was not distinctly proved to him. He wanted a great deal of evidence before he would consent to believe—more evidence than could be given, or ought to be given. And this habit of mind led him occasionally into error, and mistake, and much danger, as in the instance which I am going to describe to you.

Like the two disciples I spoke of in my last paper, Thomas gave up all hope, when he saw his Master expire upon the cross, and he wandered away from the rest of his brethren, to brood over his miserable thoughts in silence and solitude. This was a foolish thing to do, and only made matters worse: but he did it. He went moping about apart from the others, grieving over what had happened to that Master Whom he loved, and over the downfall of all his high expectations. And the consequence of this was that when Jesus, on the evening of the day of His resurrection, appeared in the midst of His disciples, Thomas was not there, and so missed the blessing of seeing his risen Lord.

When Thomas and his friends met next, they told him the news eagerly. "We have seen the Lord!" But he would not believe their story. What! were his old friends likely to deceive him? No, he did

not think that; that was impossible. But they were mistaken. They had fancied that they saw the Lord. What they saw must have been something else. "But we ten saw him. It is not likely that so many of us could have been self-deceived in such a matter." "Very well," he said, "I cannot help it; I cannot believe, in spite of what you say. Indeed, I will not believe unless I have the evidence of my own senses. I beheld Him pierced with the nails. I beheld Him dead. I must behold Him alive again! nay, I must put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, or else I cannot and will not believe."

Now all this was very unreasonable on the part of Thomas—there was a good deal of self-will and of pride in it—but all was overruled for good, and the obstinate disciple brought to a better mind. Let me tell you how.

The next Sunday the disciples were gathered together as usual, but on this occasion Thomas was with them. He had been so far influenced as to give up his solitary moping, and to join himself to their company. The doors of the house were shut, but, suddenly, Jesus appeared amongst them, standing in the midst, with His usual loving salutation, "Peace be unto you!" Then turning to Thomas, He told him to touch His hands and His side if he chose to do so, thus showing that He knew what had taken place between Thomas and the other disciples, and thus condescending to give Him the proof of the resurrection which he had demanded. But at the same time He warned him of the evil consequences of the spirit he had been manifesting—"Be not faithless, but believing."

At once the disciple was convinced! All his doubts passed away! He was sure now that he had his risen Lord before him; and he broke out into an exclamation of a loftier tone than any that had ever yet burst from the lips of a disciple, "My Lord and my God!"

IV.—THE FIRE OF COALS ON THE SHORE.

Some of the disciples, after the resurrection of Jesus, had returned to Galilee. I suppose it was necessary for them to work for their living; and as they had no orders from their Master as to what they were to do, it was natural for them to go home, and they went. One evening Simon Peter proposed that they should spend the night on the lake in fishing, and see what they could catch. They agreed to the proposal, and accompanied him in a boat, and worked hard all night, rowing to the places where they thought the fish were, and casting their nets into the waters; but they were very unsuccessful—they caught nothing.

In the grey of the morning, then, they are coming back, pulling their boat slowly; for they are weary, and disappointed at their want of success. When they arrive at a distance of about a hundred yards from the shore, they see the figure of a man standing by the edge of the water. They cannot discern His features—there is not light enough for the purpose; they can only make out the outline of His figure; but presently they hear His voice. He asks them if they have caught anything; they tell Him that they have not. Thereupon He directs them to cast the net on the right side of the ship, and they shall find. They—thinking, probably, that He has seen some signs of the presence of fish in that quarter—do as He bids them, and draw in a large haul of fine fish, with no small ones among them—a hundred and fifty and three.

The fishermen are astonished. But who is their friend on the shore? It occurs to John that it must be Jesus Himself. All that has taken place reminds him of the time when he and Peter and others, some years before, had been called to be disciples of Jesus. Then, as now, they had been unsuccessful after a night's fishing. Then, as now, Jesus had directed them where to cast their net. And then, as now, they had unexpectedly captured a very large number of fish. And John cannot help thinking (he is the first to whom it occurs) that it is their Divine Master Himself who is standing on the shore. And he whispers to Peter, "I do believe it is Jesus Himself!" Peter, hearing this, in his impetuous way puts on his rough fisher's overcoat, and flings himself into the shallow water, eager to reach the Master Whom he loves; and then, half swimming, half wading, makes his way into His presence, leaving the boat and the fish and the other disciples to take care of themselves. The others come more leisurely, for they have the fish to bring in; but all at last are assembled in the presence of their Lord. They see that it is Jesus!

Then a strange sight meets their view on the shore. They see a fire of coals, and a fish laid on it, and bread by the side, as if for the meal of a single person. Jesus says, "Come and dine"—that is, "Bring some of the fish which you have caught, and come and dine with Me. We have had meals together before. Let us have another meal together now." They obey, of course. But it is clear that they are rather dismayed; or, at least, troubled in mind. The Lord Jesus is the same, and yet not the same. The same in His kindness, and love, and graciousness; and yet He belongs to a higher state of things. He is not quite Jesus of Nazareth. He is grander, and more awful. His resurrection has made a change in Him; and so they sit in silence round the fire of coals on the shore of the Lake of Galilee, with all its many memories of the past—eating their meal in silence; and now and then glancing at their Divine Master, as if they should like Him to say that He was indeed Jesus, and yet were afraid to do so. "Yes," they say to themselves; "yes, it is Jesus Himself, but we wish He would tell us that it is He."

This, we are told, was the third occasion on which Jesus had showed Himself to His disciples; that is, it was the third time when He showed Himself to His disciples *in any considerable numbers*, for indi-

viduals had seen Him. It is difficult to understand what the fire of coals means; but it probably is intended to teach us that, when the work of this life is over, Jesus and His disciples will meet together rejoicing, on the shores of the Kingdom of Heaven.

SHORT ARROWS.

GOD'S WAYS NOT OUR WAYS.

A VERY interesting illustration of how God often overrules for good even the very worst of evils has recently come to our notice. The incident is related by a lady, the wife of a clergyman, in whose parish the circumstance occurred. An old woman, who displayed a great appreciation of Bible truths, was asked how she became possessed of such knowledge, and she related how, by means apparently the least calculated to win sinners to Christ, she had been led to search the Scriptures. She was serving behind a counter, she said, when a customer entered, and after some observations broke out in invective and in denial of the divinity of Jesus Christ, asserting that He was after all merely man. This statement, so determinedly avowed, induced the woman to ponder upon the revealed Word, and to resolve to find out the truth for herself. So she began a regular study of the Holy Scriptures from the very commencement, using all her powers in the search for information, and was at length rewarded by the removal of all doubt and uncertainty. But she had permitted herself to doubt, and as she proceeded on her way she seemed to hear the upbraiding voice of conscience, "You have sinned in doubting." She felt the deepest remorse, and yet she could not get rid of the consciousness of this sin. She tried to pray, but the influence of the Evil One was upon her, and even the consolation of earnest friends failed to give peace to her troubled mind. Divine service became distasteful, and was neglected for a time; but still the germ of faith was living in her heart, and one day she again sought consolation in public worship. The text that day was the denial of Peter, and his Lord's tender reproach and forgiveness. Might not she then be forgiven too? She sought Him in prayer, and left the church happy at last. Now, what has been the result? We have here a true picture of a woman brought up in the Christian faith—apparently a believer. The doubt which an avowed unbeliever, by his blasphemous language, creates in her heart, is overruled for good by God. It leads her to such a study of the Bible as she had never entered on before, and this is blest by the Holy Spirit, and results in her becoming a true and steadfast Christian. For a brief time, indeed, her soul is troubled with lingering thoughts of doubt and fear, but these are succeeded by that peace which the world cannot give and cannot take away. She has now, we feel assured, entered into her eternal rest. Truly God's ways are not as our ways.

The following lines, suggested by the above narrative, describe the various phases through which such minds may often pass:—

Young days all spent in simple child-like way,
Believing all its parents bid it do:
Then comes a time when doubt obscures the view,
For clever reasoners, in bold array,
With arrogance of mind stand forth and say,
"There is no God: the faith your fathers knew
Is buried in the tomb of the untrue."
And for awhile the scoffers gain the day.
Yet only for awhile: faith comes once more,
But with it too the dull despairing thought
That Heaven, once doubted of, can ne'er be sought;
And then with hope the sky is crimsoned o'er,
For He who pardoned Peter, in His grace
Will freely pardon all who seek His face.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S PRAYER.

The following beautiful payer, which this celebrated statesman composed for his daily use, was found in his desk shortly after his death. As we are not aware that it has ever been published, we now transcribe it for the benefit of our readers, to whom we are sure it will prove deeply interesting:—

"Great and Merciful God, Ruler of all nations, help me daily to repair to Thee for wisdom and grace suitable to the high office whereto Thy Providence has called me. Strengthen, O Lord, my natural powers and faculties, that the weighty and solemn interests with which Thy servant is charged may not greatly suffer through weakness of body and confusion of mind. Deign, I beseech Thee, to obviate or correct the ill effects of such omissions or mistakes in my proceedings as may result from partial knowledge, infirmity of judgment, or unfaithfulness in any with whom I may have to do. Let Thy blessings rest upon my sovereign and my country. Dispose the hearts of all in high stations to adopt such measures as will preserve public order, foster industry, and alleviate distress. May true religion flourish, and peace be universal. Grant that, so far as may consist with human weakness, whatever is proposed by myself, or others, for the general good, may be viewed with candour, and that all wise and useful measures may be conducted to a prosperous issue.

"As for me, Thy servant, grant, O merciful God, that I may not be so engrossed with public anxieties, as that Thy word should become unfruitful in me, or be so moved by difficulty or opposition as not to pursue the narrow way which leadeth me to life. And, O most gracious Father, if, notwithstanding my present

desires and purposes, I should forget Thee, do not Thou forget me, seeing that I entreat Thy constant remembrance and favour only for the sake of our most blessed Advocate and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, to Whom, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, be glory for ever. Amen."

THE HOME AT PUNROOTY.

Some very interesting particulars concerning Miss Reade's Home have been brought to our notice, and we think an abstract will be acceptable to our readers. There are nearly twenty orphans under the kind care of Miss Reade, who treats them in a motherly way delightful to witness. But not only do the children benefit; the natives from the neighbourhood also come in and listen to the singing and the services. The heathen congregations are very attentive, and frequently the testimony of the native children, spoken in their own tongue, confirms the wavering, and the praise of God is perfected from the mouths of babes. The children sing very nicely in their own language, and many men and women are desirous to learn more. These come daily, or when they can, to the Home for instruction, and Miss Reade will sometimes go out into the highways and tell them to come in. She has toiled to learn the native dialect, and now her efforts are being crowned with great success. All are quite happy, and have found rest and peace in faith and hope.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN THE FAR WEST.

In the distant new settlements it is no unusual experience for a missionary to ride many miles without meeting a human being or coming to a hut. Two years ago, in a certain part of Minnesota, there were only a few families, and the preacher of the Word did not meet any one. But after a while people came, and a meeting was announced. The notice went forth not by letter or wire, but by a little girl of twelve, who rode away amongst the settlers, and bade them come in. So the first Sunday-school was held in a rough log cabin, and many came and heard gladly. Things then improved, and a temporary frame-hut was erected in the desert for the second Sunday-school; and now the devoted men who at one time rode unnoticed and alone through a boundless prairie have the satisfaction of seeing a great blessing crown their efforts, and numerous and attentive congregations where once was desolation and decay.

THE THEATRICAL MISSION.

Only those who are conversant with it can adequately describe the temptations that beset the women and girls occupied in theatres. Between the hours of rehearsal and those of performance frequently a long and weary afternoon has to be passed—too long for idleness and too short to enable the often delicate women and girls to trudge home and return again, even if their tired limbs did not refuse to carry them. It is during this hungry weary time that temptation assails them, with the aid of hunger, and the evil thought is entertained almost unawares. The Theatrical Mission has for some years been endeavouring, and we believe successfully, to remedy the evil, and at the premises in King Street, Covent Garden, a refreshment-room, supplying good food at a low rate, has been established, and many books and periodicals can be seen and enjoyed. The rooms are open from two o'clock until seven P.M., and lady workers are always in attendance, or can meet those to whom they write. Classes for Bible study and needlework are also held at stated times. Entertainments will eventually be given, and, in fact, every possible effort will be made to interest, amuse, and instruct this hard-working class, and to try and win them to some better work. Gifts of books and subscriptions will be gratefully received, and admission cards will be issued to any ladies, after a certain form has been filled in, by the Hon. Secretary, 21, King Street, Covent Garden. This is a really good work, and we wish it all success.

TOWN SPARROWS.

What are they? Where are they? Poor little ragged children are these town sparrows, as hungry as and much more helpless than the birds themselves. Just as kind people sweep a place for the real sparrows and feed them, so Christian friends in the sister isle clean and garnish a room in the ragged schools and prepare a meal for the human waifs and strays. As the news of the spread crumbs is communicated to the birds, so the children hear of the meal in store for them, and assemble from the highways and byways of the city. They come for food and shelter, and then gladly remain for instruction and religious teaching. In the poorest quarters of Dublin these schools are situated, and are ministered to by ladies well known in Dublin society.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

With reference to the foregoing paragraph we could relate many touching experiences. We will mention a few to illustrate the reality of the need in which these poor town sparrows live. One day the missionary went out early and found two little children on the school doorstep sitting clasped in each other's arms. He inquired what they wanted. They replied they were waiting for school. Being reminded it was too early, they replied that mother had gone to work and locked the door, so they had to remain outside and wait. Asked if they knew Jesus, they replied, "Yes, He died for us and gave us food. We used to be very hungry, but we prayed to Jesus, and now, you know, we get our dinner from the school." Here was indeed simple child-like faith. Ask and ye *shall* receive. They believed and were succoured

FOR THE WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There is in Dublin an excellent institution known as the Eliott Home. It is for houseless wanderers; and the tales of misery that reach us from those who have been rescued would, if repeated, almost shame our civilisation. Many a night have mothers and their tender children paced the streets in wintry weather, through those bitter snow-laden nights, homeless, hungry, and despairing, till they found the welcome Home. We have just spoken of sparrows. Are not these women and children of more value than many sparrows? We assist the famishing little birds; will we not, then, help the perishing children, and try also to save the immortal souls of our young brothers and sisters? "Why do you cry?" we say to an old woman. "It 's thinking of my Jemmy, when I hear that hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus;' and he 's gone." But she sorrowed not as one without hope. We could relate many touching anecdotes concerning it. Many poor and neglected children are brought to this Home, and welcomed; food and clothing given, and the bright little faces show how the gifts are appreciated. Careless mothers, drunken fathers, are responsible for these scenes of wretchedness and misery so common in all our large towns. We are all fond of the music of "Home, Sweet Home," and many can recall the happy days they passed under a tender mother's care. "Home" includes many blessings, and only those who know it not can appreciate the benefits it confers. Shall we not help the homeless to learn what home may mean? We have no doubt of the response; so a little effort, and a little self-denial, will send a contribution to Mrs. Smyly, 35, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin; and we shall have peace and happiness in assisting this good and useful work.

A JAPANESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A Sunday-school in Japan is a wonder, a fact to be commented upon with thanksgiving. There is no Sunday in Japan. But the influence of the Gospel teaching lately has done wonders. The manager of a large establishment not long ago sent to the missionaries for permission for his men to attend a meeting, and offering to fix up a building for services. The offer was accepted, and a native gentleman who had studied and "learned the Bible" in America, addressed the *employés*. This was the beginning. A week later the school was organised. Forty-two Japanese came to the opening, most of them young men and boys. Some curious notions of the nature of the Gospel teaching have got about among the more superstitious families. One parent sprinkles his son with salt and water to drive away the evil spirit when the lad returns from Sunday-school. But we are pleased to relate that the boys continue to attend, and many are learning to sing. They also take a great interest in the Gospel story, and we may trust that some of these poor and almost ignorant Japanese will yet be permitted to assemble with other nations before the Great White Throne.

THE ZENANAS IN MADRAS.

It is curious to find the light shining so brightly in darkness as we find it in the Zenanas in India. A lady visitor writes:—"At one place a beautiful girl read a chapter from St. John's Gospel as correctly as though she had been taught in England." And yet that girl is not permitted to go out except in a closed carriage. She is not allowed to form her own ideas, and though believing the Gospel, cannot in any manner put her teaching in practice. The work done by the Zenana missionaries is very good. From all sides we hear interesting accounts, and could multiply instances of success, which, though slow, we verily believe is sure. Other nations have done a good deal for the Indian women. Not only have American ladies devoted much time and energy to the Zenanas, but the Scotch Free Church have united in the work with us." We imagine that few of the readers of THE QUIVER can realise the needs of Indian women even of high station. We cannot understand what it is to be dependent upon servants grossly ignorant of all that is to be done when sickness or confinement overtakes the woman. No doctor is permitted to approach, and when of all times the poor mother is in hourly want of care and tenderness, she is removed to a wretched den, with only an ignorant, and it may be cruel and unprincipled woman as her attendant. Under these circumstances will any reader wonder at our once more drawing attention to the great want still existing in India—viz., properly qualified lady-practitioners to visit the Zenanas? We are aware that many noble self-denying ladies have gone out, and that many others are preparing to go; but more are wanted. The Indian Government may attempt to put down the infanticide which is rife, but all their legislation will not put a stop to it unless Christian female missionaries as qualified doctors will go out, and while bringing healing to the body, pour in balm to the souls of the poor heathen in these Zenanas, and they will be blessed indeed.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE EAST.

It is unfortunately true that the depression so universal a year ago laid its heavy hand upon all societies as well as upon financial corporations. We have just now received the report from one society, and it comes opportunely as we are writing concerning Zenana missions.

In the little book before us many varied and interesting details are given of the work of the society in all parts of the east. From China we learn the success of new schools, and of many conversions. We quote some cheering items of intelligence. "You will be glad to hear that two women and two children are to be baptised next Sunday week. One woman is quite elderly, but is fully convinced of her need of a Saviour." "The women's meetings are well attended; four more have asked for baptism. I could not help feeling they were taught of the Holy Spirit."

Of the Zenana work we are very glad to learn that it is "not only progressing but extending in all directions." There are now in four Madras suburbs thirty-five Zenanas, numbering fifty-six pupils, and some of the highest families have been reached. But in many districts sickness and fevers have to be struggled with, as well as the indifference of many of the heathen; nevertheless, the general testimony is really encouraging.

SAVED FROM THE LAND-SHARKS.

Miss Weston, whose good work amongst the tars we have more than once noticed in these pages, relates the following interesting story, which shows the fearful evils and temptations which beset "Jack" while ashore, and also bears modest witness of the good work which in many ways her mission has been the means of doing amongst the sailors:—

One day a sailor came into the refreshment bar of the Sailors' Rest, rattling his money in his pocket. He called for a cup of coffee; plunging his hand into his pocket he pulled out a handful of sovereigns, and holding them out said to the attendant, "Here, help yourself." She started, and said, "I can't; haven't you a penny?" "Oh, yes," he said, "but you may just as well; I'm bound to get through this money in twenty-four hours, and if you don't have it somebody else will." She told him of our savings bank and strong box, and that Miss Weston took charge of money for the men. "Does she, now?" he said, "then she shall have it." He turned out his gold, and then putting his hand in the other pocket said, "I've a few bits of paper here for her." "Stop," said the attendant; "I must count it and give you a receipt." Jack looked indignant. "I'm not going to insult you or Miss Weston," he said, "by taking a receipt, so good morning." The money was counted—£30 in gold, and £100 in £5 and £10 bank notes. It was duly banked, and Jack saved from the land-sharks.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

98. Who was it asked for a quantity of earth, as a present?

99. Quote some words of our Lord which show that after His great temptation He was still subject to the attacks of Satan?

100. What does our Lord say is the mark of His true disciples?

101. In what field did a prophet and king meet together?

102. Was it known beforehand that Elijah would be taken up to heaven?

103. What steps were taken to ascertain that Elijah had really been taken up?

104. What king offered up his son as a burnt offering?

105. Mention two important rivers of Damascus.

106. What person was trodden to death at the gate of Samaria?

107. What servant saw horses and chariots of fire from heaven?

108. Who was it killed his master by laying a wet cloth upon his face?

109. In what words does Jesus foretell the blessed effects of His death?

110. Who was bidden to wash in the Pool of Siloam?

111. Who was it sent forty camel-loads of gifts to Elisha the prophet?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 448.

83. Only the two tables of stone which Moses placed therein at Horeb (1 Kings viii. 9).

84. From the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt (1 Kings viii. 65).

85. Twenty cities in the land of Galilee which Hiram named Cabul (1 Kings ix. 11—13).

86. Nathanael, in answer to Philip, says, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And the rulers, speaking to Nicodemus, said, "Art thou also of Galilee? Search and look; for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet" (John i. 46 and vii. 52).

87. "The woman (of Samaria) saith unto Him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He" (John iv. 25, 26).

88. Large quantities of almug (or sandal-wood) trees (1 Kings x. 11, 12).

89. After the dedication of the Temple (1 Kings ix. 2 and xi. 9).

90. At Shechem (1 Kings xii. 1).

91. The feast which king Jeroboam instituted for Israel in place of the Feast of Tabernacles (1 Kings xii. 32, 33).

92. "We believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God" (John vi. 69).

93. The Jews again tried to stone Jesus, because of which He went away beyond Jordan, where John first baptised (John x. 22, 31, 40).

94. Thirty-two kings who acted as captains in his army (1 Kings xx. 1, 24).

95. "He put sackcloth upon his flesh and fasted and lay in sackcloth" (1 Kings xxi. 27).

96. When the kings of Judah, Israel, and Edom fought against Mesha king of Moab (2 Kings iii. 9, 20).

97. Elisha cast some meal into a poisonous mess of pottage, after which it became good for food (2 Kings iv. 40, 41).

LESSONS OF THE FRUITS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WALTERS.

"A basket of summer fruit."—AMOS viii. 2.

THE several seasons of the year have their peculiar charms. None, perhaps, excel those that belong to the time when the ripening breath of summer brings the fruits to perfection. The gardens and the orchards present a beautiful picture to the eye, and regale the sense of smell with pleasant odours.

> The fruits depend from every bough,
> Mellow and ripe; the sunny wall
> Presents the downy peach, the purpled plum,
> The ruddy fragrant nectarine, and, dark
> Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.

Fruits have been cultivated from the earliest times. The apple, the grape, the melon, the pomegranate, the pear, are especially of ancient date. Some persons have a much greater partiality for fruit than others; but there is scarcely one to whom some kind or other is not agreeable. "A basket of summer fruit" is always welcome. As we enjoy it, let us endeavour to profit by its various suggestions and lessons.

The names of fruits are suggestive; sometimes indicating the countries whence they originally came; at others the names of the persons who imported them; and then again, the process of cultivation through which they have passed. The cherry carries its name through the Latin from the Greek, and tells us it came from Cerasus, on the Black Sea; and the kind we call Mayduke takes us to Medoc in France, of which it is a corruption, and whence it was introduced here. The peach and the nectarine come from Persia, and their names tell in various languages the story of their origin. Among plums, the damson, or as it was formerly called with greater correctness, the Damascene, is the plum of Damascus; and the greengage bears the name of Mr. Gage, its introducer. And so through all the varieties of pome and berry and nut, we might find in their name the record of their history. The study is one of

instruction and interest, and deserves a share of our attention. For the present, however, let us turn our attention to other lessons.

One of the most obvious facts presented, and one of the earliest we notice, is the wide diversity in fruits and the many varieties in the same kind. What diversity in size, structure, form, colour, taste, quality, smell, use! We have stone-fruit, berries, nuts, pomes; the fruit of plants, bushes, trees, vines. There are *generic* differences. The apple differs from the melon, and the strawberry from the apricot, and the currant from the banana, and the pine-apple from the pear, and the fig from the nectarine, and the walnut from the grape or plum. There are *specific* differences, such as the Ribstone and Blenheim in apples, the Bergamot and Jargonelle in pears, the Muscadel and black Hambro' in grapes, and the endless varieties of all other fruits you can name. In this diversity God has studied the varieties of human taste and need.

This diversity in the fruits of the earth reminds us of the diverse fruits of human character and life—I speak of such only as are good. One man excels in uprightness, another in benevolence, a third in self-control. Here you see patience, there earnest activity; here practical godliness, there devout reverence and emotion. One man's virtue is pre-eminently love to God, another's pre-eminently love to his neighbour. All are needed, and have their use. They contribute to the worth and happiness of mankind. They are "fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God."

This reminds us of the serviceableness of fruits. They constitute a most gracious provision of God for human use. Their usefulness depends sometimes, as in the case of nuts, on fixed oils; sometimes, as in the case of the banana and the breadfruit, on their starchy matter; sometimes, as in apples, and pears, and peaches, and plums, on their sugar and several acids. There may be found in the same fruit the most diverse chemical products and properties, wholesome and poisonous. While the juicy pulp of ripe plums is so pleasant and wholesome, their seeds contain so much hydrocyanic acid, that to eat many of them would be highly dangerous. Yet even these dangerous qualities are made serviceable to man. Some fruits are most valuable as food, others are luxuries. In most cases, while they contribute to the support of life and the promotion of health, they are pleasant to the taste. Utility and gratification are combined. It is said of the durion that its subtle action upon the palate is like the music of a well-played violin upon the ear—rich, soothing, sweet, piquant—and that to taste it is a new sensation, worth a journey to the East to experience. The abundance of succulent fruits in tropical climates is a wonderful provision for real wants, largely promotive of the health and happiness of the population; and as their temperature is much below that of the surrounding atmosphere, their coolness renders them peculiarly grateful.

As the fruits of the earth are serviceable, so also are the fruits of human goodness. A good man is a blessing to all about him. His words are useful—"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." "The right word," says one of our greatest writers just dead, "is always a power, and communicates its definiteness to our action." A good man's daily behaviour and conduct are useful. "A handful of good life," observes George Herbert, "is worth a bushel of learning." The example and influence of good men are beneficial to the community; they preserve it from corruption; spread sweetness and light, purity and moral health through all its borders.

Here, however, we must remember that before fruits can be useful they must be first used. It is not enough to admire their beauty, or smell their fragrance, or speculate on their nature and effects. We must partake of them before we can taste their sweetness, or experience their refreshing and beneficial power. So is it with human character and life. The expression may sound strange, but men eat one another, and thereby cause moral sickness and death, or promote health and life. We are fruits to others, and they are fruits to us. Our lives go into theirs, and their lives enter into ours—for good or evil, weal or woe. The fruit we bear influences humanity through all succeeding generations. To use the words of the poet—

> Be Hate that fruit, or Love that fruit,
> It forwards the general deed of man;
> And each of the many helps to recruit
> The life of the race by a general plan,
> Each living his own to boot.

If we are to derive any real and lasting good from men, we must receive them, *i.e.*, we must digest their words and deeds, their spirit and character before they can give us strength. Christ Himself teaches this doctrine—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life. So he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me."

Another truth we may remember—fruits partake of the nature of the tree, both in their kind and their quality. You cannot get grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. A plum tree does not bear apples, nor a currant-bush pears. Every tree bears its own kind of fruit, and that kind is perpetuated from one century to another. You may improve the quality and introduce varieties by cultivation; but you cannot change the nature. And then as to quality, the fruit is exactly as the tree. There are apples, and apples

—you cannot have a Ribstone Pippin from a crab-tree. "A good tree," says our Lord, "cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them." Fruits express the inner life of the tree. So is it with men. Words, outward displays of temper and emotion, deeds express the interior nature of a man. Sometimes it is said of a man whose life will not stand scrutiny, that he has a good heart, after all. It cannot be—goodness in heart, and goodness in life go together.

Of course, the appearance of fruit may at times deceive us. An apple may be beautiful in colour, but so bitter or sour in taste as to be uneatable, or a worm may have rendered it unfit for use. A fair-skinned pear may be rotten from centre to circumference. A ripe plum may shelter a wasp feeding on its sweetness, whose sting may poison you as soon as you begin to suck the juicy pulp. Some kinds of fruit are deadly, though streaked with hues of gold :—

> For bitter ashes lurk concealed
> Beneath that golden skin;
> And though the coat be smooth, there lies
> But rottenness within.

On the other hand, the outward appearance may not be very attractive, but when you come to try the flavour, you may find beneath the plain exterior the most delicious sweetness. As it is with fruits, so is it with men. A fair exterior is not seldom found hiding inward corruption. Plausible manners and soft-sounding speech, sometimes cover meanness, deceit, slander, lying, hatred, and all wrong. While in other cases where there is little profession of piety, you find true godly worth. We must try men before we pronounce on them. The trial will, perhaps, cause bitter disappointment, or fill us with glad surprise.

There is another lesson to learn—Fruits are suggestive of wise and patient labour. If, as you see them hang ripe and beautiful on the trees, or brought to the table, you think of their growth, you must be struck with the care and toil bestowed to bring them to that perfection. The trees that bear those peaches and nectarines had to be pruned every winter, and the shoots thinned and disbudded every summer. At one time it was necessary to retard the progress of their bloom; at another to protect it from frost. What care was necessary in preparing the soil for the vines which bore those grapes; in regulating the temperature, and thinning the fruit! What skill and pains are necessary in pruning! It must not kill the tree, yet there must be sufficient check to luxuriance of growth. While of the branches spared, there should be such treatment as to maintain a constant tendency to buds, flowers, and fruit. After the formation of the fruit, care is needful to preserve it from blight, insects, and birds, and to bring it to perfection. Then fruit has to be carefully gathered and stored. In its keeping-place it must be constantly watched, and if any danger is threatened the mischief must be at once removed. It is

> The little speck in garner'd fruit,
> That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all.

With all this wise and constant labour there must be great patience. Fruits take their time to ripen, as if they knew that all they have to do is just to hold on, to lose no moment, and hasten none; and then, when their day comes to fall or be gathered, all the beauty and worth of which they are capable will come to perfection, and their last day will justify all the rest. You may, to some extent, force fruit by artificial methods, yet even then you must patiently wait the process of ripening. Sometimes there is progress when none appears. When grapes are about three-parts grown they begin to stone. During that process, for six or eight weeks, there is no visible advance, but in the formation of the stones there is inward progress.

As the early and constant training of the tree, the patient waiting and watchful care, are necessary to bring its fruits to perfection, so is it in the character and life of men. This is a growth. The process of ripening is gradual produced by wise methods and attentive toil. There must be teaching, influence, control, repression here, encouragement there. We must be patient, true to ourselves, and to our conditions and advantages. Let us harbour no worm in the bud of our promise, and our fruit will grow and round and ripen, and enrich our race. Let us remember the words of old Robert Herrick :—

> If little labour, little are our gains,
> Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

Above all, let us take heed to the exhortation of Scripture :—"Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of Jesus Christ."

Again, "a basket of summer fruit" represents the presence and the power of the living God. His energy is as manifest there as in the first act of creation. In the winter there was nothing but a fruitless, leafless tree. God sent His sap into its roots, caused it to ascend into the trunk and distribute itself through the branches. Every tree He supplies with its own peculiar juices. His dews and rains refresh them all. His sun warms and ripens their productions.

Even storms and cold contribute to their fruitfulness. Though God and His works are not one in the pantheistic sense, yet the ever-present God constantly operates in all His works. As the natural fruits need the dew and rain and sunshine, to cause them to grow and ripen, so the fruits of human goodness come not to perfection without showers of divine blessing, and the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. As God is in all nature, so He is in us, working in us of His good pleasure, preserving and blessing us by His continual power. He trains us and prunes us that our branches may bring forth abundantly. All sorts of agencies He employs as His wisdom dictates, and—

> As winter's frosts but make the trees
> Abound in summer fruit,

so His sharpest dealings with us contribute to the plentifulness and richness of our fruits of goodness. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

One thought more. *In that "basket of summer fruit" we see the end for which the trees grow.* Fruit is the *raison d'être* of the tree's existence. The planting and culture are to culminate in this. The energies of the tree are to exhaust themselves here. If it does not produce good fruit, no matter how fair its proportions, how green its leaves, or how beautiful its flowers, its existence is a failure. So with men. God expects us to bear the fruits of goodness. He has a right to expect this. This is the great end of life. For this He bestows on us every advantage of moral culture. Till we bring forth fruit to His glory our life is a failure. He spares us for a time. His great love expends itself in care, and His great patience waits long. If we continue fruitless He will cut us down.

Finally, though we have no room for enlargement on either topic, yet we cannot leave our basket of summer fruit, without *the memory*

> Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe;

or *the vision* of "the tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruits, and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations."

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNSATISFACTORY.

WHO this man could be, or for what purpose he was lurking about the cottage, Kythe was much too frightened to attempt to conjecture. She could not even muster sufficient presence of mind to close the casement, or take comfort from the knowledge that it was too small to admit of his getting through it, if his motive was plunder. With her head full of the dreadful tales she had heard and read of attacks made on the occupants of such lonely dwellings as her own, she was rushing towards the stairs to arouse Alessie, that they might lock themselves in their mother's chamber, when the intruder spoke—

"Have I frightened you, Miss Anstey? I did not mean to do so."

It was Jock Beacham, and her fears vanished. He moved nearer, and the light of the lamp falling more fully upon him, revealed a face so white, so haggard, that Kythe, who had paused with her foot on the lowest stair, came back to the centre of the room to say rather pettishly—

"You might have known that it would terrify me to see some one standing out there. I have never pretended to be very strong-minded. And it is late; at least, we call it late here," she added, glancing at the clock, the hands of which were pointing to half-past ten.

"I am sorry," Jock replied, humbly; "very sorry that you saw me. I did not intend to let you do so; but when you came to the window, I could not resist speaking to you—speaking to you once more."

"Where have you been?" asked his surprised auditor, who detected a strange significance in his

tones. "Where have you been? Not to the town; this would be out of your way. To Bickley, perhaps. Am I right? Have you walked there on some errand for Sir William or your grandfather?"

A curt sad "No" was all the response he made; and Kythe, more and more astonished, questioned him anew.

"Are you ill? Oh, Jock! what makes you look so pale? Something has happened to you. Is anything amiss at home? Why do you not tell me? suspicious that all was not right, and answered with some severity—

"I don't understand you. Why have you kept away from us so long, and what have you been doing with yourself?"

"I could not come to you now," he muttered, hoarsely.

"But you spend your evenings from home; where is it you go?"

"I was here last night and the night before," said

"'You are not very civil, Master Beacham,' said the lady."—*p.* 521.

Your grandmother—but she was well when Alessie left her a few hours ago."

"Yes, she is well," he replied.

Was this all he meant to say? Kythe was beginning to be irritated by this strange silence, when he addressed her again, his short constrained utterances wholly at variance with his ordinary manner—

"I ought not to have come here, but you will forgive me? I have carried your little book on emigration to Noll Moyes, and bid him read it. Is there anything else I may do for you? But, no, no! I ought not to have asked that! I will go away, before I say anything that may vex you. Only before I go, will you shake hands with me once more, Miss Anstey?"

Once more! What did he mean? He talked as oddly as he looked; and Kythe, remembering how she had heard his conduct animadverted on, became Jock. "Why should you be angry? You did not know it, and I did not feel so wretched while I could hear the sound of your voice sometimes. Two or three evenings ago you were singing that old song about the oak and the ivy you like so well; it has rung in my ears ever since."

"But why, you foolish boy!—why should you wander about our cottage in the cold and the mist, when there was a warm fire and a welcome awaiting you within?"

"I may never sit beside you again," he answered, in such desponding accents that she was more perplexed than ever. He came closer to the window, and resting his arm on the sill, looked into the room, letting his gaze wander slowly around, as if to carry away a mental picture of the homely but cheerful interior.

"I should like to have something of yours, Miss

Anstey," he said, presently. "May I keep the English history you lent me?"

"Keep it if you like; but you speak as if—as if you were going away. Why is this?"

Instead of replying, he held out his hand to her.

"Will you shake hands with me once more? And if you would say a few kindly words, such as no one could begrudge me——"

But, instead of complying with his request, Kythe retreated a little.

"I will never speak to you again," she said, firmly, "if you do not promise to go home directly. How can you be so unmindful of the anxiety you are costing your grandmother? If you have anything to say to me, come here by daylight, and behave more rationally."

He drew back immediately, picked up his gun, and, with his head drooping on his breast, walked slowly and silently away. As he vanished into the misty obscurity, Kythe returned to the window, and stood there listening to his receding footfalls, till she had satisfied herself that he had gone in the direction of his grandsire's cottage.

If she had possessed the key to the mental misery that first stunned the young fellow, and then prompted him to wander after nightfall around her dwelling, as around an oasis from which he had been rudely driven, she would have been equally troubled perhaps, but she would have ceased to distrust him. As it was, sometimes regret, sometimes anger, prevailed, and she lingered to ponder over his enigmatical speeches till the frosty air drove her to close the window, and retreat chilled and shivering to bed.

Mrs. Anstey, who had fallen into a doze, awoke as she ascended the stairs, and scolded her for "wasting fire and oil."

"It is still more thoughtless of you to keep me from my rest," she added, peevishly. "If I hadn't known it to be the most unlikely thing in the world, I could have declared that I heard you talking to some one."

She started up in bed when Kythe confessed to having seen and spoken with Jock Beacham at the window, and was seriously angry when, with much reluctance, her daughter described his unaccountable behaviour. It was a relief to find that Jock had not mentioned her name, nor alluded to the piece of information with which she had crushed his hopes; but so narrow an escape did not lessen her wrath.

"He shall never step foot in my house again. How dare he manœuvre to get secret interviews with you?"

Kythe laughed bitterly and impatiently.

"Mother, what are you saying? You could not have heard what I have been telling you. It was all my doing. If I had not been searching for Alessie's kitten I should not have seen him at all."

"But he had no right to come here. He must have been at the alehouse with his low companions."

"He has none. How can you degrade him by such a supposition?"

"How can you be so certain of it?" retorted Mrs. Anstey. "He could not have been in his sober senses, and you were to blame for listening to him at all. If this should happen again I shall appeal to Mr. Raynor."

Kythe bit her lip to stifle a protest that Noel Raynor had nothing to do with it, and went to her room inclined to fear that her mother's surmise was the correct one; yet reproaching herself for thinking evil of Jock Beacham, as often as his haggard looks and melancholy eyes rose before her.

Perhaps a consciousness that he had acted foolishly would bring him to her mother's on the morrow, to apologise for or give some explanation respecting his conduct; or, if he was too much in awe of Mrs. Anstey to do this, he would surely throw himself in Kythe's way when she went backwards and forwards to Mrs. Lamont's.

But he did neither; and on the following Sunday—for the first time for many years—old Anne Beacham appeared at church alone; and her lips quivered as she briefly made answer to the many inquiries neighbours made for Jock by saying she had left him with his grandfather.

There was something inexplicable in the whole affair, and Kythe was glad that Mrs. Lamont gave her plenty of occupation, as it left her but little time for brooding over it. Guests were coming to the Lodge, in spite of the shabby furniture; and there were new curtains to be made for the windows and a pile of napery to hem for the tables, and, as the smart handmaidens who had accompanied their mistress from town protested against such tasks as not in the contract, they were entrusted to Mrs. Anstey and her daughter. Kythe's days were spent in attendance on the listless lady, who found herself incapable of stirring her fire or directing a letter, when she had some one at hand to do such things for her; and the evenings were devoted to the needlework, the proceeds of which would supply comforts for the bleak weather that might be expected to set in at or soon after Christmas.

The Lodge was not like the same house now that there was no rushing in and out of clamorous children; no slamming of doors; no sudden bursts of laughter or of the screams that denoted the rising of a quarrel that some one must hasten to quell. Kythe had been wont to deplore the noise and disorder always reigning in the home of the Harwins, but she was not sure whether she had not found it preferable to the unnatural stillness produced by green baize, thick carpets, double windows, and Mrs. Lamont's nerves, which would not allow of a servant's voice being raised above a whisper. Nor did she find writing long pages of the most frivolous gossip from dictation, or reading the sentimental productions of some of the French authors, very lively occupations, and always rejoiced when the hour arrived that set her free.

Of Mr. Lamont she only caught an occasional

glimpse. He was as active as his wife was indolent, and found so much to do out of doors, both in the way of sport and business, that he seldom came in to lunch, and still more rarely returned to the house till after Kythe had left it. His wife mentioned, casually, one morning, that he had been very much exasperated by a raid that had been made by a gang of poachers on an outlying preserve; and finding that Kythe had not heard of it, she proceeded to tell her that these men were supposed to have been headed by the outlaw who still defied law and decency by living in the miserable hovel he had erected on the moor. But having said this, and lamented that Mr. Lamont —coming into the country for pleasure—should have been exposed to so much annoyance, his lady dismissed the subject from her thoughts, merely taking care to avoid the study, lest she should encounter the local constables, with whom the incensed gentleman frequently held consultations with a view to the detection and arrest of the culprits, and warning her companion to do the same.

The day Mr. Lamont's guests were to arrive Kythe was released at an earlier hour than usual, partly because Mrs. Lamont's toilette occupied her mind to the exclusion of all else, and also because the dog-cart in which she was generally driven home was in requisition for the luggage of the visitors, and she would have to walk. Mrs. Lamont might have spared herself the curt regrets that were listened to so impatiently, for in her heart Kythe rejoiced at the prospect of once more traversing the well-known route on foot. It was glorious though winterly weather; cold, dry, and exhilarating. After being shut in a boudoir where the heat was always stifling, it was delightful to drink in long draughts of the cooler air; and to be alone with her own thoughts was also a pleasure she had rarely enjoyed of late.

Here, on the open moors, she might think of Jock Beacham, now so long absent that it was difficult to believe he had ever sought every opportunity of being near her, and eagerly accepted her mother's permission to share Martin's evening tasks as often as he pleased.

What could have changed him so? When she reached the gate leading to the wood, she stopped to peer down the long avenues of now leafless trees, and nothing but a fear of encountering Noll Moyes kept her from pursuing the more circuitous path she and Martin Harwin had preferred not so much for its superior beauty as because it enabled them to see Jock.

Why did the latter avoid her so persistently? If he had erred she was ready to forgive him, if he were unhappy to console him; but she was beginning to resent, and that sharply, the line of conduct he was pursuing. It was unmanly to seclude himself and brood morbidly over his mistakes, instead of acknowledging and doing his best to atone for them.

How silent the wood seemed that afternoon! The song of the robin was the only sound that rose from its depths; no cheerful whistle or sharp strokes upon the trunk of a beech condemned to fall betrayed Jock's whereabouts, and with a throb of disappointment Kythe turned from the gate and went home.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ILL NEWS.

SHE found Miss Mia at Mrs. Anstey's, submitting to the operation of being measured and "fitted" for a new dress she had just purchased; not, be it said, because she was in want of one; she found employment for many an hour in brushing the dresses that hung in her closets, and assuring herself that the moths had not attacked them; but for the reason, very gravely alleged, that she wouldn't have any luck with her butter if she did not put on something new on Christmas morning.

Kythe was still out of favour; how could it be otherwise, since the spinster had gleaned from her mother that she had not been grateful for the honour of Noel Raynor's proposals? She was merely recognised with a grim nod, and her civil remark on the weather left unanswered. But that might have been unintentional, for Miss Mia was engrossed in her new robe; and having intently watched Mrs. Anstey as she pinned and fixed the lining, proceeded to give directions which, from a spinster who professed to set fashion at defiance, sounded curiously precise.

"I 'll have the body and sleeves plain, Hester; not because they 're worn so—I don't make that my study —but that there mayn't be any furbelows in my way while I 'm carving the meat or pouring out the tea. If you 'd prefer to put one of those strips of velvet down the front—what do you call them—plastrons!—what 's that in English?—why, I 'll not object; only let the velvet be good—it 's cheapest in the end. Of course, you 'll eat your Christmas dinner with us."

"Thanks, but——" and Mrs. Anstey glanced at her daughter.

"You 'll spend that day with us," said Mia, positively. "Kythe isn't to have the settling of everything. Can't I have my skirt in folds?—kilted, I think you call it. I 'll find it warmer for the cold days, and so I will a bit of a scarf made of the stuff and wrapped round me. It 's an ugly style; not like the comfortable gowns, well lined and wide, we used to wear. Fishwife fashion, Mog calls it, and that makes it all the uglier. What for should decent folk like ourselves take to copying the poor Scotch bodies that run about the streets barefooted to sell herrings? We 'll have plenty of buttons, Hester; it 's good for business. I have an old acquaintance married into the button trade, and I 'd like to give it a turn on her account. You 'll stay the night with us at Christmas? Not that we 'll keep it up late, with Mog in poor health, and Noel never given to much merry-making."

Kythe's face protested so strongly against this arrangement, that her mother felt constrained to say they wouldn't put Miss Mia to the inconvenience of making up beds for them.

"Hoot, toot! it'll be no inconvenience; if it were, I would say so. There'll not be any one at the Grange but just an old friend or two and your three selves; eh, but I'm forgetting the boy!" she cried, her eye falling on a cap of Martin's that hung behind the door. "What's to be done with him?"

"He is going to Manchester to join his family in time for the holidays," Mrs. Anstey replied. "We have just had a letter from his sister, settling the day he is to go, and the way he is to travel. There was a note inside for you, Kythe; you'll find it on the mantelpiece."

long piece out of my road, and I'm not so taken with her as some folk. She's too set up with her preaching and praying to suit my notions."

"She's very kind to me," interposed Alessie, timidly; "and I like her so much."

"Ay, lass, she's well enough in her way," the spinster replied, with a disparaging sniff, "and I'll not be finding fault with her while she's in trouble."

"Trouble!" echoed Kythe, now really interested.

Miss Mia arched her bushy brows.

"You haven't heard! and you at the Lodge so

"The children clustered about her chair to welcome her."—*p. 522.*

"Then you'll soon be rid of him!" observed Miss Mia. "So much the better. Other folks' children are a great trial in a house, especially lads. You'll not disappoint me about the gown, Hester?"

"Lucilla wants me to go to Manchester with Martin, and spend my Christmas there!" exclaimed Kythe, who had just mastered the contents of the blotted scrawl Miss Harwin had sent her.

"It's not to be thought of," said her mother, hastily. "Miss Harwin forgets the cost of such a journey."

"And young girls are always safest at home," added Miss Mia; "and that minds me that I shall not reach my own this side sundown, if I stop here any longer. I'm minded to call and speak a few neighbourly words to old Anne Beacham, though it's a

often, where I'd have supposed they talked of nothing else! And you not to know that Jock Beacham's in prison!"

Kythe caught hold of Alessie, and Mrs. Anstey stepped before her that Miss Raynor might not see the scorn and incredulity depicted on her rapidly paling face. But she could not silence her daughter's passionate exclamation—

"It isn't true! it isn't true!"

"What isn't? That Jock Beacham's been taken off to prison along with that bad fellow Moyes, and two of his sons, for stealing Mr. Lamont's birds, and nearly killing the man that was watching them?" retorted Miss Mia. "Ay, but it is. I could hardly credit it myself when Tam brought in the news, but when Noel came home from the market yesterday,

he said it was right enough; and he was in the magistrate's room when the misguided men had their first hearing."

Jock Beacham a poacher! a companion in guilt of one who had fallen so low as the miserable outcast whom no one had pitied but herself! Kythe would not, she could not believe it. There must have been some terrible mistake by which he was the sufferer, and it was cruel of people to be in such haste to suspect him.

But scarcely had she assured herself of this, and tried to shake off her fears, when they returned upon her in full force. He had been unlike himself of late, avoiding her for no cause that she could discover, and speaking, on that evening she saw him in the garden, as only a man would speak who was crushed beneath the weight of some great sorrow or sin.

"I can never come to your house nor sit beside you again," he had told her. Why should he say this, unless he was conscious of having participated in a crime that rendered him unworthy to approach her?

Then Kythe moaned in her secret soul—"This has been my doing; I sent him to that man, who must have set temptations before him he could not resist. And I fancied him so brave, so right-minded! Oh, Jock, Jock! can it be true that you have lifted your hand against a fellow-creature?"

"I must be going," said Miss Mia, picking up the huge muff she carried. "I have promised myself that I'll go and see how Anne Beacham bears up against this affliction; so good-bye to you all."

"Take me with you," entreated Alessie. "It might comfort her to know that some one is very, very sorry for her. Do let me walk with you, dear Miss Mia! I know the paths so well that I shall want scarcely any guiding."

"Eh! my dear little lass! but how would you find your way home again?" queried the spinster, whose harsh voice always softened when she spoke to the blind girl.

"I'll go with Alessie," said Kythe, turning a deaf ear to her mother's entreating, "No, no, child; why should you?"

"You'll come, too?" cried Miss Raynor, who did not hear Mrs. Anstey's half-whispered remonstrance. "That's well. I'll be glad of your company; for when I'm walking by myself I keep thinking and thinking whether Lois will remember to do all I told her, or whether that stupid Nannie will leave the gates open while she is gossiping with one of the herdsmen, and let the pigs into the garden. There's no depending on any one's wits but your own, is there?"

When Miss Raynor and her companions reached the cottage of the Beachams, they found it as neat as usual, the fire burning briskly on the clean hearth, by which the old man sat erect and soldier-like as ever. But his wife's limbs were more tremulous than they used to be, and her voice had such a plaintive ring in its quavering accents that Alessie sobbed aloud as she heard it. Still the quiet dignity of her manner forbade the catechising in which Miss Mia had intended to indulge. Anne Beacham was not one of those women who crave the sympathy of their neighbours, and find comfort in telling the story of their trouble down to the minutest detail. As to the old man, his grief had made him irritable, and he demanded so bluntly why Miss Mia, who never crossed his threshold at other times, had come now, when he would rather be left to himself, that she was affronted.

"You'll need money to pay counsel to speak for your grandson," she reminded him.

"Maybe, but I'll not ask my neighbours for it," he retorted, proudly.

"You are not very civil, Master Beacham," said the lady, secretly admiring his spirit of independence, yet annoyed that her kindness should be thus positively rejected, "and I'll not think of staying where it's made so plain to me that I'm not wanted; but all the same I wouldn't have you forget that if you should be wanting help or advice it's to be had at the Grange for asking."

Mr. Beacham's reply was inaudible, but his wife atoned for his churlishness by her quietly-spoken thanks. She stopped suddenly ere she had finished what she was saying, and began dusting with her apron the rustic table Jock had made, on which lay his Bible and the few books he had contrived to purchase. Her heart was too full for further speech, and no one had courage to break the silence that followed.

But when the brisk spinster whisked away, Kythe and Alessie lingered, the elder girl to sit down beside Mr. Beacham, mute and tearless, while Alessie knelt by Grannie, stroking her cheek and whispering consolation.

Suddenly the old sergeant pointed to his wife.

"It's killing her," he groaned; "it's killing her. The foolish fond soul has had such faith in the lad that she can't bear up against the blow he's given her. It hasn't hurt me. When my country proved ungrateful I hardened myself against lesser trials; but I can't forgive the boy for breaking her heart."

But Mrs. Beacham raised her drooping form as soon as she heard this, and answered, with a sorry attempt at cheerfulness—

"Don't say that, father! Joe the carrier told me that when the gentlemen on the bench asked Jock what he had to say for himself, he answered that he was not guilty. The boy never lied to us, not even to save himself from anger, and I have not lost my trust in him yet. While he declares that he is innocent, I shall believe that he is."

"That's like you, Anne," the old man replied, peevishly; "that's like you; and you can't be taught to see that it makes it worse for you when you'll not be convinced. I knew the lad was going wrong when he took to consorting with vagabonds and——"

But the look of piteous entreaty he saw on the

face of his wife silenced him, and muttering to himself he turned to the fire, into which he was still staring moodily when the sisters went away.

That night Mrs. Anstey was roused from sleep by finding Kythe kneeling at her bedside, sobbing and crying—

"Let me go to Manchester, mother. If you love me, let me go. Don't ask me why, but say yes. When I come back, I'll come with all my silly dreams and fancies forgotten, and try to be a better daughter to you, and do whatever you would have me do!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOST CONFIDENCE.

MRS. ANSTEY yielded against what she called her better judgment, and Lucilla's invitation was accepted. She reminded herself that it would be more prudent to let Kythe leave the neighbourhood for awhile, than by her evident unhappiness induce any gossiping acquaintance to connect her name with that of Jock Beacham. Mrs. Lamont was so fully engaged with her visitors that she could dispense with the attendance of her little amanuensis, as she styled her; and gayer scenes might effect a cure for that heart-ache from which her foolish child was suffering.

Martin was delighted to have such a travelling companion, and so with all haste Kythe made her few preparations, and counted the hours till the morning arrived that was fixed for the journey. At any other time it would have fretted her to know that her winter dress and jacket were shabby, and money too scarce to permit of replacing them with new ones; but her girlish vanity lay dead; she could think of nothing but Jock Beacham in prison, remanded till the injured keeper—who was in a most precarious condition—could be pronounced out of danger, or his assailants were arraigned on the graver charge of murder: Jock in prison, and the aged couple, whose pride and stay he had been, awaiting in their solitary cottage the issue of this terrible event.

Alessie went to them again and again, neither the irritability of the old man nor the silent grief of his wife deterring her; but after a second visit Kythe kept away. Anne Beacham's patient endurance, her meek faith that the Hand that dealt the blow dealt it for some wise purpose, she could not share. She was more disposed to ask rebelliously, with the old soldier, why such a trial was sent at all.

With all the impetuosity that marked her character, she sought to escape her unhappiness by plunging into the bustle of a great city. She would not see the wistful looks of her mother, nor listen to the plaints of Alessie, who would miss her sorely; but was in a fever of impatience to get away to Manchester. Yet even there it followed her. Running her eye down the columns of a newspaper, civilly handed to her by a fellow passenger, the first notice she saw was headed, "Daring conduct of a gang of poachers, and savage assault upon a gamekeeper;" and as soon as she arrived at Captain Harwin's, and the children clustered about her chair to welcome her, they mingled with their greetings eager questions respecting their old favourite, Jock. Even Lucilla was sufficiently interested in the young man's fate to inquire whether Kythe thought it really could have been he who attacked the keeper.

It was difficult to answer these inquiries without betraying the agony of shame that lay hidden beneath her outward composure; ay, shame that she should have been so near loving one who had thus deceived her. Often in the silence of the night Kythe sobbed and writhed at the recollection of her weakness. On the shallow basis of a foolish lad's admiration for her pretty face, she had built a house of cards that had already fallen to pieces. Her hero had proved to be of the coarsest clay, and not worthy to be moulded into the noble creature her imagination had portrayed.

She had lost all confidence in him—she had ceased to share his granddame's trust in his truth; and with good reason. Kythe happened to be at Mrs. Beacham's cottage when she folded up and made into a small parcel, to be forwarded by a neighbour, a few necessaries for her imprisoned grandson. Acting on the impulse of the moment, the young girl slipped into the parcel a tiny text-book she had in her pocket, first pencilling on the fly-leaf beneath her own name these words—"If you are unjustly accused, send this back by the bearer, and at the first opportunity let me know in what way your friends can help to clear you."

That he received this book she satisfied herself by questioning the civil old countryman to whom it was entrusted; but the assurance she craved never reached her. Jock retained the book, his silence conveying an answer that banished her last hope of his innocence.

The Harwins thought Kythe changed, though they could scarcely have told how, except that her face was thinner, her manner more brusque; but they were not very observant, and as long as she talked and laughed, and entered eagerly into all their schemes for pleasure, they were satisfied that all was well. Lucilla rejoiced to have some one in the house who could keep the children amused and obedient, persuade Roland and Rupert to spend their evenings at home, and assist her in disentangling the housekeeping accounts, and would not hear of her leaving them as long as Mrs. Anstey could be persuaded to spare her.

And she was quite willing to stay. Even the claims of Alessie, whose blindness made her so dependent on her sister, were wholly set aside; or, when they would not be banished from her memory, Kythe contrived to silence her conscience with promises to make atonement when her mind was more at ease.

At present her aim was to banish thought, and it was less difficult to do it here than at home. It would be horrible, she told herself, to go back just as Jock

Beacham's trial and sentence were on every lip—most horrible! The bare idea of hearing it discussed by indifferent persons made her veil her eyes, and lean back in her chair so sick and giddy that Lucilla ran to her assistance, and sent one of the children for a glass of water.

Mrs. Anstey felt strangely forlorn on the morning Kythe and Martin left her. The farmer, who drove them in his wagonette to the railway station, insisted on taking Alessie with him, saying that the drive might bring a little colour into the poor child's cheeks. So their mother was left to wrestle in solitude with her fears that she had been too yielding in letting Kythe take up her abode, though but for a few weeks, with a family so distasteful to Noel Raynor.

She had not been able to consult or rather defer to him respecting the step she had been induced to take, for he had gone to London to enlarge his ideas on cattle-rearing by a visit to the agricultural show. Miss Mia had said that his return was uncertain, and knowing this, Mrs. Anstey was considerably surprised to see him coming towards her just as the vehicle containing her daughters and Martin Harwin passed over the brow of the hill, and disappeared from view.

"Mia tells me you have promised to spend your Christmas with us," he observed. "I am glad to hear it. Where is Alessie? I saw that most of the young people in London wore fur about their throats and wrists, so I have brought her a set for a New Year's gift."

Noel Raynor observant enough to note such additions to feminine costume, and open his purse to purchase them! Wonders would never cease. He was in one of his most genial humours, describing amusingly his visit to the large linendraper's in St. Paul's Churchyard, and how he had been handed from department to department by the mystified shopwalker, of whom he had demanded a maud (woollen shawl) for one of his sisters.

Mrs. Anstey stood admiring the furs, and thanked the donor in Alessie's name, till, with his colour slightly heightened, he produced a similar packet.

"I bought these for Kythe," he said, frankly. "Do you think she will accept them from me? But I 'll not ask you to trouble yourself about it; I 'll speak to her myself."

The truth must now be told, but Mrs. Anstey could scarcely bring herself to utter it, and Mr. Raynor's looks when he had heard it were not reassuring. Kythe gone to Manchester, and to the Harwins'! His old jealousy of Rupert instantly revived, and he gazed frowningly at his informant, accusing her in his heart of having gone over to the enemy.

"You ought to be the best judge of what is most likely to promote your daughter's happiness," he observed, in his iciest accents. "I thought you gave me to understand, not long since, that you had no ambition for Kythe to ally herself with those Harwins; but you may have learned to think differently since then."

"No, I have not; and—and pray don't be angry, Mr. Raynor! There was no one at hand with whom I could advise, and the poor child has been so miserable ever since this sad affair at the Lodge, that when she begged me to let her go away till she could recover her spirits, I felt it would be unkind to refuse."

Mr. Raynor started, and seemed perplexed.

"I am not quite sure that I understand you," he exclaimed, passing his fingers across his forehead. "Kythe was miserable, you say; but what had made her so? Don't tell me she was grieving for young Beacham! Is it this boy whom she has been preferring to me?" he added, as Mrs. Anstey looked an assent.

The storm of mingled emotions—amazement, scorn, and wrath—that swept over his dark visage was not pleasant to behold, and Mrs. Anstey, her limbs trembling under her, sat down by the window, and began to work as well as her tremulous fingers would let her. He must have time to get over the shock her words had given him, and so she neither exhorted him to patience nor railed, as she felt very much inclined to do, against her absent daughter.

"I don't know why it should surprise me," Mr. Raynor observed, at last. "It was to him she turned for help when her sister was in danger of drowning." He was speaking slowly and with a twitching of the muscles of his face, as if every word inflicted a sharp pain as he uttered it. "And he is a well-looking lad; but Rupert Harwin had at least the advantage of being more gently born, and I—yes, I have thought that—that *she* valued education and good breeding."

"It has been a childish infatuation, nothing more," the vexed mother declared.

"Nothing more? And yet she is too unhappy to stay here now?" he observed, with bitter incredulity. "Why have I not known this sooner? Why did you keep me in ignorance of it till I—till I—— Oh, fool that I have been!" Choking with passion, he snatched up his hat and strode from the cottage, but came back directly to pour the vials of his wrath on Mrs. Anstey's luckless head.

"You may as well be quite candid with me now," he said. "I suppose you 'll not expect me to congratulate you on your son-in-law elect; but you can tell me whether the marriage is to take place as soon as he comes out of prison."

"Mr. Raynor, you insult Kythe as well as me when you suggest such a thing!" she retorted, indignantly. "Can you really suppose that my child would stoop to give herself to a young man who has so disgraced himself?"

"He may be acquitted," was the moody reply. "I, for one, have never thought him guilty."

"He is proved to have been associating with this poacher, and he never can be a fitting husband for my daughter. Kythe knows, she acknowledges this; if you would have given one time, I should have explained to you that it is only lately, quite lately,

either she or I have suspected how far the lad's gratitude for her efforts to instruct him was carrying him. He has her compassion, he has mine; there was the making of a clever man in Jock Beacham if he had not been led away by bad companions; but he should never have married Kythe, never."

"But she loves him!" Mr. Raynor gloomily persisted.

"You would cease to think so if you had heard her parting words to me. She has been foolish and romantic, she admits it; young girls of Kythe's temperament rarely escape these flights of fancy; but she promises to come back to me wiser, and to be and do all I wish."

There was a long pause, during which Noel, with his arm on the mantelpiece and his teeth set in his nether lip, mused very sadly, and refused to find comfort in Mrs. Anstey's plausible assertions that her child was heart-whole. In the meanwhile Kythe's mother watched him anxiously. If the wound to his pride led him to renounce his intention of winning her daughter's affections, she knew too well how intractable he could be to hope that anything she could urge would prevent it. However, she went up to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said, softly—

"Cousin Raynor, my poor little girl has neither father nor brother to be kind to her now she is in trouble. Don't take your friendship away from her just as she most needs it."

He did not reply, but she heard him gulp down something like a sob, and would have pursued her advantage, if a tap at the door had not induced Mr. Raynor to shake off her hand and draw himself up while she went to see who knocked.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LETTER.

ONE of the poacher's sons, the youngest and most deplorably ragged of the three, was standing in the porch, just far enough from the door to escape a cuff or a kick, if, as was but too frequently the case, the sight of such a ne'er-do-well was the signal for his being roughly driven away.

But when Mrs. Anstey—who, never having suffered by the depredations he and his family committed, was not so embittered against them—asked, in gentle tones, what he wanted, he was emboldened to draw nearer, and point to the fire he could see glowing beyond her.

"Eh, but it looks comfortable in there!" he cried, with a shiver; "I havena seen such a fine little blaze since the mither dee'd; and, wow! the bonny pictures on the walls!"

While the boy gazed admiringly at the coloured lithographs Kythe had framed in straw, to adorn the living-room, Mrs. Anstey surveyed the miserable object before her with womanly compassion. He was but a child to be thus exposed to the buffets of the winter winds; and to be sleeping in an outhouse on sufferance, and shuffling about all day, half-starved and wretchedly clad, seemed a worse lot than being consigned to the union; yet the boy preferred it, and cunningly evaded all attempts to reclaim him or place him under the care of the guardians of the poor till his father's trial was over.

"Come in and warm yourself," said Mrs. Anstey; and he was about to obey, when he caught sight of Mr. Raynor.

"I 'm not going too near he; so thank ye for nothing!" he cried, rudely.

"Just as you please," Mrs. Anstey replied, composedly. "If you were an honest lad you 'd have no cause to fear any one."

"What have I done?" he demanded, rubbing his eyes with his grimy fingers. "I haven't done nothing, but everybody is girding at me, and I havena had bit nor sup this day. How would you like to be half starved and then scolded for't?"

Mrs. Anstey shuddered, and held the door open wider.

"Come in, you unfortunate creature, and I will find you some food."

Mrs. Anstey warmed some milk and set it down beside her ragged guest, with a liberal allowance of oatcake, which he munched with great satisfaction, stopping once to ask, "Where 's *she?*"

Not knowing to which of her daughters he referred, nor thinking it necessary to answer any questions he might put to her, his hostess merely shook her head; but Mr. Raynor, who saw the boy slip his hand into his ragged jacket, and heard the rustle of paper, guessed that he had a motive for the inquiry.

"If you mean the young lady who goes backwards and forwards to the Lodge"—the boy nodded—"she is not at home. Have you a message for her?"

Another nod, and now an envelope was partially produced, and then slipped back into its hiding place.

"How will I give her the bit letter if she is not here?" he demanded.

"Her mother will forward it to her. From whom did you have it?"

"Jock Beacham, and he made me promise to give it to na'body but herself."

Mr. Raynor frowned and turned away. He began to draw on the great-coat he had thrown off on first entering the cottage, and Mrs. Anstey sharply told the boy that if he were sufficiently warmed he had better go.

"And what will I do with Jock's letter?" he whimpered. "I can't take it back; they won't let me in to see father again, and the lady 's not here. What will you give me for it?" he asked, suddenly, and held it up before Mr. Raynor. "There 's some fine writing in it, and I 'll sell it cheap."

To his mortification, it was snatched from him, and tossed across the room to Mrs. Anstey, and then the boy, with a slight shake, was put outside the door; yet a reminiscence of Kythe's pleadings for his poorer neighbours made Mr. Raynor say at the same time—

"When you can learn to be honest, you may come to the Grange, and I'll find some odd jobs for you to do; and here! when you're hungry again, take this paper to Widow Jones at the grocery; it's an order for bread. Now be off with you, and don't come here again."

"Mrs. Anstey warmed some milk and set it down beside her ragged guest."—*p.* 524.

Mr. Raynor now returned to the hearth, by which Mrs. Anstey was now standing, turning the letter over and over in her fingers.

"You did not tell me that your daughter corresponds with Jock Beacham?"

"Neither does she," the mother hastened to say; "I am positive that Kythe has never written to him, never received a line from him. Whatever my child's faults may be, deceit is not one of them. She would scorn to hide anything from her mother."

"I believe that. And yet he dares write to her, and from a prison too! Her good opinion is so precious to him that he cannot bear to lose it, and so he prays her to believe in him, to be true to him; and she—she is too generous, too warm-hearted to refuse. Guilty or innocent, she will not reject his prayer."

He ground his teeth as he thought he saw Kythe reading and weeping over this pitiful appeal; but she

was never destined to behold it, for in an instant her mother had torn it across, and thrust it into the fiercest part of the fire.

"You have done wrong," Mr. Raynor exclaimed, though he watched it burn with gloomy satisfaction.

But Mrs. Anstey hastened to defend herself. "He was not justified in addressing her. It would be injurious to her character if it were to be said in the neighbourhood that she was holding any intercourse with a man who is about to be tried for such crimes. It is my duty to prevent it; Kythe must never know that he presumed to write to her; it is little less than an insult; and to choose such a messenger, too!"

With a heavy sigh—somehow life had lost its zest of late, and he took no pleasure in any of his pursuits—Noel bade Mrs. Anstey farewell. She was reluctant to let him go while he was embittered against Kythe, but he was equally unwilling to be detained; and the approach of one of Mrs. Lamont's servants, who was bringing a dress to be altered for her mistress, enabled him to make his escape.

It was with difficulty Mrs. Anstey could constrain herself to pay the necessary attention to the minute directions the maid was giving her, who went away at last, leaving nothing she had been saying impressed on Mrs. Anstey's mind, except that the date of the attack on the gamekeeper was November the thirtieth, and the hour when the shots were fired about half-past ten. Why did these facts haunt her, in spite of her efforts to forget them? Was it because a conviction was upon her that it was on that very night Jock Beacham had stood in her own garden, bidding his mournful farewell to the girl whom she had taught him to look upon as the promised wife of Noel Raynor?

(To be continued.)

CHRIST THE PROMISE OF ALL AGES.

CHRIST AS REVEALED TO ABRAHAM.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, AND FORMERLY HULSEAN LECTURER IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."—GEN. xxii. 18.

THE revelations of God are made not to communities, but to individuals; not to dispensations, considered as a collective Church, but to the head or founder of the dispensation, who is the custodian or depositary of the communication to be made. And it is not to be supposed that all which was revealed to these favoured persons has come down to us in written form. We can hardly doubt that, over and above the visions and sayings which God commanded to be committed to writing, for the instruction of the Church in all ages, separate and supplementary revelations were made to the men themselves—as well for the strengthening of their own faith, as for the moulding of the religious creed and practice of the times in which they lived. The promise considered in the last paper—brief, obscure, mystical as it was—yet, as far as written revelation or hope is concerned, was all mankind had to live upon for upwards of two thousand years. The language of Eve, on the birth of Cain, "I have gotten a man from the Lord," is always understood, both by Jewish and Christian interpreters, as implying her faith in some Incarnate Deliverer; and yet, unless some oral communication had been made to the first pair to that effect, it is difficult to conceive how, on the few words contained in the sentence on the Serpent, she should be able to found such a hope. So, with regard to other things, connected with the religious life and practice of the patriarchal age. So condensed and scanty is the record, that, even with regard to so important a subject as that of sacrifice, we have nothing to tell us how the institution began, or when the first precept was given for its observance. And yet, after the Deluge, we find it an established usage of patriarchal worship, and the offering of it by Noah regarded as the smell of "a sweet savour," acceptable unto the Lord. From all which we infer that, by oral communication or otherwise, far more religious knowledge was given to our first parents, and their immediate descendants, than Moses was instructed to record.

The remark will receive further illustration when applied to that next instalment of Divine communications which we are to consider to-day, or CHRIST AS REVEALED TO ABRAHAM. Comparing what we read of the promises made to him, as contained in the Book of Genesis, with what we read of his faith in the Scriptures of the New Testament, it is manifest that, by Moses, the half is not told us of what Abraham really knew. How or where he obtained all the rest of his knowledge, unless by means of certain unrecorded communications, direct from God Himself, it seems impossible to conjecture. But certain it is he saw more than the men of his own time saw—more than any uninspired human intelligence could see, in those words of promise, after the offering-up of Isaac, "Thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies," and "in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

I. Let us first take a succinct view of the several revelations made to Abraham, in order to see how, from them only, he might be justified in expecting that, in and through him, some signal benefit was to accrue to mankind. The history is given with great regard to order and minuteness; a succession of promises being made to him, each advancing in clearness and largeness upon the promise which had gone before. Thus, when he was first called to go out from his country and his kindred, the promise was expressed in general terms; God would make him "a great nation." He should be the founder of a great name in the world. A curse should light on all that should be adversaries to him, and he should have great prosperity. When he separated from Lot, and dwelt in the land of Canaan, the promise was renewed. But this time there was annexed to it the assurance of a definite territorial possession—the land which he saw should be given to him and to his seed for ever. The next advance in the distinctness of the revelations, was after he had returned from the slaughter of the kings. And now the general promise becomes limited in direct line to the descendants of his own son; whilst after the great proof of his faith and obedience, afforded by his readiness, at God's bidding, to offer up his son Isaac, the language of the Most High becomes more full and assuring than ever: —"By Myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son: that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice."

Thus far, we see, even in the outward and recorded revelations made to Abraham, a connecting link between the three great dispensations which God has given to mankind. He occupies, as it were, a middle position, literally and chronologically so, between the truth as it is in Adam, and "the truth as it is in Jesus." In Him, we are made to see that all revealed truth is one great whole—the several parts being connected together by widely-separated successions, it may be, yet each development confirming the truth of what had gone before, and the certainty of what should come after. Thus the promise to Adam, as considered in the last paper, was of the most general kind. The seed of "the woman" was to bruise the serpent's head. But no mention is made of any particular woman, nor even of any tribe or section of the succeeding families of mankind, from which this mighty deliverer is to arise. The old world passes away, and the post-diluvian world appears —not better, but, if anything, worse. The time had come when the truth of God needed a new witness. And, for this purpose, it seemed good to Infinite Wisdom to single out one nation from the earth, and one man from the nation, whom He should make the depositary of His purposes, and the chosen vessels of His grace. And the world was to look up to this people, as a separated, and peculiar, and elect people. All the blessings promised to Adam and Noah were to come to mankind through the line of this family, and descending through them to the next great development of the divine plans, which should come to pass under the Gospel. Thus, Abraham lays his hand, so to speak, on both dispensations. His seed was the seed of the "woman" developed, just as Christ was the seed of "Isaac" developed. The transmission of truth was unbroken—through the seed of Abraham, through the family of Jacob, through the tribe of Judah, through the house and lineage of David, came He in whom "all the nations of the earth should be blessed."

II. So much with regard to the *recorded* revelations made to Abraham; but, as intimated already, there are passages in the New Testament which show that, in some way or other, revelations must have been made to him which are not recorded. One such passage we find in that memorable conversation which our Lord held with the Jews in the Temple. They had been making their boast of Abraham, as far greater than Christ; whereupon the Holy One made answer: —"Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day; and he saw it and was glad." Of these last words two renderings are possible. One is that they express the fact of Abraham's experience in the unseen state of Paradise; that while reposing in that blissful world, he was permitted to become cognisant of the actual fact of the Incarnation; that to him and other saints in the intermediate state angels brought the tidings as "to the shepherds who kept watch over their flocks by night," that there was born in the city of David, a Saviour, which was Christ the Lord. "Your father Abraham rejoiced while here upon earth, in the thought that he should see My day, and he has seen it, and was glad." Still, authorities of great name are in favour of another and more natural view of this passage—more in accord with what we read in the Hebrews, and better accounting for the increased irritation of the Jews—the view, I mean, that Abraham, in his lifetime, had prophetic glimpses vouchsafed to him of the coming of the day of Christ; and that he realised its accompanying blessings so clearly and vividly, that the very anticipation of the event was to him a source of present joy:—"Your father Abraham earnestly longed to see My day, and, by the help of his strong faith, he saw it, and was glad." Of the patriarchs generally, we have the Apostle writing, "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off." And it was especially so, we may be sure, with Abra-

ham. Our Lord knew what Abraham saw better than Moses did; knew more of what he saw in that mysterious manifestation made to him in the plains of Mamre; more of what he saw when he felt impelled to recognise the priestly claims of Melchisedek; more of what he saw when, holding a ram caught in a thicket by his horns, he was led to offer him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son. The language of Moses in referring to these events is only suggestive. The meaning seems to be half given, and half kept back—the disclosures made being quite sufficient for the instruction of the Church and of the times, but leaving it probable that Abraham, the person chiefly concerned in the transactions, knew a great deal more. In each of them he saw some new foreshadowing of the day of Christ—"saw it, and was glad."

III. Yet more conclusive to the possession, by Abraham, of some supplementary knowledge—at least, above what appears in the Mosaic record, is the passage referring to him in the Epistle to the Hebrews. "By faith," it is said, "Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac, and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son. . . . . Accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure," or, as the word really is, "in a parable." Of course, it is impossible to say with certainty how far the full scope and import of this remarkable transaction were made known to Abraham, or whether any special revelations were made to him as to the typical meaning of its several details. But St. Paul's expression that he received his son back "in a parable," and that, as we know, on the "third day," after he set forth, make it certain that Abraham must have seen some underlying significance in the whole transaction, which he could not fail to connect with the future of the promised seed, and the spiritual destinies of mankind. The entire scene, however real and actual in itself, he had been taught by a heaven-instructed faith to look upon as "allegory"—a kind of picture-teaching, employed by the Spirit of God, and according to which, actual facts and occurrences are intended to be representative of something else. What was that something? Here was a representative "sacrifice" of an innocent victim; a representative "death" of the child of promise; a representative "rising again" on the third day. Is it conceivable that Abraham should be able to put all the parts of this representative scene together, and form them into a picture-prophecy of what should come to pass in Messiah's day? Hardly can we go so far as that; nor is it necessary. In the teaching by parable it is deemed sufficient that, between the thing related, and that which it is intended to prefigure, there should be certain broad features of analogy; and if, therefore, we suppose Abraham to have inferred from what had just taken place, and by a divine impulse upon his spirit was taught to infer, that the redemption he was looking for would come through some offering-up of the promised seed, through some submission to the suffering of death, and through a resurrection to life, to authenticate and perfect the promised redemption, we see how far in advance of all others he was in his views of the coming Messiah, and with what a breadth, and reach, and fulness of spiritual emphasis he would interpret the promise, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

Among practical lessons to be learned from these revelations to Abraham, none should be more encouraging than the thought that clearer views of Christ, a firmer hope in Christ, a nearer realising of the presence of Christ, seem always to be the portion of holy and humble men of heart—of those who walk most humbly and most closely with God. To them first, God tells all His heart, and "He will show them His covenant." "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I do?" Abraham the faithful and obedient; Abraham, the priest and teacher of his household; Abraham, who goes out at my bidding, and asks no questions; Abraham, the man of effectual fervent prayer, who to the very verge of an angel's boldness, interceded for the cities of the plain; shall I keep back from him anything about the day of Christ, and what it should be to him of joy, and hope, and bright gladness?

And so shall it be with us, if only we "walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham." We shall see, not the day of Christ only, but Christ Himself—a living presence to us; a near reality to us; an interposing screen between our souls and a deserved condemnation; a Mediator, receiving our prayers and offerings into His hands, in order that, sprinkled with His blood, they may come up with acceptance before the throne. Oh, labour and pray we more and more that we may "see Jesus." See Him in our trials, succouring us; in our temptations, strengthening us; in our sorrows, comforting us; in our prayers pleading for us. There is another, and, it may be, far-off day of Christ, which we, like Abraham, are rejoicing and longing to see. It will be the day when we shall "see the King in His beauty"—when He shall come to be "glorified of His saints"—the day when with Jacob, who waited for His salvation; with the disciples, who saw Him taken away in a cloud; with all the expectant righteous, who now sleep in Him, we shall say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us. This is the Lord, we have waited for Him, we will be glad, and rejoice in His salvation." "Even so; come, Lord Jesus: come quickly."

IRISH STEW AT LIMEHOUSE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

ANOTHER dinner, but not a "Robin Dinner." This is an Irish stew dinner, and not an evening repast such as we attended some months ago at the West End. Few of us are acquainted with Conder Street, Salmon's Lane, Limehouse, yet we must find our way thither. "Change at Dalston, then at Bow, and get out at Stepney," says the much-enduring railway official. We follow his directions as best we may until we arrive at our destination.

This is a small house belonging to the London Cottage Mission, a work founded some years ago by Mr. Walter Austin, and energetically pursued by him and his helpers up to the present time. We make our way through a contingent of the army about to be feasted, and from an apartment up-stairs watch the gathering of the clans. They arrive in crowds as soon as the Board school winds up its morning lessons, and the little street becomes one mass of juvenile heads. The scene is suggestive of poverty, and even destitution; but during the past terrible winter it was not merely suggestive, but declaratory. Then, despite the snow and driving sleet, a crowd of human beings of all ages and of both sexes filled every inch of the street, clamouring for food. From 10 A.M. till 6 P.M. were Mr. Austin and his truly Christian staff receiving and feeding these guests, in detachments of two hundred, and still they came and came, till hot coffee supplemented the Irish stew, and the meals were continued until 2 o'clock the following morning.

But on this 16th of February hope is once more beginning to dawn, for even on this foggy Wednesday, down here amid this labyrinth of poor streets, people talk of spring.

The door is opened at last, and we hurry down-stairs to watch two hundred of the expectants pour into the Mission Room. It is like the crush at an opera or concert, when a *prima donna* is to sing. The wonder is that the iron rails without have not given way under the pressure, for these weekly dinners have become an institution.

A small child, tugged mercilessly to a seat by an elder sister, is crying piteously. A little stockingless

"JOHN'S GARDENS."

THE FAMILY OF THE "CLEAN PINAFORES."

lad glances at his legs, which are bleeding, but nevertheless scrambles over the form. Hunger is stronger than pain, and the sight of a tub, borne in by two helpers, and the odour of its steaming contents, suffice to "lull the senses to forgetfulness" of all but the cravings of the inner man. A whistle

from Mr. Austin obtains silence, and grace is sung. Then by means of huge ladles, the excellent Irish stew is quickly transferred to the two hundred utensils prepared for it. And a word on these utensils. Here are basins, pie dishes, plates, tins, saucers, mugs; some cracked, others with holes, through which the stew runs out as fast as it is poured in. Spittoons frequently appear, and there has been the bottom of an old coal-scuttle and a foot-bath. But what matters it, so long as they will hold that excellent hot stew, composed of meat and vegetables, and flavoured, on this particular occasion, by the celebrated "Yorkshire Relish," and flour of peas, generously sent by the proprietors? During three mortal hours the contents of large boilers are emptied into the small white tubs aforementioned, and thence ladled into the anomalous articles that form the dinner service. Relays of two hundred at a time enter, eat their fill, and depart, until about one thousand individuals, small and large, have been feasted. The children have precedence and the old people are admitted last. Some are very old, and the burden of their song seems to be that they shall soon "go home," and need no more of Mr. Austin's hospitality. It is no wonder that they look affectionately at him, and bless him and his Missionary helpers for spiritual as well as temporal food. "I used to live in Doubting Street, now I live where Job lived, in I Know Street," says an old man as he seats himself before the appetising stew. "I am eighty-five," replies a woman to that question which ladies usually avoid, because it compromises them with society.

News is brought in that an aged couple have been discovered who have had neither food nor fire for nearly three days. The man is said to be paralysed. It need scarcely be told that orders are given to see to them at once. Many similar cases came to light during the dark days of the white snow. Another messenger arrives with an excuse from two invited guests—an old man and woman. The latter is ill in bed with the "rheumatics," and the former is obliged to "stop at home and do the washing." Of course, a dinner is sent to these twain. We say "of course," because at least fifty dinners are dispatched to poor hungry souls having tickets but prevented from coming.

"Please, sir, my little sister is ill abed; may I take her half my stew?" or, "Please, ma'am, I've got no ticket, but may I have some for mother?" and the like, sound continually in the ears of the kindly Christian helpers, and never sound in vain.

One ragged girl with an old black cape thrown over her head, and her scant raiment scarcely covering her, stands like a statue, tin in hand, mute, before the missionary with his ladle. The other day one such appeared with *no* clothing whatever but a cotton frock. This is a girl of thirteen, with a dark beautiful face, who, with her black drapery might almost sit for a Madonna. When finally seated before her dinner, she lets the old cape fall over her shoulders, and reveals the blue-black hair of the Italian, of which race there are samples in the gathering, with soft-sounding southern names.

"What 's in a name?" we ask, as we are suddenly introduced to a Mrs. Snooks, whose husband is a bricklayer out of work, and neither they nor their seven children have broken their fast this day. Such appears to be the condition of most of the members of this gigantic dinner party. Here is a respectable-looking woman who has nine children, five of whom surround her, one an infant in her arms. This latter laps down the hot stew to the danger of its little throat, and when its mother's shawl slips back displays feet and legs that have never known the comfort of a sock. Thanks to gifts of clothing from many sources, a pair are found, to which is added a wee flannel petticoat. Indeed, most of the children wear some article thus judiciously bestowed.

"She looks quite fashionable," exclaims a mother, pointing to a little girl in a scarlet hood, once the head-gear of some more fortunate child.

"I sat up till twelve last night washing the pinafores," explains another, surrounded by five little ones, with sweet clean faces and fair curly heads.

The pinafores have been presents from the mission, and being of spotless white or brown, with the sleeves duly tied up with the bit of ribbon that doubtless accompanied them, give an air of gentility to the group, albeit mother and children are hatless. These and similar explanations, accompanied by grateful smiles, are made to Miss Napton—the young lady who devotes her time to visiting these poor people, superintending the distribution of tickets and clothing, and aiding the work in every possible way.

Here despair and hope sit side by side:—"I lost my husband three months ago; I have been turned out of house. I have seven children, and three are to go to the union to-morrow," sobs a widow.

"I sold one shillingsworth of creases yesterday—the first we have sold this winter," cheerfully explains her neighbour, a girl of ten, whose shilling has been a sunbeam in her parents' garret.

Here are two elderly women who have respectively three and four orphan grand-children on their hands. How is all this misery to be met? A weekly dinner such as this is invaluable, and tends to brace the sinews and strengthen both mind and body; but what of the other days? and it costs £25 to provide the one thousand quarts of stew that have been distributed this morning. This is, however, only a small part of what is achieved. Every case is investigated, and each house visited; while tickets for coal, flour, grocery, etc., are also judiciously distributed. In addition, there are mission-hall services, visits to common lodging-houses, Gospel tent services, Sunday schools, bands of hope, and temperance societies, working men's institute and reading room, and at two o'clock every Monday a mother's meeting and maternity society, which is entirely under the superintendence of Miss Napton, who has the happy art of gaining the confidence of the poor, without appearing conspicuously to seek it; and it

may not be out of place to state that the mission services are now regularly attended by numbers who have been led to them through the dinners, and who previously frequented no place of worship; while 13,000 men have visited the reading room during the last seven weeks. A crusade is also made with good results against the prevailing drunkenness of our land.

We linger on, unconscious of the unusual fatigue of standing three or more hours. The meal concludes by the admission of sundry elderly people who have arrived late, and afterwards of the young folk, who, having no tickets, yet "hope against hope," and are not disappointed. Among the former is a woman who informs us that she comes every week, being, as she expresses it "at her own disposal," by which we infer that she is, happily, single. The repast is also honoured by the presence of a poetess, who lives by the sale of her own verses, and who can "write on any subject."

The *finale* is pathetic, for a row of the ticketless stretch out their platters, crying, "More, more," and there is no more to be had. Again Mr. Austin whistles, and the missionary, weary of ladling, begins the grace, and in a few minutes the last guest lingeringly disappears.

But, kindly, and, we hope, appreciative readers, you have yet more to do. You must accompany us, led by the unwearying Miss Napton, to a few of the abodes of these poverty-stricken people.

Through poor and crowded streets; past dreary-looking women, seated bonnetless at costermongers' barrows; amid a clamorous population of buyers and sellers, and finally to the house where dwells the juvenile water-cress seller. We mount what some modern Mrs. Malaprop has called "a *spinal* staircase," which is a steep roundabout of steps, perfectly dark, and like that of a tower without the loop-holes. We reach the topmost storey. A bright-looking young woman, who is nursing a half-clad baby, greets us cheerfully, glad, very glad, to welcome Miss Napton, bearer ever of "good things." In spite of hard times, she and her husband have managed to save their bedding from the pawnshop, and an open window, a fire, and glittering, if common, picture-frames, give the place an air of comfort. She points first to a heap of coal in the corner as the blessed result of a "ticket;" and then, with a smile, to a queer-looking little fellow of three, who scrambles up the dark staircase crying out lustily. He is clad in a jacket and trousers much too big for him, and might be General Tom Thumb in some young middie's dress.

"The lady in the parlour gave him that suit, ma'am, and it 's a little too big for him," explains the proud mother. "She was very good to me when I had my baby, and brought me up a cup of tea every morning. I hope I may be able to do the same for her. Now the spring is coming we shall get the creases cheaper. But we have no money to set up in trade again. There 's the green withs to tie up the bundles, besides the stock from the market every day, and other expenses."

Miss Napton inquires how much money would be needed to set this family up in life once more, not only with "creases," but with such other "stuff" as the father is accustomed to sell in his capacity of costermonger. The amazing sum of 5s. is named with a sigh.

"If we lend you 5s., will you repay us by 6d. weekly?" asks the kind lady.

A glad affirmative ratifies that bargain, and a ticket for groceries superadded makes the eyes bright with gratitude.

And so we leave that fellow creature more hopeful than we found her, and passing by many doors as we descend the "spinal staircase" seek "the lady in the parlour." Expecting gentility, we merely peep in, but are invited to enter. A very small room, with a bed in the corner, a table in the middle, a plant or two on the window-sill, and a woman and her daughter of fifteen busily at work. Their trade has not failed, for they are match-box makers, and lucifer matches are even more used in winter than in summer. The women, who are well-mannered and well-spoken, indulge our curiosity by manufacturing a new Cleopatra-Needle match-box. The mother rapidly folds and covers it, the daughter pastes on the sand-paper. Their manipulation is wonderful; and it need be, for they only receive 2½d. for a gross, or 144 of these boxes, and find their own paste! It is almost impossible for them to earn more than a shilling a day, and as the husband, a dock labourer, is out of work, the support of the family falls on the womankind.

"Don't you think these boxes are worth a penny apiece?" asks the mother. "If people would pay that instead of a penny for three, we could live."

This cheapening system is at the root of half the poverty. The well-to-do run hither and thither for cheap goods, which are the blood of the poor. We have already been shown shirts made for 8d. a dozen —one penny and threehalfpence apiece being the common price—and the maker has to find her own thread and candle!

Hurrying from this kindly, industrious, and comparatively prosperous match-box maker, we find a case in point. This is the family of "the clean pinafores" of the dinner. Here we see a room as neat as the children, even spread with carpet and matting, and decently furnished, but neither work nor fire; instead, a well-brushed but empty grate. We need scarcely say that a ticket for coals will replenish this. Husband and wife are manufacturers of the flat mat baskets used in the markets, and when employed, receive one shilling per gross for sewing them together, and adding handles. The matting of which they are made comes from India, but of late there is a dearth, and the husband is at the moment at the docks seeking it.

"I tried the match-box trade," says the woman, "but I couldn't make a dozen a day. I 've had no

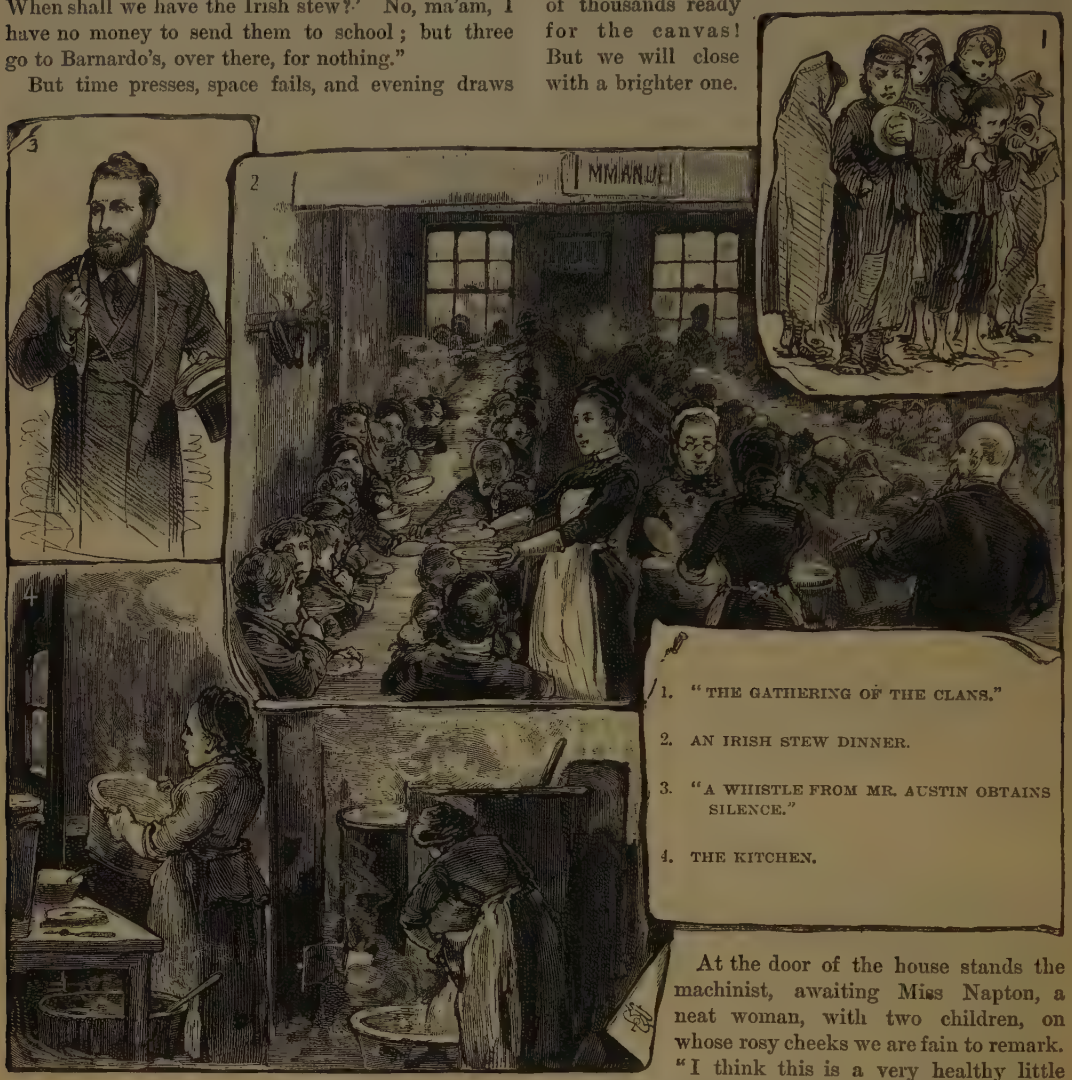
practice." Then she adds, as her neat little family of five come forward to receive a small gift, "I let them have a farthing for sweets out of what they get. They are always asking 'When will it be Wednesday? When shall we have the Irish stew?' No, ma'am, I have no money to send them to school; but three go to Barnardo's, over there, for nothing."

But time presses, space fails, and evening draws on. One more visit at the top of the house, and we have done. Here is neither bedstead, bedding, blankets nor furniture—nothing, in short, but a fire, due to the Mission. In this garret are huddled together a woman and her daughter, the latter of whom "minds the children of the lady in the parlour, who is a machinist, and goes out to work;" a husband who "roams about all day because he cannot bear to see the misery at home;" and two sons who "take turn about in the same pair of boots in search of work."

"We will lend you some blankets, if you will be careful of them," says our true missionary.

"Thank you, ma'am, indeed. One lies down in one's clothes and gets up unrested," returns the mistress of the four bare walls.

What are the few gifts left behind in scenes such as these? And we have only painted four out of tens of thousands ready for the canvas! But we will close with a brighter one.



1. "THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS."
2. AN IRISH STEW DINNER.
3. "A WHISTLE FROM MR. AUSTIN OBTAINS SILENCE."
4. THE KITCHEN.

At the door of the house stands the machinist, awaiting Miss Napton, a neat woman, with two children, on whose rosy cheeks we are fain to remark. "I think this is a very healthy little place," she replies, "and the dinners help us to support life." This "healthy little place" is called "John's Gardens," and has a sort of unpaved muddy court in front, in the centre of which is a water-tap and tub, round about which half-a-dozen children are disporting themselves.

Passing again through the intersecting streets and courts, we hear the words, "Any tickets for the dinners, please, miss?" and are conscious of being followed by hungry urchins, wishful for food. Let us help to provide them with it, and be thankful that missions such as these multiply. Above all, may we each individually economise time and money, so that we may aid such works done for the glory of God, and for the sake of His beloved Son.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC.

THE BREAK IN THE CIRCLE.

"YOUR mother does not seem quite so strong as she was."

When acquaintances first made that remark, though it startled Lizzie, it did not frighten her; she could bring in her reason to calm the impulse of fear. Mamma might look a little tired sometimes; yet not because she was more easily tired than she used to be, but because she had more to tire her; only she must be peremptorily hindered from such tiring. Lizzie must rise even earlier than she had hitherto done, and get through the work before mamma saw it; for while there was work to be done, mamma would do it, and no rest seemed possible for her.

But the weariness which was settling on the gentle mother was one which could find no transient repose—a weariness from which she could never rise refreshed and strong till she had been first hushed into that deep sleep which we call death.

In after time Lizzie thought that her mother had suspected this long before any one else did. She remembered her gradual delegation, not merely of the tasks, but of the responsibilities of her position—her gentle determination that the domestic machinery should not only work well in the present, but that Lizzie should get her hand upon its secret springs, and have it under her control for the future.

Lizzie recollected her saying one day—

"It is everybody's duty to take care that he be missed as little as possible in outward matters. The best part of our own work lies in training somebody else to do it when their turn comes. A husband is not kindly-wise who, caring for and sparing his wife as if she were a mental and moral invalid, leaves her at his death a prey to her own ignorance and helplessness. When parents fail to induct their grown-up children into the responsibilities and decisions of adult life, they are no truer guardians than they would be if, during their infancy, they neglected to teach them to walk and talk, because they were there to carry them and to speak for them."

Who knows when first the fear of a dear one's loss—the very contemplation of its possibility—rises upon the horizon, maybe a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but soon to darken all the sky, and leave no hope but that of the rising of another day?

"Oh, it cannot be, it cannot be!" wailed Lizzie to dear old Aunt Mary on that day when the doctor's fateful whisper of the nature of Mrs. Bristo's suffering first warned them what its end must be, even if still far away. "We could not get on without mamma! There is nobody who can be so ill-spared. It cannot be!"

"My dear," said Aunt Mary, her eyes full of the quiet slow tears of old age. "Youth rebels when death first enters its life, as if some strange thing had befallen it. We, who are older, have seen him come many times, and know that he must come many times more, only that some day he will come for us; and then we shall know all his mystery. I'm not trying to comfort your fears for your dear mother by telling you that 'all must die'; and yet there is the grandest strength and consolation in the saying of the great German poet, 'Death is universal, *therefore* it cannot be an evil.' And, dear Lizzie, do not talk of death as if those who died are lost to those who remain. I do not think we Christians ever get half the comfort we should from the simple story of Christ Jesus' death—from the plain bearing of its facts, apart from all theological disputations. Was He lost to His disciples by His death? What did He say about that Himself? Did He not say, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' and 'it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you?' and yet again, 'If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice because I say I go unto the Father.' And what happened? Do not we feel that the disciples never really knew their Master, never caught the flame of His Divine spirit, until He was taken from them?"

"And the same thing happens every day, Lizzie," the old lady went on, her own tears falling faster as she spoke. "You know and love your mother well now. If she is taken from you, you will find that twenty years hence you will know and love her far far better. There is a verse which often rings in my ear:—

> "And yet as time grows between then and now,
> Clearer and clearer I see you still—
> One close at our side a bush may hide,
> But we see him plainly, who climbs the hill.

"I am not speaking of what I know nothing of, Lizzie; for dear as are many of my friends here to-day, my whole heart dwells with none as it does with one or two whom I have not seen for decades of patient waiting on God's will. I would not check your tears, Lizzie, but remember, you have to console your mother about yourself. You have to get her heart at ease about those she leaves behind."

And then it was that Lizzie remembered what her

mother had already said on that point. And there entered into her sorrow that strength to rise up and endure and do, which we always feel when we find something to be done for the sake of our beloved.

And so it was not long before there was a "sick-room" in the Bristos' little house. But there are sick-rooms and sick-rooms. Some are as the porches of a charnel-house; some are dressing-rooms for heaven.

"The sick and dying still have their duties, have they not, Aunt Mary?" said the invalid, wistfully. "I have long felt that there is a great deal of false and morbid thought about our preparation for death. There need be no such thing; it is best accomplished by setting ourselves to live rightly to-day."

Mrs. Bristo persevered in her little duties as long as she could. For weeks she had the stocking-basket placed beside her couch, and not all Lizzie's remonstrances could wile it away.

"To do something for you is the best medicine I can get," she said; "it makes me try to live."

And yet, when the day came that she laid the soft woollen work aside, too heavy for her feeble hands, she only smiled.

"Children shouldn't take holidays," she observed; "but they should gladly accept them when they are given. My little daughter must not grieve because God makes mamma take the rest she has often urged upon her."

"It is sad for them to watch me dying, Aunt Mary," she whispered one day. "I must make it as bright as I can. Look at this pretty red coverlet. I remembered I had it stored away, and I told Lizzie to get it out. Does it not cheer the room? They are sure to recollect all these last days, and I want the memory to be as pleasant as possible."

"Therefore," she went on, "I have told Alec that I wish to be buried at Wind's Haven—so long our favourite summer retreat—in the little churchyard on the hill, with the sunset on my right hand, and the sunrise on the left, the pine woods and moors behind me, and the sea stretching out below. Of course, it cannot matter to me where I lie. But it will signify to them. They cannot help thinking of the grave sometimes, and it is the grave that rises on one's mind when one is saddest and lowest, most in need of a pleasant thought, and perhaps almost too faint to take in high spiritual comfort. And when they go to visit my resting-place, it will be well for them to have to pass through brightness, and beauty, and pure air, and peaceful solitude. I always thought she was a wise woman who said, 'Take your sorrows into the sunshine.' Therefore let us have our graves there."

She had her little pleasantries too.

"As an invalid, Lizzie," she said, "I obey you;" (and wonderfully docile she was); "but as a mother, I still expect to be obeyed, and I shall set off the one duty against the other. If you don't take your daily walk, and get your meals at the regular times, don't expect me to sup my physic and sip my dainties."

She had very tender thoughts for the daughter so far away that she could not come home to take her place at this bedside. She wrote to Dora herself, long after such exertion might have seemed beyond her powers.

"For you, dear child, sorrow is already turned into joy, for the parting pain we went through has taken the sting from death. Just think of your mother as still living, out of sight, as she has been to you for years past! And if you miss her letters a little, try to reflect how poor are written words compared with loving thoughts; and when I am released from this body of death, there will be one veil of flesh the less between our two souls."

"What are you thinking about, mother dear?" asked Lizzie one day, when she saw her mother lying smiling silently.

"I am thinking how beautiful the world is," she answered. "You cannot think how all the lovely scenery I have ever enjoyed comes back to me now. I seem to see the very flowers I gathered from the hedges in our rambles long ago. Just now I was thinking of some wild roses I brought home more than twenty years past in that flat brown basket which stands in the wardrobe now. Your father bought it for me to carry my wild flowers in. And do you remember those glorious sunsets at Wind's Haven three years ago?—that evening when we went into the ancient Camp, and in the circle at its centre the light lay so red on the last year's dead leaves that your father said it looked as if the old Druids were still keeping up their fires? And can you recall that other evening, when your father stayed chatting in the village, and you and I wandered up to the high moorland, and saw the wide sky full of strange ruddy shapes, like a marching army with a white horseman at its head, and how you ran back into the valley to call father and ask him if some of the traditions of the Middle Ages might not originate in such a sky? What a strange thing memory is! I wonder if we really ever forget anything? Do you remember Leighton's verses?—

"I smelt the whins in passing up the lane,
And years of childhood crowded into minutes,
Swept through my bosom in a sweet sad train
Of butterflies and linnets.

"A thousand images arose within,
Forgotten images, in childhood noted;
And all awakened by a breath of whin,
That in the loaning floated.

"Forgetting is no losing; and if death
Be higher life, the life that lay before it
May easily be restored, if thus a breath
Can faithfully restore it.

"Lizzie, dear, you young people learn many things now-a-days which were not taught in my time; but I hope you won't forget to store your memories with pleasant simple verses. You cannot realise now how they come back to one, as one lies here. Somebody has said, 'They are like soft hands stealing into ours in the dark and holding us fast.'

They keep me company in the night watches, and my mind can bear them, just because of their simplicity and familiarity, when I cannot bear reading."

"Mother," said Gilbert, one day, as he sat holding her hand. He spoke rather suddenly, as if he had braced himself for something from which he shrank. "Mother, perhaps I ought not to say to you what I am going to ask. But oh, mother," and he laid his head on the pillow beside her, "I shall be where you are, some day, and I shall not have you to ask then! Are you never afraid? Don't you feel sometimes as if you were standing on the edge of a great gulf, and did not know——"

His voice died away.

"I'm so glad you've spoken, Gilbert," she said, cheerily. "Why, child, don't we know that Christ Jesus has gone this way before us, and that where He found a footing we shall? That's all I ever think of now—it's all I've thought of for years. Since I lost my little baby—the brother you've scarcely heard of, Gilbert—who only lived one month, I've never troubled myself about arguments from natural theology—nor about 'evidences' or reasonings of any kind. It has been quite enough for me that Jesus lived and died and lives! You cannot think how I felt when I looked at that tiny coffin. It seemed such a little life gone out, scarcely signifying anything to anybody but me. And as I stood there, feeling suddenly that I had lost faith that God cared for and remembered us, it seemed as if a voice whispered into my ear, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' Our own insignificance and worthlessness may make us doubt our own immortality, Gilbert, but when we remember Jesus, we feel that He was immortal—that the life of God—the soul of the universe—was bound up in His life, and we know it was He who taught us that He had nothing which He did not share with the lowest and weakest of His brethren. I can guess your doubts, Gilbert. Youth often has them. Sorrow and death come to drive them away. You will find them lightened directly I am gone. The thought of me will be a grappling-iron thrown from your soul into the unseen life. It is only beside graves that there can be resurrections! We should not take information on the commonest scientific facts from those who did not know them experimentally. And I think we should have far wiser and brighter thoughts on these high matters if we asked those who speak of them, 'Where did you learn what you teach? How have you suffered? Whom have you lost?'"

There were many who came to inquire after their dying friend and neighbour. But there was one who came very unexpectedly, and who was quite a stranger to Lizzie, to whom she introduced herself with a curtsey, saying—

"You'll not remember me, miss. You was quite a little girl playing on the hearth-rug when I used to come to your mamma's house to do an odd day's work. I hadn't lost my husband long then, and I couldn't get over it, and there were a many ladies who wouldn't have had patience with my sad face and my shabby black clothes. But though she said little to me direct, it always cheered me up to be with her. And at last one day she sat down with you on her knee, and we had a talk. And I let on how it cut me up to be parted from my two little ones, who were with my mother in the country, who could just give them house-room and a bite of food with what I could send her. I could not have them with me when I worked by the day, and besides, I hadn't a room to myself, but shared with another woman. And if my mother died—and she were old and frail—what would there be for the poor little mites? And your ma heard all—and it was easy to speak plain to her—she seemed to know what a shilling meant to poor folks. And then she went away to her own room, and after a while she came back, and said, 'Why shouldn't you live with your mother? I will pay your fare down, and lend you some money to stock a little shop that you can keep in her parlour window, and I will write to some people I know in the neighbourhood, and ask them to find you needle-work.' And I told her it was what I'd often dreamed of, but I might as well have dreamed of being Queen of England. Poor folks' lives come to a dead stop for a very little matter, miss. That was exactly what your ma seemed to understand. And she was as good as her word—and it was like a bit out of the Bible, like, and put heart into me, and I got on, and paid her up faithful. But after the money was all repaid, many's the time I've thought I'd like to write and tell that lady that I'm still prospering. She wrote to me last—she wrote twice. I've got both the letters, and many a one I began in reply, but I was a poor hand, and time went on, and I began to think it seemed impudence like. But the last time my boy got a rise in his wages he said, 'Mother, you've got to take a holiday.' And I answered, 'If that's to be the talk I'll go up and see my Mrs. Bristo, and take her a bunch of flowers from my boy's garden, and a basket o' eggs from my girl's hen-house, and a dish o' honey from my own bee-hive, so that she shall have a taste o' each o' us.' My boy's second gardener at the Grange now, and my gal's just to be married to a master-carpenter, and it's all through your ma. There's nothing keeps the world going like a kind hand and an open heart! Eh, my dear young lady, are you crying? Dying, did you say? Oh, missy, could I just see her—I wouldn't speak. I would go on tip-toe—but I'd like just to kiss her hand!"

But Mrs. Bristo, though she was very weak, revived at the cheerful story, and was able to welcome her visitor herself.

"You are to boil one of those eggs for my lunch, and bring up a crisp crust to spread some honey on," she directed Lizzie, "and you are to cut a slice from my cold fowl, and a big spoonful from my lemon jelly for our guest. And put those lovely flowers in the great blue vase, and set it where I can see them."

When Mr. Bristo came home that evening, and

heard this narrative, he bent over his wife, and said—

"Some of the friends you have made with the mammon of unrighteousness are actually coming to meet you outside the heavenly habitations. My little woman has been the wisest investor I have known."

"Do you remember the old epitaph we once saw?" she asked, looking up with a smile. "It ran something like this—

"What I spent, I had,
What I saved, I lost,
What I gave, I have."

But it was quite plain the end was drawing very near.

"What a happy life your love has given me!" she whispered to her husband.

"Plenty of care and trouble, *I* think," he said, wistfully.

She shook her head. "I would not miss one experience I have had. Experience is the commerce of the soul, and he who has most, if he trade wisely with it, goes out of life the richest. And you're to be very fond of Aunt Mary," she charged them. "You're not to forget there will be something special in her grief for me. I'm a child to her. Life gets very lonely when one's own contemporaries are all gone, and the next generation begins to follow. Dear Aunt Mary! How often my tears have started at the thought of losing her. And now I go first! I can't help loving those quaint Scottish anecdotes about dying people taking messages into heaven. Do you remember that grand story about the two hard-working sons charging their dying mother to tell their father that they had cleared his debts and freed his land? I could not help asking Aunt Mary if there was anything I could say from her to Uncle Roy! You should have seen her face! She paused a moment, then she said, 'No.' She said, 'He knows.' She was right. For did not Jesus know how Thomas doubted, and how Paul 'kicked against the pricks?'"

Then there came hours and days of silence.

"And are you really dying, dear friend?" whispered one, who came for a last look.

"No," she answered, sweetly, "I am being born."

"I cannot hear," she said. "I cannot hear your voices. I wonder what I shall hear next?"

But, as she lay, she sang softly. She, who could not hear! Her thoughts were singing!

"I cannot see," she said. "Can you see, just now? But we are not afraid of the dark."

As she said that, she felt feebly for Gilbert's hand. In her other she held his father's. She drew them together, and folded them both in both of hers.

"She is gone," said Mr. Bristo, calmly. "Now we have only to follow on after."

It was a dull November day, but somehow there seemed a brightness in that still death-chamber. It radiated from the dead mother's face, with its vivid expression of surprised delight.

There was no loud outburst of grief. If they could, nobody would have disturbed that slumber. Upon the first sacred freshness of sorrow, the taint of selfishness does not at once intrude.

WHAT COMMON POLITENESS DID.

CHAPTER I.

"I WISH you would stay at home, Olive," said her husband in a vexed tone, "and behave more like the mistress of the house, and not leave everything to the servants so constantly."

A short silence. The young husband sat in a chair by the window, tilting himself backward every now and then, in a discontented, unsettled way, and gazing down into the sunshiny street.

"Do you hear?" he said at length, in a voice which Olive in her own heart called "domineering."

"Yes, I hear," returned she, coolly enough; adding, "and I'll behave like the mistress of the house when you behave like its master."

"Well, I flatter myself that I do behave like its master," half laughed Arthur Clayton. "However, we'll waive that. If I were poor, Olive, instead of being a tolerably well-to-do tradesman, you would be obliged to remain at home, and also to assist in the shop."

"No, indeed I should not," rejoined she, as coolly as before. "I could not endure poverty; you know I always told you so. And I would never go into the shop! But I tell you what I would do," concluded she, after a moment's pause: "I would go home to my father!"

"What! and leave me to get out of my difficulties as best I could? Kind, certainly!"

"But you are not poor," said Olive; "so why need you talk of poverty? I hate the very word."

"Changes may come," returned Arthur, slowly, and rather more seriously; "a man cannot always control his fortunes. He may be well-to-do one year, and, notwithstanding all his care, a beggar the next."

"Endeavouring to assist her in making a selection."—*p.* 538.

"Yes," answered his wife, significantly, though without any great appearance of wifely concern at the picture which his words must have called up. "'Notwithstanding all his care!' But you do *not* take care, Arthur. And if I, as you say, leave everything in the house to the servants, you leave your shop to your partner—a man who will make you repent of it some day. I always distrusted him; and I remember that I warned you against him the very first time I saw him, but you would not listen to me. However, if you do not rue the day on which you took James Molyneux into partnership, then I 'll never trust a woman's instinct again."

"The man is very well," returned Arthur, airily now. "And what you dislike in him I can't imagine. He brought money into the business, and he works harder than anybody! What more would you have of him?"

But though he spoke lightly his wife had deeply wounded him. . . . So if poverty came, she would leave him to do as he could!

There she stood at her dressing-table, tall, fair, and stately, adding the finishing touches to the arrangement of her beautiful hair; almost flaxen it was, and very glossy and abundant.

She and he had loved each other dearly once—or they had thought so; at any rate, for a time they had been very happy. Had it been no more, after all, than a mere delusion?

They had met, little more than half a year ago, at the house of a mutual friend, and had there and then fallen in love with each other; and, following up his suit with ardour, Arthur had contrived that the wedding should take place less than three months later.

And now whose fault was it that Olive had so soon decided that her dream of life as regarded love was over?

Nevertheless, she had no idea of fretting and making herself wretched because reality had done—only what it is always doing in this world—namely, fallen far short of her expectations. If she could not find consideration and companionship where she had the greatest right to expect them, she would seek them elsewhere. If she could not be as happy as she wished, she would at least be as happy as she could.

"Where are you going, Olive?"

"To the Anscombes'." She was putting on her hat now.

"What for?"

"To spend the day, of course!"

"Why can't you spend it just as well at home?"

"I *could*, I daresay, if I liked moping alone; but as it happens, I do not."

Leisurely, as she finished speaking, she added a blue bow to her dress, which was of some fresh white washing material, and trimmed with embroidery. Statelily, and without another word to her husband, she left the room; and he heard her go down-stairs.

He still sat by the window, and tilting his chair yet a little further back, he soon caught sight of Olive's dress, dazzling white in the sunshine, and her pretty blue parasol shading all of her beside. In

"Even poverty will seem happiness now."—*p.* 539.

a few moments she had disappeared, having given him, as far as he could see, not the slightest upward glance.

Arthur ran his fingers meditatively through his curling hair.

"I say," soliloquised he, "this kind of thing has gone on quite long enough, I think. Now, as a man"—and his blue eyes danced—"I must stop it. And as a tolerably sensible man (as I hope I am), I must stop it sensibly. But how is it to be done?"

For a few moments he sat silently thinking, then he continued—

"I thought that Olive cared a *little* more for me than it seems she does, I must say." And his conscience whispered, "And no doubt *she* thought that you cared a *little* more for her. But in what way lately have you shown any regard at all for her? Love has to be kept as well as won; that is, it has to be won, and won again, and built up day by day, and strengthened and fed, and succoured and defended in every possible way, if we would have it live for us. And surely it is too dear and precious to be allowed to die for the want of care which is pleasant both to give and to receive."

Arthur did not listen to the reproofs of conscience long, but presently jumped up and ran down-stairs into his shop. Too often he neglected his business, as Olive had said, but to-day he gave it every possible attention—to all appearance at least—though at heart he was all the while trying to solve his troublesome problem—namely, how to win back the love of his own wife, and how to make her stay at home for her own pleasure.

A lady at the counter was turning over some books; and Arthur was endeavouring to assist her in making a selection, when he happened to open a volume of Cowper, and his eye lighted, first carelessly then attentively, upon the following stanza from "Friendship":—

> A similarity of mind,
> Or something not to be defined,
> First rivets his attention;
> So, manners decent and polite,
> The same as practised at first sight,
> Must save it from declension.

Were *his* "manners" to his wife at all like those which he had "practised at first sight?" Most decidedly not, as he honestly owned to himself. He was most gallant and attentive to every other lady, but Olive, who had an indisputable right to the largest share of his politeness and attention, received, as nearly as possible, none at all.

The lady had chosen her book, and taken her departure; many other customers had appeared and disappeared. The sunny summer day had passed quickly away, and evening found Arthur Clayton before his looking-glass, brushing his hair, and dressing himself as carefully as he had been wont to do in his courting days.

His face had lost the puzzled discontented expression which it had worn in the morning, and was now bright with his usual cheerful half-mischievous smile; and he hummed a tune now and then, as, brush in hand, he ran about in search of this or that missing article, or tried to invent a remedy for buttonless shirts.

"There is something amusing," said he to himself as his preparations drew to a close, "in the idea of a man's setting to work to win the smiles of his own wife."

But a servant now tapped at the door.

"A gentleman wishes to speak to you, sir," she called out.

Arthur rushed down-stairs with restrained impatience, and found one of his numerous friends waiting for him. A few moments' conversation, and then he said—

"I 'll come up in the morning—if that will do? But don't hinder me now, there 's a good old fellow. I 'm in a fearful hurry."

Another question or two led to the disclosure of the fact that Arthur was only going to meet his wife, upon which the other made some sarcastic rejoinder about a "change having come over the spirit of his dream."

"Yes," returned Arthur, coolly. "And it is a change that hasn't come any too soon, either. A man's happiness, I take it, lies, after all, nearer his own home than you fellows seem to imagine, or else why does he get married? Friends may fail a man any day, but it is his own fault if his wife does; at least, so it seems to me."

He found his wife at her friend's house. She received him with cold surprise.

"Let us go on the Pier this evening, Olive?" said he, nowise discomfited.

"Us!" she repeated, as if half incredulously. "Oh dear no, thank you. You won't want me, I am sure. You can easily find better company than mine."

"But suppose I do not think so," said he, good-temperedly. "What then, Olive?"

She smiled slightly.

"Oh, in that case, it is just possible that I may come—with the Anscombes, of course."

She went, and her husband appeared to take pleasure in paying her every attention. She could not understand it. Once or twice Arthur caught her eye, and she smiled—half shyly, as it seemed, and half in perplexity.

"Olive," whispered her husband, as he wrapped a shawl round her, for a chill wind was rising, "let us have the dear old times all over again, if we can."

But she did not reply immediately, and the next moment one of the Anscombes came up.

Arthur, however, only redoubled his attentions, and when the evening was over he said to himself—

"Hurrah for a good beginning! And may I have the sense and good taste to carry on the plesaant joke until it settles down into happy earnest!"

CHAPTER II.

And it very soon did. And then what a wonderful new brightness came into the lives of the young husband and wife.

Arthur had been so constantly kind, so patient, so attentive and polite, that at length Olive could not well help being the same to him. And then, how could they help loving each other again? For pleasant, polite behaviour has an immense deal to do with love.

> For manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

And the way in which other people behave to us is for the most part a reflection of our own manner towards them.

And did Olive leave her home to servants now? Very seldom, for it was her pride and pleasure to remain in it, and to do all in her power to make it a bright and happy and peaceful resting-place for her husband.

* * * * * *

Months went by—months that Olive would never forget, so fair and cloudless had been her sky, so real and sweet and unchanging her heart-happiness.

But, then, all at once, Arthur grew strangely gloomy and unsettled, his wife thought, though when she inquired what was amiss, he would invariably reply, "Nothing."

Spring returned.

It was early morning, but breakfast was all ready in the neat pleasant room behind the shop, and Olive sat sewing while she waited for her husband, who had gone out unusually early.

She waited nearly an hour, and then, feeling a little vexed, drank her coffee alone.

An hour or two later she went out to do a little shopping. Two young men passed her, looking down at the pavement as they talked, and walking slowly.

"Yes," said one, "it is all up with him, poor fellow. He can't get over it without a regular smash. He told me so himself not an hour ago. Molyneux has bolted and taken every farthing he could lay his hands on."

A thrill of terror went through Olive. They had been talking of Arthur. What had become of him? She had not seen him since he had risen, so strangely early for him, for he was usually a late riser. An undefined anxiety had possessed her all the morning, but she had tried to shake it off. Now, however, it almost overpowered her for the moment, and she staggered and almost fell. But then, making a strong effort, she rallied herself, and crept slowly homeward.

Going up to her room, she would have thrown herself on her knees by her bedside, to ask instinctively for help and guidance and support in her need; but, instead, she started and stopped short—for there was her husband seated in a low chair by her dressing-table, leaning forward, with his head in his hands, in an attitude of the deepest dejection.

A rush of tenderness and loving pity filled Olive's heart, and moving towards him she would have put her arms softly round him, and kissed her silent sympathy; but he looked up, cold and stern.

"Well, Olive—it has come at last; and I am a poor man, as you used to prophesy I should be. I shall not have a penny to call my own—when I have paid less than half my debts. I must turn bankrupt. And you—you can go home to your father as soon as you like." And he let his head fall into his hands again, with a deep yet half unconscious sigh.

But Olive knelt down by him, lightly passing an arm around his shoulders, and laying her soft face against his.

"Do you wish to send me away from you, Arthur?" she asked, in low clear tones.

He was silent for a moment, and then—

"Do I wish it?" he repeated, with sudden passion, straining her tightly to him. "Do I wish to put away from me one who is dearer than my own life to me? . . . But you said you could never bear poverty, Olive; and I do not wish you to bear it for my sake. Leave me, then, and go back to your own home." And his warm clasp slowly relaxed.

But Olive clung to him.

"Even poverty will seem happiness now," she softly whispered; "for my husband loves me, and wherever he is, there is my dear home, which I would not leave for all the riches of the world!"

There was a long silence. But then, with a touch of his old cheerfulness in his voice, Arthur said—

"Is it really so, Olive?"

She looked up, and her eyes, smiling through gathering tears, answered him.

"Then I don't care a straw for anybody!" And Arthur lifted his head proudly. "And, besides, I have not done anything to be ashamed of yet!"

"Of course you have not," rejoined Olive, cheerily. "You have only been looking at the dark side of things for once. But you will work your way up again, never fear, dear Arthur. We will work together, and I will be your assistant in the shop, if you like. And you shall see what a woman of business I will make."

His spirits rose as she talked, and perhaps in his heart the while he was thanking the Giver of all good things for her true love. Perhaps also he mused upon the difference which his own behaviour had made in her feelings towards him. Love would not have grown up anew in her heart so true and strong if he had not nourished and cherished it. And now he had his reward, in that it was to him a shelter and a blessing, and balm and healing in his hour of need.

* * * * * *

Years later saw Arthur Clayton even more prosperous than in former days, and also the father of a numerous family, to whom he had more than once told a not altogether fictitious story, which he had entitled, "What Common Politeness Did."

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

IT only seems like yesterday :
Yet fifty years have passed away
Since at the altar, side by side,
I stood with you, my happy bride.

And now our children's children stand,
Close gathered round, an eager band :
Whilst we recall, with smiles and tears,
The joy and grief of fifty years.

For we have known the cares of life,
Sweetheart, since we were man and wife :
Yet have not loved each other less,
Through fifty years of happiness.

When clouds have threatened storm and rain,
The skies have always cleared again,
And fifty years have come and passed,
And brought us sunshine at the last.

And now that we are old and grey,
We trust in Him, our guide and stay,
Our constant and unchanging Friend,
To lead us to the journey's end.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

SCRIPTURE TEXTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY THE REV T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"He that dasheth in pieces is come up before thy face: keep the munition, watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily."—NAHUM ii. 1.

THOUGH the kingdoms of Judah and Israel were to a large extent isolated from the other nations of the earth—shut in by the enclosure of the divine law under which they existed, and by the influence of a religion which was intended to keep them separate in spirit and character from the rest of mankind, yet, surrounded by other nations, they were, in different periods of their history, powerfully, and often very unfavourably affected by them. The Kingdom of God as it existed in the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, was in a state of constant conflict and collision with the different pagan states, all of which, though in different ways and degrees, declared themselves to be irreconcilably antagonistic to that divine Kingdom which Jehovah was establishing in the world. This being the case, it cannot be to us a matter of surprise that the prophets of Judah and Israel, while dealing expressly and directly with the affairs of their own nations, should often look far beyond their limits, and take into consideration those international relations which were not infrequently of a very complicated and unfortunate character. And so we find the prophetical scriptures of the Old Testament abounding with allusions not only to the nearer and smaller states, whose territories were immediately contiguous—such as Moab, Edom, Ammon, and which, in a spirit of watchful jealousy and inextinguishable hostility, were ever ready to snatch an advantage from, or inflict an injury upon the dwellers in Judea—but we find coming within the range of prophetic vision those mightier powers of evil, which were embodied in the great monarchies of the ancient world. Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Egypt come before us as displaying hostility towards, and as exerting a powerful and injurious influence upon the people of God. But however formidable their power, however vast their resources, however wide-reaching and apparently irresistible their influence, however certain they may seem for a time of accomplishing their evil purposes—we, in every instance, ultimately witness the same result—the Lord's people delivered from the power and oppression of their enemies, and those mighty foes who in succession rise up against them, humiliated or destroyed. We are taught repeatedly, and in the most impressive manner, that nothing can prosper which sets itself against the cause and Kingdom of Jehovah.

It is, however, with some feeling of surprise that we find included in the Old Testament canon two books which are almost exclusively concerned with the destiny of a heathen state. We allude of course to the books of Jonah and Nahum, which have for their theme the sins and sorrows, the abounding prosperity, and the unexampled overthrow, of that great city Nineveh, the capital city of that mighty Assyrian empire, which in its various relations to the chosen people of God figures largely in the prophecies of Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Micah.

The book of Jonah is entirely occupied with an account of the visit of that Hebrew prophet to the city of Nineveh—his preaching there as a minister of righteousness—the repentance of Nineveh, and the wonderful manifestation of divine mercy in averting from it for a time the threatened judgment. The repentance and reform which followed the preaching of Jonah were only temporary, and the judicial visitation threatened by Jonah was not finally averted by the superficial and short-lived reformation which was the immediate consequence of his ministry—the forces of the destruction, which had been long accumulating, were merely for a time held in check. Speedily were the warnings of Jonah forgotten, the state of things in Nineveh soon became as bad as ever—worse than ever—dark clouds of judgment gathered over the city, which was doomed by its own sins to destruction—and Nahum comes forth to announce the fearful catastrophe which is finally to overwhelm that great and wicked city, which had been so mercifully spared, but, alas! spared in vain—spared only to be overtaken at last by a destruction so terrible and complete, that for ages and generations the very site of the city remained a matter of conjecture and uncertainty.

Of Nahum—whose name signifies *consolation* or *comforter*—we know nothing more than that he sprang from a place called Elkosh—which according to Jerome was situated in Galilee, a place which he visited, and of which he speaks as being well known by the Jews of his time. This Jewish tradition, which has been handed down by Jerome, we may accept as the most credible which has reached us. We cannot discover any sufficient reason for believing what some distinguished commentators have maintained—that Nahum lived in exile, and prophesied in the immediate neighbourhood of Nineveh itself—a theory which is based on the fact that Nahum only glances incidentally at Judah, while his references to Nineveh are marked by a minuteness and vividness which would lead one to suppose that he had actually seen what he so graphically describes.

It is not easy to determine with precision the time when Nahum delivered his prophecy. From the book itself we gather that while the prophet anticipated the destruction of Nineveh as near, he did not see it as immediately impending. When he wrote, the city was still existing in all its might and majesty, the Assyrians were still ruling over the nations in all the insolence of their pride and power, the Kingdom of Israel was already destroyed, while that of Judah had been seriously threatened, and even deeply humiliated. "The date of Nahum must be fixed a very short time after Isaiah and Micah, and therefore in the reign of Hezekiah, not only after the carrying away of the ten tribes, but also after the overthrow of Sennacherib (chaps. i., ii. 13), from which the argument of the prophecy is taken, and the occasion for preaching the complete destruction of Nineveh and the kingdom of Assyria." *

The prophecy divides itself evidently enough into three principal sections. First we have a general statement of God's purpose. We are told that the Lord, who is a jealous God, and an avenger, one who, though slow to anger, will not acquit the wicked, will show Himself a strong tower to His own people, by destroying their mightiest foe, and by breaking the yoke which that formidable enemy has laid upon them.

Then we come to the second great division of the prophecy, commencing with the last verse of the first chapter in our version, which should have appeared as the first verse of the second chapter. Here we have the announcement of the execution of the divine decree, and a graphic account of the conquest, the plundering and the destruction of Nineveh. Judah is described as hearing the tidings that this mighty enemy and cruel oppressor is overthrown and destroyed :—"Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ! O Judah, keep thy solemn feasts, perform thy vows ; for the wicked shall no more pass through thee ; he is utterly cut off." The destruction of the Assyrian empire, announced in chapter i. 14, is regarded as so certain that the prophet, by a bold figure of speech, describes the tidings of it as being already on the way ; and he commences his account of the destruction of Nineveh by direct the attention of Judah to the approaching messengers, who come laden with the joyful tidings of a great and glorious deliverance, urging her to keep her solemn feasts—feasts which could not be kept with any regularity during the oppression of the enemy, at least by those who lived at a distance from the temple.

And having made this appeal to the people of the Lord to keep their feasts, and thus, by the renewal of their religious festivities, publicly to declare their gratitude for that great deliverance which had been wrought for them, the prophet suddenly turns round upon Nineveh and addresses it—"He that dasheth in pieces is come up before thy face. Keep the munition, watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily." By this sarcastic appeal to Nineveh the prophet declares the certainty of its destruction. It is as though he said, You may do all you can to keep back your foes, to fortify your city, to render it impregnable, but however mightily you may exert your strength, all will be in vain ; the catastrophe long threatened, long delayed, cannot be averted, for He who is with this enemy, this destroyer, this disperser, who comes up against thee, is none other than Jehovah Himself, who has determined to restore the excellency of Jacob, as the excellency of Israel. And then follows the description of conquest, and plundering, and destruction of the city.

In the third and final division of the prophecy Nahum declares that the necessity of this terrible destruction is to be found in the sins and crimes of the city itself. This great and imperial city is self-destroyed ; and, great and magnificent, powerful and apparently impregnable as it is, it will be found, when the day of doom comes, that it will be no more able to escape the destruction awaiting it than was the Egyptian No-Ammon.

We see then, that while this book of Nahum is one connected prophecy directed against Nineveh, announcing the certain and complete ruin and overthrow of that great city, it is a prophecy which evidently has two sides—the side of consolation and encouragement to the prophet's own countrymen, as his very name suggests, but consolation and encouragement to them only as it announces the certain and speedy destruction of their great and powerful foe.

We all know how wonderfully this prophecy has been fulfilled. At this time, when the prophet with all the confidence of faith directs the attention of the dwellers in Judah to the approaching messengers, whom he conceives of as crossing the mountains which separate Nineveh from Jerusalem, and who come laden with the joyful tidings of the overthrow of that great city —at this time, when the prophet, sarcastically addressing Nineveh, assures her of the certainty of her destruction, that great city was still existing as the material centre and the visible symbol and exponent of the power and magnificence of the mighty Assyrian empire. She was, as she had been for hundreds of years before, the terror of western Asia — exalting herself as queen and mistress among the nations, and using her great power so insolently and cruelly that many peoples were groaning under her despotic sway, and longing for a deliverance which the most sanguine could not anticipate as near. It was at such a time as this that the prophet lifted up his voice, announcing deliverance for Judah and

* Vitringa, quoted by Keil and Delitzsch.

Israel, and the certain and speedy overthrow of Nineveh.

The predictions of Nahum relate, as we have seen, almost exclusively to the overthrow and destruction of the kingdom and city of Nineveh, and we have not merely a general announcement of the fact, in vague and ambiguous terms such as might be applied to the destruction of any great city, but we have distinctive particulars mentioned, which could not have been anticipated by human foresight.

We have a description of the condition of the defenders of the city, when surprised and overwhelmed by its invaders. "For while they be folded as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry." And a heathen historian, Diodorus Siculus, describes the drunkenness of a general festival, in which the last king of Nineveh was surprised by the enemy. The prophet's figure of being folded together and entangled as thorns aptly describing their hopeless and helpless embarrassment and confusion when the enemy fell upon them in the stupor of their drunken debauch.

While their complete destruction is described by the figure of flame seizing upon and devouring these entangled thorns, as stubble fully dry, we have also an allusion to certain physical conditions of which the invaders availed themselves. God is described as with an overflowing flood making an end of her place—chap. i. 8. If this passage stood alone, it might be understood as signifying nothing more than the suddenness and completeness of the destruction with which Nineveh was overwhelmed—the judgments of the Lord breaking forth upon it as a deluge. But we have another passage (chap. ii. 6), where we read that "The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved," and the same heathen historian to whom we have already referred tells us that in the third year of the siege of Nineveh there occurred an unprecedented inundation, occasioned by violent and long-continued rains — the river Tigris overflowing its banks, and destroying the city walls, to the extent of twenty stadia—and that the king in despair, on seeing his defences thus thrown down, raised an immense pile, on which he consumed himself in the flames of his wealth and his palace. As Babylon was taken through the drying up of the river Euphrates, so Nineveh was taken through the overflow of the river Tigris—and the palace was dissolved—molten by the fires which the despairing king had caused to be kindled.

Thus we see that the Lord must reign—and that those who set themselves against His rule must sooner or later be destroyed. Nineveh was strong—apparently invincible in her strength, but not strong enough to resist Jehovah when He came up against her as the Dasher-in-pieces. Long did the Lord bear with Nineveh—His people doubtless thought that He bore with it too long—but when the appointed time arrived, He came forth to be the Deliverer of His people—in becoming the Destroyer of their great and cruel foe.

Though He showed Himself to be slow to anger, and of great mercy, the accumulated stores of His wrath at last burst upon the guilty and devoted city with resistless and destructive force; and when Jehovah thus comes forth for purposes of vengeance, He makes it known to friends and foes alike, that He is not slack concerning His promise as some men count slackness. And it was when Nahum in the spirit saw Jehovah in majesty and strength advancing upon Nineveh as the Avenger, and announced His unchangeable purpose to destroy that wicked city, it was then that the prophet vindicated his right to the name by which he was distinguished, for in announcing the judgment which was in store for Nineveh, he was the minister of consolation and peace, both to Judah and Israel, making known certain and now nearly approaching deliverance to a people long oppressed. No wonder that he exclaims—as though all were already accomplished, and the tidings of deliverance were already on their way—"Behold, upon the mountains the feet of Him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace! O Judah, keep thy solemn feasts, perform thy vows: for the wicked shall no more pass through thee; he is utterly cut off;" or, that, then turning round upon Nineveh, he should say—"He that dasheth in pieces is come up before thy face: keep the munition, watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily, for Jehovah restoreth the excellency of Jacob as the excellency of Israel."

Thus was Nineveh destroyed, not merely according to the word of the Lord, but by the very power of the Lord. He Himself went forth against her as the Disperser, as the Breaker-in-pieces. "Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of Hosts." And as we look upon the Lord's dealings with Nineveh, we see as in a picture or a parable the method of God's procedure in all ages of the world—though He does not smite without warning, and warns that He may have no occasion to smite, He will not suffer pride for ever to exalt herself, or iniquity to remain for ever unpunished. And each judgment of the Lord, pointing on as it does to the final judgment, is distinguished by at least some of the characteristics which shall mark it; while each deliverance wrought for the Lord's people is prophetic of that ultimate and complete deliverance to which we are encouraged to look forward, when all the enemies of God and His church shall be destroyed, and the true Israel of God shall enter upon the full and eternal enjoyment of that salvation which is "ready to be revealed in the last time."

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL."

CHAPTER V.—MISS FORD'S CONTRADICTIONS.

FOR the next few weeks Captain Rae's visits to Lawn Court occur as frequently as courtesy will allow. Frances is, however, called upon to pass through no further ordeals at present. His plans for bringing her within Magdalen's influence are in abeyance; it is possible that he has seen their futility, or that they are merged in one more engrossing and personal. Frances does not regard her father's interest in these new friends with any favour. Though not suspicious of a positive cause for jealousy, yet she is instinctively jealous. She has a nervous feeling that her father will grow discontented with her and with his home. She is avaricious; she must be all in all to him, as he is to her, or life will lose its flavour. One day, when he came back, he said to her—

"Frances, I've been wondering how it is I've never bought a piano. It's like my thoughtlessness. I must get you one at once."

Her heart beat wildly for a moment; then, a sudden suspicion seizing her, it sank like lead. She said, with decision—

"No, papa, thank you; I don't want it."

"Then you ought, my dear. I am very sorry you have not kept up your music. I suppose you did not care for it at school; but I'm sure you could do wonders with it now, with your sweet voice and clever fingers. I don't like my daughter not to play and sing."

Her heart was full to overflowing; her father's misapprehension and the knowledge that what she had so longed for was within her reach, mingled pain and joy inextricably; but up above these feelings, and crushing them down, rose a fierce jealousy.

"Papa," she said, "I know why you wish me to play and sing. But I shall never, never be like Miss Ford. So it is not any use to try, and I shall never play on the piano if you buy it!"

Then she ran out of the room with a sore heart, and eyes too blinded with tears to see the wounded look in her father's face. He did not understand her, as indeed it was not likely he should. "It is time," he said to himself with a sigh, "that she had some one else with her. I suspect I put my foot in it often enough without knowing it." It was ten o'clock at night, and Frances had been about to go to bed when the question had arisen. She had not said good night, and he was sure she would come back for that. It was nearly twelve before she did come. She trod so lightly that he did not see her till she stood before him, looking at him. He only caught one glance of loving eyes, tear-stained cheeks, and tremulous lips, for at his first movement she threw herself into his arms, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, papa," she sobbed, caressing him with passionate love and repentance, "have you sat up for me? Oh, papa, you are an angel to me."

Captain Rae seized the first jocular idea that occurred to him, in order to check Frances' emotion, as he always sought to do. He laughed.

"I'm a queer kind of angel, don't you think? I should serve perhaps for the cherub that sits up aloft."

"Papa, make fun of me in a minute or two; but I want to say something first that I've been trying up-stairs to make myself tell you. It was all stories that I said about the piano—horrid stories. I wanted dreadfully to learn music, and have done a long long while, but I thought you couldn't buy me a piano. And when you said you could, it was only temper and pride, and—and nasty things I should not like to tell you."

Captain Rae was not without a sense of relief that the "nasty things" were considered incommunicable. He hastened to further dry Frances' tears by diverting her thoughts to the business of buying the piano and resuming her music lessons.

Captain Rae's visits to Lawn Court had been only less frequent than those of Mr. Fortescue, this gentleman having the advantage of being upon the spot, and of having constant excuses for communication with the Verney household. It was not possible that Magdalen, nor indeed any of the family, could now doubt his intentions. It was probable that her declaration of her intention to leave Thurfrestone had precipitated his action in the matter, and it was a source of regret to Miss Ford, for she dreaded the decisive moment, and would have deferred its arrival indefinitely. She was in a state of indecision very uncharacteristic of her. She debated the matter over and over again, always arriving at the same contradictory conclusion that she wished to accept Mr. Fortescue, but that she feared she should not do it. Her feelings on the subject were very clear and definite. She expressed them to herself after this fashion—

"I am now twenty-nine; my youth is over. I have no home nor ties, and if I do not marry I shall lead a lonely, self-contained, if not selfish, existence, for I have not a nature in which self-devotion is a spontaneous desire. Here is some one who loves me, and I long for love; in spite of pride, I confess to myself that I want to be understood and loved. And this man who loves me I thoroughly esteem and respect, mentally and morally. His faults are that

he defers too much to me—but that fault would mend—and that he is of a more conventional order of man than I have been accustomed to admire. He is as far as the poles asunder from my ideal, of course ; but then that ideal belongs only to the airy region, where every girl has a lover till reality dissipates the vision. I should never meet him in flesh and blood, and though I have vowed to myself that I would not marry below my highest conception, yet in what I propose to myself I hardly forswear that resolution. Were I to fall in love with a man below my standard and marry him for love, I should be doing so. I should be guilty of the weakness that I have despised in other women. But to deliberately accept a man whom I esteem, with my eyes open to his failings and deficiencies, is a different matter. The point is whether I could ever feel as much affection as will justify marriage. I tolerate his society, but feel no pleasure in it. In this respect my feelings towards him and Captain Rae so differ. I feel content in Captain Rae's society ; all my natural frost melts. The reason for this is, I perceive, that I estimate Captain Rae with the heart, Mr. Fortescue with the head. Yet the former is neither so polished nor so estimable a man as the latter. Does the latter see, I wonder, that to talk to the Captain pleases me more than to talk to him ? I thought I showed him so plainly when they were here to dinner. But, doubtless, it would occasion him no uneasiness, since the Captain could not be his rival. Yet were I a man I could not endure that the woman I loved should prefer any man's society to mine, whatever his age or circumstances. It strikes me that the disposition of my mind towards Captain Rae is far more akin to what an ordinary woman would marry on than my feelings towards Mr. Fortescue. I have seen very little of him, and know less, yet I feel unreasonably sure of his goodness ; he appears to me lovable, fresh in mind and feeling, and more free from the curse of self-regard than any man I have

"'Upon my word!' he said, 'I had no idea—how you have grown!'"—*p.* 552.

yet known. And these ideas about him spring not from judgment, but from unwarrantable conviction. Were he to exchange places with Mr. Fortescue, I should, I believe, have to be on my guard lest I too should sell my birthright in the ordinary fashion of my sex."

Her forebodings concerning Mr. Fortescue's intention to speedily learn his fate received confirmation. He called at Lawn Court one afternoon and asked for Miss Ford. Neither that lady nor Mrs. Verney had the slightest doubt of his errand. Mrs. Verney, reclining on the morning-room sofa, awaited the issue with the utmost impatience. She had not to wait very long. She heard the house door shut, and Magdalen entered almost at the same moment. Her face was even graver than ordinary; there was nothing to be learned from that, and she did not speak.

"Well," said her sister, "you know I am most anxious to hear."

"To hear what, Edith?"

"Why, of course, I know he came to propose. You are not showing much confidence in me, I must say. I am sure I ran to tell you the moment the door shut on Henry."

"You had given a different answer."

"Then you have refused him! Oh, Magdalen!"

"Yes, my worst fears are realised. I have refused him."

"You don't say so! With all the advantages! such a good man, and you always said you must marry a good man! And I your only sister, too, with not a friend near me. I have been building on having you at the Manor. I can scarcely believe you have done it."

"It is too true. I tried my best to say 'yes,' but 'no' was the only word I could manage. I am sorry to disappoint you, and quite as sorry to disappoint myself."

"'Tried your best!' 'Disappoint yourself!' Really, Magdalen, you are an enigma. What is it prevents you from doing what you want to? Of course, it is not the brilliant match I once expected you to make; still, from a worldly point of view, though of course I know that would not influence you, it is quite desirable. He is of very good family, too. And with his craze about improvements, and the lower classes, and so on, I should have thought he was just the man to suit you. What have you against him?"

"Nothing. One half of me hears reason, but the other is stubborn."

"You express yourself so oddly, Magdalen, that it is quite difficult to understand you. I hope you won't think me coarse, dear; but if a sister does not undertake the task of telling you disagreeable truth, no one will. You must really remember that you are nearly thirty, and that this is probably the last time you will be asked to marry. Don't be hurt; but you really are gone off; though, of course, your figure is as fine as ever."

"Thank you, Edith; I appreciate your candour. As it seems I cannot bring myself to marry without love, I shall now be a sour old maid, seeing that I have no home and no one to care for me."

"Now, Magdalen, you are bitter; I believe I have offended you. It is so strange of you to talk so, when I have just been telling you how I longed to have you settled near me. You know how fond both Henry and I are of you."

"I am very grateful to you for being fond of me; but it cannot be pleasant to have an unsolved enigma always on hand."

"Oh, Magdalen, you know I cannot bear sarcasm! Is there anything the matter with you to-day, dear? You are so strangely moody, and that is a new thing for you, who are generally so tranquil and contented."

"I think I will take a walk. When I come back I shall have regained my tranquillity."

"Do, dear. I daresay it will be the best thing to set you right; you are so fond of walking."

Magdalen, when she started, walked rapidly; but by-and-by her pace slackened, and, with hands clasped behind her, and eyes cast on the ground, she gave herself up entirely to her bitter thoughts. Such utter depression as this was a rare thing with her, and to give way to it was rarer still. She could not combat it, but before she went home again she must at any rate have gained outward calm. She was vexed and humiliated that she should have betrayed her mood to her sister. She had yearned for sympathy, but it had been weakness to seek it from Edith. There was no loving comprehension and forbearance for her anywhere in the world. She had just sent away the only person who wished to give it to her; but she could not recall her decision; it was inevitable. She had actually recoiled from him when the question had been brought so near her; yet she had disappointed every one, and it would all have been so smooth and satisfactory could she have felt differently.

She had taken her favourite walk, which ended in a fir-wood. The late afternoon sun was striking aslant the boles of the trees, and bringing out hues of purple-pink. Underneath, primrose roots were scattered thickly. But Magdalen saw nothing. She leant against a tree and forgot where she was. A cool observer would have noticed that her figure gave a centre of interest to the beautiful scene. But though an observer did come up through the wood, he was not cool enough to admire effects. Magdalen heard footsteps, and turning round saw Captain Rae. He advanced with his usual air of cordial confidence. Neither showed surprise at the meeting, nor was there any spoken greeting, and this is an ominous sign where the excuse of relationship is absent. Captain Rae said, while he held her hand—

"You look very much out of spirits. What is the matter?"

It was certainly true that had any one else asked her so abrupt a question Miss Ford would strongly have resented it; it is equally true that in this case

it did not occur to her to do so. She smiled. Her smiles were always noticeable, because she did not use them, like ordinary people, to express general goodwill; they had always a meaning. On this occasion the smile was merely a means of keeping back tears.

"The matter is," she said, "that I have been making people unhappy this afternoon, myself among the number."

Captain Rae made a marvellous shot.

"If I were to make a guess," he said, "I should say that you have been refusing poor Fortescue."

Magdalen looked at him in astonished confusion, and coloured painfully. Seeing her distressed, he did not press his advantage; he merely said, "Won't you take my arm?"

Magdalen was in no need of assistance, and the path was uncomfortably narrow for two, yet she did not refuse the request. She felt in a most extraordinary condition. All her will seemed gone, and she acted entirely on impulse. No one had seen Magdalen cry since she was a child, but now her tears were falling one after another, and Captain Rae must see them plainly. She must say something, yet when she did speak it certainly was not to mend matters.

"I am acting like a baby. I was not so before you came. I don't know how it is."

There had been something in the Captain's mind waiting to be said to her for some time past, but he had not intended that it should be spoken thus. But he had found her lonely and unhappy, and his love flowed forth involuntarily, not supplicating for return, but yearning to give comfort. The unerring instinct of a true unselfish passion guided him. Through the touch of her hand upon his arm a magnetic connection had been established between them, and there seemed no need of words. After a few moments of a silence which held more meaning than speech, the Captain said, in his full mellow tones—

"I do know, and I will tell you. It is because you are with some one who loves you; you feel safe with me, and sure of me; isn't it so?"

There was no answer, but Magdalen did not withdraw her hand from his arm, and on the strength of that the Captain proceeded—

"You need not speak unless you like, Magdalen, because I am quite sure you love me. You would not treat me as you do if it were not so. Am I not right?"

Magdalen scarcely experienced any surprise at all this. She had entered so completely a new world that she could not feel astonishment at anything that was said in it. It appeared that she had not only entered a new world, but had been new-created. Pride, independence, ambition, where were they all? Was it possible they could ever have existed in this child-like person who answered falteringly and incoherently, as though her tongue were trying a new language?—

"I suppose so. I never thought about it."

The Captain gently patted her hand. "My dear child," he said, "never mind thinking about it at all. You have been tired and distressed. We love each other. Let us be happy, and thank God."

There was no need to tell Magdalen to be happy. His voice, full of love and comfort, folded her round with happiness. Miss Ford had fallen from her high estate. The Captain was neither a man of genius nor heroism. He was a mediocre individual, twenty years older than herself. This was all forgotten. She had fallen in love after all like an ordinary woman, without any justifiable reason. Was the secret of the Captain's success simply that he had been thoroughly confident of it? Or that, disdainful from the first of the outer crust in which Miss Ford had encased herself, he had addressed himself straight to the little child that exists somewhere in every woman's heart?

The two walked back together to Lawn Court, but very little more was said between them.

CHAPTER VI.—BREAKING UP THE FURROWS.

CAPTAIN RAE and Miss Ford had each arrived at the time of life when the right of independence of action is secured, and when it might be supposed that the course of true love would give the lie to the proverb. Yet there were difficulties before each of them. Magdalen's, it is true, were only such as to inspire her with a bracing intention to face them with coolness and energy. When she reached home her sister was already dressing for dinner, so she had no opportunity of making her confession till after that meal. Mrs. Verney congratulated her upon the good effect the walk had had upon her looks and spirits, and Magdalen agreed, smiling the while. When they reached the drawing-room Mrs. Verney took up her novel, and sank into her favourite seat. Magdalen stood with her elbow on the mantel-piece and prepared for the attack, not without a sense of enjoyment. She caught sight of her face in the glass, and laughed inwardly to observe that her secret exultation was plainly visible there.

"Edith," she said, "put down your book. I have news for you. I have not only improved my spirits by my walk this afternoon, but I have discovered why I did not accept Mr. Fortescue."

"You don't say so! Well?"

"Because I was in love with some one else," Magdalen replied, calmly enjoying the manifestations of her sister's growing astonishment. "I have seen Captain Rae this afternoon, and have engaged to marry him."

"Magdalen!"

Magdalen's expectations of her sister's horrified amazement were entirely realised. For some moments

not a word more was said; then Mrs. Verney's feelings struggled for utterance.

"Magdalen, you must be mad. What can you be thinking of? What motive? A poor old half-pay naval officer—what *shall* we do? But I know of old that *my* arguments would have no avail. I must go and tell Henry. Am I to tell him, or is it all some dreadful joke?"

"No, Edith, it is no joke, but a very earnest reality."

"And you will not change your mind?"

"I do not often change my mind, as you know."

"That is too true. Oh, Magdalen!"

Mrs. Verney hastened to her husband, while Magdalen went up-stairs to spend the rest of the evening alone, in thinking, resolving, and through all, rejoicing. Mrs. Verney did not think it necessary to break the news gently to her husband.

"Oh, Henry, Henry!" she cried, "the most dreadful thing has happened. We must save her from it; but how is it to be done? Magdalen is bent on marrying Captain Rae."

"Well, my dear, a joke, I should think."

"No, no. Don't you understand? She is engaged to him; she accepted him this afternoon."

"Good gracious! You don't mean it! Well, you surprise me."

"Surprise you? I should think I did. An old man like that, and nothing to settle upon her, you may depend upon it. They live in quite a pokey little way. Such selfishness! At his age he wants a nurse, not a wife. Ah, I think I see the motive now; she is marrying him out of some Quixotic notion of self-sacrifice. She must be saved. Henry, you are her only guardian. I trust, for my sake, you will interfere."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Edith! I 'm not going to interfere. It would be of no use if I did. Magdalen will do as she likes. Besides, you exaggerate; a man's not infirm at fifty, and he 's a gentleman."

"Ah! it 's well for you that you can take things so easily. I cannot; it 's not in my nature; but I am surprised, I must say, that even you take this so coolly."

But her husband was not to be roused, and Mrs. Verney's expostulations proved of no more avail with him than with her sister. When Magdalen came down-stairs he regarded her with scarcely disguised curiosity, and having shaken hands with her, and said rather awkwardly, "I 'm sure I wish you joy, my dear. I think Rae's a very good fellow," subsided behind his paper again, and fought very shy of her for some days afterwards. As no amount of asseveration would convince Mrs. Verney that Magdalen's motive in her engagement could be anything but pity, Magdalen refrained from contradicting her, and allowed such statements to pass without notice, only smiling at the expressions of commiseration which Mrs. Verney poured out many times a day.

The task which lay before Captain Rae as he walked home that evening was a very different one. His mind was not entirely at ease concerning Frances. He felt that the news would be a great surprise to her, and he began to think it would have been well to have prepared her for it. But he knew that he was doing a thing which would bring to Frances as much advantage as to himself. Indeed, was it not her need which had opened his eyes to the necessity of the step? and if he had of late lost sight of Frances and her claims in the absorption of his more personal feelings concerning Magdalen, yet, now that his mind was at rest in the consciousness of her affection, he told himself that it would be again at leisure to be altogether at the service of his little daughter. Everything should be arranged for her welfare; she should not have the shadow of a reason for feeling that her father was in any way forgetful of her, and she would now know the blessedness of a mother's care. As these things passed through his mind, conscious all the while of a deep keen joy underlying everything, which he had yet scarcely tasted, the Captain trod on air. The future appeared flawlessly smooth and bright. His mood communicated an indescribable exhilaration to his aspect. Frances saw it, and wondered, while she sunned herself in her father's genial spirits. The Captain did not tell his news at once. He felt them too sacredly good to be spoken in a common moment. It was not till dinner was over and Frances, with her book, was sitting on a foot-stool at his feet, that he broke silence. He looked and spoke as though the joy within him were seeking to burst through all restraint. It was impossible, now he had begun to speak, to do so with caution.

"Frances," he said, putting his arm round her, "Frances, my dear child, the grandest thing has happened to me that God could give to any man. I don't know whether to be more thankful for myself or for you, for I 've got a wife and my dear child a mother."

For a few moments there was silence. Then Frances said, in what sounded to her a strange unnatural voice, "It is Miss Ford."

"Yes, of course it is Miss Ford;" and her father laughed in sheer gladness of heart. "So you have been guessing it! I should have told you, but till the thing was settled, I hardly liked, and I had no thought of its being settled so soon—in fact, to-day's work has taken me by surprise. I had no intention of asking her for some time. My darling, you will love her. She will be very good to you, and help you in everything. She loves you already."

Frances was thankful to hear her father's voice, for it saved her from the necessity of speech. She felt herself quite still and cold, and as if she could not move a muscle. But while her father spoke, he had not noticed that she did not respond to the clasp of his arm, nor look up into his face. Now his voice ceased, and she must speak. All she could think of to say was, "I hope you will be very, very happy, papa."

Then she wondered how she could get away; she must get away for a minute or two. She gently disengaged herself from his arm.

"Where are you going, child?" he asked.

She said she must go and speak to Mrs. Leek; she would not be gone long. She ran up to her bedroom, and shut the door, and then she had got what she craved—she was alone with the horrible pain that clutched at her heart. What was she to do with it? She had never felt pain like that. One thing she must not do—she must not cry, for her father would see. "Oh, no, I must not cry," she kept saying to herself. God would help her to bear it without crying. She must stay a few minutes, and get better, and then go down again, or her father would wonder. "Oh, dear, dear papa," she cried in her heart; "I knew I could not make him happy; of course I could not. And now he will be happy after all those lonely years. I *will* be glad; he shall think me glad. But what will become of me? oh, what shall I do?"

In her blinding bewildering tumult of pain, she could see no future but one of misery. Life seemed at an end for her. Her father was her life, and he was taken away from her. For him she had nothing but devotion and love, but against her who had robbed her of him her heart swelled in bitter unreasoning wrath. Love her? No, indeed! Who could love that haughty cold creature, who, she was sure, had no love to give any one? Miss Ford had doubtless told her father that she loved him; she did not believe it, not she; she had some other reason for marrying him—Frances could almost believe that it was for no other than that she might ruin her happiness and spoil her life. No, Frances would never love her, she would hate her always; but her father must not know it—the dear kind father, who thought he was doing what would make her happy as well as himself. It would take away all his happiness if he could not think so. So the poor girl paced up and down the room, and fought her fierce feelings down, so that she might go down to her father, and lie in his face. It was two hours before she could come to bed, and she must go and act her difficult part for all that time before she could have the relief of giving way.

Her acting was done very fairly, on the whole, poor child; though if the Captain had not been a just-accepted lover it is not probable that she would have escaped detection. As it was, in the midst of his joyous excitement an uneasy suspicion occurred to him now and again. When she kissed good-night he held her close, and looked into her face.

"I hardly know," he said, "what to think of my little Frances, she is so still; but it is a surprise, and she has to grow used to it. She will be happy, won't she?"

"Oh, yes, father," said Frances, unflinchingly.

"You know well, don't you, that you will be no less dear to me? I don't need to send you out before I can take her in; there is room for both in my heart, and she has not even the larger share."

When the Captain had been in bed some hours, lying awake, and scarcely desiring sleep, he fancied he heard a sound from Frances' room, which adjoined his. He waited till he felt pretty sure he was right, and then crept to her door, and listened there; but all was still. Not content, he opened it, gently.

"Frances, are you awake?" he asked, softly.

"Yes, papa," was the answer, given very low.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, that 's right. I was afraid I heard you. Good night, my dear. Go to sleep again quickly."

He shut the door, and returned, careful of noise, for he thought he had awakened her. And Frances, when he was gone, turned her face to the pillow, and sobbed and cried less unrestrainedly, but still more bitterly. "Oh, father, father! why didn't you kiss me?" she moaned. She knew he had thought her just awakened, as she had meant that he should, and had been anxious not to disturb her; yet, worn out with grief and tears, reasoning would not keep back the feeling that he had repulsed her longing affection.

The next day, seeing her father prepare to go out, and being well aware of his destination, Frances asked him whether he thought it would be very soon; she hoped it would. Her father laughed at her for the vague "it," and said he should certainly get married as soon as matters could be arranged; he was going down to Lawn Court to discuss it. There was no reason for delay, and everybody would be happier when things were settled down in the new way. He kissed her when he went away, but she saw plainly that his thoughts were not with her, and that she need not have feared that he would observe her swollen eyelids and pale face. Her only desire now was that the blow should fall with as little delay as possible. The sooner the old life was over the better, now that it was only a mockery of what it had been; it was to her now nothing but an empty husk.

The Captain's talk with Magdalen was a long one, yet they had to part before all was said. Their greeting was very simple, consisting only of a shake of the hand, prolonged a little by the Captain, as he said—

"My dear, you don't repent?"

He was answered only by a smile. As Magdalen sat down her chief feeling was one of relief and approval in that her lover had made no further use of his privileges. In this the Captain had shown his tact, for, though Magdalen's nature had conceded a great deal, it was perhaps all the more likely to assert itself in small things.

"And your daughter; what does she say?" asked she.

"Well, I don't know what to make of her, to tell you the truth. She talks fair enough, but she 's not herself; she 's too quiet and seems bewildered. You see, it was a great surprise. I suppose it 's all right, but I wish she knew you better, my dear."

"I do not think it is all right, and I am very much concerned about her. She doubtless feels I have robbed her of you."

"No, no; you don't know her. I'm sure she trusts me too well. I have shown her that she is not to lose me, but to gain you."

Magdalen, however, was not entirely reassured, and the Captain made a good use of her misgivings. He assured her that the best thing to be done for Frances was that the marriage should take place immediately. There could not be any of the real intercourse which alone can bear fruit in affection between Frances and her new mother till after that event. Time for her to get new clothes, which he supposed were a necessity, and for him to make a few arrangements of his own, was all that was required.

"What arrangements?" questioned Magdalen.

Oh, he had been living in a very poor kind of way, and though he could not, after all, do much, there were some things that must be altered. Why had he lived so? asked Magdalen. Because he had preferred a simple style of living, and got more satisfaction out of spending his money in other ways. Magdalen remarked that she had £300 a year. The Captain was very glad to hear it, but declared that he should not allow her to spend any of it. It must accumulate for her use when he was gone; he was old, and had not much to leave behind him.

"As you are so determined about that," answered Magdalen, "I shall also make a stipulation, which is that you do not make for me one single alteration."

"Nonsense, my dear. If it were any woman but you, I would not dare to take her from these luxuries to my plain little house, but I would not take even you there exactly as things are now." Here he broke off, and asked somewhat wistfully, "I am not the kind of man you ever thought you could marry?"

"No, indeed," she said, but the answer was softened by a smile, and her first voluntary endearment. She put her hand into his. "I have taken myself by surprise. You are the very last kind of person I should have imagined it possible to fall in love with. So do not suppose that my pride has not had a very bitter pill to swallow in your winning me so easily. I have some confessions to make some day, but I think I will not give you further occasion to triumph over me just now."

"I triumph, do I?" smiling, "well, if I do, I don't think the triumph is of a kind to hurt your pride. I daresay you think me a selfish old fellow, who can only rejoice in his own advantage, and think nothing of his grey hairs and unworthiness in everything but his love for you. I assure you I shall never have done asking myself what I am that you should love me."

"Captain Rae, I am ashamed of you. Had you talked like this you never could have won me. You took possession of me in a shamelessly masterful fashion. And you were quite right, because you are entirely my superior. No; listen to me. If I say that you have formed a mistaken estimate of me I know you will not believe me; nevertheless, it is so. I was nothing but a cold-hearted worldly woman until yesterday afternoon. You exercised some magic over me, I believe."

"A black art much in use," the Captain interposed, with a smile.

"I have got very tired of my life lately," continued Magdalen; her voice had grown very soft and rich, and her eyes were full of beautiful meanings. "With you I can have a change. I believe I can learn from you to be simple and loving. And I want to live just your kind of life: you must alter nothing."

"You will have no carriage at your service, and a maid-of-all-work to attend to you. Frances and I have kept only one servant; all I want is to get you another."

"I will not hear of it. I have long wanted some work that I was obliged to do, and you can give it me. It is all I am marrying you for, so beware how you refuse me. I will make puddings, and sew, and then, with the help I shall give to Frances in her studies, I may even achieve the distinction of having too much to do. Why should I always do only what I like?"

"Come; an answerable argument at last! Well, you shall have your own way; it will be easy for you to change your mind when you 've had enough of it. But it appears you have left me quite out of your calculations. Am I to fare worse than Frances or the house?"

"You see, I know you; you will require nothing."

"Nothing but love, but there my requirements will be exacting."

"I will try to be a good wife to you," said Magdalen, gravely.

Then he stooped and kissed her, and she did not object to it so strongly as she had expected.

The weeks passed rapidly for Magdalen. The wedding was to be made as simple a ceremony as possible, with no wedding gear, bridesmaids, or breakfast. Magdalen had not much time to spare for making friends with Frances. Indeed, she felt that the undertaking had better not be commenced till they were under the same roof together. Whenever they met, Frances responded to her words of kind greeting with perfect propriety. Everything augured well. The Captain and Magdalen were not to be away more than a fortnight, at the latter's request. Mrs. Verney graciously invited Frances to be her guest during their absence. The Captain would have liked to accept, but feared Frances would demur. However, when she perceived her father wished it, she acquiesced without a word. Her wilfulness had disappeared with her gaiety; she agreed to all her father's arrangements tacitly. It seemed to her that nothing could much matter now. If her father liked better to leave her at Lawn Court than with her Aunt Russell, he might do so. One place would do as well as another to be unhappy in. Shyness was too small a matter to be considered. The evening before the wedding she was possessed by a dreary restlessness.

She wandered out on to the hill-side, seeking a favourite bit of meadow, which, sloping south into a hollow at the edge of the cliff, was thickly covered with crimson and yellow vetches, and large clover. She loved its brilliance, and the stretch of blue sea which, sitting in this hollow, was all she could see of the world. The place had power to soothe her even now. In the house she felt stifled. Here was space and fragrant breezy air. What would have happened before she was here again? Her life was going to be hard, and perplexing, and lonely. Her work was taken from her, and she did not know what she was going to do with her time and her thoughts. After to-day life was a blank. She thought, poor child, that religion ought to help her, and like many wiser people under similar circumstances, she was convinced that she could have borne cheerfully anything that God had sent to her but this. Yet she was nobler than many wiser folks in this—that her heart while it cried out in its bitter pain did not seek blindly to strike out against others; she drove the pain back and kept her eyes clear and her hand cool, that she might not hurt her father with it.

The gathering dusk sent her in. She could not rest, but went from room to room, and bade good-bye to each in her heart, as though she were never to be there again, in the fashion that youth has of aggravating grief. At last her father called her—

"Come and sit down, child. You have not been near me all the evening. You don't seem very sorry to lose me to-morrow, I must say."

Frances gave him a piteous look.

"Oh, papa!" was all she could say, as he took her on his knee.

"Why, my dear, what nonsense is this? It is only for a fortnight. I shall be back before you have had time to miss me."

Frances did not speak. Only for a fortnight! Her heart was telling her that he would never come back. It would never be the same father—hers only—after that evening. Her feelings swelled like a rising tide. She pressed her lips together. But her father stroked her hair, and murmured some caressing word. Then her courage failed her, and she began to sob and cry pitifully, and all the more because he held her close, and begged her to tell him what was the matter.

"Oh, father," she cried, "I cannot help it. Please don't ask me. I 'm trying to be a good girl."

But it was not long before she made an effort to recover herself. Her sobs grew less violent, and then ceased altogether. Her father thought it wiser not to press her further. He kept her on his knee and began to talk cheerfully of their new life. Before she went away from him, he prayed aloud a very simple prayer that God would bless and keep her, and bring them safely together again. Frances went to bed feeling almost comforted. The prayer, her father's love, the crying, had each helped to do her good. She slept more happily than she had done for many nights.

CHAPTER VII.—MRS. VERNEY TALKS TO FRANCES.

THE fortnight was nearly at an end, and Frances was to spend the last day of it with her aunt. The visit at Lawn Court had done her good in many ways. She had time to grow accustomed to her trouble, to adapt her mind to her new circumstances before she was plunged into the midst of them, and to make her good resolutions. Besides which the effort which her situation demanded from her, both to conquer shyness and to appear cheerful, was of great assistance. Nor was the novelty of her position in the midst of so much luxury, and obliged to wear always the pretty dresses with which her father had provided her, entirely without its effect in restoring her mind to a more healthy tone. It was not long before all fear of Mr. and Mrs. Verney had left her. When the glamour of their surroundings was dispelled she had insight enough to perceive that there was little else to alarm; Mr. Verney was good-humoured and easy-going. For his wife she soon began to feel something akin to contempt.

But in one respect her stay in that household had done her no good. She left it with a more fixed prejudice in her mind concerning her new mother than had been there previously. She had been suspicious, but now her suspicions were confirmed. It was so difficult for Mrs. Verney to do without a *confidante*, that she could scarcely refrain from admitting Frances to that post. At any rate, she skirted so near to her real feelings in talking of her sister's marriage, that Frances was made fully aware of them. Such talk as the following would fall from her every day, as they sat over their needlework:—

"How I shall miss you when you are gone, child! You were really sent to me to break the shock of Magdalen's loss. We were always great friends, though I was the oldest girl in the family, and she was the youngest; but the other two sisters married extremely young, and went to a distance. And Magdalen always seemed older than her age. I was lively, and she was always in rather a heavy style; but handsome, don't you think so? She has been very much admired, though her complexion was never like mine—of course I can say so now, without vanity. Ah, yes, at one time I thought poor Magdalen had a brilliant future before her, and she has only herself to blame; but there was always a tinge of eccentricity about her. She is quite an original—you will hear her views about things. One thing is certain, she never thought any one good enough for her till it was too late; and so—well, certainly, she refused one offer just before she accepted your father's. But then it did not meet any of her notions,

I fancy; it neither suited her ambition, nor appealed to her notions of self-sacrifice. I used to tell her that she would marry either a duke or a beggar. I confess I don't understand her. She always does what she pleases, and that is generally the last thing one could foresee. But she will do her duty thoroughly to your father and you—one is always sure Magdalen will do what she believes to be her duty."

Frances drank poison in with all this. That her father should have married the sister of this shallow woman! He had not seen through her, of course, trustful and good as he was. She fancied herself discerning in gathering from Mrs. Verney's chat that her sister was a cold scheming person, one who always acted from reason and would scorn feeling and impulse. As to why she had married her father, Frances questioned much. She had always felt quite assured that it was not from love. These people were too far below him to be capable of appreciating him. Brave and noble and good as he was, it was evident that Magdalen was supposed to be throwing herself away. Her spirit recoiled from them all with indignant scorn. Had she accepted him because she could do no better? Mrs. Verney had implied that at one point of her discourse. But Frances' generous mind recoiled from imputing a motive so low as that. There was another idea suggested by Mrs. Verney, and that struck her as the likely one. She had talked of self-sacrifice, of duty. Miss Ford had probably been struck with pity for his loneliness, as he had only a daughter with him, and she so childish and ignorant. She had supposed his house mismanaged, and his daughter troublesome, and he had been very much in love with her. Yes, that was doubtless the state of the case, and now she was priding herself on her self-sacrifice, instead of thinking herself, as she ought to do, the happiest woman in the world.

When the time came to leave Lawn Court, Frances would have packed up her clothes and departed, shaking its dust from her feet with great satisfaction, had she not been entirely absorbed in awful anticipation of the travellers' return. But when she reached her aunt's house she was not allowed the opportunity of indulging in any kind of feeling. As she was driven up to the door behind the Verneys' dashing greys, a row of inquisitive heads appeared at the window, and she was surrounded on her entrance by all the girl-cousins, Lizzie and Kitty and Annie, and the two little ones, eager to drink in information concerning her visit, and to examine every detail of her dress. Cousin Frances, tall and pretty, especially seen under the halo of splendour which was at present reflected on her, was quite a grand young lady to them. Frances did not like their noisy ways, and habit of quarrelling among themselves, and she was wont to turn up her nose at their untidy frocks and rough hair.

She found the household in a state of great excitement, Jeffrey, the eldest son, who had received a naval education under the Captain's superintendence, having but lately arrived, after an absence of two years.

"Oh, Frances! Jeff won't come into the parlour," cried Annie; "and he 's so rude about you. We said we should tell. He said he did not want any more little girls. We 're going to drag him in. He 's in the play-room, being a lion with the children."

"Pray don't let him resume his human shape for the sake of being polite to me," said Frances, laughing.

"Now, you girls, don't tell any of your tales about me," shouted a powerful voice from the play-room, at the end of the hall. "I 'll eat you up, and Cousin Frances into the bargain, if you come this way."

Whereupon, with much screaming and laughing, the little girls rushed into the lion's den, dragging Frances with them. A surprising result followed. Jeffrey, sprawling on all-fours, with one little fellow pulling his hair, and another tugging at his legs, jumped up hastily, overturning both. His face was red—not so much with exertion as confusion—and an open astonishment was visible there.

"Upon my word!" he said, advancing to shake hands, "I beg your pardon. I had no idea—how you have grown!"

"You find me too big to devour? What a disappointment!" cried Frances, gaily.

"It 's not at all a disappointment, but it 's a surprise," he answered, regarding her with such frank admiration as was discernible even to Frances, who was never on the look-out for it. After this introduction, the day passed more pleasantly to her than was usual in that house. Jeffrey was a new element there, which she liked to observe, principally because he showed such easy strength of limb and *nonchalance* of spirit, and kept all the young rebels in masterful check.

The travellers were to arrive by the night boat. Frances spent the afternoon at Hill Cottage in seeing that all was in readiness for their arrival. Jeffrey had suggested that he should take her down to meet the boat, and she hailed the idea with relief. It would be much better than sitting at home waiting, with only her thoughts for company. As they walked through the streets, which at that time of night were still noisy in Castleport, and then threaded their way through the deserted quays, Frances was scarcely conscious of anything round her. She heard Jeffrey's voice, and was dimly aware that he was enthusiastically descanting on the splendid virtues of one of the officers on board his ship. She answered "Really," and "Indeed," hoping that she put them in the right places. But Jeffrey was abundantly satisfied. He thought his cousin charming, and that all her ways were more approvable than other people's. When he came in sight of the sea, he broke off his discourse to exclaim, "There she is!" and then resumed it again with as much interest as ever. But at the sight of that black speck far out over the moonlit sea, Frances' heart had beat hard and fast, and she clasped her hands together tightly. When they reached the end of the pier, there was the boat nearing fast. Her eager eyes caught sight of her father standing near the wheel

long before Jeffrey's exclamation, "Hulloa, there's the Captain!" Then came the swish of the paddle-wheel cutting through the water, and the snorting of the funnel; the ropes were thrown, and the gangway fixed; her father stepped upon it among the first. His companion she never saw, and her father's form was dim through tears. Another moment, and she feels his kiss, and the touch of his beard, wet with salt spray. Magdalen also kisses her, and stands by her side, while her father claims the luggage. She prefers to walk home, she says; and Frances soon after finds herself walking by her father's side, with her hand held fast in his, and Magdalen and Jeffrey walking together in front. She thinks it is by a happy chance, quite unconscious that Magdalen herself contrived it so.

They are at home. Frances takes her mother shyly and proudly to her room. Then they go down to have supper. Frances eyes them both eagerly, jealously, and makes her observations. Concerning Magdalen first. She is taking stock; everywhere she goes she looks round openly. That is only natural. And Frances cannot deny admiration. There is a harmonious womanliness in her bearing—harmonious through strength. When she comes into the little parlour she brings with her an atmosphere of her own, which seems to fill the place, notwithstanding the quietness of her movements and speech. There is some subtle power in her mere presence to influence. Frances acknowledges all this unconsciously by its effect upon herself, which is not a happy one.

She is beginning already to feel herself displaced, of no importance, as if she had been pushed aside by a strong yet gentle hand. She turns her regard upon her father. No endearments have passed between the two; they are not obtrusively absorbed in each other. Yet Frances can be under no mistake with regard to their relationship. Her father's aspect is enough, and his look and tones when he addresses his wife. It is plain that he has not yet found her out. He, too, is under the power of Magdalen's influence; but its effect upon him is widely different. Entire content is making every line of his face, every look and movement, genial and benignant. He looks alert, handsome; he seems to have renewed his youth. In the presence of the woman he loves his best self awakens and finds itself at home. It is impossible for Frances to be wholly miserable while she sees her father thus.

Her chief feeling is one of constraint. She can scarcely avoid indulging the fancy that the lady in the grey travelling dress, who sits before her so dignified and composed, yet with a swift sudden smile breaking through now and then, is some visitor who will be gone before the morning. Surely this evening will be remembered only as an episode when she is alone again with her father, her own free merry self once more. It is impossible that this lady will come down with them to breakfast, will be with them all day, will be gone never, never. She goes to bed to repeat that happy fancy over again in tantalising dreams, and to wake to the bitter consciousness of the reality. *(To be continued.)*

"CAREST THOU NOT THAT WE PERISH?"

BY THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A.

THE sudden exclamations which are born of great and sudden pressure are difficult to analyse. There are sayings strewn up and down the pages of history which have sprung to men's lips in the moment of need or peril, and which are full of meaning—fuller, indeed, of meaning than their authors could have explained.

It is not very difficult to see why this is the case. Any great and sudden crisis of life brings into juxtaposition a conflict of emotions and thoughts which struggle for utterance, and the utterance, when it comes, bodies forth more than one of the many and tumultuous thoughts which have struggled for expression. It is thus in the case before us. The simple cry of the Disciples in their hour of danger is not a wild shriek of men in bodily danger; it is the offspring of the pain, perplexity, and peril of the moment; it is the cry in which the complex character of the thoughts of that moment found vent. We cannot tell all that rose within their minds in that hour when the quickly stirred waters of the lake rose suddenly around them, and the scene of peace became in an instant the scene of peril. What were the emotions which hope, fear, memory, disappointment, awakened we cannot fully tell; for who can analyse wholly the motives of any one action of a single human being, and who can tell all that flies through the mind in one of those moments of life when past, present, and future are drawn together beneath a microscope—when the thread of life which passes through our hands from day to day, seems gathered up into one finished work, and the pattern of our life is in an instant understood? Life and its preciousness, love and its pricelessness, existence and its mysteriousness, the father at home, the wife and her little brood of child life around her, the longing that the last hour which seems at hand,

should not be the very last. All these may have risen within the Disciples' hearts, and given force and sharpness to the cry.

But there are two elements which find expression in their cry, and these we may, without following an imaginative speculation, open up to view. One word will express them both—wonder.

I. They wondered at Him who could repose so calmly amid the storm.

II. They wondered at Him who seemed unconscious of their peril.

I. They wondered at Him who slept in the tempest. To them it was wonderful that any could be so unperturbed at such an hour. Is it that He who sleeps is careless of life? Carest Thou not that these crested waters are beating out the life of this frail vessel, and that death stares us in the face? What mad heedlessness of life is this? Carest Thou not that this danger threatens us all?

Nor need we be surprised at their wonder. Repose—a quietude of self-command which can take its natural rest when all around are distressed and apprehensive, is a rare gift. The strong and terrifying presence of danger works upon the whole nervous system, and restlessness, not repose, is the result. Those who can sleep amid the tempest are rare.

There are, indeed, conditions far from spiritual which make this possible. Men of firm courage and ready foresight can do so. When they have taken precautions, and all that can be done has been done—when the crisis is as far as possible provided for, they know that sleep is needed to give the physical energy for the strain of the crisis, and they can command sleep. But this is slumber beforehand. Christ's is sleep in the midst of storm.

Again, a reckless determination, where the good has been refused, and the evil chosen, may give a man the power of slumber. There is a disposition to seize repose, and make it his own, which never belongs to the man who is wavering on the brink of temptation; but is often his who has at last chosen the evil, and then dreading lest the painful struggle should be reopened turns to bodily rest, or indulgence, to shut out the possibility of such a conflict. Like Jonah, such a man can slumber—he forces himself into calm; or he is wearied, and will have rest; or, at least, he is reckless of all else, and dreads only recovered power of thought; let the winds blow, they cannot raise more hideous clamour than the angry altercations of passion and conscience. Let the waves wrestle, they cannot enter into more terrible conflict than that waged within between the claims of fidelity and the pangs of vexed and disappointed ambition. Is it stormy? Yes, let it be storm—this movement, these howling winds, these tossing billows, they suit the prophet's mood—he can sleep; there is no danger: or if there be, the risk is welcome. Far more welcome is the danger than that the spiritual contest should begin again. Sinfulness, reckless and obstinate, may give men the power to sleep; but Christ's was not a repose born of such conditions. He slept after He had been doing good, not evil. He slept amid the roaring tempest that threatened life.

Was it, then, carelessness of life? It is possible that disappointment should make men heedless of existence. It is true that in much our Master's life was full of disappointment—He worked to meet with no recompense—He laboured to have His labour unappreciated—He loved but to have His love rejected; but none the less did He labour cheerily, lovingly. No tinge of selfish sorrow or vexed ambition shaded the clear light of His self-forgetting and loving labour; no hasty wish, no murmuring prayer to lay down the heavy load of life ever escaped His lips; He never besought that He might die; on the contrary, He almost seemed to cling to life, as one might cling who felt that He could not leave it till its work had been done.

Not the mere energy of action, still less recklessness or bitterness, made Him thus able to sleep. We must seek deeper and higher for its cause.

There is a truth which in distorted form has made some men calm in danger. They believe in destiny: there is a work for them to do, and till it has been achieved, the sword and the flame, the tempest and the sickness cannot harm them. Why, then, should they not be calm, since there is no danger save the inevitable! There is a truth in this, distorted though it is. The truth is that a wide and a wise Fatherliness embraces all life, keeps the feet of all who walk this earth, and suffers none to harm any child of His till the time has come, and the work has been done.

This Christ felt and knew. One was His Father—even God. Throughout His life He lived in the consciousness of this, the first and best of truths. "Father, let this cup pass;" "Father, glorify Thy name," and "When ye pray, say, Our Father." So He spake, and so He taught. But to teach truths is not to live them. He lived them. See, it is the hour when all are panic-stricken, the wild waves are around Him, yet He is asleep. His Father holds these stormy waters in the hollow of His hand, why should He fear? He has been working where His Father bade Him work, and He can lay Him down and take His rest amid the roar and movement of heaving ocean, for His Father who keeps Him never slumbers nor sleeps.

Here, then, is the secret of His calm. All life which looks confusion is order. Each life is made up of duties. These are ours; these we may do, leaving our safety, fear, and hope with Him, who keeps us in our going out and our

coming in. Yet we cannot attain to this quietude. Our fears are easily awakened, and our cries are soon heard: the shadows of life terrify us; its waves affright us; we cannot get rid of the nervous apprehensiveness which weakens and intimidates us; and why? Because we do not live in the consciousness of God. He is our Father, but we seldom realise the Fatherliness of Him who cares for all, and will never suffer our life to be vain, or our work cut short before He sees fit.

We must *live* by the truths we believe, we must live by them till they become instincts; we must live less for safety than for work; less for self than for God; less for pleasure than for Christ; and then, because we are living as children, we shall know we have a Father, and because we have the Spirit of Christ, we shall have the quietude of Christ, and rest always as in a Father's care. Then we shall not wonder that men should be calm in danger, but rather wonder that children of the Almighty and All-loving Father should betray an alarm which doubts alike His power and His love.

II. But there was a second cause of wonder. "Carest Thou not that we perish?" They wonder that He should slumber, seemingly forgetful of their own peril. If He could rest unalarmed for Himself, surely their danger might have roused Him. They knew Him, they had learned to love Him, they believed in His love. But now, at their time of need, He seems unmindful of their peril. What does it mean? Has He changed so rapidly, or were they mistaken? Did He never care for them? Were all the tokens of kindness only mockeries, that He leaves them now to the mercy of the merciless and hungry waves?

Ah! how prone to read wrong meaning into his actions! He loves them no less; He cares for them; He is with them, mighty to help; why should this seeming silence undo all His past kindnesses? Ought they not to reason otherwise, and make His past the ground of trust in Him in the perilous present? Yet, no! One silence makes them doubt a hundred pledges of love and power.

It is ever so. The hours of our danger are enough; the goodness of God endures daily; yet we forget the daily goodness, because of the momentary peril. Oh, men, that cannot hold the Father's hand in the dark, how quickly all the numberless lovingkindnesses are forgotten! It may be said, Yet, is life not full of trial and temptation to doubt? Do not the heavens often seem silent and passionless? Do not the cries of the dying and the drowning rise upward beneath a dumb and unanswering heaven, and the stars look coldly down as the shriek of distress and despair breaks above the noise of wind and wave? Does not earth, like a frail storm-tossed vessel, cry in agony to a God who seems to slumber?

Yes, it is true, true indeed! But the glory of Faith lies just in this. She does not ask the God and Father of all to come forth and still the tempest. She knows He does not slumber. She knows He is not unmindful. She can see all pain and all sorrow, and yet lose no whit of trust. For she has seen One die, and no hand of might tore out those cruel nails from off the cross; no Holy power swept off the crown of thorns; no rescuing might was seen. The cry, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" seemed all unanswered; and though unanswered, though still His wounds were sore and bleeding, and still the agony was great; still, through all, to His Father the suffering Christ turned in sweet reliance on Him; and, dying, to His Father He sighed forth His soul. Faith learns from Him. Yes! she has learned that it may be good to trust in God for deliverance; but that to trust Him still, though no deliverance come, is a proof of higher and truer faith. Better to die than to doubt.

So be it with us. Faith, like wisdom, will be justified of her children. God never fails—He never has failed—He does not sleep. Our cry brought the Son of His love to our side. What need we more? The dream of life will be over—the pang past, and the fever of its business done; and we shall wake to realities, to know that never were our Father's eyes off us, and never did His love forsake us.

A GOOD ANSWER.

DEEP truths and wonderful and grand,
Sometimes are simply told,
So that their radiant beauty seems to stand
As brilliant gems in gold.

A little child with heart untried,
With scorn nor shadow fraught,
When asked how many gods there were, replied,
Without a moment's thought—

"One God;" and asked how he could know,
Said simply, as before—
"Why! God Himself fills all the world, and so
There is no room for more."

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 15. JEHU, THE ZEALOUS KING.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings x.

INTRODUCTION. What was Jehu's first proceeding? Jezebel's death would be the first death-blow to idolatry in Israel. Jehu the new king has been received with enthusiasm—hailed as conqueror—has now a chance of making grand reforms in Israel. But first has some more punishment from God to inflict.

I. JEHU'S POLITICAL ZEAL. (Read 1—14.) Where was Ahab's palace? Who were still living in Samaria? Who had charge of Ahab's children? What message did Jehu send to these princes? This probably meant to test them—either as a challenge to fight—or to see how far were willing at once to submit to him as conqueror. What answer did the nobles make? They had heard of his conquest—they dare not oppose him—they will be his servants. What second message did Jehu write then? What a fearful order. And at once the massacre is made. These nobles have brought up Ahab's sons—lived with them, taught them—made friends with them. Yet at once at Jehu's word kill them without mercy. Where were they laid? Picture the scene the next morning. A great crowd assembled round the gate of the city—the bleeding heads laid in two heaps—the king drives up in his chariot—stands by the ghastly heads—addresses the people. What does he say? Whom had he killed? (Ch. ix. 14, 24.) But by whose orders was all this done? So he appeals to the people as righteous, *i.e.*, fair men, that all this was fulfilment of God's word as spoken by Elijah.

But the massacre is not over yet. Whom else did Jehu slay? All Ahab's princes, kinsfolk, and priests. What an awful day in Samaria. What a judgment upon idolaters and blasphemers. (See Ps. lxiii. 14.) They had prospered for a time, but destruction came upon them in God's time. So let all God's enemies perish (Judges v. 31).

II. JEHU'S RELIGIOUS ZEAL. (Read 15—28.) Whom did Jehu meet as he was driving away? Read of Jehonadab many hundred years afterwards in Jeremiah (xxxv. 6, etc.) as a plain man living in tent—bringing up family as teetotalers—fearing God. Jehu wants to show him his zeal for the Lord. What a tribute to Jonadab's character, to be thus honoured by the king. So the victorious warrior king and the simple farmer drive together to Samaria. What other great work of destruction had Jehu to do? Who had introduced Baal-worship? It must be rooted out. How does he set to work? How eagerly would the priests of Baal arrange the sacrifice. Must have been wondering and watching how Jehu would treat them. What glad news! A great sacrifice to Baal! Who were invited? Describe the scene. The great temple filled—people standing packed together—all in holiday attire—vestments brought out for the priests—clouds of incense ascending—the search for any worshippers of the Lord. Now the animals are sacrificed—who offers them up? Why, Jehu the king himself! What a moment of excitement. But what orders had Jehu given? This was the signal for the massacre. Eighty soldiers guarding all the doors. Another awful scene! the temple turned into a slaughter-house. Can imagine the shrieks, attempt at escape, etc. All in vain. God's word had gone forth, and Jehu was God's executioner of vengeance. What was done to the idol temple? and images? and statues? All completely destroyed. So that Jehu's religious zeal was so far successful.

III. JEHU'S MISTAKEN ZEAL. (Read 29—36.) Ask children if they remember what was the beginning of all the idolatry in Israel? Who had set up the golden calves? When were they erected? Why were they put up? What title always attaches to Jeroboam in consequence? These calves still remaining in Dan and Bethel. Jehu has to make up his mind whether he shall retain them. Which way does he decide? Probably his motive much the same as Jeroboam's—to keep the people from going to Jerusalem. He has destroyed Baal—thinks there cannot be great harm in retaining the calves. It will please the people—make him more popular—so they shall remain. Is *this* zeal for the Lord? What message did God send him? He should be rewarded for what he had done. For how many generations should the crown be his? This came literally true. What immediate punishment came? Began to lose his dominions—engaged in constant wars.

What does Jehu's story teach us? (1) *Zeal for the Lord.* How much Jehu did! Not always in best way—still he did the work God gave him to do. What are we doing for God? Are we trying to put away sin in ourselves? To set our face against sin in those around us? At home, at school, work always to be on our Lord's side against sin. God will be with us as was with Jehu. (2) *Whole service.* How was Jehu's work spoiled? Made a compromise. Allowed a little sin, as he thought, for a great good. But what does God require? Must love with all heart. He cannot bear even the look of sin. How is it with us? Is there anything prevents our serving God wholly? Any secret sin—idle companion, bad habit? Must put it away—however dear to us. Then only shall find happiness and peace.

Questions to be answered.

1. How did Jehu exterminate Ahab's house?
2. How did he put down the worship of Baal?
3. What do you know of Jehonadab?
4. What mistake did Jehu make?
5. What warning did he receive?
6. What two lessons may we learn?

No. 16. DEATH OF ELISHA.

Chapter to be read—2 *Kings xiii.*

INTRODUCTION. Have finished story of Jehu and his reforms in Israel—put away Baal worship—destroyed his priests—showed much zeal for the Lord—but his heart not right with the Lord—mere external reforms—seems to have given nothing instead—do not hear of revival of true religion—so people soon fell back. (*Illustrate* by watch showing wrong time—gains or loses great deal—may set hands right—but unless main spring be mended, will soon get wrong again.) Shall read to-day of two of Jehu's descendants and of death of prophet Elisha.

I. JEHOAHAZ. (Read 1—9.) Surely have read this story before! same tale over again. How did new king behave? Whose sin did he follow? What was Jeroboam's sin? So one king after another allowed people to worship graven images because afraid to trust them to go to Jerusalem. How were they punished? God himself raised up enemies against them. Just as, in time of Judges, He let enemies oppress them (Judg. ii. 14). Just as He sent plagues to Pharaoh, now country again overrun with war. What sad times. Men called away to fight—fields left uncultivated—want and suffering felt in happy homes. At last country in such misery, what did the king do? So Solomon's prayer at dedication of Temple came true once more. But was not God tired of such cries? No—His mercies fail not—He allowed the punishment, but in midst of judgment remembered mercy, and once more delivered them. Who was sent to help the Israelites? Not told the name of their Saviour—probably some mighty warrior like Samson or Jephthah. Did they now repent and serve God? Same story repeated. When plague removed, turn back to sin. Are they so very unlike ourselves? How often have been punished for some sin—have prayed and sought pardon—been forgiven and then done same again. Must remember the warning of Pharaoh—what did God do to his heart at last? (Ex. x. 20, and see Prov. i. 25, 26.)

BLACK OBELISK,
INSCRIBED WITH NAME OF JEHU.

II. JOASH. (Read 10—19, and 2 Chron. xxv. 17—24.) Now Jehu's grandson reigns. Had a bad example in his father—will he be any better? Had reigned partly with him, but now left entirely alone. Is there any improvement? All kings of Israel led away by Jeroboam's idols. For three hundred years had bad effect! With whom did Joash war? Not only with Syrians, but also with king of Judah. Who was the king of Judah? Which provoked the war—Amaziah or Joash? How did Joash try to stop the king of Judah from fighting? This the second instance of a fable in the Bible, the first being in time of the Judges (Judg. ix. 8). Who is meant by the thistle (or furze bush) that aspired to the height of the cedar? Yes—Amaziah had defeated Edomites, and thought he could do anything—but what fate does Joash prophesy for him? He himself (Joash) would be the wild beast and punish him for his presumption. Did Amaziah take the warning? No; he *would* fight, and the result was as Joash predicted. How far did Joash pursue him? What did he take from Jerusalem? Yet his success did not lead him to God, any more than his father's defeat. Does not seem to have been altogether so bad as other kings—seems to have been a brave man—victorious in war. Now turn to his visit to Elisha. What was the matter with the prophet? Sickness and death must come to all—but how much it is felt when a great and good man is dying. Who came to see Elisha? What did the king do? Seems to have been much concerned for the state of Israel. What did Elisha bid him do? Which way did he shoot? What else did the prophet bid him do? All this typical of his success against the Syrians—thus showing God's mercy to him. From all this we can learn about Joash that he was (1) *Brave.* Successful in his wars against both Judah and Syria. (2) *Generous.* Did not want to fight against Judah—warned him, and only fought when attacked. (3) *Amiable.* Went to see Elisha when dying—evidently attached to him and anxious for his advice about his kingdom. All this, however, spoilt because he was (4) *Weak.* Could not break off from Jeroboam's sin. Was so afraid of losing the people that he retained the idols for them to worship so as not to have to go to Jerusalem. This want of trust in God led him astray. What a warning. Many children like him—many good qualities, but some one besetting sin (Heb. xii. 1). Take care lest does not cause our ruin.

III. ELISHA. (Read 20, 21.) Have read of king's

visit to him on death-bed—now time come for him to die. Must have been much beloved. Had lived among people—shared their trials when enemies invaded Samaria—shared their joys when victorious—had acted as Principal of school of prophets—warned wicked kings—encouraged weak ones—been true, faithful servant and prophet of God. Can picture his burial. Many of faithful among Israel (1 Kings xix. 27) attending—sons of the prophets making great lamentation (Acts viii. 2). But what a strange thing happened next year—another burial in great haste because enemy coming—where was the corpse placed? What happened? What a wonderful miracle! would make people remember Elisha and his counsels. So their works do follow good men.

What can we learn from Elisha? He was (1) *Faithful.* From time when first called by Elijah never swerved in his duty—therefore was honoured by king and people. "They that honour Me I will honour. (2) *Prepared.* Death found him ready. A good life prepares for peaceful death. Which of us will be ready like him?

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.

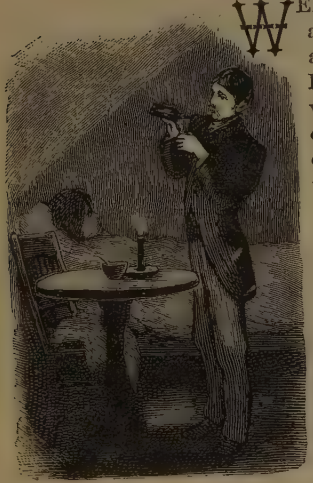
Questions to be answered.

1. Who succeeded Ahab? What sort of king was he?
2. Who reigned next, and for how long?
3. What was the character of Joash?
4. Write out and explain his parable.
5. What was there strange about Elisha's burial?
6. Describe Elisha's character.

BORNE BACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—EBB TIDE.



"WELL, Suey, here we are at the goal of my ambition," exclaimed Leopold one day when we were, as too seldom, alone; "yet it does not secure for us the society we desire and for may reasons should expect. The prejudice that city connection awakens cleaves like mire. It becomes more odious to me every day."

I did not think my brother at all improved in manner, and if this was the London fashion, ventured to deprecate it.

"I thought you had got over your strait-laced notions, little Prue," he said, with a laugh; "this is only forcible language."

"It is not the harm," I pursued coming dreadfully low, "but it is not gentlemanly."

"There you are wrong," he replied; "I know two or three fine young fellows now—fellows like me, with family, but independent of restraint, and they all do it."

"Do what?"

"Use forcible language."

I was silenced, but not convinced, and in nowise satisfied about my brother and his fine young companions. I had seen one of them at a concert; indeed, he had been presented to us by Leopold as "his friend St. Clair." Upon this informal introduction he had ventured to sit next to me and make some silly remarks, which I did not at all approve of. My ears and heart were following the strains of a famous singer of the day, and I was in a world of feeling of which he never dreamt.

"Is Mr. St. Clair one of these friends?" I asked, in reply to my brother's assertion.

"Certainly."

"I thought so."

Leopold's quick temper blazed at once.

"Suey, I don't like *your* manner now. What have you to say against my friend? I think I am able to choose my own associates, and to choose well, and I shall not allow any of them to be run down by an ignorant inexperienced child."

"I was not running any one down," I said, quietly. "To be your friend, Leopold, ought to be a recommendation. Only I would not wish any of them to change you the least bit from the dear good old brother I loved so well in our cottage home."

A tear, in spite of my efforts to restrain it, ran down my cheek. My brother made no comment upon my speech, but, man-like, hating a woman's tears, and in no way proof against them, kissed me more fondly than he had done for many months.

"By-the-by," he continued, after a pause, "an old—or rather, young friend of yours, has come up to town. He is a fine fellow as far as looks go, so, of course, the women will admire him. He talks grandly, but wildly though, for he has proved himself a mere fool by giving up wealth and position to reside in—or perhaps lead some semi-vagrant life in—the poorest part of our city."

A choking sensation—almost a sob—rose in my throat as I inquired faintly—

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of your former friend Hugh Capel."

I was aware of it before Leopold uttered the name. Hugh Capel, who had known me in the early days of promise as a professed disciple of Christ, was to see me now borne helplessly round and round in the vortex of frivolity—I could not, at that moment, call it pleasure. He would tell his aunt how my poor light had been overturned, and all her holy lessons failed to bring forth precious fruit. A letter of hers lay unanswered in my desk. Oh, that he should find me thus!

My mother entered just then.

"What were you saying, Leopold?"

"Hugh Capel is in town, mother."

"Indeed! Have you asked him to come here?"

"Yes, I did my duty bravely," Leopold replied, with a laugh, and some return of boyish hilarity. "He said he would call this evening if you had no other engagement. I told him I could not answer for that."

Mother mused.

"We have none that I remember; but I thought one or two of your friends were coming."

"I have put them off until to-morrow."

There was a certain vexation in his tone. My mother did not perceive it, so simply expressed regret. She *did* like St. Clair; he had, indeed, "*l'air distingué.*" At the same time, General Capel's grandson was a perfect gentleman. She had always felt an interest in him as a very promising youth; quite an exceptional youth, in short, for boys were generally boorish. Yes, she would be glad to welcome him to our town residence as they had done Suey to the Priory.

"And what says Suey?" asked my brother, as we were left once more alone. "You have not expressed pleasure, and have rather looked regret."

"I scarcely felt either," I replied; "at least, not as you take it."

Leopold was quick in discernment.

"Are you thinking he will tell your pillar of piety?" he inquired, maliciously. "No, you are too sensible a little woman for that. Never more sensible, Suey, than when swimming with the stream instead of wasting all your energies in pulling against it. And I suspect the tide was setting pretty strongly against you between mother and ma'mselle. Do you know, Suey, I don't quite understand Mademoiselle Valerie, but think you have vastly improved under her care."

"In what?"

"You take a fellow up very short. Why, in being like other girls of your age and station. Not starched and stuck-up with a rigorous religion."

Leopold thought this sounded well.

"I very much question the improvement, apart from my studies," I said, hesitatingly, "but admit the change. Suppose——"

"Suppose what? Suppose the serpent beguiled Eve (pardon the allusion, O *gouvernante!*) and she did eat. Suppose the apple was too tempting to be resisted!"

"No," I rejoined, a great sob rising in my throat; "but suppose the tide you spoke of has swept me away beyond the possibility of return, and so all my best hopes have ebbed with it?"

"Suey!" exclaimed my brother, impatiently, "I can't bear this. You are sick with foolish fancies, and have got a morbid way of looking at life (as Mademoiselle Valerie truly says), which is unnatural at your years. Have you no regard for me, your brother, whom you profess to love so well, that in the short time I am at home you cannot refrain from saying what you know will make me dull and uncomfortable for the whole day? You are enough to give any one the blues. I must ask Doctor Capel to prescribe for you. I forgot to say the mad fellow is to be a physician, and cure the poor people, 'gratis, free, for nothing at all,' as Hannah would graphically describe it. Hallo! I 'm to dine out, and must be off. I shall look in with Capel."

And with a *nonchalant* air, as if he cast aside every burden, Leopold sauntered whistling away. I did not see any cause to feel in the least uneasy, lest my unguarded speech should produce an unfavourable effect upon his spirits, or even mar his pleasure for one day.

Still I liked better to see him his dear old careless self, than to witness a sort of discontent in his idleness, as if life was a veritable burden, or, further still, a secret anxiety, which his manner had in some way conveyed to me on the night of the loan. And yet I now cast away the care concerning my brother for the time being, for oh, a still heavier burden lay pressing upon my heart!

Hugh Capel was coming to us that evening. I said it many times to myself, hoping to realise it; but no, it was still vague and unreal, and I felt as once before, only bewildered.

I thought of him as he had been—the independent, manly boy whose fearless confession of the Master he served had won my early confidence and esteem. He served the same Master still, while I——

A burning sense of shame came over me. I thought in that hour of what I was, and what I might have been. Might have been! Young as I was, there was a bitter bewailing for precious hours misspent, and precious opportunities wasted, and youth's golden promise unfulfilled. Oh! what had the world given me in exchange? Partial forgetfulness, momentary delirium, but never happiness.

Never happiness! I write it advisedly, for I proved that "It is an evil thing and bitter to depart from the living God."

Through all my so-called pleasure I carried with me a troubled conscience and an unsatisfied heart.

Can we grieve our dearest Friend as I had done, and yet rejoice? Can we barter our birthright for a mess of pottage, as I had done, and yet feel no sense of loss? Can we choose a momentary joy in lieu of

an eternity of bliss, and wake up to find all gone, without a sense of desolation?

What cared I then that the orchestra was sounding, and forms fair as a dream flitted to and fro and sang delicious melodies? What cared I for light and song and beauty, when heaven's gate seemed closed, and my hopes had ebbed for ever?

A passage in a book I had lately read came to my mind at that moment (how strangely things do occur!), and sang through it like a solemn refrain—

Going out with the tide.

I said it over twenty times at least. I came to sing it to myself to an old church chant. The French clock on the mantel-shelf ticked it unceasingly. "Going out with the tide."

Is ever a lament begun
By any mourner under sun,
Which, ere it endeth, suits but one?

Oh, river of time, ever desolating in its flow, whither hadst thou borne me? Alas for the ebb-tide of my spiritual life! Alas, that I now must meet him who, when speaking of our altered circumstances, had said—

"Suey, don't let it make a change in you."

And our gift of gold had—oh! such a change! Then, I was "poor in this world," yet rich in my childish faith, "giving glory to God;" now, I was surrounded by every comfort, but, oh! most "poor and miserable."

And casting myself on the ground, with a flood of bitter tears at the remembrance, that prayer, often used and long familiar, yet never prayed before, rose to my lips—"In all time of our wealth, Good Lord, deliver us."

CHAPTER XIV.—BEARING THE COLOURS.

WITH an instinctive shrinking from any open profession of worldiness where I knew it would be estimated at its worth, with the intuitive hypocrisy of a fallen nature which never yet had been called forth, though the corrupt fountain was none the less there, I bade my maid give me a light but comparatively plain dress, and then submitted my head to her skilful fingers. Coralie and I had a maid; Hannah was one of the house servants. We had not worn mourning long, as my mother said it was not suitable for our appearance in public. I greatly liked the pale lavenders and other neutral tints which took the place of the more sombre hue; so returned to this favourite style of dress as often as practicable. As I took a general survey of myself in a mirror, I felt a strange blending of satisfaction and misgiving—a touch of vanity with a throb of bitter regret for what might have been.

And this was for Hugh Capel—the boy who had known me when I had but one white frock, and for whose society I had to be arrayed in a faded blue merino. He was now to witness the change of which he had so gently warned me. How poor my vacillating purpose seemed, in view of his early determination and steady service! How unflinchingly he had borne the colours of the Great Captain of Salvation as a lad. Would he shrink back now, or bear them bravely on? Ah, I could not doubt that rich and precious fruit had resulted from such early promise.

When I descended to the drawing-room a gentleman stood near the fireplace beside my mother's chair. I could not have recognised in the tall young man who advanced to meet me the lad from whom I had parted some years before. I was now but seventeen, yet he paused when he saw me, and the old familiar appellation died upon his lips.

"I do not find a child," he said, smiling. "We picture old friends to ourselves as if time in its passage had left them still unchanged. We know it has not dealt so with us. Most unlike my expectations, Miss Suey—shall I say Miss Wyld?"

My mother came to my relief.

"I suppose Susan may accord you the privilege of an early playmate," she said; "but here is a new friend," and she presented Coralie.

I was glad his attention was turned to the latter, and he began chatting pleasantly with her until Leopold entered. Coralie's smart tongue ran on about London life, so I had time to regain self-possession, for at first I could not get over my awkwardness and restraint. Once or twice, without looking at him, I felt Hugh Capel's eyes were turned questioningly, almost reproachfully, upon me.

"You do not ask for my aunt," he said, at length.

"I trust she is well. I suppose she thinks me ungrateful, for I owe her a letter too long, but I do not—I never can—forget her."

He looked gratified.

"My aunt is not wont to judge unkindly," he replied, "but I know she would value a letter from you. I found it very hard to part from her, yet I could not have left home had she not been there."

He answered my look of interest.

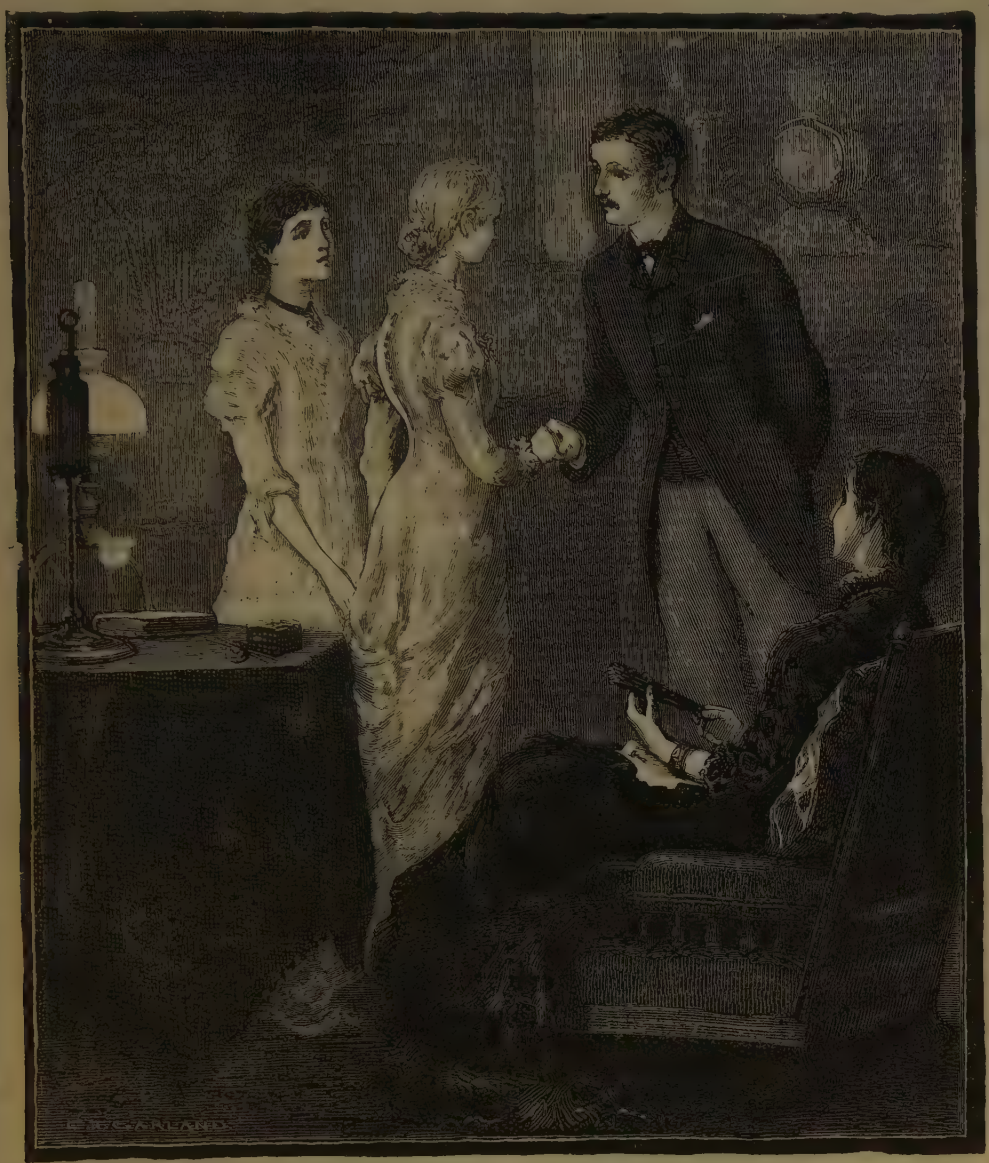
"My grandfather would have had me remain at the Priory shut up with my tutor and himself in entire seclusion. Such an existence appeared to me dreadful. All my energies cried out for action, and there was no room for the work my heart chose. I incurred his sore displeasure by overstepping the limits in a matter I believed to be right, and then the strain was more than I could bear. The sacrifice of my religious opinions and scruples was demanded. I was not even allowed to visit the cottages round save at stated intervals and in a formal landlordly sort of way. My noble aunt alone, in her perfect womanly work, might bear the poor cottagers words of comfort, and show them deeds of kindness. Upon me they were to gaze at a distance, much as one looks up at some strange object in the sky."

"Of course, you did not assent to this?" I said, readily divining his secret springs of thought and purpose.

"I could not. I dared not sacrifice a principle, or

live wholly shut up in selfish unapproachable pride; neither could I gratify this feeling in another, no matter how near or dear the person might be. My grandfather then desired me to choose my future course apart from him, only suggesting that I might

proving of your choice, young gentleman," she said, with a satirical smile. "I cannot say I see the necessity for letting one's self down to the dregs of the people, instead of 'doing one's duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them.'"



"'I do not find a child,' he said, smiling."—*p.* 560.

enter the army; but in this we differed again, as I preferred to cure rather than to kill. Having completed my course for the medical profession in Edinburgh, I am here, in spite of pride and prejudice, seeking to establish a practice as an East-End physician."

My mother held up her hands in dismay, and her handsome nose drew down as of old.

"I cannot wonder at your grandfather's not ap-

My mother always referred to this quotation as a last resource in such an argument. She considered the appeal as final.

"You are not going to live in the East End, where all the wicked people are?" exclaimed Coralie, in prettily-affected horror. "I would not live there for anything!"

"Not *all* the wicked people, Miss Wyld," he

answered, with a merry look. "I would live there for something."

"But the dregs of a great city are the lowest type of humanity," pursued my mother, blandly; "very heathen, without even the redeeming virtues of the savage. One can see something grand and noble in a Mohican chief, but not in a London thief."

My mother's ideas of North-American Indians, by the way, were wholly derived from Cooper's popular tales.

"I don't know that the comparison is a fair one," Hugh Capel answered, gravely, "or that the blood-thirsty Indian warrior, ornamented with the scalps of his enemies, is the superior. I question it. Of course, there has been a training incidental to both, and circumstances have moulded the character of the brave, while our poor thief, making the most—or worst—of his surroundings, has never known a sense of freedom or independence. The law of England is his enemy, but upon its supporters—the police—he dares not retaliate. Yet, even in his heart may be found some of the nobler instincts of our nature waiting for a touch of kindness to awaken and call them forth. There may have been a time when he was comparatively innocent, but pauperism and evil example, with their demoralising influences, have closed him round until, without a hope to rise, and branded with infamy, he has come to glory in his shame."

"I beg pardon," said Coralie, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "but will such a character as you describe be among your patients?"

"Possibly."

She rubbed her forehead demurely, causing her diamond hoop-ring to sparkle; then asked—

"How can you feel his pulse?"

He paused a moment, as if doubtful of her meaning; then laughed out loud, with a glad ring, which carried me back at once to our early days.

"I shall not need my watch in certain localities," he said.

Leopold here began—

"But really, now, these fellows are not what you suppose. There is an excitement in their lives which carries them forward, and they pride themselves upon being expert, or clever dodgers, just as we pride ourselves upon anything else we do well. What is thoroughly rascally to us is only 'a jolly lark' to them."

"You forget that one's life cannot pass in unbroken excitement," replied Hugh, gravely. (I had begun to call him Hugh again in my secret thoughts, though I felt a little afraid of him.) "In my profession we have to deal with such a thing as re-action. Re-action makes the one who has pandered to the public taste in forced merriment the most miserable of mortals in private. Re-action drives men to the gin-shop, to drug conscience and dearly purchase forgetfulness."

"You have drawn a sorry picture of those whose claims you would advocate," said my mother, coldly.

"It is too true," he rejoined. "Without moral, intellectual, or religious culture—such as Christian people are willing to accord the heathen in other lands—the inhabitants of our wretched slums and alleys are a lasting reproach upon the Christianity of town and country. Feeling this, and having my spirit stirred by the accounts which reached us, I have considered the state of the masses and come up to the city to do a little pioneering. It may be as an ensign going forward with the colours of his regiment, that others may press on true to the standard so feebly raised. On one hand—the guilty East End—is animal passion and degradation: I have witnessed it. On this—the no less guilty West End, I am as surely told, with all its refinement, sin rules, and a fearful condemnation is incurred by indifference to the claims of the perishing thousands beyond."

"A sweeping verdict," exclaimed my mother, with increasing displeasure.

"Is there no middle class?" asked Mademoiselle Valerie, with a sparkling eye.

"There is, indeed," he replied. "I have not sufficient experience to enable me to form a decided opinion upon it, but from what I have seen I am inclined to believe the thews and sinews of the city are in the so-called middle class. In spite of the tricks of trade, etc., I have already learned to venerate business by seeing how it can be united with true heart-service for the best of Masters."

He spoke with enthusiasm, as a young untried soldier just entering a battle-field might speak, as an ardent but untutored spirit might feel. His eloquence was vain; it woke no sympathy in any heart save Coralie's and mine. We were young and foolish, certainly, but his self-sacrifice found some appreciation from us, and we wished him well in the service, no matter how mistaken, he had chosen at such cost. Various comments expressed the mind of each of our family after Hugh Capel left us that evening.

"A young fool!" my mother exclaimed, angrily, her handsome nose very straight indeed. "Though he is General Capel's grandson, I cannot say that I shall gladly see him here again. He will soon get a cooling down."

Leopold yawned, drew his fingers through his hair, and said, "It would be no harm to take such a fellow in; when he did lose his watch or purse it would teach him sense."

Mademoiselle Valerie did not speak, but a verdict of "Very young and visionary," if not "Verdant," might be read in her silence. She never put herself forward, or asserted her own opinion unnecessarily.

Something kept me silent; perhaps I did not exactly know what to say; but Coralie, in her outspoken way, ventured a commendation.

"Well, he is brave and kind, *sans doute*, and for my part it would do me more good to see such an energetic young doctor come into my sick-room than to be attended by twenty sleepy physicians."

Coralie's would-be smartness did not even provoke a smile. The whole party seemed out of sorts, and I was glad of the signal for retiring. All through the waking hours of that long night there seemed a ghost of the past beckoning me away from the tightly-locked fetters of the present, from the impending doom of the future. Hugh Capel's steadfast upholding of the right, uninfluenced by censure and sneers, and his voluntary choice of a life of self-denial, because it was in the path of service that opened to him, led me to see how far I had fallen, and that it was wretched indeed to have no aim in life, no crown for eternity. And my heart ached sorely with an unsatisfied yearning as I thought of my youthful teacher, of my early promise; above all, of the love of God to me, until I cried aloud in agony of spirit—"Lord, has the little lamp gone out? Thou art Almighty, and canst revive. Oh, that it were with me as in days past! Lord, rekindle, restore."

And that prayer was answered, but not in the way—no, not in the way I would have chosen. Many a heart-pang I knew ere the sense of God's favour flooded my soul with light and gladness as it once had done, but heart-pangs sometimes lead to heart's-ease and restoration. "Before I was afflicted I went astray," says the Psalmist, "but now have I kept Thy word." I do not say I was restored through trouble; God mercifully dealt otherwise, but trouble followed upon my failure, and I never knew what God was to me, or fully realised what I was to Him, until it came.

CHAPTER XV.—LOST AND GAINED.

I WAS rather troubled—nay, I was certainly troubled—about Hannah. She was the only one to whom I had spoken out boldly, without encouragement, in my first confession of Christ. She was one whose conversion to God I had then sincerely sought. I had certainly prayed for others, but a kind of awe of my mother kept me silent to her. To Leopold I had said little things, and, oh! though it is not much to remember, I am very glad to think of it now. I never had courage to pierce the icy barrier which seemed to have congealed around Mademoiselle Valerie, and break in upon her cold indifference and self-contained reticence. To Coralie I had spoken in childish confidence as my heart dictated. But to Hannah, in the first flush of newly-found joy, I had made an effort to bring the glad tidings of a love which might illumine her hard uninteresting daily life. I had not succeeded to that extent, but had, at least, delivered my own soul. It was something more and worse to think that in my fall I had dragged her down with me—that she had lost respect for my religion, reliance on my statements, and all confidence in the keeping power of the Saviour I professed to serve. Of all our household, perhaps, worldliness had taken most hold of Hannah, and that in one of its worst forms. She had learned the value of money in early life by its want; she had learned its value afterwards by seeing the influence and importance it gave to us. My mother spent it with a prodigal hand; Leopold, I feared, still more lavishly and foolishly, under the guidance of his so-called friends. But Hannah, from learning to love it for its power, had come to hoarding it. Bad as was reckless extravagance, such a passion was a thousandfold worse, and, unworthy as I was to counsel or admonish, I felt at least I should say a word bearing on her moral character to our long-tried domestic.

Having asked our maid, Morrish, one morning, why I had seen a light in the housemaid's room late on the previous night, when, not being able to sleep, I had descended to the dining-room for a book, I received some startling intelligence.

"I suspect it was Hannah, miss," she said, with a demureness assumed for the occasion, "counting her money."

"How?" I replied, with a smile, seating myself in an easy-chair to receive Morrish's attentions; "I did not think she had a great deal to count."

"I don't know as to that," our maid rejoined, "but I do know she is the most begrudging, covetous thing that ever lived, and if she ain't the one to save it no one else can. I wish I knew the secret, for one's wages go like water out of a sieve, what with ribbons and aprons, and a bit of real lace now and then. Why, miss, if you 'll excuse me, and not tell Hannah for the world," Morrish went on, glad of an opportunity for blabbing, "when I woke the other night out of my first sleep I saw a light, and without making the least noise raised myself in bed and peeped out. As I live, miss, if there wasn't Hannah in her night-clothes just as she had risen, counting her money out of a little box. There were crowns by themselves, and half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences all settled in different place like generals down to the common soldiers. And there were some brighter pieces wrapped up in a bit of thin paper apart altogether, as if they were too good to mix with the poorer sort. And then I knew Hannah was a miser, and shivered and shook to think I had a miser in the same room with me. Please, miss, you won't let her know I told you."

"I shall not," I replied; "and whatever was your motive for telling me, I am glad you have done so. Hannah has been a long time in our service, and I should be sorry to find she has fallen into a grievous error. It is not money, but the love of it, which is the root of all evil."

I descended to the breakfast-room. As if to favour my intentions, Hannah was there alone. It was early, and the rest of the family had not yet come down. To my mind the girl looked harassed, and I noticed the entire absence of the *insouciant* air she had worn in the cottage.

"Hannah," I said, coming at once to the point, "I have been thinking riches may be a burden."

She started and glanced furtively at me, as if I was coming dangerously near the subject which engaged her thoughts.

"'T is a burden then, miss, that I suppose any one would be willing to bear for another, but no one wants to get rid of," she replied, with a return of her old spirit.

"Are you thinking of the old days in the cottage, miss?" she asked, with a softened air, after a pause, "when I was maid-of-all-work, and fretted the missus sorely? Well, they say 'the laws of the old lawyers is best,' but I like these days best, if only I could save a little of my hard-earned wages. It is *dreffful* to be going morning, noon, and night; 'Annah here, and 'Annah there, and 'Annah everywhere, and no good to show for it—nothing laid up for a rainy day."

"Hannah," I said, borne on by an impulse I could not resist, "do you remember the time the news came of Uncle James's death and Master Leopold's good fortune? I told you then gold and silver could not make people truly rich, for it might pass from them, or they from it, at any moment, but there was a treasure we might enjoy for ever."

"You have not lost it then, miss?" she returned, turning sharply upon me.

The word went through me like a pistol-shot. Had I lost it? In the failure of my assurance, in the shipwreck of my faith, down in my heart of hearts I answered "Yes." I hesitated to speak it aloud; for the honour of my God I hesitated. What if my answer should shut out the last ray of light from this poor ignorant girl's mind, leaving her a prey to worse than doubt?

"Hannah," I said, at length, "my failure cannot affect the truth of God's word, or your responsibility. You can have a treasure laid up in heaven, far above the poor riches of earth. God offers it; oh, do not be content with anything less."

I spoke solemnly and earnestly. Hannah moaned and sighed for a little bit, "wished she had died when ushered into life, and when she was sure of heaven; her mother told her she had the whooping-cough soon after, and it was a dirty disorder."

The next minute the flesh was wholly roused in me by hearing the saucy retort—not uttered in my presence indeed, but sounded in a stage whisper outside of the door—

"Do as I bid you; not do as I do."

I knew the meaning of the words, and received the allusion. I was angry and humbled; grieved and mortified together. My first impulse was to get the girl dismissed from our service. I knew I had sufficient influence to accomplish this, for our mother would not brook impertinence offered to us. Our position was now far too independent to oblige us to allow our dignity to be thus trailed in the dust. Yielding to the impulse, I called her back.

"Hannah," I said, sternly, as she once more stood beside me, "you shall be dismissed."

She looked startled, then earnestly exclaimed—

"No, Miss Suey, you 'll never do that. Surely you 'll never do it."

"I cannot allow the liberty you have taken," I replied; "you presume upon your position in our family."

"Miss Suey," she rejoined, clasping her hands in entreaty, "I 'll listen to your preaching, if it 'll do you any good, or I 'll read a book to give me something to think of, for I cannot sleep of nights. I did read one, all about Lady Jane Grey. Well, sure, she must have been greatly cut up when her head was took off."

The very same Hannah as of yore. Through the ruling passion, through changeful scenes and circumstances, the very same Hannah. An extraordinary mixture of stolidity and humour.

I sent her from my presence with a caution. She saw that I wavered, and, wavering, was won. Alone I reviewed my late determination. Could I, considering the wrong I might have done this girl by an inconsistent walk and failing profession, send her abruptly from our service? No, I could not. Hannah had at least gained her point in this, if she had gained nothing else. It was not the least bitter drop in the bitter cup I had mixed for myself that I had to encounter little innuendos and allusions to the failure of a principle which, if persevered in, would have been persistently assailed. Truly, Satan is a hard taskmaster, and the world does his bidding well. It would lure or scare us from the Saviour's side when we desire to be true; but should we prove traitors to his cause, holds us up immediately to contempt for our weakness. When seeking to abide in Christ every little outbreak of the old evil nature is marked, and the wrong charged to our religion; but should we prove faithless to that religion, at every onward step we are given to feel we have lost everything, from the smile of God's favour down to our own peace of mind, the esteem of our brethren, and (strange as it may appear) the respect of the world.

This little incident did not, as may be supposed, put me in pleasant humour for the rest of the day. I went through my studies with a preoccupied mind, calling down upon myself a well-merited reproof. The drawing-lesson I usually loved had no power to arouse; and even music failed to charm. Clearly something was the matter, and I had to plead guilty to heaviness and headache, which, indeed, was but too true, and beg my mother would dispense with my attendance, and accept Coralie's companionship only when she drove out that afternoon.

I was alone in the drawing-room. I had not given orders that I was to remain undisturbed, as I did not expect visitors would be shown in during my mother's absence. Weary of myself, and of my own thoughts, I had come thither in quest of something to amuse. I ran my fingers over the keys of the piano, but the chords I struck here and there seemed rather the voice of my own dissatisfied heart vainly seeking rest than any real musical effort. I had often indulged in this style of playing at the cottage, where we had an old spinet,

on which mother endeavoured to teach me my notes and a few airs out of a well-thumbed instruction book, which, I suppose, had once belonged to my father. With a wild fitful taste, which I also probably inherited from him, I learnt almost as soon to produce a melody and harmony of my own, if not of as good effect. I once heard my mother sigh as she listened, but Hannah sententiously remarked it was "Miss Suey's own composure."

It did not prove "my own composure" on this particular day, however, and with a listless air I had just risen from the instrument, when the door opened, and, without announcement, Hugh Capel entered.

"I am fortunate to find you alone," he said. "It was with that hope I asked for you, when told the rest of the family were out."

Coming from such lips I knew the words were not a mere empty compliment, and felt at once he had a serious purpose in thus seeking me.

"They will not regret their absence," he continued, placing a seat for me, and drawing a chair to the fire with the air of an old acquaintance. "I am afraid your mother thinks me mad, and Leopold votes me a bore; but, Suey, do you not think there may be method in this madness?"

"I should not call it madness," I replied, warmly. "I entirely sympathise with your generous self-sacrifice—the surrender of all that man naturally covets. I am sure you will not lose."

"No," he rejoined, with a glad smile, "not in the long run. 'In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.'"

There was a pause.

"Suey," he began again, bending forwards and stooping towards me; "forgive me, but I felt impelled to come here to-day to ask you a question. I ask it not from vain meddling, but for the sake of our early friendship, for the sake of my dear aunt's tender care, for the sake of the Saviour who loves us both. Are you happy?"

I could not answer him. My head went down, and my heart beat fast with a sense of a great loss which his words called to mind.

He waited patiently; I knew he would be answered.

"I am not," I whispered. I could not, dared not, speak aloud.

"Thank God for the admission. I knew you could not be happy with a care unconfessed and unshared lying heavily on your heart. Suey, speak to me as a friend—a brother. What is it you have lost?"

"Oh," I moaned, "everything! My peace, all assurance, all sense that I am a child of God, all testimony for Him."

"I shall not ask what you have gained," he replied mournfully. "I know well in your present state of mind empty pleasures which leave no lasting satisfaction, seem but like bubbles that have burst on the broad tide. They looked beautiful at a distance, but were exhausted when grasped. I am so thankful for coming here to-day, Suey, so cheered by this talk. It is much to feel our need and recognise our failure; it is still more to confess our sin."

"I do confess it, God knows," I said.

"'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness,'" he whispered. "In true confession is self-judgment; it goes further than merely asking pardon, which one might do with a heart still unbowed."

He paused again ere he went out. I was weeping silently.

"When the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and flew back to the ark, 'Noah put forth his hand, and pulled her in unto him,' to the place of safety. The Good Shepherd, in His anxiety, goes out to look for the straying lamb. The prodigal is met, and welcomed home. These are but faint types of a Saviour's exhaustless love."

There was no other word then. He rose to go.

"Stay one moment," I said, making an effort to speak steadily. "Your words give me hope. I have never known a joy like that I have lost. To hear the Saviour say I still am His, and feel His love encircle me once more, I would give up all earthly pleasures and treasures. I am very weak and weary, heart-sick and faint. Pray for me, Hugh, that the treasure I found in His love may once more be mine."

"You have never lost it, dear Suey," he returned, "but you have lost the sense of it. Life is eternal, though the realisation and enjoyment of it may be fitful and transitory. God's love does not change; Divine relationships cannot be severed. Clouds may obscure the sun, or a child may be disobedient, and so place itself at a distance from its father; but once a child, a child for ever. Good-bye, Suey; my aunt will rejoice to hear of this talk, for I know she has been anxious about you."

He held out his hand; I placed both of mine in it with an earnest "God bless you!" As he left the room, a parting gleam from the sun then sinking to rest, shone brightly in through the western window. The day had been dark and heavy; the atmosphere was oppressive. It was the first beam which illumined the face of nature for us that day. Faint type it was of the heavenly ray which had pierced the gloom so long enshrouding me.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR.

SCENES FROM THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CHURCH.

THE ELECTION OF MATTHIAS (Acts i., 15–26).

JESUS of Nazareth and His Apostles were familiar faces to all the people of Galilee, and to very many of the inhabitants of Judæa and Jerusalem. They were frequently seen together, when their Master travelled about on His long preaching tours; and everybody knew that Jesus had selected these men out of the whole world to be His intimate associates and companions, and to help Him in His work. How many were there of them? *Twelve.* Yes, twelve—to correspond, I suppose, with the number of the tribes of Israel; and these twelve formed, to all appearance, a loving band of friends, united for the purpose of establishing the Redeemer's Kingdom, and bringing all men to the knowledge of God.

But a change has come, and the number of friends is diminished. Jesus Himself has gone away: He has been crucified, dead and buried; and now He has risen again from the dead, and ascended up into heaven, to take His seat at the right hand of God, and the disciples see Him no more. This departure, of course, is a thing to be rejoiced at. But there is another departure, of an altogether sad and mournful kind. One of their number proved to be false in heart, and betrayed his Master to His enemies, and then, in an agony of remorse, being unable to believe that there could be pardon for so great a sinner as he was, went away and hanged himself, and died. So, in the upper room, where the Apostles and others are met for prayer, and are waiting for the coming of the Holy Ghost, there stands a seat empty; and the Disciples are sorrowful when they look at it, because it reminds them of the miserable Judas, and of all that has happened.

Now, what is to be done? Is the seat to remain empty, or is it to be filled? Soon—they know not how soon—the promise of the Father will be fulfilled, and God the Holy Ghost will descend upon the waiting Church: ought there to be twelve Apostles when He comes, or only eleven?

The question is answered by St. Peter. Acting under the direction of God, the Apostle rises up in the midst of the assembly, and points out to them that the treachery of Judas was foretold in the Book of Psalms. And not only (he says) was the circumstance foretold, but a command was given that the vacant place should be filled up. "His bishopric let another take." He advises them that they should proceed at once to the election of a successor to the traitorous Apostle, taking care, of course, to choose a man who had been a companion of Jesus from the time of His baptism by John down to the time of His ascension, and who could therefore be a witness of the resurrection, and speak, not of things that had been told him by others, but of things which he had seen and heard for himself.

To this proposal the Apostles and disciples agree. Carefully selecting the two men whom they consider best suited for the purpose—one of them Joseph called Barsabas, the other of them called Matthias—they pray that the Lord Jesus Himself would take into His own hands the ultimate decision of the matter, and show which of the two men He has chosen to be His Apostle, in the place of Judas. In old Jewish days, as you will remember, it was customary to decide difficult questions by casting lots. This was often done by Divine command. For instance, the land of Canaan was distributed among the tribes by lot. When the two goats were brought before the High Priest on the Day of Atonement, lots were cast to decide which goat should be sacrificed, and which sent as the scapegoat into the wilderness. In this case the Apostles determined to appeal to the lot. I do not think that they would have done so *after* the Day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost had been given; but Pentecost had not yet come, and they had not the benefit of the illuminating and guiding influence of the Spirit; and they were right in asking Jesus to guide them in this particular way. Jesus alone could read the secrets of all hearts. Jesus alone could tell which of the men, Joseph or Matthias, was the better fitted for the rank and office of an Apostle. So they leave the matter in the hands of their Divine Master.

The lot fell on Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST (Acts ii.).

For several days the disciples had been assembling for prayer in their upper room. The Lord Jesus had told them to do so. They did not know *when* the Spirit was to be sent down, but their business was to wait in patient expectation until He had actually come.

Early, then, on the morning of the Day of Pentecost, there they are, all of them, the whole hundred and twenty, gathered together, probably anticipating that something will happen, when suddenly they hear a great sound like that of a tornado or whirlwind, which fills all the house in which they are sitting, and fills all Jerusalem besides; and then, at the same moment, strange luminous appearances come forth and rest upon the head of every one of them, brightening the room with the appearance of fire. What does it mean? Well, I suppose that the sound and the fire are intended to represent the work of God the Holy Ghost. He is like a fire that purifies but does not injure; and the Gospel is a mighty sound, heard everywhere, but carrying nothing but comfort and blessing wherever it goes. For I would have you observe, that although there was the sound of a whirlwind, there were *none of the effects* of a whirlwind; and although there was the appearance of fire, there was *none of the burning* of a fire.

Well, as soon as this great noise is heard, the people

rush out of their houses into the street. They are thoroughly frightened. They expect to see the dwellings falling, and the towers rocking, and the trees torn up by the roots under the power of the blast. Then they look up to the sky, but there is nothing—no clouds, no storm; all is perfectly quiet; there is nothing but this tremendous, this appalling sound. And they hurry off, from all quarters, to the great open space before the Temple, feeling sure that they shall hear of something unusual. Hundreds and thousands of them stream on in every direction, and the huge court-yard is filled with Jews. But what do they find there? They find the disciples, in little groups, discoursing in loud tones and with animated gestures about the wonderful works of God. And the strange thing is that these disciples are speaking in languages which they have never learned. There are Jews there, who have travelled from all corners of the globe to be present at this great festival, and every one finds some follower of Jesus of Nazareth expressing himself in the language of the country from which he has come. It is very extraordinary! These men are clearly Galileans. They have, in all probability, never travelled beyond the borders of their own country; how, then, can they speak foreign tongues, with which they have never been made acquainted? What does it mean?

Some say, "Oh! these men are intoxicated. They have been drinking hard this morning. That's what it means." Others say, "It is a shame to speak so. One can see by the look of these men that they are not at all likely to misbehave in such a way; but we cannot quite understand their conduct. The whole thing is very extraordinary."

Then Peter stands up and explains. He tells the Jews that they have here before their eyes the fulfilment of one of the prophecies of Joel. Joel—years and years ago—said that, in the latter days, God would pour out of His Spirit upon all flesh, and that men and women—old and young—should "prophesy;" that is, they should, under Divine inspiration, speak about God, and about the great wonders that God had wrought. This, says St. Peter, which you are now considering, is the very thing which Joel predicted. And this gift of the Holy Ghost (for such it is) is bestowed by the Lord Jesus Christ, Whom ye rejected, but Who is now exalted by the right hand of God, and seated in glory in the highest Heavens.

Such was Peter's sermon. It produced a wonderful effect. Many of the Jews were cut to the heart by his words; they felt themselves guilty of the death of Jesus Christ; they repented of their wickedness, and were baptised. That day three thousand persons were added to the Church of the Redeemer. All this was the result of the descent of the Holy Ghost.

THE APOSTLES AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE (Acts iii.).

When the Lord Jesus Christ was on earth, He wrought many miracles, as of course you remember. He healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, and gave sight to the blind, and raised the dead, and did other wonderful things. But now that He has gone away into heaven, will He work miracles still? Yes. He works miracles still; but He does not come down from heaven for the purpose. He gives a command to His Apostles and other disciples, and they, when they have the command, perform the miracles. These men, then, are only *the instruments*. Just as the pen in your hand is the instrument with which you write. The *power* belongs to Jesus.

Let me tell you a Bible story in illustration of this.

Peter and John went together to the Temple at the afternoon hour of prayer—that, is about three o'clock. A little before they started from home, or, it may be, at an early hour in the morning, a poor man, who was born lame, was placed by his friends at the Beautiful gate of the Temple, to ask alms from the passers-by. He was so crippled, poor fellow, that he could not walk or work, and he had no money of his own. What could he do then? He could only beg; and for years, I suppose, he had lived in this way; the people who entered the gate to worship in the Temple, dropping now and then a copper in his hat, and perhaps some of them speaking a kind word to him, as they passed by.

Everybody knew the man—he had been there so long; and I daresay the children and young people,—who could run and jump about as much as they pleased—sometimes looked at his shrunken and distorted limbs, and thought how sad it must be to be crippled from the time when you were a baby, and to be unable, all through your life, to do as other people did. And it was really a sad thing.

Well, Peter and John came up the steps presently, thinking, I suppose, about their prayers, and not looking carelessly about them, when the voice of the cripple attracts their attention, "Please help a poor cripple—please give an alms." They stop and turn to him, and, as they do so, a thought rushes into Peter's mind—I do not know how—and he knows that the Lord Jesus intends to heal the man. He speaks to the cripple: "Look on us!"—for perhaps the man's eyes were wandering away from Peter and John, who were poorly dressed, to other richer-looking persons who might have been entering the Temple gate about the same time—"Look on us!" He meant, I think, "We have something to say that is of importance, and ought to be attended to—attend to it. We have no money to give you, but we can give you something else; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Then Peter took the cripple by the hand, and lifted him up, and he entered into the Temple with them, walking, and leaping, and praising God. What a change for a man who for more than forty years had been a perfect cripple—who had never known the delight of having the free use of his limbs; what a change for him to feel himself active and strong, and able to run, and jump, and do what he liked! No wonder he praised God for His marvellous goodness!

But look at the people. They come running from every quarter of the Temple, in great crowds, to stare at the two Apostles, and at the cripple who has been healed. Everybody knows the man, and everybody knows his story; and there can be no doubt about the miracle that has been wrought. And the people begin to say among themselves, "What good men these must be!" "No," says Peter; "it is not because we are good that we have wrought this miracle, it is because the Lord Jesus Christ, our Master, has commanded us and enabled us to do it. It was He Whom you rejected and crucified. But God has exalted Him to His own right hand. He is now living and reigning there; and it is He, and not we, Who has done this thing."

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA (ACTS v. 1—11).

Have you ever seen a dark thunder-cloud gather in a summer sky? A short time before, the sun was shining, and the birds singing, and all nature looked bright; but when the deep gloom came everything was changed—the brightness disappeared; the birds were silenced; and you began to be afraid that something dreadful was about to happen. Soon, however, it may be the dark cloud passed, and all was cheerful again.

Something like this happened to the early Christians. A dark cloud suddenly gathered over the brightness of their sky, and cast a gloom upon their hearts, and then God mercifully took it away.

Ananias and Sapphira were two Christians, and they were man and wife. We know little or nothing about them, except that they were probably in comfortable circumstances, for they had a piece of ground which they were able to part with. Now amongst the Christians were many poor people, widows and others; and it had become almost a habit for the richer members of the Church to sell some, if not all, of their property, and to cast the sum thus obtained into a common stock, out of which the poor were maintained and helped; and those persons who gave largely were very much thought of and praised. Ananias and Sapphira wished to get the credit of being liberal, but did not like to pay much for it; so they devised a wicked plan, which they proceeded to put into execution in this way.

Selling a piece of land, they kept back a large portion of the purchase-money for their own use, and putting the rest in a bag, brought it to the assembly of the Christians, and laid it at the feet of the Apostles, as if it were an offering to the Lord. Do you see what a sin they committed? There was first their hypocrisy, in wishing to appear better than they were. Then there was their falsehood. They said that the money in the bag *was all that they had received* for the land. And then there was their wickedness in attempting to deceive God. The Christians were holding a solemn assembly, and the Apostles were presiding over it; they had had prayer, and perhaps preaching, and singing and praise; and men and women had come in, making their offerings to God. And it was into this solemn assembly that the husband and wife came, with the lie upon their lips.

It was a grave offence. They were defying God the Holy Ghost. They were putting Him to the test, "Let us see if He can find us out."

And it was terribly punished. God revealed to the Apostle Peter what had been done; and he, before the assembled Christians, rebuked Ananias, and afterwards Sapphira, for having planned a deliberate falsehood, and lied "not unto men, but unto God." And then both Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead.

We must not suppose that Peter struck them dead. It was God who did it, not Peter.

Does this seem very severe treatment? Perhaps so; but it was necessary at such a time to make an example. Had the sin of these offenders passed without detection and punishment, Satan, who had made them his instruments, would have triumphed over the Holy Ghost, and men would never have believed that God was on earth, dwelling in the midst of His people.

LITTLE JOHNNY AND HIS FLOWERS.

THERE was a tired step upon a creaking stair, then the turning of an old rusty door-handle, and after that, a woman poor in dress, and tired and worn in face, entered a miserable attic room. She did not lock her door while she was away working in the day-time, because Susie, a kind little girl who lived in the opposite room to this, often came in to bear little Johnny company. Johnny was the woman's crippled boy, and Susie's was the only face he saw from morning till night. Susie made skewers for cat's meat some portion of each day, afterwards she sold matches in the street; but when she was skewer-making, she generally took her work into Johnny's room, thus making the time pass almost pleasantly for the poor boy, by telling all she had seen and heard the day before, in the course of her small trading. Sometimes it was about the lovely flowers in the market, or the pretty creepers and plants which adorned the dwellings of the rich; but Johnny never rightly understood what these same flowers were, till one day in the spring-time, when Susie brought him a bunch of half-faded violets, which a lady had dropped from her bosom in passing her by. These violets had been to him ever since as a fair dream of a something which he longed for, but which he never—no, never—hoped to see. He had shown them to his mother,

but she, poor weary soul, just glanced upon them and then turned away. Ah, Johnny did not know that the sweet perfume which came from the dying flowers had touched her poor aching heart—that heart which ached and ached, yet never broke.

To-night as she entered her room, she went up to the bed whereon he lay, and, stooping down, kissed him as tenderly as a happier mother might have done, for oh, she loved Johnny so much! He was the dearer to her, perhaps, because his father, whom she had once been happy with, was gone—buried somewhere in a cemetery so far away that from the time they laid him there to this present, she had never so much as seen his grave. She, Johnny's mother, had not loved God in those happy days, and now in her trouble she had no wish to love and serve Him, and, indeed, had never told little Johnny about Him either, so that the poor boy was no other than a heathen, although like us he lived in dear old Christian England. Well, after Johnny's mother had kissed him, she busied herself in kindling a small fire, after which it was her custom to dress the boy in such garments as he had, and then, wrapping her own shawl about him, let him half sit, half lie, in the one chair she yet possessed, and which was old-fashioned and roomy.

It was touching to see how Johnny held out his little hands to the tiny blaze, and how his large eyes followed his mother as she prepared the evening meal, which, though scanty enough in its way, was always enjoyed by Johnny, partly because of his sitting up, and partly because his mother had time to sit and enjoy it with him.

"'Mother, I'm a thinkin'.'"

"Mother's pet is quiet to-night," she said, at last, when all this had been done, and she had seated herself upon an old box on the other side of the fire-place.

"Yes, mother, I 'm a thinkin'." There was a little pause, then he went on, "Mother, you used to live in the country, so that you knows what 'tis like, and I 'm a thinkin' of it now, and of t' other country too; but mayhap you don't know about that; leastways, you 've never told me." He shivered slightly, and tried to move nearer to the fire.

"You 're cold, dear, and want your tea. Have

that first, and talk afterwards," and the woman began pouring out of the little black tea-pot what looked like yellow water only, into Johnny's cup and her own. "I 've only a bit of sugar for you to-night, dear," she said, sadly, "and I saved that out of my own tea in the morning."

"Never mind, mother ; I don't care so long as you be here," and Johnny sipped his tea eagerly, poor as it was, but he shook his head at the bit of bread which his mother had done her best to toast by the tiny fire. Poor boy! his appetite was worse even than usual, and he wanted other than toasted bread to tempt him. The poor mother sighed, and Johnny, who was so loving and tender in his ways, although he knew naught of Jesus, and had so little to make him happy, chatted on again, so as to make her forget he was too poorly to eat.

"Mother, a lady as see'd Susie out sellin' matches, come to-day to see her ; and when Susie told her that I lived in here, wi' nobody all day, she just said as she 'd step in. And so she did ; and oh, mother, she 's that pretty that I a'most cried to see her. Mother, be there ladies where you work ; and do you see 'em all day long ? "

"Yes, yes, Johnny ; but go on."

The woman had never told of her troubles where she served, never even asked a crumb of anybody, and, till now, no one had sought her out to speak a word of comfort either to her or Johnny. Still, her heart was warming to think that now at last Johnny had had a visitor—one, too, who had seemed to have given her poor boy a pleasure.

"Mother, I wonder if all ladies speak like her ? You never tell me. She said, oh ! such pretty things about a place where I should one day be well, and where you would be happy——"

"And what business had she to talk of me, I wonder ! " interrupted Johnny's mother, in a voice more angry than he had ever heard come from her lips before. She did not like to have folks know of her troubles ; perhaps because down deep in her heart she blamed herself for them. She had been blessed with good parents down in the country, which she had used to call her home. They had taught her holy things, but she had never heeded their teaching, never—as I have said before—loved God ; and now, when she remembered that it was He who had taken away her husband, and made Johnny what he was, besides giving her want and misery for her portion, she only thought hardly of the Great and Wise King, who, in doing all this, did but show forth His power. His love had not called her to Him, and now He was but trying another way.

"Mother, she asked me if I'd heard about Jesus. Yes, I 'm sure that 's the right name ; and I said no. Then she asked me if you 'd never told me about God and heaven. You see, I mind the names, 'cause she told Susie and me a lot, and we talked about it when she was gone ; and when I said you didn't know, else you 'd have told me, she just looked so sad, that I said as you used to live in the country, where you was happy, and was heaven there? Then she said, 'Oh, Johnny, heaven is better than that ! If your mother was happy in the country, she 'll be ten times happier in heaven.' She said, too, as there were no places like Pincher's Court up there ; but that it 'ud all be nice an' sunshiny, wi' flowers and a beautiful river, and such grand doin's, and music all day long. And she asked if I wasn't tired and cold ; and then she said as they didn't want any fires there, for 't was summer always, and just like what you told me the country was when you used to live down there. Oh, mother, don't it make you glad ! "

"My boy, my boy ! " and Johnny's mother held him in her arms and sobbed aloud, "that place isn't for you nor me. I 've never loved the good God, and never taught you to either."

Then Johnny looked sad, and his mother, to cheer him, dried her own eyes, and told all that had happened to her during the day, and at last, at Johnny's earnest request, finished up with the oft-repeated story of when she was a girl and lived far, far away in the sweet country, where all was so blithe.

Slowly the days passed, and Christmas was very near. Johnny was weaker, too, and could no longer eat the poor food his mother was able to provide ; the sweet lady had not called since, and Johnny dared not talk of heaven to his mother, for fear she should weep, and, poor boy, he did not like to see her in tears. He did not know of those shed by her in the night-time, when the darkness hid her face, or in the day, as she toiled on in the great houses, with no eye looking on. No eye, did I say ? Ah ! yes, but God's eye was watching—He was pitying and loving her all the while, only she knew it not. But each day Susie and Johnny talked over the tale of the good news which had come to them, till at length it became as very, very real, and rested them both, those two poor little ones, whose lives were but as daily struggles.

* * * * * *

Well, one day Susie went into the poor little room and lit a fire before Johnny's mother came home, for it was bitterly cold, and the boy shivered so much that he could not even talk, and Susie was frightened. She would have laid her own old shawl over the scanty covering of the bed, but, poor child, she needed it ; for she would be obliged to go out presently into the cold streets, and either beg or earn a supper, or go hungry to bed, like many another in the great city. The fire burnt and crackled softly, but alas ! for the slender stock of coals and wood ! Susie trembled when she thought of the morrow, and when at last she went away, there was a vague longing in her poor little soul, that she and the boy could both go at once and together to the beautiful land where all was so lovely, and where no more troubles should reach them. Scarcely had she left, however, ere the lady came again to that attic chamber.

Like an angel she looked to Johnny—Johnny, who never in his life had heard of such beings till she, the lady, had told him. She heaped on the fire with her own hands all the coals that were left, and then poured a little elder wine which she had brought with her already prepared, into Johnny's cup, and held it to his pale trembling lips.

"Just a sip, dear, and then you 'll be better."

The words fell like music on Johnny's ear, and as she noted the brightening of his dark eyes, she blamed herself for not having sent some one before, with such comforts as she could afford to give. She was not rich, save in love and good works, and it grieved her sore to see that she could do but little more for this little lamb of Christ's, for Johnny was dying. But sitting there, with the great stillness all around, she told him more of Jesus—told him of His birth, life, and death. She told of Jesus waiting there at His Father's right hand, watching and waiting ever to see His dear little ones come home, never to go out into the cold dark world again, but always to stay, sharing His perfect love and glory. Then she taught Johnny to say after her, in his weak trembling voice, these words :—"Lord Jesus, take me home, and make mother to love Thee. Bring her home, too, some day; and oh, stay always, dear Lord, with mother and me. Amen."

He seemed to take it all in, and to know that he was going "home" very soon; for when he had ended his little prayer, he said that he would ask the dear Lord to let him stand by His side, so that he might see mother as soon as she had reached the golden gates; "and then"—and he clasped his little hands in joy at the thought—"won't I be just glad to run to meet her!" After that he sank into a doze, and the lady sat on in the half-darkness till the weary mother came in from her day's toil. She thanked Johnny's visitor, and was more than glad when she promised to send a doctor to Johnny that very evening, on her way home. The widow thanked her, too, for the little comforts she had brought, and for the small sum she left to replace the coals, which were quite exhausted. Oh, how that gentle face and voice stirred up the poor aching heart! in fact, it was no longer hard, for it had been growing warmer and softer ever since the first visit of that sweet girlish face to the child, who had been for years the widow's all. Amongst other things, the lady had brought a bunch of Christmas roses. These the mother placed in water, in her own tea-cup, so that Johnny's eyes might rest upon them the moment he awoke.

By-and-by the doctor came, and said that perhaps the little eyes might never more unclose; for life was ebbing fast away even as he slept. Bitter thoughts then entered into the mother's heart. She blamed the visitor of the afternoon; if she had only come before it was too late! But if she had known how through the last few weeks the young lady had herself been watching by what all thought was a dying bed, and that now the first hour of her release had been spent by her boy's side, I think she would have ceased to think thus hardly. Then from her pocket, later on in the evening, she drew forth a something, which, for her child's sake, she had been tempted to take—it was but an egg, and there were many, many more where it had come from, and in all probability it would never be missed. Still, it was, as her heart told her, a wicked thing to do; it was the first time she had stolen, and, oh! the temptation had been very, very sore, and now, perhaps, as a punishment for her deed, her boy lay dying before her eyes. Poor soul! She, too, was hungry and tired; but her lips refused to touch the little dainty she had sinned to obtain; no one should taste it, either, so she destroyed it without showing it to Susie—poor little Susie, who had never eaten an egg in her life, and who now sat weary and worn to see the last of her little friend.

It seemed hard to them both to lose him, this little boy who had been so loving and gentle. All through the long night they watched, and when morning came his last earthly sleep departed from him, and his eyes opened, just to say good-bye, as it were, to the old place and the faces he had loved so well. They lit the last piece of candle, so that they might the better take in his dying look, and it was pleasant to see the kindling in his dark eyes, which were now growing so dim with the shadow of the coming journey from this world to the other. The flowers caught his gaze, and he tried to sit up and stretch out his hands. "Oh! mother, mother, how pretty!" he gasped.

"Mother!"—his voice was growing weaker—"I asked—Jesus—to take you—and—me—home; and, I think, mother—He sent them," he was still looking at the flowers, "just to show you—how 't is up there! I know," and his smile grew sweeter still and more heavenly, "'cause I've been there, and seen it all!"

"Yes, yes, Jesus sent them, and mother 'll look at them, and think of her boy, and his beautiful home, and, please God, Johnny, mother 'll come some day—leastways, she'll try very hard; for mother's all will be in heaven soon!"

"And I 'll come, too, Johnny!" broke forth from Susie's lips, and the little boy who had seen heaven in his sleep, held both their hands in his, and, smiling still in the remembrance of his glorious dream, passed from earth and its cares to perfect rest and joy. Daylight had not entered that dingy court when his spirit went away. No eye saw the angel of death come; if it had, it would but have seen the gentle Saviour fold Johnny in His arms with loving care, and so bear him hence. Jesus is the way to heaven, and death the gateway between this world and that.

And the mother treasured up the flowers even when they were faded, as tokens of the land to which her darling had gone; and so there rose up a light, as it were, in a dark place, and sweet visions ever after hovered around that attic room, for Jesus was there, taking up His abode with Johnny's mother and little Susie.

SHORT ARROWS.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A VERY touching incident has lately come to our knowledge, illustrating the text "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." There is a family in a well-known city, the father an avowed atheist, who never permitted his children to attend divine service nor a Sunday-school, if he could by any means prevent them. One of the children was taken ill recently, and when her last hour was approaching the girl called to her father and said, "Father, I want you to pray with me." He pretended not to hear, but she persisted, and at length the man, thoroughly ashamed, said, "I cannot pray—I do not know how to pray." So he left her and sent some one to soothe the dying child ere her spirit went to its eternal rest. But after her death the idea clung to him that he had been unable to comply with the last request of his little girl. He could not shake off the impression that had been made upon him. He sought consolation where alone it is to be found. He became a believer, and confessed his Saviour, thus proving the truth of the prophecy, "And a little child shall lead them," for indeed that little one had led a wanderer to Christ.

CHINESE AT SCHOOL.

A correspondent in New York gives a very interesting account of the entertainment given by the Chinese scholars to their teachers. It shows the good feeling existing between the strangers and their preceptors in New York. The room in which the entertainment was to take place was prettily decorated with articles of Chinese workmanship. Singing was soon commenced by the Chinese, and a prayer was offered up by a Chinaman, followed by an address of welcome. The grateful scholars regaled their visitors with curious Chinese fruits and sweetmeats, all imported from China. After some instrumental music had been performed, one of the teachers took an opportunity to explain to those present the importance of the work to be done amongst the Chinese, who were still arriving, and could so easily be won over to Christianity. Already numbers have joined the churches in New York, and more, after having tasted of the "Water of Life," have returned to their native land to sow the good seed there and develop its growth. Now the real need is for teachers; the scholars are willing enough to enter in, and do enter, faster than accommodation and means for teaching can be conveniently found. This testimony to the success of the self-denying labours of the workers in the schools is most gratifying.

THE SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE AT PORTSMOUTH.

We are glad to learn that, owing in great measure to the care and energy of Miss Robinson, this useful institution has proved a great success, and in such times as these, when regiments are hurried abroad, the benefits of the Institute are more than usually apparent. There the families of our soldiers find help in their distress, and widows and orphans meet a cheering welcome. By no means the least benefit conferred by the managers is the giving away of books, which are distributed amongst the men about to sail on service. We have abundant testimony that in more than one campaign, literature in any shape was more than usually prized, and these books most highly. Some have treasured the little volumes and have brought them home again, worn and thumbed, as a testimony that they were a comfort during the years abroad in India or in Africa. And the reason for this is not far to seek. Miss Robinson's books are so well adapted to the men and their needs. There is ample evidence of this. We will quote a few instances from a communication furnished to a contemporary. A young sergeant said, "Through the whole of the campaign (in India) the only comfort he had was in the letters from home and in the books sent from this institute. He thought every man in the regiment had one." Another man, asked what means he had known most blessed to the salvation of the men, replied, "The books sent to them abroad. They are read and pondered continually," and further testimony is to the effect that seldom is a sailor's or a soldier's kit examined without finding one of Miss Robinson's "famous little books." Of course this distribution cannot be effected for nothing, and those who really wish to assist in a truly Christian work cannot do better than help the Soldiers' Institute. Some may be disposed, and ladies are especially needed—to assist; or if they personally cannot help, they may have means at their disposal to provide the needed assistance. Miss Robinson will, we are sure, reply to any one desirous of aiding the work for which her own health has been sacrificed, to the regret of hundreds of sympathising friends.

DR. SOMERVILLE IN RUSSIA.

Notwithstanding the recent restrictions imposed by the last successor to the throne of Russia, Dr. Somerville, to the date of last advices, had not been interfered with. He has been enabled to hold meetings which are well attended from a numerical equally as from a social point of view. The services, we understand, are conducted in English, but many Russians and German residents—as well as the British and American visitors, have been attracted. It is very gratifying, and to those who can look beyond the actual events which occur daily, very hopeful, thus to see an English preacher daily teaching the Word of God in St. Petersburg. It may be that the late terrible scenes may be indirectly the means of

bringing about a true reform, and that true toleration and Christian charity may gain ground. The high social position of many of the Russians who have been attending the services is looked upon with satisfaction, and a hope of better things is gaining ground.

MISSIONS IN ROUMELIA.

Some time ago we had occasion to notice the work done in Philipopolis, in East Roumelia—where a school set on foot by Mrs. Mumford is now prospering. At this establishment—the influence of which for good is rapidly extending—the pupils, as in America, are instructed in the useful domestic arts as well as in the usual school course. By these means the domestic work of each department is done by the pupils, and they are thus qualified to fill any station in life to which they may be called. Such a useful system as this—grafted and almost founded upon the aphorism that "to work is to pray," might be applied more universally. While the special religious training is, of course, the principal care, the business of social life is not forgotten, and the lesson inculcated is that we should be able to work honestly in this world. Mrs. Mumford has quite gained the confidence of the natives of Philipopolis, and they speak of her school in very high terms.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

We would commend the following fact to the attention of any who are not convinced of the necessity of prayer. One of two brothers had waywardly departed from home, greatly to the sorrow of his widowed mother. Every effort had been made to trace his whereabouts, but without success. All efforts of the brother and his mother availed nothing—but they trusted all the time that their prayers would be answered—and a special appeal was made, in all reverence and humility. They cast their burthen upon the Lord, and trusted He would sustain it and them. To use the brother's own words, "Why not leave it to Jesus? He can bring the wanderer back." The trust was justified. It pleased Him to touch the young man's heart, and soon afterwards the prodigal returned. He went home, and implored pardon; and in the course of conversation it was discovered that the idea of return and repentance had entered his mind at the very time when the elder brother was interceding on his behalf and putting his faith in the power of the Gospel. Surely "men ought always to pray and not to faint."

NOT CHANCE, BUT PROVIDENCE.

The above incident brings to our mind a fact within our own experience, and though we trust there are many similar cases, the record of one instance of mercy will not pass unnoticed. Not many miles from London, a young man was lately visiting some friends upon a Sunday. He had not been to service that morning, nor indeed for several Sundays, as we understood. Even that day he was almost persuaded to remain away from the church at evening service, but something impelled him to go. He was late, but sat down, and the preacher in due time rose and spoke. In the course of his remarks he said, "How will you who do not attend the Lord's table, ever be able to face God as a Judge, if you dare not face Him as your Saviour?" This sentence rang in the youth's ears. He felt convicted of sin. The grace of God had reached his heart. He resolved to amend and come more regularly, and from what we now hear we believe he has fully made up his mind to go in the right way, cost him what it will in this world. He said it was a "mere chance" that he went. Can we think it was an accident? He does not think so now, we are sure, for he has found peace, and rest unto his soul.

SCHOOLS IN SYRIA.

What is more terrible to us than blindness? To us who can see to read, and who gaze upon the beauties of nature as a matter of course, the deprivation of sight is hardly to be fully estimated. We cannot realise the darkness of mind and body that would ensue, should it please our Father to deprive us of the gift of sight. Some years ago, at Baalbec, a gentleman visiting those famous ruins supposed to be the relics of Solomon's city Baalath, encountered a little blind girl. He had compassion upon her, and succeeded in obtaining the Gospel of St. John, in the raised type, in Arabic, and taught her to read. From this little spark of intelligence, the full rays of Gospel light have been produced, and are now illuminating many in Syria. A school for the blind was established at Beyrout by Mr. Mott, the traveller referred to, and a great success has blessed his efforts. One man, who lost his sight in 1860, was, we read, very proud, and declined to associate with "beggars," as he called the poor scholars. But "the Lord had mercy on him," and he came and was taught, and now "his eyes are in his fingers," as the narrative quaintly says. He read aloud, others came to listen. The blind literally was teaching the blind, and leading them to paths of safety, and a band of seventy people joined to read the word. This good work is carried on by blind missionaries, and many can bear testimony to the great good they do in the Lebanon, and elsewhere. Thus, from a little seed, a great tree has arisen, and spread over many, and brought them to the knowledge of the truth.

THRIFT.

A very useful work, and one deserving the attention of all thoughtful people, is being silently carried on by the National Thrift Society. Few of us are aware of the misery which can and may easily be

relieved, of the many homes which can be made bright and happy instead of remaining miserable and squalid, by the exercise of a little self-denial and thrift. The want of decent clothes keeps many a one from church. Thrift—the saving of the pence that are spent week by week in intoxicating drinks, poisons, in many cases, to the mind and body—these savings, we repeat, would restore the self-respect and raise the moral tone. A man who feels that by true self-denial and the exercise of his will he has grappled with and thrown temptation, will, if he faint not, soon be fit for high things. A happy home, the happy looks of wife and children, a clean orderly house, respect of friends and neighbours, and a godly and sober life, are all within reach of him who will practise economy and forethought. Perhaps some of our readers will unite in the effort, and by making application to the Secretary, at 1, Finsbury Circus, E.C., they may obtain particulars of the useful work now carried on by the National Thrift Society.

"LIGHT AND TRUTH."

From a little book bearing the above title, we have been enabled to cull a few instances of the influence of the Gospel in the Peninsula as well as in Mexico and other places. Notwithstanding much opposition, the true Light is penetrating into the dark corners of intolerance and bigotry. At a church near Oporto, Divine Service is now held three times a week, and the Sunday-school is also well attended. There are also Bible-classes and lectures on the Scriptures. At Villa Nova there are between fifty and sixty communicants, and in many houses hymns may be heard frequently, and often while at work the young girls may be heard singing hymns. Some very interesting anecdotes are related concerning the children. One little boy, whose attention to Scripture had frequently been noticed, was overheard to pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, all in his own words, and of his own free will. Even in the worst suburbs the Gospel is gaining ground, and cleanliness is following upon godliness in the homes of the inhabitants. There are many other incidents which we might refer to, but we think we have said enough to show that even in the countries most addicted to superstition the true Light is burning steadily, and attracting the people to the right way.

A GOOD USE FOR MUSIC.

We have had occasion in a former part to mention the wonderful influence exerted by Mrs. Watts-Hughes amongst the poor children in the North of London, chiefly, at first, by appealing to them through music. A few girls were invited to a Bible-class, which was afterwards turned into a singing class. Children not invited heard of this, and the number was quickly increased. These classes again were sub-divided—one for children, one for elder girls—a monthly gathering for domestic servants, as well as evening classes for working boys and homeless lads. The variety of boys is astonishing; all sorts are represented; some who were thieves have renounced their evil calling, and become honest members of society under Mrs. Hughes' tuition. It is really extraordinary what influence music, and more particularly singing, has had upon the waifs and strays. It is well known that many lads came in with the intention to create a disturbance, but the strains of music soothed these rebellious spirits, and those who "came to scoff remained to pray." This is no figure of speech; it is plain unvarnished fact. Not only have they remained, but they have come at the close requesting permission to attend the next meeting. And so the good influence has grown, and many a song is learned to cheer the squalid house. But now the influence has been extended, and men with elder boys have been brought within the kindly circle in the mission room at Islington. Some of the music had a great effect. One song, "A Drunkard's Home," brought forth the comment—"It 's my belief that you had that song o' purpose 'cause I was here." There is no doubt that the benevolent lady who has originated these meetings is doing a good and blessed work; and day by day her sphere of usefulness is extending for the benefit of all around her, and for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of the inhabitants of the district.

VOLUNTARY HOMES.

Prevention is proverbially better than cure. He, therefore, who snatches a child from the life of sin only too surely awaiting it in many large towns, will undoubtedly do a good and acceptable work. It may not be generally known that at the age of thirteen a boy cannot be compelled to go to school. But on the other hand, the law says he must not be all day employed till he is fourteen, so a year is given him in which, if he choose, he may be entirely idle. We note a good suggestion to the effect that voluntary homes should be multiplied; so that those who possess an empty house can use it in no more humane and philanthropic way than by giving it for the rescue and reform of the numerous boys for whom nothing can be done by the law unless they commit a crime. If a boy commit a crime, he is sent to prison before he can go to a reformatory or home. Surely this is beginning at the wrong end. Those who really wish well to our youthful population will consider this. Every year the young lad spends in the streets gambling and idling will make it more difficult for him to reform. Christian men and women can assist if they will, and many an empty house might be turned into a useful institution if a little energy were expended upon the question by those who are seeking, and honestly seeking, to do something for the benefit of their poorer fellow-creatures. To such we commend the suggestion.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

"Is it possible," said a friend to us the other day, "that, when a woman has so far fallen as to give way to drinking, she can be cured?" Putting aside for the moment the natural reply that "by prayer and fasting" many things seemingly impossible may be accomplished, we would notice a paragraph which advocates the use of the drug *Cinchona Rubra*. We have heard of this drug before as efficacious in such cases, but we are induced to believe in its excellent qualities more particularly from the following instances —Lady N. writes to the editor of "——" to inform him that her neighbour has successfully treated her coachman with the drug, and he has now been cured from his evil habit. Not only he, but a lady, who had been for many years a slave to this degrading vice—the most degrading of all vices—has likewise been completely cured by taking the medicine. Her household has been changed, and happiness and comfort now reign where strife and trouble had hitherto been the chief characteristics. Any one desiring particulars should address the Lady Superintendent of the Medical Mission, 224, High Street, Shadwell, who will respect confidence in this matter, in which publicity is so much to be avoided. We earnestly recommend any casual reader conscious of a tendency to such a vice not to hesitate before taking the course we indicate, and not to forget that humbling of the spirit which is necessary to a Christian life. Will not those who read also assist any weaker brethren?

FLOWER MISSIONS.

We have two papers before us which give us very interesting and encouraging accounts of the Flower Missions; and the work done by them is much more appreciated than the average reader would suppose. We think the practice of distributing texts with flowers and bouquets is one especially calculated to open the heart to regard the wonderful works of God, and His manifold blessings bestowed upon us in the fruits and flowers of the earth. Those who possess gardens, or who can command a supply of plants from a florist, have no idea how gratefully even a common bunch of wild flowers is received and treasured by many hundreds of poor people and children, even when in health. But it is angel's work indeed when ladies and gentlemen will go amongst the sick and distribute a few bouquets to the patients in our hospitals, prisons, or workhouses. We have before now commented upon these missions, but we do not hesitate to recommend this simple but most effective channel by which much real happiness may be given to our poorer brethren. We are glad to recall some bright young faces which, at a dinner party not long ago, grew even brighter when we mentioned our interest in these missions. Fair young girls are devoting themselves to the welfare of their fellow-creatures in an unobtrusive way which is the symbol of true charity. To those who have gardens this summer weather we appeal. A bouquet gathered, or one selected even from the previous day's supply, will give happiness to many a weary soul, and gladden many a saddened spirit. Many of us know the pleasure we have so frequently derived from the perfume and the sight of flowers. We possess the senses to appreciate them to the full. Many patients, alas! in hospital or Home, are blind; but they can feel, and can smell the sweet scent of the flowers, and enjoy them too. The report of the Bible Flower Mission will convince any one of the great good done so easily, so simply, and so well. Mrs. W. Turton, 110, Cannon Street, will give information to all desiring it; or Miss Haynes, Epping New Road, Buckhurst Hill, will, we are sure, be happy to see or to communicate with friends or intending visitors. We know how the sweet influence of the open fields and opening blossoms affects us for good. Shall we not then put a means of grace into the hands of those who need it; and teach them to love the Great Giver of all good, who, as He clothes the lily, can equally supply all our wants and needs? The object of the Bible Flower Mission, with which Miss Haynes is connected, is to carry from house to house small bouquets, with appropriate texts of Scripture, and the poor people among whom the work is carried on are very grateful for the flowers and texts. More texts written on cards are required, and more assistance will be gladly welcomed. Will not some of our numerous readers help in this truly blessed work, which is so highly appreciated, and—so easy to do? We will take an opportunity to refer to some interesting cases in a future issue. Meantime we strongly recommend our friends to go and see for themselves, or, at any rate, to assist these Flower Missions as far as they can.

There is no gift which we receive from Almighty God greater or better than the gift of those good thoughts which return back to Him in praises and thanksgivings.

Solitude and society may be illustrated by a lake and a river. In the one, indeed, we can view the heavens more calmly and distinctly, but we can also see our own image more clearly, and are in danger of the sin of Narcissus; while in the river the view both of the heavens and of ourselves is more broken and disturbed, but health and fertility are scattered around.—*Wolfe.*

Wherever God's will shall have placed us, however cheerless and perilous the spot may be, there alone rests that ladder by which we may mount to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the church of the living God, and become members of the assembly of the first-born enrolled in heaven.—*Evans.*

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

112. What miracle did Elisha perform on the banks of the Jordan?

113. With what words does Jesus desire to show us that there is room in heaven for all?

114. What king took away from the Temple all the golden shields and ornaments that Solomon had made?

115. What city had two heaps of human heads piled up in the entrance of its gates?

116. By whom was the house of Millo built, and what king was slain there?

117. What great fortress of the Edomites was taken by Amaziah king of Judah?

118. What king of Israel reigned only one month?

119. What two places are mentioned as the abode of the captive Israelites?

120. Where is the first mention of a pulpit or platform being used in a place of worship?

121. "Forbear: why shouldest thou be smitten?" —what king used these words to the prophet who was talking with him?

122. What reference does St. Paul make to the use of the trumpet in battle?

123. Who is it speaks of Satan's great power of dissimulation?

124. What advice does St. Paul give as to the use of different kinds of food?

125. Quote a passage which shows St. Paul's firm faith in the resurrection to eternal life.

126. Quote a passage showing the terrible spiritual condition of the Jews in the beginning of Hezekiah's reign.

ANSWERS TO QUESTONS ON PAGE 512.

98. Naaman the Syrian, who requested of Elisha the prophet "two mules' burden of earth" (2 Kings v. 17).

99. "Hereafter I will not talk much with you, for the prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in Me" (John xiv. 30).

100. "Love, one to another" (John xiii. 35).

101. Elisha the prophet and King Ahab met in the field of Naboth the Jezreelite (1 Kings xxi. 17—20).

102. Yes, the sons of the prophets at Bethel mentioned it to Elisha, and fifty of them went to view near the river Jordan (2 Kings ii. 3—7).

103. Fifty sons of the prophets searched the country around for three days (2 Kings ii. 17).

104. Mesha king of Moab, after his defeat at Kir-haraseth (2 Kings iii. 27).

105. Abana and Pharpar (2 Kings v. 12).

106. One of the chief ministers of the king of Israel, who had charge of the gate (2 Kings vii. 17—20).

107. The servant of Elisha the prophet at Dothan (2 Kings vi. 17).

108. Hazael the minister of Benhadad king of Syria (2 Kings viii. 15).

109. "Verily, verily I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (St. John xii. 24).

110. The man who had been born blind (St. John ix. 7).

111. Benhadad king of Syria (2 Kings viii. 9).

JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THOSE WHO PUT THEIR TRUST IN GOD.

He is a buckler to all them that trust in Him (2 Sam. xxii. 31).

Oh, how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men! Thou shalt hide them in the secrets of Thy presence from the pride of man: Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues (Ps. xxxi. 19, 20).

He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about (Ps. xxxii. 10).

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass (Ps. xxxvii. 5).

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust (Ps. xl. 4).

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants: and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate (Ps. xxxiv. 8, 22).

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever (Ps. cxxv. 1).

Whoso trusteth in the Lord: happy is he (Prov. xvi. 20).

Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe (Prov. xxix. 25).

He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him (Prov. xxx. 5).

Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee (Isa. xxvi. 3).

The Lord is good: a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him (Nahum i. 7).

CHRIST THE PROMISE OF ALL AGES.

CHRIST AS MANIFESTED TO MOSES.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

"And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And He said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet: for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."—EXOD. iii. 4, 5.

IN the order of these revelations of Messiah, we come next to the manifestation which was made to Moses. He, like Abraham, was one of those who have shed a lustre on the page of sacred history, who gave a character of greatness to the age in which they lived, and who were permitted to have bound up with the incidents of their individual life, events of the highest moment to the hopes and happiness of mankind. His connection with the foregoing history will be remembered. The immediate descendants of Abraham, in the family of Jacob, were carried down into Egypt, where they lived under the care and protection of Joseph. And not only during his life, but for many years after, they were treated with consideration and kindness. But "another king arose who knew not Joseph," nor the benefits which the people owed to Joseph. And his accession was the signal for an outbreak of the strongest national jealousy. The Egyptians saw, with dread, growing up in the midst of them a powerful foreign population. And all the low arts of policy and state-craft were employed to keep the strangers down. Heavy burdens were imposed; hard tasks were assigned; the most unreasonable exactions were demanded; all with a view to depress the social condition of the Hebrews, and to crush any aspirations they might entertain of political ascendancy and power. But the more the people were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew. All the cruel arts and schemes of the Egyptians were overruled of God, for the furtherance of His own purposes, and especially for the raising up of one mighty personage from among the oppressed people, who should be to them a deliverer from bondage, a messenger between them and the Infinite Jehovah, as well as being himself a type of that great "Prophet that should come into the world."

I. Manifestations of no ordinary power and vividness, we feel would be needed, in order to authenticate the mission of one, who should thus present himself before the people as one directly sent from God. And many such were vouchsafed to Moses; but, in connection with the subject of Christ as "the promise of the ages" they all culminate in the incident of the burning bush.

Let us look at the circumstances of this remarkable incident. It occurred at the commencement of the last of those three periods of forty years, into which we commonly divide the life of Moses. He had attempted to befriend his countrymen, during the first of these periods of forty years. But his proffered mediation was rejected; and therefore, stung with disappointment, and urged by a sense of personal danger from the anger of Pharaoh, on account of his rash adventure with the Egyptian, he fled from his people, and became a stranger in the land of Midian. It is in his occupation there, that we are introduced to him, at the opening of the present chapter. "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian. And he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God," or, as the Jewish Targum strikingly paraphrases it, "To the mountain on which the glory of Jah was revealed to him."

He had been employed in this lowly calling of a shepherd for forty years—had accommodated himself to it—thinking, probably, that in his first setting up to be a deliverer to his people, he might have prematurely misinterpreted the Divine purposes; and at all events, that he could not do wrong in abiding contentedly and faithfully in the calling, wherein he had been called. God would call him when He had need of him. A desert might prove a good schooling-place for a legislator, even as David learned lessons among the sheepfolds, which fitted him to adorn a throne. The expression, "led the flock to the back side of the desert," also is not to be passed over without notice. It is commonly thought to describe an act of retirement for the purpose of devotion; and therefore may be intended to intimate that Moses, finding himself unable to benefit his people in any other way, employed some of the leisure, always connected with shepherd life, in offering up prayers for his afflicted countrymen. He was a type of Christ in many ways. And if it be no straining after resemblances to compare the forty years of obscurity spent by Moses in the Midian desert with those long years of blank life spent by the holy Saviour in His secluded home at Nazareth so,

reverently and afar off may we compare those pious exercises of Moses at the back side of the desert, to those passages in the life of our Lord when, wrestling with strong cries for His people on the bleak mountain side—"He continued all night in prayer to God."

II. But let us come to the manifestation itself. "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of the bush: and he looked, and behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." Under this title, "Angel of the Lord," or some cognate expression, we commonly understand the name by which Christ appeared to faithful men under the Old Testament. In the several accounts of celestial visitants, appearing to the patriarchs, it is easy to perceive that there is one individual Angel, who occasionally appears upon the scene, whose language is more authoritative, and who assumes a higher degree of majesty and importance than the rest. This mysterious personage is, on most occasions, called the Angel of the Lord, though in some places he is called the Angel of the Covenant, or the Angel of the presence of God. And the one point of agreement between Jewish and Christian commentators is, that this Angel is no other than the personal Messiah, speaking in the name of the Invisible Father, and, in such manifestations, giving a pledge to mankind of His future coming upon the earth. Indeed, we cannot read the accounts of these appearances, whether those to Hagar, or Abraham, or Jacob, or Joshua, without seeing how commonly, in the course of the narrative, this Angel of the Lord interchanges his own name with that of Jehovah, or allows things to be attributed to Him, which, to any but the Infinite God, would be impossible, and out of place. What merely finite being could have arrogated to himself the power of hearing the cry of Hagar in her distress, and of multiplying her seed? Who but a Divine Being could have used the language of the angel, left with Abraham, when the other two had gone on to Sodom? How comes Hoshea, when speaking of Jacob's wrestling with the Angel, to say he had power with God, yea over the Angel, and prevailed? Or who, of all the hosts of heaven, would allow himself to be worshipped, as was He before whom Joshua bowed himself, the Captain of the Lord's hosts?

In this manifestation to Moses, however, the proofs that it was none other than the Eternal Word he saw, and that conversed with him, are of the most cumulative kind. Within the compass of a few verses, we find, attributed to this Angel of the Lord, names and titles which the Jews held to be absolutely incommunicable—which, beyond any that language could devise, must be spoken of God, and none else. For the self-same Being who in the second verse is called the Angel of the Lord, in the fourth verse is spoken of as Jehovah; in the sixth verse He declares of Himself, "I am the God of thy Father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob;" whilst in the fourteenth verse there is attributed to Him that highest and most exclusive of all Divine designations, "I am that I am."

On reading such passages, we are almost ready to ask ourselves, Are we reading the Pentateuch, or citations from the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John? For in the writings of that Apostle we have a clear distinction made between the hidden God, and the manifested God—between Him whom no eye hath seen nor can see, and Him who, under some subdued and softened aspects of tha Godhead, could be seen, and has been seen—between Him of whom it was said, "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life," and Him who "In the beginning was with God," and who, in all the glory of His eternal and self-existent nature, Himself was God." "Without controversy, great is the mystery of Godliness"—God manifest in that burning bush. Manifest and yet not manifest, for "Moses hid his face, being afraid to look upon God."

III. But observe next the mysterious form in which the eternal Word appeared unto Moses—that of a fire which does not consume—a bush wrapped and enfolded in flame, and yet not a leaf destroyed. "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked and behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

Of course, regarding this bush as a type, as the Jews certainly did, whether of Christ or His Church, it is impossible to say what interpretation Moses was taught to put upon its emblematic significance. As applied to Christ, however, some of these typical meanings will be allowed to be very apposite and striking. There is that, for example, which makes the "fire" and the "bush"—the strong thing and the weak thing—to be symbolical of the two natures of our Lord; of His almighty power and Godhead, enshrined within the frail tabernacle of our humanity, and yet the tenement itself coming to no harm—neither the fire nor the bush losing anything of their distinctive properties—emblematic, we may reverently suppose, of "the perfect God, and perfect man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting." Again, on the supposition that we have before us a type of the union of the two natures in Christ, the burning bush is thought to set forth how the meanness of the Incarnation is but transient and temporary, and will hereafter break forth in all the effulgence of its power and great glory. The vision exhibits to us an example of the most potent and destructive agent in nature,

holding back the powers that belong to it; the flames hurting nothing, and consuming nothing though dwelling in the heart of the inflammable and crackling thorn. What is this but Jesus, holding, in merciful abeyance, all the powers of His omnipotence, while yet not suffering us to forget that such awful powers do belong to Him, and that towards them that refuse Him, and will not obey His Gospel, they will hereafter be put in force?

Yes, "God has committed all judgment to the Son," because He would that we should have confidence in His compassions; but we must "kiss the Son, lest He be angry." In the Book of the Revelation, Christ appears as a "Lamb," as if to inspire us with thoughts of the Saviour's tenderness. Yet in the same book, we read with regard to this Lamb that, "The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" And so in this vision, we behold the undestroyed and uninjured bush. Ourselves, as the leaves upon it—frail things, perishing things, withering things, are encompassed by the fires of Divine indignation; yet, though Jesus suffers them not to hurt us—for a time, and times, and half a time—will permit the flames to play about us with harmless violence, He would not that we should forget that the flames are there—chained up, and deprived of their scorching power, during our day of visitation, but, on the expiring of this day, to be let loose to destroy. Our God is always a "consuming fire," but the flames are withheld that they should not hurt us, because of "the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush."

Comparing, as far as we may, the knowledge of Messiah made known to Abraham, with that which was revealed to Moses, we should say that the characteristics of Abraham's revelation had respect to the method of *redemption*, while those vouchsafed to Moses, had respect to the personal *Redeemer*. One, through the vista of ages, saw the day of Christ and the blessed fruits which should accompany it; the other, in addition to this, had certain Divine intuitions given to him, as to the deep mystery enfolded in the Incarnation. Hence those words of reproof, thrown out by our Lord against the Jews, for their ignorance concerning what Moses had said about Him, "For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me; for he wrote of Me"—wrote of Me as the seed of Abraham; wrote of Me as the royal Priest of Salem; wrote of Me as the Star that should come out of Jacob; wrote of Me as the Shiloh of Patriarchal hope. And he wrote of Me as being at once from above and from beneath; as the Rock of Salvation; as the Manna from heaven; as the Tree of Life; as Jehovah the Mighty One, the Angel of the Covenant, the Everlasting I Am. "If ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe My words?"

Thus, as for Abraham's rejoicing faith in the blessings of redemption, so pray we for a part in Moses' sight of the face of our Angel Redeemer—dwelling for us in the bush; speaking to us from the thick cloud; communing with us from the mercy seat; and giving to us Pisgah views of the heavenly Canaan—"the goodly mountain and Lebanon." True, none have risen since Moses, whom, as with him, the Lord knew face to face. But there is a faith which is as strong as sight, and as full of comfort too. It is the faith of grateful love; the faith of a found salvation; the faith of the signet-ring of peace, sealed on the believer's right hand; the faith of that earnest of the inheritance which the Spirit puts into the hearts of the sons of God. Such faith is only sight under another name, and the joy of sight in another form—"Whom not having seen ye love, in Whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD.

A HEATHEN woman came with throbbing breast,
And knelt at Jesu's feet with troubled mien,
Beseeching Him to give her daughter rest,
And cast a spirit out that was unclean;
But He, apparently rebuking, said,
"It is not meet to take the children's bread

And cast it to the dogs." Then, with the sweet
Humility of faith, she answeréd
The seeming taunt, "And yet the dogs may eat
The crumbs that fall from those who have the bread."
He marvelled—for (O bitter shame to tell!)
He had not found such faith in Israel.

And as she prayed, so was her wish fulfilled;
Her faith was great, and greater her reward;
The healing power went forth from the All-skilled;
The heathen found acceptance with her Lord;
And she who came His succour to implore,
Not for herself, herself was blessed the more.

Thou Giver of all good, Thy children now
Crave not, like her of old, the smallest crumb;
They even scorn the bread, and marvel how
They lie like dogs before Thee—dogs and dumb.
Oh, make us hunger that we may be fed:
Cast not to thankless dogs the children's bread.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON TRIAL.

JOCK BEACHAM'S surprise and indignation when arrested on the charge of having been concerned in the attack on Mr. Lamont's gamekeeper knew no bounds. In the first transports of his wrath he violently resisted the constables who came stealthily upon him while he was at work in the woods, and this resistance, though prompted by a very natural resentment at being half-choked and pinioned ere he knew of what he was accused, told against him when he was led before the magistrates.

Sir William, who might have said a word in his favour, was in Norway, and in spite of Jock's previous good character, there was no one else who came forward to testify any interest in him. His grandfather was not generally liked, and Jock himself had made few friends. He had lived in too secluded a manner to be a general favourite, and his refusal to join in the amusements of young fellows of his age had often given offence, and was now remembered to his disadvantage. But what did him most harm was a report that he had been for some time past hand and glove with Noll Moyes; for this wretched man had become so intolerable a nuisance in the neighbourhood, that unless Jock could disprove it he would be universally condemned.

After his anger subsided, a friendly policeman's expostulation on the folly of making a fuss induced him to submit more calmly to the subsequent proceedings of his captors; and he could comfort himself with the thought that they must be labouring under some error, and no excuse could possibly be found for detaining him. A few hours earlier he had been in the depths of despair, and rebelling against the monotony of a life that, now he had lost all hope of winning Kythe Anstey, he would moodily tell himself was not worth living. He had been sullen and listless, as a mere youth will be who finds himself denied the prize that seemed so near his grasp, and who has yet to acquire the patience and submission born of experience and faith in the wisdom and goodness of God's Providence. But the rude shock of a more tangible trouble aroused him from his repinings. He was compelled to bestir himself; to put aside his regrets for what might have been, and remember that the charge must be rebutted, for it threatened him with the loss of his good name.

At first he did not feel any very great uneasiness as to the result of the affair. It was unpleasant enough, and he nervously dreaded the ordeal of being led, handcuffed, through the street of Bickley to the magistrate's room amidst a bevy of gaping idlers, who would spread far and wide the report of his arrest; but he hoped that it would not reach the cottage of his grandmother till he was released, and she could hear of it from his own lips.

However, he grew less sanguine when the inquiry commenced. Mr. Lamont betrayed such a strong prejudice against him that he was astonished, and unable to account for it. He did not know that he owed this gentleman's ill-will to Rupert and Roland Harwin. They had not intended to do him any injury; but when the owner of the Lodge arrived there two or three days before they left for Manchester, and began to look about him and inquire into the state of his property, they wanted a *bête noir* on whose shoulders to shift the blame that should have rested on their own.

And this was done in such a plausible fashion that Mr. Lamont never dreamed of doubting what he was told. He found it easier to believe that the younger members of the family had been led into mischief by the rough fellow with whom they had made acquaintance in Sir William's coverts, than that their elder brothers were answerable for broken fences, wholesale slaughter of the game, and the netting of the fish in the ponds.

Not these only, but a score of lesser offences, both of commission and omission, of which Captain Harwin's sons were ashamed to confess themselves guilty, were by implication—for they did not commit themselves to actual words—attributed to Jock. Some one must bear the blame, Roland argued, and it did not matter whom, so that he and Rupert could slip out of it. Old Lamont would soon forget all about it.

But Mr. Lamont's memory proved more tenacious than was predicted; and now, to his dismay and indignation, Jock heard himself described as a sly yet daring scoundrel, who had been for months past trespassing on and damaging the property abutting on his employer's.

The utter falsity of the tale consoled him. Had there been a spark of truth in it, however distorted, he would have comprehended how much injury it

must do him in the estimation of the country squires, who were to be his judges. But knowing that he was innocent of all that was imputed to him, he could not understand why, after he had asseverated this, with what he felt to be convincing earnestness, he was remanded, as well as Moyes and his sons; the really guilty trio, who stolidly heard the evidence brought against them, betraying no remorse, nay, not even a glance of interest when the surgeon gave his report of the condition of the injured keeper, and a sympathetic shudder ran through his other auditors.

Jock kept up his own as well as his grandmother's spirits during the tedious week that followed with his assertions that the magistrates must set him free after the next hearing, as there was not a tittle of evidence to connect him with the night attack for which Moyes was arrested. But the case took a grave aspect when he found that the Bickley constables had employed the interval in a searching investigation that brought together an array of facts telling sadly against him.

These men were able to prove that Jock's habits had been of late so irregular that his grandfather had made bitter complaints of his conduct. He had been away evening after evening, not returning home till long after the aged couple had retired to rest; and when questioned as to where he had been, had refused to tell. The old sergeant was compelled to give evidence to this effect, to acknowledge that his grandson had been absent on the night the keeper was shot, and also that he had his gun with him.

"'Send me; you know that I shall not fail you!' cried his grandmother, earnestly."—*p.* 585.

Nor was this all; a witness swore positively that, a day or two before the commission of the foul deed of which Noll Moyes was accused, he had seen Jock Beacham in conversation with the poacher. That both had been too much absorbed in what they were saying to perceive him as he went by; but that looking over his shoulder, after he had gone some distance from the spot where they were standing, he saw something pass from one hand to the other, though what, he could not tell.

As before, Jock protested his innocence, but it was in a less assured manner. Appearances were so terribly against him that he was not surprised when he heard the decision at which the magistrates

arrived. He, as well as the Moyes, were committed for trial; and if the gamekeeper died, as there was great reason to fear that he would, their position would be still graver than it was at present. He gasped for breath as he realised this, and drew a trembling hand across his eyes, for they had grown misty. Oppressed with this sense of his danger, he suddenly turned, and appealed to the elder of his fellow-prisoners.

"Speak for me, Moyes. You know that I have had nothing to do with this affair."

The man seemed about to reply as he wished; then a crafty look stole into his deep-set eyes. He had recollected that any attempt to clear Jock Beacham might strengthen the suspicion that rested upon himself, and it was with a half-laugh that he answered—

"What 's the use o' my saying aught? They 'd no' believe me. We 're in for it, lad, and we mun go through wi' it. It 's no worse for you than for the rest of us."

But such philosophy did not recommend itself to Jock. He gazed anxiously at the faces of those whom business or curiosity had brought to the justices' room. On some he read stern disapproval; on others a cruel indifference to his sufferings and shame. The only person who looked at him compassionately was Noel Raynor, and he, meeting the supplicating gaze of the youth, followed him from the room when he was led away, and asked if he could do anything for him.

"A great deal," Jock answered, excitedly. "I shall have to prove that I was not with Moyes that night, and——"

He paused, and Mr. Raynor after a moment's hesitation nodded assent.

"Yes; it is the only thing that will save you. If you can do this—if you can bring forward any person or persons who can swear that you were somewhere else when the keeper was attacked—you will be acquitted. But can you—can you?"

"I don't know," replied Jock, his mind in a state of confusion with respect to dates. In his nightly wanderings around the dwelling of Kythe Anstey he had been careful to avoid the very few who might have encountered and recognised him. Kythe herself was the only person who had seen him; and till he had recollected more distinctly than he seemed able to do just then, he could not be certain whether it was on the night the keeper was attacked that she discovered his presence in the garden. "I must think it out," he said. "Mr. Lamont did me all the harm he could: I don't know why; the Harwins could tell, if they chose, how often I strove to prevent mischief, instead of doing it. But if Miss Anstey will come and speak for me——"

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Noel Raynor, irritably. "Would you drag a respectable modest young girl into a public court, to be browbeaten and insulted by unfeeling counsellors, who would most probably hold her up to ridicule for her good nature? If you want some one from the Lodge to testify that you never committed the petty depredations attributed to you, send for one of the Harwins; they are the proper persons for you to apply to; or—and this will be the best course you can adopt—put your case into the hands of a respectable attorney, and be guided by the advice he will give you."

Jock let Mr. Raynor leave him without another word, and labouring under the impression that the youth he had sought to serve was sullen and ungrateful. Reared in the simplicity of his rustic home, and quite unpractised in the manners and customs of the larger world beyond it, he had not comprehended the nature of the ordeal to which he had talked of exposing Kythe, till Noel Raynor uttered such a vehement protest against it. What would he say if he knew that it was more than mere testimony as to his general good conduct that Jock had intended to ask from her? that his only chance of escape from the terrible charge hanging over him rested upon his being able to prove that he had been two miles away from the scene of the poachers' proceedings at the very hour the shots were fired that had nearly cost an innocent man his life?

"Mr. Raynor is right," he said to himself; "I must not ask her to do anything that would expose her to annoyance. I could not bear to see her jostled against by policemen, stared at by the idle folk who come to gape at me, and questioned by the gentlemen whose cold eyes express no pity for those who are brought before them. They spoke of the wretched woman who was carried shrieking away when she heard her sentence, as a hardened offender, and yet she was not altogether bad, for how lovingly she talked to her baby. Come what will, I must not ask Miss Anstey to witness in my favour."

To this resolve he determined to adhere, saying nothing but that he was innocent to the lawyer whom the elder Beacham, after long withstanding his wife's entreaties, retained for the defence of his grandson. Other motives yet more powerful than his desire to spare Kythe the ordeal of appearing in a public court, were at the bottom of the obstinacy that sent his counsel away unable to decide to what it could be due. Jock's face grew crimson, even though he was alone, as he pictured these clever gentlemen of the bar extorting from Kythe admissions that would lay bare the story of his hopeless love. How they would smile and exchange significant glances, when they discovered that he had stolen into her garden, and waited there for hours that he might hear her voice, or see her shadow cross the window. He could fancy he saw Noel Raynor's lip curl contemptuously as he listened; and the sensitive lad began to feel ashamed of the passion in which but lately he had gloried. But this he did not acknowledge even to himself.

"They shall do what they like with me," he determined. "Some day in the years to come my innocence may be proved, and then she will think of me kindly, and understand that it was for her sake I bore shame and imprisonment."

And, upheld by what he regarded as true heroism, he bore the long hours of waiting for his trial with a cheerfulness that contrasted strongly with the stolid indifference of the poachers.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WITH FAILING SPIRIT.

It was so many years since the quiet village in the Dale had sent forth culprits to swell the list of felons at the Assizes that the novelty of the occurrence led a great many to overlook its graver aspect. Events, no matter what their nature, were so rare in that out-of-the-world spot that the whole community was stirred by one that concerned members of their own body. There was not a family in which it did not become the daily theme of conversation, whether in farm or cottage; every one had something to say about the four unhappy men who were to be tried for the dread crime of a murderous assault coupled with poaching.

The young dwelt most on the fall of Jock Beacham. Some of them had gone to school with him, or tried feats of strength on the green, and respected his prowess, of which they gave many an instance, hitherto forgotten. Now, too, the rustic lasses, who had vainly essayed to lure him into lingering with one or another after singing class or in the lanes on summer evenings, and disliked him for his blindness to their attractions, spoke of him commiseratingly, and remembered only how courteous he had always been, how ready to do them any good and neighbourly office. The elders expatiated on the sins of Noll Moyes, the bad example he had set his sons, and the relief it would be when the locality was infested no longer by a daring set of marauders, who stole from the faggot stacks and plundered the hen-roosts of friend and foe impartially; while some of those who were sternest in their condemnation of the outcast would also aver that it was fortunate for Jock Beacham that his downward course was so soon arrested. He might and doubtless would learn a lesson from his imprisonment that would serve him in good stead for the remainder of his days.

Miss Mia discussed the prevailing topic with her sister, her maids, and her acquaintances, till it would have been worn threadbare if it had not been the only excitement, now the dull days that precede Christmas had set in. Noel Raynor, however, would not be drawn into these discussions either abroad or at home, and soon made it apparent that the subject of Jock Beacham's guilt or innocence was so distasteful to him that by common consent it was tabooed as long as he was within hearing.

"I'm not surprised," one of his neighbours, a sturdy old yeoman, observed. "The Raynors have always maintained that there were none but sober God-fearing folks in the Dale, and perhaps that belief has helped to make the cottiers what they were called. They have had a pride in keeping up the character assigned to them, and it's my belief that your brother, Miss Mia, feels very keenly the disgrace that has come upon the people amongst whom he dwells. Ay, feels it as much as if he were in fault himself."

It was a shrewd guess, and went very near the truth. The arrest of Noll Moyes and his sons had recalled the indignant remonstrance with which Kythe had heard him declare that he was in no way answerable for the condition and conduct of this family, and it haunted him continually. While meditating upon the events of the last few years, could he help recalling times and seasons when his influence might have been exerted, in behalf, not of these men only, but of others? He could trace the progress in sin and misery of the poacher but too clearly; and though it would have been arrogating too much power to himself to say positively, "I could have checked this or that," yet, on the other hand, he knew that he had done nothing; that he had always stood aloof and let the evil have its way as long as there were no raids made upon his belongings, and the semi-starvation of the miserable boys was not brought before his eyes.

"I am not my brother's keeper," was the protest with which he had been wont to still his conscience; but it failed to do so now. Noll Moyes, rough and surly though he had always shown himself, might have been kept within bounds, and his boys trained in honesty, if any one had taken a little trouble over him when he first fell into temptation; but it had been looked upon as nobody's business, and this was the result. Absorbed in his cattle and his crops, the master of Hartswood had always considered that he did enough for the poor if he gave liberally when a case of distress was brought under his notice. Why was he being tormented with the thought that perhaps this did not compose his whole duty to his poorer neighbours?

This irritating consciousness that he had himself fallen short, if it made him so stern and silent at home that Mia audibly wondered what ailed him, also drove him into acts of atonement. He determined not to rest till he had obtained the admission to an industrial school of the youngest and least hardened of Noll Moyes' progeny; and on casually learning that Anne Beacham was anxious to go to the assize town, and have an interview with her grandson before his trial, he put himself out of the way to arrange for one of his men to take a load of wool there, room being left in the wagon for the aged woman, and hay piled in it to make her a comfortable seat during the tedious journey. He was wroth with Jock Beacham for having presumed to lift his eyes to Kythe, and he nourished jealous suspicions which nothing Mrs. Anstey alleged could dissipate; but he was too magnanimous to revenge himself on his hapless rival.

The old soldier's consent to this journey was very hard to win. That Jock was, nay must be guilty he insisted, and disgrace had fallen upon every one who bore the name of Beacham. His country, he said, had used him ill, but the wrongs on which he had been

so fond of dilating sank into insignificance before the ingratitude of the boy who had brought this sorrow on his grey hairs. He would neither go and see his grandson nor send him a kindly message. He was with much difficulty persuaded to engage a lawyer to defend him, but he would do no more; and then shutting himself in his cottage, he became more churlish and unsociable than ever.

But it was not so with Mrs. Beacham. Her faith in her boy's truth had not wavered. She knew him too well to believe that he had ever made a companion of such a man as the poacher, or been tempted to take part in his pursuits. There had been a mystery in Jock's changed habits, to which she had not the key, but she felt convinced that no guilt attached to it; and therefore it was a greater shock to her than to her spouse when the lawyer wrote to say that his client stubbornly refused to see him again, or give any information that could be employed for the purpose of exonerating him.

However, Jock was not in this same mood when his grandmother arrived at his prison, and he saw once again the dear kind face of this best and truest friend; the reaction had set in before she arrived. For a while he had persuaded himself that it was grand to sacrifice everything for Kythe and the secret of his love, but in the many hours of solitude to which he was subjected he learned to think differently. He could not always ignore the claims of the good old woman who had reared him; and when he received from her a well-worn Bible, and found between the covers a few lines traced in the feeble characters of this, his second mother, he was ashamed that he had forgotten her so long.

"I have not let myself doubt my boy since he sent me word that he was innocent," wrote Anne Beacham. "He never deceived me, and I don't think he will now. I am living in hope that this cloud will pass away, and my Jock come back to me; but if God should will otherwise, we both know in Whom we trust, and where to ask for help."

It was the receipt of this note that turned the tide of her grandson's feelings. She was so old and feeble that of late she had depended very much on the aid he gave her. Even when his disappointment with regard to Kythe pressed most heavily upon him, he had been considerate for her weakness, rising before it was light in the morning, to fetch water and perform all those tasks in and about the cottage that taxed her too severely. Her husband, always selfish and exacting, had never spared her; and if Jock had not recollected this in the autumn, when there were the crops to gather in, the ground to prepare, and seeds to sow for another season, she must have sunk under the fatigue imposed upon her by the heedless man who measured her strength by his own.

Now that he was powerless to render her any assistance, Jock recalled her tottering gait and other signs of extreme debility, and hated himself for having been absorbed in the morbid regrets by which she had been made to suffer both in mind and body.

"I must get my liberty, for her sake," he said; and, he might have added, "for my own," as confinement was beginning to affect his health to a serious degree. Accustomed to the freedom of the woods and fields, he could breathe with difficulty behind the high walls that pent him in; and he who had rarely known what pain meant, often lay on his pallet for a whole day racked with violent headache. Presently he might have grown more apathetic and found confinement less irksome as well as less injurious, but now it was maddening him, and it was fortunate in many respects that his resolution to bear the worst unmurmuringly had broken down, before his grandmother came to urge him not to persist in the silence that was cruelty to her, and must end in his ruin.

After much thought he contrived to pencil that reply to Kythe's treasured note, which Mrs. Anstey received and destroyed unread. He did not advert to her offer to befriend him, otherwise than by thanking her for the interest in his misfortune she had evinced; then proceeded to say why he had hitherto refrained from addressing her, adding his conviction that when she knew how much depended on her testimony she would not withhold it. He also explained that the interview with Noll Moyes, described by a witness for the prosecution, had been sought by him for the purpose of giving the poacher Kythe's book on emigration, and repeating as nearly as he could remember them, her arguments on the wisdom of leaving England and enabling his neglected lads to amend their position.

If Miss Anstey would have the courage to come and tell the judge how she had seen and spoken with him—Jock—at the very time he was reported to have been in Mr. Lamont's preserves; if she would do this—not heeding the rude remarks or questions of heedless people, but remembering only that it would be a mercy to the old couple on whom his arrest had cast such a load of grief and expense, he would bless her and thank her all his life long. And if she would show this letter to Mr. Raynor—it cost Jock a long struggle with himself before he could write this—if she would show it to Mr. Raynor, and tell him the writer had not made this appeal till his case seemed desperate, that gentleman, as he was well known in the county, and highly respected, might be able to order things so that the judge would hear privately what she had to say, and forbid the lawyers to harass her with too many questions.

Noel Raynor might have smiled over the simplicity of this epistle, but he would not have found a word in it at which he could cavil. Not an allusion to Jock's own feelings marred the effect. While writing it he had been careful to keep before him the fact Mrs. Anstey had left impressed on his aching heart—that her daughter was the promised wife of another.

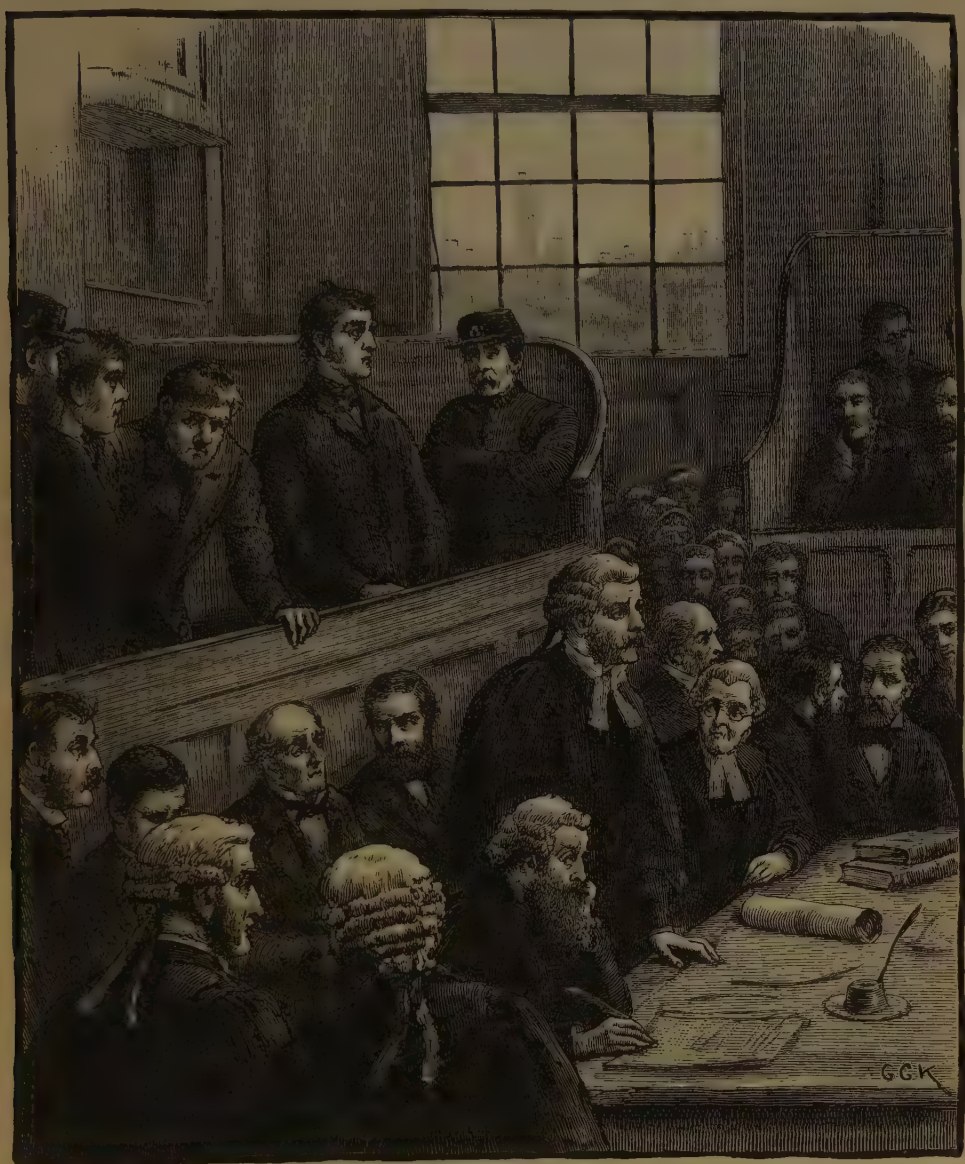
When Kit Moyes had carried this letter away, promising so faithfully to deliver it that Jock ventured to believe him, his spirits rose. Kythe would not fail him—of that he felt certain; and he could meet

his grandmother with a cheerful face, and assure her that a witness would come forward at his trial whose evidence would convince every one that he had been falsely accused.

"But why has this evidence been withheld till now?"

grandfather do too much. Tell him to leave all the troublesome jobs for me. I long to have a spade or an axe in my hands again!"

But Mrs. Beacham was not quite satisfied yet, and questioned him further.



"Still his eyes wandered about the court looking for Kythe."—*p.* 587.

Anne Beacham demanded. The turnkey, who was present at the interview, smiled slightly, and Jock was posed.

"Why? Oh, because I had not said that it was necessary," he answered at last. "But now that I have written and explained how I am situated, it will be given readily enough. So be of good cheer, gran; I shall soon come home to work for you. Don't let

"Are you sure of this witness, Jock? If you should be disappointed——"

"But I shall not be—I am positive of it; that is, if my messenger has not failed me."

"Send me; you know that I shall not fail you!" cried his grandmother, earnestly.

But Jock shook his head. She did not look equal to the long walk from her cottage to Mrs. Anstey's,

and he would not be persuaded to fear that Kythe would hold back now she knew how much depended on her.

"There's no occasion for it," he answered, cheerfully: "but if you must be doing something for the boy that's been such a trouble to you, why, try to get hold of Kit Moyes. Let any one tell him you'll give him a hunch of cake, and he'll come to you fast enough. Find out from him whether he carried my letter safely. If he did, you may set your heart at rest."

As Mrs. Beacham was now warned that she must not stay any longer, she bade Jock adieu, and went home comforted, though still doubtful as to the issue of the trial. She lost no time in seeking the little vagrant and questioning him; but he had not forgotten the reprisals Jock threatened if his instructions were not strictly carried out, and could not be induced to confess he had not seen Kythe at all. Indeed, he asseverated so loudly, and with such appearance of truth, that he had done just as he was bid, and Miss Anstey herself had said it was all right, that Mrs. Beacham did not dream of suspecting his veracity.

So it was Kythe to whom he looked for the evidence he needed; his grandmother knew not why, but she was satisfied, for she liked the bright impulsive girl, although she had thought her too dainty in her ways to be a fit wife for her Jock, and felt that she was reliable. She might have been guilty of coquetting with an enamoured youth more than was kind or fair, but an appeal once made to her sense of justice, or even her generosity, it was sure to be successful.

Now she had discovered the name of Jock's witness, Mrs. Beacham felt tempted to try and see her, simply to hear her pledge herself, as, no doubt, she would readily enough, that nothing of less importance should be allowed to prevent her from testifying in Jock's behalf. But she could not shake off the fatigue caused by her journey sufficiently to undertake another. Alessie, who might have assisted her in carrying out her wish, came no more, now she had lost both her guides; and Mrs. Beacham was being sadly harassed by her inability to compass what had grown into a painful longing to leave nothing undone that might serve Jock, when a crony of her husband's casually mentioned in her hearing that Miss Anstey was away from home—had gone, he believed, to Manchester a-visiting.

"Not so, not so!" said Anne Beacham, softly. "She has gone to be nearer my boy, to be within call when he needs her evidence. She will save him, and I may be content."

Buoyed by this hope, a calm fell upon the weary woman; her earthly toils were nearly ended, but the wasted hands would still be folded in prayer, and in her poverty and anxiety and weakness, Anne Beacham leaned on the Sustaining Arms that never fail us, and could say that all was well.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE VERDICT.

JOCK BEACHAM stepped manfully into the prisoner's dock when the hour for his trial arrived. He had grown so thin and haggard while awaiting it that his clothes hung upon him loosely, and his youth seemed to have gone out of him, never to return; yet he bore himself erect, and looked so hopeful that those who glanced from his frank face to the scowling half-brutalised ones of the men arraigned with him, either marvelled that he should have fallen so low as to associate with them, or felt convinced that he had been wrongfully accused.

But the confident air with which he confronted the throng of curious gazers he saw on all sides vanished when he failed to discern the only person he expected or wished to see. Kythe Anstey's form was not amongst them. How should it be, when she was still with the Harwins, and had evinced such agitation if Jock's imprisonment was alluded to, that Lucilla had first marvelled, then, with the good nature that never failed unless some great exertion was demanded of her, contrived to have the subject tabooed, and the newspapers kept out of sight?

But Kythe at Manchester, afraid to ask when Jock's trial would come on, lest any one should humiliate her by censuring his conduct in her hearing, was not half so unhappy as Mrs. Anstey. Kythe had nothing to reproach herself for but the weakness of bestowing her affections on one who had, as she believed, proved himself undeserving of them; but her mother was tormented with a fear that she was sinning against the young man as long as she kept silence respecting that letter. She, too, was afraid to ask when he would be tried, or if his release depended on the *alibi* which Kythe's evidence could establish.

Whether he had or had not taken part in the depredations committed by the Moyes family, it did not concern her to know, but if he were condemned for the assault on the keeper, how should she forgive herself? In the stillness of the night, when Alessie lay sleeping beside her, she would be overwhelmed by a sense of her guilt, and resolve to write to the absent girl on the morrow, and tell her all; but when the morning came she would hesitate until the post had gone out, and writing must be deferred till the following day.

How, she would ask herself, how could she take a step that would bring her daughter into such unpleasant notoriety? How could she endure to see Kythe standing in a witness-box, with every eye fixed upon her, while she reddened and winced under the unsparing cross-examination of the lawyers? while made to admit that there had been love-passages between her and this companion of poachers; that, in spite of some difference in their station, she, a relative of the Raynors of Hartswood Grange, had encouraged the attentions of this low-born lad; and, worst of all, with Noel Raynor sitting by and listening to all she said.

"We could never hold up our heads here again," moaned Mrs. Anstey. "Kythe would be pointed at if she went down the village; the Lamonts would decline her services; and Noel—ah! there would be no hope of his overlooking such a public scandal; nothing would induce him to wed a girl who had stood up before a judge to witness for the youth who was, by her own confession, her lover!

The mother had hoped against hope until now, for she discerned that Noel's affection for her child was deep and strong; but would it brook such an open affront to his pride as this would be? As she saw him in imagination turning away from Kythe, all other emotions swallowed up in the bitterest contempt, she struck her hands together, crying, "Anything but that! anything but that!"

But though doggedly resolved not to destroy her daughter's last chance of becoming mistress of the Grange by any act of her own, she could not still the voice of her conscience; and Alessie, ignorant of these mental struggles, often increased them with her innocent prattle.

As she sat at her favourite occupation—stringing oak apples and fir cones for the rustic baskets Jock Beacham had taught her to make, her thoughts were always of him, and she would utter them aloud. How many pleasant hours she owed to him! No one had tried so much as he had done to present to her mind the scenery in which she had come to dwell. It was Jock who had taught her to distinguish the different notes of the birds; who had made her a stout staff wherewith to guide her steps when she ventured out alone; and he had been even more patient than Kythe in guiding her fingers as he helped her to weave the rushes into mats, or shape the tripods and baskets at which the sightless girl was now as expert as her instructor.

Then, in hushed tones, and with many a sigh, she would dwell on the distress of Anne Beacham, and describe how, when her husband peevishly murmured at the trouble that had fallen upon them, she, who felt it more deeply than he did, would soothe him with gentle hopeful words, though her tears were falling the while on the hands the pitying Alessie was clasping.

At such times as these, Mrs. Anstey would feel desperately wicked, wondering that she could selfishly ignore the sufferings of others, and trembling with dread lest some terrible judgment should overtake her for it. Yet still she held her peace; hardening herself more and more against the inward monitor that upbraided her, and turning a deaf ear to the village gossip. If Jock had taken part in the poaching, as every one said he had, why, he deserved to be punished for it; if not—— But there she paused, and resolutely put the torturing question aside.

Living in a very lonely spot, at a considerable distance from all other houses in the Dale, she found it easy to remain in ignorance of the day fixed for the trial. Alessie could have enlightened her, for she listened readily enough to all the information Miss Mia loved to impart; but she had been too sharply chidden for attempting to repeat what she heard to volunteer any more tidings, and contented herself with passing the greater portion of the appointed morning in Kythe's empty chamber, and there simply and earnestly praying for the release of the prisoner of whose innocence she, like his grandame, had never entertained a doubt.

Along the high road, a quarter of a mile away, every available vehicle was rattling; for there were but few of the dalesmen who had not been looking forward to the excitement of being present at the trial; and, once in the court-house, all who could do so pushed their way into the seats from which they could obtain the best view of the prisoners.

It was, therefore, in the midst of those he had known from childhood that Jock Beacham stood to hear himself impeached by one counsel and defended by another, his actions so distorted and misrepresented by both that he soon became too much perplexed to feel sure that it was of himself they were discoursing. And still his eyes wandered about the court looking for Kythe. If they could but light on her sweet face, and receive from it but the slightest token that she was here in answer to his request, his heart would not throb so painfully.

Then he took courage again, for he had discovered that the witnesses were not allowed to remain in court. He must not expect Kythe to appear till her evidence was required, and with all the patience he could muster he resigned himself to waiting, his eager gaze fixed unwaveringly on the door by which she would enter.

The gamekeeper who had been wounded, and was still looking pale and ill, was under examination for a long time, but Jock heard nothing of it. His head was hot and dizzy; he could not take in the sense of the interminable questions and answers which seemed to interest every one more than the prisoners whose fate was being determined by them; moreover, he had caught sight of Mr. Raynor standing in an obscure corner, gravely observant, and felt confident that Kythe had arrived under his guardianship.

The door continued to open and close, and yet she came not; and now his counsel touched his arm and whispered an assurance that he had done his best for him. Jock stared stupidly at the place where the jury sat; it was empty; they had retired to consider their verdict, and he clutched the rail before him in an agony of incredulity. It could not be true that he had appealed to her in vain! that she, knowing his innocence, would let the blight of a sentence fall upon him that half a dozen words from her lips would have averted! Why, he could hear his jailors debate what that sentence would be, one of them conjecturing that it would not be less than two years' imprisonment.

Two years, in which each day would be twenty-

four hours of such passionate yearning to be free as he had been enduring ever since he was dragged from his home! Could he bear it, and live? Could he bear it, knowing that she might have saved him and would not?

One of the younger Moyes, in altering his position, stumbled against him, and Jock's mood changed. A fierce desire to revenge himself for all he was suffering came over him. He owed this to the brutal ruffian he had pitied and befriended. Why should he not fell him to the ground, and if they persisted in confounding him with the guilty, give them some cause for their injustice?

But a policeman who saw the wild light come into his eyes, and his hands work convulsively, had the prudence to prevent a scene by stepping between the prisoners, while another, perceiving how white Jock's lips had become, offered him a glass of water, which he drank mechanically.

And now the jury were returning; the judge, who had been conversing with a friend, picked up his pen; the hum of whispering voices ceased, and every one sat awed and expectant.

Oliver Moyes and his sons were found guilty on each count of the indictment. John Beacham, on the ground that the evidence was not strong enough to convict him, was acquitted.

CHAPTER XL.

GOING HOME.

THE freedom for which Jock had thirsted seemed to have an overpowering effect upon him; and when he found himself actually at liberty to accept the offer of Master Carston, the Bickley miller, who proposed to drive him as far as the mill-head on his way home, his senses suddenly forsook him. While endeavouring to thank his good-natured neighbour, he reeled against a wall, and was wrestling with darkness and a choking sensation in his throat when he awoke to find himself in the parlour of an inn, with half a dozen troopers who were billeted there standing around and either watching or assisting in the efforts to revive him.

"'We were sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Beacham.'"—*p.* 590.

It was fortunate that the miller had some business to attend to in the town before he could commence his homeward journey, for Jock's strength had quite deserted his limbs, and he was thankful to be able to sit still for an hour or two and drink the strong coffee the sergeant had recommended, and try to collect his thoughts.

He was in too stunned a condition to be as overjoyed at his release as he had expected to feel; besides, he had not owed it to Kythe, and, as his mind grew clearer, it stung him to the very soul to know

that he had not left the court with his innocence established. The judge had told him with much severity that he had had a very narrow escape, advising him to take warning from it, and avoid evil ways and companions in the future; and some of the dalesmen who came to speak to him when he left the judge's presence, mingled with their congratulations similar expressions. To hear men, whose good or bad opinion he had never cared for till now, exclaim, coarsely, "Eh, lad, you only got off by the skin of your teeth," made him wince with as much pain as if he had been actually guilty, and he would have sunk into despondency but for the presence of the soldiers.

They whistled and sang as they cleaned their accoutrements, and the corporal, who had noted with admiration Jock's athletic proportions, contrived to draw him into conversation. The regiment to which he was attached was *en route* for Aldershot, and, having succeeded in arousing the young man's interest by his amusing descriptions of life in a garrison town and learned from one of his admissions that his grandsire had been in the army, he asked point-blank why Jock did not join.

"There's the old folks to be thought of, or else——"

And then a vision arose of cutting asunder all ties that bound him to Bickley; of going where the suspicion still attached to him would be unknown, and he would be able to forget Kythe Anstey and her cruelty.

The corporal was both sensible and good-natured, and when Jock's broken sentences gave him an insight into the state of affairs, he ceased to press upon him the superiority of a military life to an agricultural one.

"Well, well, my lad, I've an old father and mother of my own, and I should have been ashamed to desert them if they had wanted me at home; so I'll not advise you to do any such thing; but if you should change your mind by-and-by, here's my name, and you'll always be able to hear of me at the cavalry barracks in the South Camp. I've a fancy that we shall see you there before long; you'll not find it easy to settle down to your old ways again."

Jock slipped the corporal's address into his pocket, and bade him farewell, for the miller was ready to start, and chilled and shivering under the mistling rain that beat in his face, he sat at the back of the vehicle, the place beside the driver being occupied by a loquacious woman also bound for the Dale.

Jock was more susceptible to fatigue than in earlier days, and the excitement he had undergone had almost exhausted him. In spite of the cold that made his hands and feet smart and ache, he kept dropping into a doze, from which some jolt more than commonly violent would arouse him, always to hear indistinctly the flow of the woman's ceaseless chatter. But in one of those wakeful moments he heard her say to the miller, "Don't you think we ought to tell him? Eh, poor laddie! but it'll be an awful shock when he hears it!"

His hand gripped her shoulder with a startling force that made her cry out.

"What is it?" he demanded hoarsely; "I will know. Some one is dead. Is it—is it she?"

"Nay, lad, she wasna quite gone when I looked in this morning to ask if there was anything I could bring her from the town; but Effie Miller, who 's been with her night and day since she took to her bed, thinks she'll no last longer than the changing of the moon."

"Of whom was she speaking?" asked Jock, whose thoughts had flown to Kythe Anstey.

"Of whom would I be speaking but your granmer?" she queried, wonderingly.

White with horror he sat awhile without replying, then slid down from his seat, and the last they saw of him he was rushing across the moor in the direction of his grandfather's cottage.

A week ensued of such stormy weather that all out-of-door work was at a standstill; but it was followed by frost and exhilarating sunshine; the ground soon became hard enough to render the sodden paths and lanes passable, and Alessie, supporting herself with her staff, ventured as far as the road to the market town about the time Tam of Hartswood would be likely to drive by on his way home with groceries, etc., for Miss Mia.

The blind girl's errand was to entrust him with a a message for his master. Her mother had been so unfortunate as to scald her foot severely; it troubled her all the more because she was wanted at Manchester. Would Mr. Raynor come to the cottage and advise her?

He went, though with reluctance; nor did his features relax when she greeted his entrance with a burst of tears.

"It is Mia you want," he said, "or a doctor. I will send for one."

"No!" she cried, endeavouring to compose herself. "My foot will heal if I rest and foment it; but I am in trouble; and it is about Kythe."

"She is married, I suppose. Is it to one of the Harwins?"

"She is ill; she asks for me incessantly, and I cannot go to her; what shall I do?"

Mr. Raynor held out his hand for the letter she was unfolding. It was from Lucilla, and written in great perturbation. Kythe was better than she had been, and she was not in any danger; they had not intended to alarm her friends, but whenever she was light-headed she called for her mother, and was so eager to be allowed to return to her, that papa thought Mrs. Anstey ought to be made acquainted with her daughter's condition.

"Be easy!" said Mr. Raynor promptly, his voice not quite as steady as usual; "Mia and I will fetch her."

"When?"

"Directly, of course. There will be a train in two hours and a half; that will give me plenty of time to go home, tell my sister what I propose doing, and drive her to the railway station."

"Mia will require time for her preparations," urged Mrs. Anstey, doubtfully.

"In such a case as this, she must forego them. Good-bye, Alessie. Tam shall bring you a load of wood presently. Pile it high in the chimney, and have a cheerful fire to welcome the traveller I shall bring you towards nightfall."

Mrs. Anstey caught hold of his coat as he was turning away—

"You will be gentle with her, Noel. You'll not forget how young she is?"

"Am I a brute?" he asked, gloomily, and would not be detained to hear more.

With such despatch did he make his arrangements, that Miss Mia found herself set down at the railway station twenty minutes before the train was due. She went into the waiting-room to smooth her shawl and tie her bonnet-strings more carefully than such haste had permitted, while Noel walked down the platform.

Passengers were few just now. With the exception of a family group, there was but one—a tall young fellow, who wore on his hat the crape band that betokened recent bereavement.

It was Jock Beacham; and when their eyes met, Mr. Raynor, overcoming a little secret repugnance, accosted him.

"We were sorry to hear at Hartswood of the death of Mrs. Beacham."

"Why?" queried Jock, abruptly—"had she aught to live for? Grandfather has broken up the home; he says he cannot live where his fellow-men look down upon him. She is at rest in her grave; she cannot hear his unkind words, nor see how hard I have found it to bear them."

"It has been an unfortunate piece of business; but you must live it down. You must atone to the poor old man for all the trouble you have cost him," said Noel.

"Keep your advice for those who need it," was the sullen reply. "What I have to live down is not my own guilt, but the injustice dealt to me. If this has been your doing—as I sometimes think it has—take heed of yourself. God's vengeance may be slow, but it is sure; you shall not escape it."

Before Mr. Raynor could shake off his astonishment, Jock had crossed the line to meet the train that was puffing in, on its way to London, and he saw him no more.

(To be continued.)

THE "BEGINNINGS" OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART.

THE BEGINNING OF OUR CONFIDENCE.

"For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end."—HEB. iii. 14.

THE Gospel of Jesus Christ is, as we pointed out in a previous paper, "the power of God unto salvation," — the sure and only means of our deliverance from sin, and our attainment of eternal life. It embraces in the purpose of its Author the entire world as its sphere of action, and is capable of blessing every creature. There is no man on earth, whatever his character, condition, or history, who does not need to be made a "partaker of Christ," neither is there any man to whom Christ is not freely offered, for the renewal of his nature and the completion of his joy. The Gospel retains the fulness of its power, and is still, in every sense, and for every purpose which it was designed to serve, "mighty through God." As a matter of fact, however, it does not secure the salvation of all men; nor indeed the salvation of any, apart from their compliance with a condition repeatedly declared to be essential. Even that Apostle, whose mission it was to make known the universal and unfailing efficacy of the Gospel, does not contend for this position in an absolute and unrestricted form. The Gospel, he assures us, is the power of God unto salvation "to every one that believeth." Belief is therefore indispensable. The love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord is the meritorious cause of our salvation—the ground on which alone our sinful race can be restored to His favour, but it is equally certain that faith in that love is the instrumental cause of our salvation, the means by which alone we can approach God and appropriate to ourselves the manifold blessings He urges us to accept. Without faith, we are, even in a Christian community, and when surrounded by Christian privileges, practically estranged from God, and destitute of the life and joy the Gospel is intended to inspire. It is possible for us to come short of God's rest—the rest of a pacified conscience, of a renewed heart, of a spirit in communion with God and living in hope of His glory. There are still those in regard to whom it must be said, "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it."

It is not, of course, meant by this that there is any such merit in faith as to entitle us to the salvation of Christ. Faith is essential, but only

because it is the opening of the heart to receive what Christ gives, as the shutters must be thrown back and the windows opened to let in the light and air into the otherwise dark and stifled room. It is essential, but only as the lifting of food to the mouth is essential, that it may be eaten and digested, and life thereby be sustained. Faith does not create, but merely transmits into our hearts the power which saves. Merit, therefore, dwells in Christ alone. In Him is the grace which pardons, the wisdom which guides, the power which sustains, and we are saved only as we are "partakers" of Him.

Because faith is indispensable, we are required to "hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." The word here rendered confidence is not, it is true, the ordinary expression for faith, but in such a course of exhortation it can have no other meaning. It denotes literally the groundwork, the foundation—the substructure—or that on which we build. As a mental or moral quality it denotes assurance, courage, steadfastness. It is the word by which, in a subsequent chapter of this epistle, faith is described as "the substance of things hoped for." In our text, therefore, it can only mean a firm and well-grounded persuasion of the power and grace of Christ—an unreserved submission to His will, a steady persistence in His ways.

By *the beginning* of our confidence we are to understand not so much its earliest and simplest manifestations as its essence and principle, the spirit of which it is an expression. What that spirit is we need be at no loss to know. On the one hand it implies a profound conviction of our sinfulness and danger in view of the judgment of God, of our need of pardon, purity, and strength, and of our utter inability to supply this need from any resources of our own, the impossibility of effecting an inward spiritual renewal, the failure of our most determined resolves, and of our best and holiest endeavours. And on the other hand it implies a conviction of Christ's righteousness, power, and grace, trust in Him proportioned to our distrust in self; the feeling that we are nothing and He everything. We cherish the confidence that He can and will save us both from the penalties and power of sin, and secure for us the enjoyment of God's favour in this world, and the participation of His glory in the world to come. The beginning or principle of our confidence is this: "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." In opposition on the one hand to the cynicism which proclaims, on the ground of the worthlessness of human nature, the impossibility of its redemption even by the power of God, and on the other hand to the scepticism which denies the reality of the Divine love and care, we hold to the conviction that men, degraded and weakened as they are by sin, have slumbering within them elements of nobleness; that they are dear to the heart of God, that step by step—it may be, amid inevitable toil and struggle and the shame of their frequent failure—He will lead them on to His own perfection, so that they shall indeed become "partakers of Christ"—animated by His spirit, clothed with His righteousness, filled with His joy. We are by faith made one with Christ, and when Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in Glory.

This principle of our confidence we are to hold steadfast unto the end. The spirit of our first approach to Christ, in penitence, consecration, and faith, is to abide with us through all subsequent stages of our life, through its change of circumstance and condition, its progression of character, its encounter with temptation, its summons from the seen to the unseen world, in the hour of death and the day of judgment. As we begin, so are we to continue. Conversion, though a change of momentous importance, and the precursor of results which cannot be adequately described, is not of itself complete salvation. It is but the birth of our souls to righteousness and God; the infancy of our spiritual being; the beginning of a life which must be nourished, protected, and trained, in order that it may at length reach its maturity. Now we are but babes in Christ. By means of appropriate food and exercise, we must seek to become perfect men, so that our knowledge and discernment, our virtue and power may be complete. The end of the path of life is not to be found at its entrance. If indeed we are travellers in the King's highway, and are able from some of its elevations to see His palace gleaming distinctly before us, we must remember that ere we can set our foot within its walls and secure a place among its inmates we must steadily persevere in our efforts towards it. The distance between it and the ground we now traverse must be gradually diminished, and by continual walking with God we must not only approach nearer in time to the conclusion of our pilgrimage on earth, but in heart and life to the character of our King. The promise of our conversion can in no other way be fulfilled, nor the manhood of our spiritual life attained. Day after day must we guard against the power of unbelief and sin, cast off the works of darkness and strive after the fruits of righteousness. Day after day must we confess and abandon the evils of which we are conscious, displaying the repentance and pleading for the forgiveness which are daily needed. Day after day must we cleave with purpose of heart unto the Lord, renew the vows of our consecration, and set out on our path with renewed vigour. We should constantly acquire new stores of knowledge and experience, and these should all contribute, by God's grace, to the growth of our character and the greater success of our work.

To do what this scripture requires of us is a task of no small difficulty: "Hold the beginning of your confidence firm or steadfast unto the end." Hold it fast, so that it shall neither slip out of your hand, nor be wrested from you by your adversaries. There are at work around us hostile influences, which disturb and unsettle our relations to Christ, which if yielded to will obscure the clearness of our insight, enervate our faith, and enfeeble our will. The assurance we now have of the power and grace of Christ may be shaken. The brightness of our hope may be dimmed, and we must therefore hold fast that which we have, or all will be lost.

These adverse influences proceed both from without and within. We live in a world where sin is easy, and godliness often difficult. Siren voices continually accost our ears, and seek to woo us to destruction. Business distracts our thoughts, and draws them away from God. The honours and rewards of the world tempt us to lower our standard, and compromise with evil. Cares and irritations annoy us; the chilling winds of scepticism blight our faith; ridicule and reproach unnerve us, and, against our better judgment, our holiest feelings, our noblest memories, we may relax our hold on the treasures of Christ's grace, and have to bewail our loss in bitter and impotent grief.

Even more dangerous are the foes within. The power of evil is not utterly broken—the lower elements incessantly strive for mastery with the higher. The spiritual, the heavenly, the aspiring, are held in check by the fleshly, the earthly, the grovelling; and even those who are furthest advanced in their Christian career can maintain their ground only through unwearied toil and struggle. Warfare is inevitable, and only by taking part with Christ, even against ourselves, can we share the honours of victory. Resolutely, prayerfully, and with hearty dependence upon God, must we hold fast the priceless treasure of our Christian faith, remain true to our clearest knowledge, purest feeling, and noblest resolves, faltering not either because of obstacles without, or languor and weariness within. We cannot always stand on lofty elevations, and command a view which shall inspire and delight us; we cannot always insure the glow of our early enthusiasm, or rekindle the fervours of our first love. Clouds will often hide the sun from our sight; our hearts will occasionally grow cold, and we may for a time become less alive to the powers of the world to come. But, by the help which God never refuses to give, we shall find that—

> Tasks in hours of insight willed
> May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

WITH THE SOLDIERS AT PARKHURST.

BY ANNE BEALE.

THE readers of THE QUIVER may perhaps remember a paper that appeared in these pages some time ago, entitled "Good Work Among the Soldiers," which gave an account of Miss Robinson's Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth. To those who generously responded to the appeal made for funds, it will doubtless be pleasant to learn that this remarkable work not only maintains its own vigour, but has planted seedlings which are, in their turn, developing into umbrageous plants. Of these the most noteworthy are the *Sailors' Welcome*, at Portsea, and the *Soldiers' Institute*, at Newport, Isle of Wight. Regarding the former, it may be remembered that in the sketch referred to above, mention was made of how the lads from the training-ships swarmed over the Institute, and how the sailors used it as well as the soldiers. A large new room has now been built for the high-spirited boys, and this house of "Welcome" is now opened to the men at the dockyard gates. As to the latter, our readers may or may not recollect that the article aforesaid concluded with a short account of a drawing-room meeting held by Miss Robinson at Canon Connor's Vicarage, at Newport, for the purpose of placing an institute in that town similar in kind to the one at Portsmouth. It is concerning this "good work" we would write.

Everything connected with the "Isle of Beauty" has a pleasant poetical ring in it, from the soft-sounding name of its principal river, the Medina, to the suggestive denomination of its barracks. Parkhurst sounds baronial, and its neighbour, the Castle of Carisbrooke, its wide-spreading forest, undulating downs, and smooth meadows, do not belie the name. Yet not only barracks, but a convict prison and great union workhouse lie in the midst of its grassy and tree-studded acreage. To Parkhurst Barracks come regiments from every clime under heaven; and, oh! how the soldiers rejoice in the cool sweet landscape, after, maybe, tropical heat! and how deeply

they feel the kind word or deed of a compatriot, after strange tongues and foreign service. It was in much loving-kindness that their well-wishers bethought themselves of the Institute, which was to be a welcome home to the brave men who had been employed on hard service in distant lands, and who deserved a resting-place that they could call their own when they returned to the old country. Accordingly, in the quaint old borough-town of Newport, with its manifold associations, a small house was taken, furnished, and appropriated to the redcoats, who, ever pacing to and fro from Parkhurst, add to the picturesqueness of the ancient streets. This veritable Soldiers' Rest was mooted on the 22nd of August, 1877, and opened the 16th of October of the same year. Ladies, ever foremost in battling for the right, led the van in this movement. Not only did the soldiers' friend, Miss Robinson, inaugurate it, but the widow of one officer, and her niece, the daughter of another, declared themselves willing to take up their abode in two or three wee rooms of the seemingly insignificant domicile, while others volunteered to aid them.

Insignificant no longer, if still too small. By dint of patient and gradual effort, it has become in miniature what the Portsmouth Institute is in the colossal picture. It has its small reception room on the basement, where "friend may greet friend," and its large long reading room on the first floor, where books and journals cover the tables, and flags and pictures the walls, and where, from time to time, sociable teas and inspiring concerts regale the senses of those fine fellows, who so often risk their lives for Queen and country. It has also its coffee bar, where an ex-

THE READING ROOM.

soldier and his wife preside; its class-room, and some few sleeping apartments, where the man "out on leave" may secure a better shake-down than in the tempting public-house. In Newport, as at Portsmouth and elsewhere, alcohol is a greater foe to the soldier than the enemy he meets face to face on the field; and both he and the civilian are bound by conscience to make war against him wheresoever he encroaches on the moral or physical rights of man. This crusade is carried on both within and without our Institute, and certainly victoriously, in spite of the enemy, for a "coffee palace" now runs the gauntlet with the "publics." To understand how the work of the good ladies who devote themselves to the well-being and doing of the redcoat varies with the variable seasons and changing regiments, we will cite what we have ourselves seen in autumn and winter.

Every one remembers the excitement that prevailed a couple of years ago concerning Cyprus, and its investiture by the English; but every one does not recollect how the climate of that island disagreed with our troops. In the autumn of 1879, soldiers returned from Cyprus were quartered at Parkhurst. The celebrated Highland regiment known as the "Black Watch" was there. We were privileged to visit the hospital with one of the ladies. The wards were full of military patients, down in Cyprus fever, rheumatism, and such ailments as are engendered by camping out in swampy pestiferous places. We carried two large baskets of bouquets of autumnal flowers, composed principally of heather and fern, interspersed with red berries of the cerbase tree; also books, newspapers, and, especially, small copies of the Gospels, or "Portions," as they are now called. It is needless to say we were warmly welcomed. A military hospital is impressive both in reality and imagination, but here it was bereft of the horrors attendant upon war. Still, stalwart men were rendered helpless by another of the soldier's foes—inimical climate—and perhaps it was harder to bear the iron grip of rheumatic fever, than the extraction of a ball, or amputation of a limb. To see the third of a regiment almost helpless, was truly a pathetic sight, and to watch the eyes gleam at a gift of the native heather, or the sound of kindly Christian words, cannot easily be forgotten. There were no murmurs. Here and there a partially convalescent patient was helping the wholly infirm; and one struck us especially as an example of manly endurance. He was a tall fine fellow, who walked from bed to bed bearing water or tea in his right hand, while his left was glued to his side. It was still immovable from rheumatism, he said, but he was getting all right by degrees. Another had been twice down in bronchitis, and was now recovering from rheumatic fever; all were suffering acute pain. It was pleasant to see how the friendly greeting cheered them, and how their eyes rested on the text that was appended to the bouquet. In time of sorrow and suffering a few hopeful or comforting sentences from the Father's Word are gratefully received, even by the most hardened—and your gallant soldier is ever tender-hearted, and more easily influenced than one imagines. There, on the bed of pain, every one acknowledged the evils of drink, and the good of a Soldiers' Institute; all were thankful for tracts or religious periodicals, and desirous to make their peace with God. Old and young were serious enough when laid low, and many said that illness was a time for reflection. Although it was a warm September, those who were up hovered over the large fire, shivering from the effects of fever and ague. But how they rejoiced in the peeps of green fields and gardens as visible from the windows, and longed for their *auld house* in breezy heathery Scotland!

There was one whom we visited last, who would never see his native hills again. He was alone in a small ward, tenderly nursed by a messmate, and said, in answer to a few whispered words concerning our Blessed Saviour, that He was the only hope. He took the Gospel of St. John from us, and we left him reading either the 13th or 14th chapter. He died the following day, another victim to unhealthy Cyprus.

But there was a sadder case in a neighbouring room. A poor fellow out of his mind, and guarded by two others, who scarcely knew what to do with him. This, too, was from the effects of fever. Does it not behove us to do what we can to provide a place that shall be something like home for men such as these?

We witnessed a very different scene at Parkhurst, a few days afterwards. The Duke of Cambridge inspected all that were not invalided of the Black Watch, and many a sick member of the regiment feigned health that he might not be absent from the ranks; while others thronged the hospital windows to watch their gallant Highland brethren go through their manœuvres. It was an inspiriting sight, and braver fellows than the kilted plaided Scots could nowhere be found.

We may also speak to their politeness, for had we not the honour of presiding at one of several tea-tables at the Institute, when, subsequently, these brave soldiers, who had been in many a land and fought in many a field, were invited to an evening entertainment, as peaceful as it was pleasant? It was delightful to feel oneself before a big urn, dispensing the Chinese beverage to travelled men, who talked of many countries, but always ended by saying, "There 's no place like home." And it was even more exciting when they afterwards filled the long room to listen to a concert arranged in their honour, and to addresses cunningly managed so as to slightly "improve the occasion." That the music, vocal and instrumental, gave infinite pleasure, the applause sufficiently proved; and that the kindly words which followed from many friends were well received, was also evident enough. All felt, for the time being at least, thankful for being cared for, soul and body, and when that staunch advocate of teetotalism, the Vicar of Newport, spoke of abstinence, they listened and agreed.

"I have been eighteen years a total abstainer," spoke up a gallant corporal from the platform. "But when I was converted from drunkenness and immorality to sobriety and godliness by a good lady in Ireland, there were no institutes to help one, and I had to bear taunts and laughter alone. Now, there are thousands of us, shoulder to shoulder, who fight the good fight."

"I owe everything to the institutes, and wish there was one at every barracks, at home and abroad," declared a stalwart sergeant. "We can't be thankful enough to the ladies who give up their time to teach us, and keep 'open house' for us whenever we choose to come. I advise you all, young and old, to follow my example. I've got on better by half since I took to the right path."

The testimony of these men was clinched by the presentation of a handsome Bible to the Institute, given by a regiment removed from Parkhurst, and brought by a frequenter of the Bible-class.

It was curious and interesting to listen to the private remarks of the soldiers, as the reserved Scottish heart opened under the influence of tea and talk.

"I never saw so many Black Watch together in a room before," remarked one to us. "Only a few months ago, when we came here, I was an awful drinker. Now I've taken the pledge, and never felt so well in my life," said another. "There's no doubt as them as is sober has the best of it," put in a third, who was seemingly halting between two opinions. "'Specially in the hot climates," a fourth. "I've played the cornet in the regiment for six years, and I'm a teetotaler, and well enough," a fifth.

There were two band boys, who, though in the famous Highland regiment, yet informed us they were Londoners. One was from an Orphanage, and both had always belonged to Bands of Hope, and had not flinched from the principles of one band when drafted into another; but they acknowledged, with bated breath, that it was sometimes hard work to stick to them, where the majority, both officers and men, believed in "the whuskey" as the best stimulant for the soldier.

We must not, however, linger too long over our "Autumn Manœuvres" of 1879, since we desire to say a few words touching the winter ones of 1880 and 1881.

The Black Watch have left Parkhurst, and another regiment reigns in its stead. Little children no longer hide behind their mothers at the unwonted sight of the "Highland garb," which alarms them, but point admiringly at the scarlet uniforms that please their eye. Again we are invited to "pour out the tea" at another entertainment, and to listen to sweet sounds and pleasant speeches afterwards. What strikes us most is the contrast between the soldiers of the old and the new *régime*. The Highlanders were fine matured men, proud of their regiment, understanding how to behave, gaining wisdom by experience, and ready for service at a moment's notice; their successors at our feast are mostly youths, to all appearance. The raw material is certainly less polished than the seasoned, and it is more difficult to obtain order amongst the high-spirited youth of our present party, than it was where years had taught experience both in soldiering and manners. Nevertheless, we all thoroughly enjoy ourselves, and it is the opinion of the fair-faced handsome boy on our left, who joined but six weeks ago, that "They will all have enough for their money; and for his part, he must unbutton his coat." Indeed, tea, cake, biscuits, bread and butter disappear rapidly; and cries of "Waitar, waitar!" resound on all sides as the military servitors, who have been picked out for the occasion, laughingly obey the calls. It is a bright and cheerful scene, and one not likely to be forgotten.

And we can well imagine that in some far-distant land, a vision of the group of fair girls who join in singing glees for the amusement of the party, may rise, cheeringly, before their memory's eye; while the good words of their fast friend Canon Connor and others may seem to sound on their ear; and so the Newport Soldiers' Institute, with its many kindly deeds, will be a hopeful milestone in life's journey.

Soon after this entertainment the soldiers and their families were snowed up in Parkhurst barracks. They, and the convicts from the prison, had to turn out to clear the two miles of road that intervened between them and Newport. Never in the memory of man had the Isle of Wight been so deeply encased in snow, and never had she looked more lovely. Thanks to the exertions of soldiers and convicts, we were enabled to join one of the Institute ladies in a domiciliary visitation of the barracks—for a weekly mothers' meeting there brings them in contact with the women. What a glorious day it was, and what a splendid walk we had; between snow embankments, over frozen white paths, beneath a sunlit sky. Here was a long cordon of soldiers going to the town for rations, there a wagon-load of provisions drawn by six or eight horses, toiling up the hill to the workhouse or prison. But for the road-clearing they must have been starved out. The barracks looked like a village of wigwams in a Canadian district, and women and children were shivering over their fires. Many of the elder women had not spent a winter at home for years, having been in India, where their children were born, and they knew not how to provide against the cold. The little ones did not understand it at all. As to the mothers' meeting, no one had expected its energetic superintendent, though all agreed in saying that "nothing would daunt her." They were ready, however, if she thought fit; but seeing the state of the case, it was given up. We went from room to room instead, where life seemed to go on much as it does elsewhere. Here was a bright handsome young mother, with two fine children, there a weeping one with a small dead baby close at hand. Sympathetic neighbours were lamenting with her, albeit four or five living children were there to console for that still piece of waxwork that had never drawn breath. Many of the women were Irish, and all welcomed us cordially. They repeated some pathetic speeches made by the convicts as they passed them by, when they were clearing the roads under strict surveillance, though one, we were afterwards told, managed to escape.

"Ah! missus, I wish I could sit for half-an-hour by your fireside," exclaimed one; and "If only I had a hot cup of tea out of your teapot," said another; and a third, remarking on a child that one of the women held by the hand, "Poor little dear! 'tis too cold for the likes of her."

"It went to my heart to hear them," exclaimed

she who told us; "though I was afraid to pass them by."

Kindly words of counsel, interest in fathers, mothers, and children, loans of instructive books, are as welcome in the women's quarters of barracks as they are elsewhere, and much good is done thereby. Questions were asked concerning the enlargement of the Institute, and consequent benefit to the soldier; which brings us to a final and important part of this subject.

Another house has been taken, the garden of which adjoins the small yard of the present Institute, from which, if only funds are forthcoming, much good is anticipated. A garden in which to stroll and spend a stray hour has long been desired, and more rooms for various purposes seem indispensable. We glance from the back of one abode to the back of the other, and perceive the advantage of the increased space, the open-air recreation-ground, and general improved accommodation. We see, in imagination, the red-coats seated amid the flowers, or passing from house to house through the garden, for Bible-class, reading-room, or other objects, for which the present house is much too small; and we hope that when we have the pleasure of being present at a third entertainment both houses may be furnished and thrown open for the benefit and delectation of the soldiers.

It is interesting to think that so pious and peaceful an institution should flourish within a stone's throw of "the free grammar school" where Charles Stuart for a short space held his court, and within sight of the fine church where his sweet daughter, Elizabeth, was buried; to whose fair memory our beloved Queen has erected a monument. Indeed, memorials of ancient times surround us on all sides, and we are warned to conclude this sketch by one of them—for here, still, "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

CHARLEY BROWN-EYES.

"WELL, I'm blest!" He certainly did not look it. The speaker was a very dirty, a very ragged, and a very knowing-looking boy. His name was Noll Bags. The Christian name was legendary. As to the surname, I do not suppose there was ever a Mr. or Mrs. Bags. Perhaps he may have earned it by reason of skill in the art of "bagging," early developed.

The boy he addressed was smaller, but similarly encased in dirt and rags. His name was Charley Jones. Both were waifs in the great city, and knew no other home than this muddy East-end thoroughfare, or the twopenny lodging-house, or "doss-house," where, if they were in luck, they spent the night. But Noll had never known any parents, while Charley possessed the doubtful advantage of remembering a drunken mother, who had disappeared, and left him to fend for himself.

"Well, I 'm blest!" said Noll, with an accent of scornful amaze, "you 're never a-goin' to cave in!"

As he spoke he gave his companion's shoulder a pretty vigorous shake. Charley, leaning up against the wall with his head on his arm, feebly resisted the attack, and muttered—

"Leave me be, Bags; I 've got the pain acrosst my chest."

Bags gave a soft whistle, and turned the boy's face round forcibly. It showed white, notwithstanding the grime. His eyes were heavy, and his breath came in pants.

"Why, what 's up with the little chap? He 's as white as chalk, and his skin 's like a hot pertater. How much have yer got? Not a farden? So I reckoned. Well, I 'll stand the doss, and there 's tuppence left for a supper. What do yer fancy? baked taters?"

"I couldn't eat nothin', thank you," said Charley, and a tear washed a clean line down his face.

He had not met with much kindness during his eight years of life, and the rough protection of Noll Bags was too much for him. His brown eyes, with this new softness in them, lost the furtive wildness with which they had at first looked round. They became pathetic for a moment.

"Pluck up heart," cried Bags sturdily, proceeding to haul him along by the shoulder. "A snooze under a blanket 's what yer want. There ain't nothin' like it for settin' a feller on his legs again."

So along they trudged on the greasy pavements, with the gaslights flaring in the east wind—two atoms among the crowd of hustling passengers. Bags had a boot much too large on one foot, and a shoe much too small on the other. Charley pattered along on naked red toes, his little bent figure shoved on by the vigorous Bags. But their progress was cut short. A fit of coughing seized Charley, which threatened to tear his frame to pieces. When it was over, he gasped—

"I can't go no furder, I can't. I 'll stop here, under the arch. I can't go no furder till the mornin'."

"'T ain't much mornin' you'll see, little 'un, if this 'ere wind 's got the run of yer all night. 'Ere, get on my back. Blest if you wouldn't make a helephant stagger. Sixteen stun, I should reckon about your figger, eh, bag o' bones?"

With which irony the two started off again, this time with Charley's thin legs comfortably tucked under Noll's arms, and his hands clasping Noll's neck. Their progress was now hailed by derisive remarks. "How much 'll you take for them old clo'?" "You've bagged somethin' pretty heavy this time; 'ope it 's as valleyable as it looks," and such like, to all which Bags returned as good as he got.

"He held on tightly"—*p.* 598.

At last he dived with his burden down a dark entry into Blinders Court. Blinders Court was so close that it couldn't be cold, even on such a bitter night as this—at least, the east wind could not rake it as it did the main thoroughfare, where it searched every cranny and keyhole, and made the housed folk hug their fires and shiver. The external aspect of Blinders Court did not proclaim it to be the haunt of crime amd poverty. The houses were of decent size, and in good repair, and there was nothing outward to betray the fact that every room was swarming with its own set of filthy degraded men and women.

It is early yet, and the place is quiet. By-and-by there will be shouts and oaths, and drunken laughter, and men and women will come in reeling from the gin-palace at the corner. Noll carries his burden up a flight of dark stairs to a room where the floor is covered with coarse beds, each with its coarse rug-blanket. Charley crawls under one of these like a dog into his kennel, but the "snooze" does not come with the blanket. Coughs come in plenty, and cold perspirations to his forehead, and he draws his breath like knives. A man with a red face and bleared eyes comes and stands over him, and says—

"I'm much mistaken if this 'ere kid 'll be alive in the mornin'!"

But there is a pale young man, looking half-starved, who regards him pityingly, and says—

"Haven't you never a mother, my boy?" And as the weary hours drag on, this young man comes now and again and holds a mug of water to his feverish lips.

Noll Bags is soon snoring under his blanket. This room is luxury to him—luxury only to be indulged in, if he has the means, on cold nights; he aspires no higher than a railway arch in warm weather. And Charley at one time would have desired nothing better than to curl up and fall asleep in the warmth. He feebly wonders what it all means, and what it would feel like "not to be alive in the morning." Will he still feel this burning heat when he pulls the blanket over him, this shivering cold when he throws it off, this racking pain whatever he does? He does not heed the man who wakes up at the sound of his cough, and hurls terrible oaths at him. He has been too much used to that sort of thing. The wretched dirty room, the wicked coarse men all around him, these do not trouble him; he has known nothing else. His little brain, confused with pain and weakness, dimly wonders what is going to happen to him, but is not much interested, even in that, he is so very ill.

Charley knows no prayer to pray. He has never been told that there was Somebody ruling all his little life, and watching him with pitying eyes, and

to Whom he might speak if he would. Yet who dare say that the Good Shepherd did not watch by His little lamb that night, and that from His hand came not that gentle sleep under which, as the dim morning broke, the aching eyelids fell, and the lines of pain on the childish face softened into rest?

But long ere Bags thrust out his towsled head from the blanket, Charley's eyes were open again.

"Halloa, Blinkers!" cried that youth, as he faced a new day, and with it the big solemn eyes of his little friend. "Here we are again! All right yer are, I s'pose? We've had a jolly good snooze, ain't we?"

Charley shook his head. "Ain't slep' a wink," he said, in perfect good faith. "I've 'ad the pain acrosst my chest, I have, so bad."

Bags whistled, sprang to his feet, and performed his toilet, which consisted in twisting a very dirty scarf round his very dirty neck, and running his fingers carefully through his hair. Then he inspected Charley critically.

"Here's a jolly go!" he remarked thoughtfully; "what's goin' to be done with yer now? I'm beat. I'd a' sworn a blanket 'ud a' put yer straight. But yer looks pretty bad. Get up and let's see how yer are on your feet."

Charley meekly obeyed, but staggered and fell back. "'Tain't no use tryin'; I can't get up." Charley delivered the simple words with so piteous a tone, and with such an evident struggle to keep back tears, that Bags was moved to say with much kindness, "Poor chap!" He scratched his head and regarded the boy doubtfully. Then, struck by a sudden thought, he exclaimed, "Jemima! I've hit it," and smacked his leg triumphantly. "I know a place where they takes boys and gals in and does for 'em. I on'y seen the houtside, but by all I 'ear the inside's reg'lar nobby. If cheek'll sarve, I lay I get yer in. On to my back, young shaver. Ketch 'old tight."

It was a raw foggy morning. The outside air struck chill to Charley's little feverish thinly clad frame. But he held on tightly, and the friendly contact cherished him.

"I'm bound to do the best I can for yer, poor little feller," Bags observed, after meditation, "but I'm blowed if I see my way. There's one thing enough to prowoke anybody. There ain't a lie as'll sarve my turn on this 'ere lay. The fac's 'll fetch the folks best. It's dreffful contrairy. All I can think on is for yer to cough as hoften as convenient."

Bags, with his burden, at last reaches a great door, and rings a bell which goes echoing down into far-off regions. But Bags is not the boy to feel nervous tremors, and Charley is too ill to feel them now. A maid-servant opens the door. Seeing two ragged figures, "Oh, you've come to the wrong door," she says promptly. "You must go to the out-patients' entrance round the corner. But it's no good going till ten, o'clock; the doctors ain't there yet. Have you got a ticket?"

"No fear, lady," says Bags, confidently. "P'raps you'd let us wait hinside. It's a bitter cold mornin'," giving a hoist to his burden as a signal for a cough.

"Oh, you'd much best run off with him home, for there's two hours yet. It's only just gone eight," and the maid-servant shut the door smartly, feeling considerable suspicion of the glib-tongued young vagabond. But the doorstep was wide, and held two sheltered corners, into which the boys crouched, Bags considerately putting himself to windward. But snug as it was, Charley shivered, and presently said—

"Oh, Bags! ain't it ten o'clock? Will they give me doctor's stuff to make me well? I've got the pain so bad, I have." To which Bags vouchsafed comfort—

"Lor bless yer, yes, they'll make yer all right in a jiffey. Why, they'd take yer arm off in there as soon as look at yer. I'm doin' the werry best thing by yer. But I'm done about that there ticket. I b'lieve I'll up and tell 'em as I'll fetch it, and cut, and they wouldn't 'ave the 'eart to turn yer out."

But Charley pleaded, "Oh, don't cut and leave me, Bags. That 'ud be worser nor anything."

By-and-by a carriage rolled up, and a gentleman alighted—a gentleman with grey hair, and a stoop, and grey keen eyes.

"What are you doing here?" he asked the boys.

"I done no 'arm, yer honour," said Bags, touching his ragged cap. "This 'ere's my little brother as is waiting to see the doctors. We ain't got no father, and mother's in the 'orsepittle." Bags' opinion of the usefulness of lying fell through, it will be observed, under the pressure of habit.

The doctor looked at the little boy's ashen face and shivering limbs. He put his fingers on his pulse, and asked, "What is your name?"

"Noll Bags, yer honour, and him's Charley Jones."

"I thought you said you were brothers?"

"Lor, so I did, but I'm blowed if I went fur to do it. I won't tell never another lie to yer honour."

"Where do you come from?"

"We slep' last night at the doss-house in Blinders Court, but we ain't neither on us got no home. He ain't got no friend but me—'ave yer, young un?" signing to Charley with a wink that it would be appropriate to cough at this point.

"He give me a bed last night, and carried me all the way when I got the pain acrosst my chest, he did," said Charley, emboldened by the desire to give testimony to the worth of his one friend, and also by something in the pressure of the gentleman's hand upon his shoulder. This time, when the door was opened, it was not shut in Charley's face. Bags departed, after an encouraging farewell, chuckling to himself.

"Lor, what a clever blade I am! There ain't another chap in London as 'ud a done that there thing so well. He never ast me for no ticket, not he. I know a thing or two, I do."

Meanwhile a kind hand led the little sick boy up a flight of carpeted stairs to a door which seemed to open into paradise. Round the room were ranged

"'What are you doing here?' he asked the boys."

bright cots, covered with white counterpanes, and in them were little patient, sometimes smiling, children. A great red fire glowed in the fire-place, and the nurses were dressing some of the boys and girls who were well enough to be up. The matron, holding Charley by the hand, led him up to a nurse who was standing by a baby's crib, and rocking it gently to and fro. She was so intent on smiling at the dull impassive face of the tiny creature that she did not notice the approach of the new-comers, and the matron, catching sight of it too, forgot Charley for a moment.

Oh, the pitifulness of the little baby form! Two years old! one might have thought it two weeks till one saw its finger-thick arms, and wizened hands, and that on its peaked white face sat premature old age.

"How is your baby, nurse?" asked the matron cheerfully, and the nurse turned a bright face.

"Getting on nicely, thank you. The three weeks have done wonders." These women had not tears to give the starved baby, but they had cooing words, and smiles and patient care.

"See here, I've brought you another little one, and very poorly he seems. Put him to bed and make him comfortable before the doctors come." With a friendly nod the matron left. Nurse Amy lifted the boy in her strong arms and carried him to the fire. She had a pretty young smiling face, and curly hair. Another nurse came to help her. A warm bath was soon prepared, Charley's rags were slipped off and carried away, and a little night-shirt was aired on the big guard that surrounded the fire. An empty cot close to the fire was got ready. Can any of us imagine the little sick boy's sensations, as, warmed and comforted, he slipped in between the soft sheets, and for the first time in his life knew what it was to be tucked up in bed? Can this pretty clean tidy boy be really the same as the dirty forlorn little vagabond of a few minutes ago? His brown eyes shine from his pale face. Happy Charley! He will never know the muddy streets, the bitter wind, the hungry days and homeless nights again.

That grave kind doctor who took him in knows that well, and Charley is to have a brief bright ending to his little life.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the cheerful voice of nurse Amy.

"Charley, please, lady," he says, lying back on his pillow, contented and grateful.

"Oh dear, oh dear! why, we've got two Charleys already. I shall call you Charley Brown-eyes, because you look at me so hard."

So Charley was surnamed Brown-eyes, and was known by that name, till he had a new one given him among the angels.

When the doctor had paid his visit, and Charley had swallowed a warm drink and a dose of nasty medicine, he fell fast asleep, and when he woke it was getting dark, and the fire was throwing a cheerful flickering glow over the ceiling. In the cot next his there was a little girl, who was looking at him as if she meant to speak. She was very small, and had a bright sharp face. She eyed her new neighbour steadily for a few minutes, till he felt rather uncomfortable, and then she said in a quick sharp voice—

"I say, little boy, what's the matter with you?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I never! *I* know what's the matter with *me*. It's hip disease. I'm lame. If you were to see me on that floor I should fall down. You've got a cough, ain't you?"

"Yes, and a pain acrosst my chest."

"Oh, then, I s'pose it's 'sumption. There's a girl on the other side's got 'sumption, and she's not near so big as you neither. I wish *I'd* 'sumption," with a bitter emphasis.

"Do you? Why?"

"Oh, you get goodies for your cough, sometimes, and don't never have bad pain."

"Oh my! don't yer, though! I've got awful bad pain," said Charley, his mild spirit roused to indignation.

"Oh, I don't call that *real* pain. Why, it's not bad enough to holler. You should see me. Nurse has to hold me when I get bad. Sometimes she has to say 'Gentle Jesus' to help me bear it."

"Does that make it better?" inquired Charley, much interested.

"Well, she says it oughter, and I s'pose it does. Don't you?"

"I don' know nothing about that," Charley replied.

There was a pause in the conversation, but it was presently resumed.

"Little boy, would you like this doll? I don't care for dolls. When I go out of the Hospital father 's goin' to buy me a big book with readin' in it. You haven't got anything to play with on your shelf, and I've got some blue beads and three picters, so you may have the doll if you want to very much."

"No, thank you, miss, if you don't mind," said Charley, timidly.

"Never mind, little boy; I ain't offended. Will your father come and see you on Sunday? Mine does."

"I ain't got no father."

"Oh, poor little boy! I'll ask my father to speak to you, and that'll be as good, won't it? I say, nurse," she cried as nurse Amy came up to give the children their supper, "this new little boy's got no father."

"Yes, he has, Polly, you know," said nurse, gently, "though we can't see Him."

"Oh, of course, I didn't mean that," said Polly, rather scornfully.

Nurse said to herself, as she tucked Charley up for the night, "I shall love this little boy more than my sharp-tongued Polly," and she stooped and kissed him and said, "Good-night, Charley Brown-eyes."

All that night and the next day when Charley was not asleep, he lay in wondering content, bearing patiently his pain and weakness and failing breath.

But once he burst out crying, and nurse Amy ran to try and soothe him. But she could not find out what was the matter till between his sobs he said—"I want to thank somebody."

"What do you mean? Whom do you want to thank?"

"I don't know. Somebody what's give me all this. Ain't it you, lady?"

"No, Charley; I love you, but I couldn't give you anything. I am paid to take care of you. That lady pays me who brought you up here."

"Oh, please, can't I thank her?"

"But it is all given to her, Charley. Kind ladies and gentlemen pay for it all, and they couldn't all be brought here for a little boy to thank, could they? But I'll tell you what you can do. Some One gives it to them, and you can thank Him."

"Please, lady, do let me. I can't abear not to thank nobody."

"Well, you cannot see Him, Charley; but you must shut your eyes up tight, and believe He is near. It is God who made all of us, and takes care of us and gives us everything we have. You can say what you like to Him, and be quite sure He will hear."

Charley obeyed. He shut his eyes, and said—"Thank you," very earnestly.

"Don't you want to say anything else? Wouldn't you like to ask Him to take care of you?"

"No, thank you, lady," said Charley. Nurse Amy said no more, but went away, leaving the little boy quite contented.

But Charley grew worse. Sometimes he had to fight for breath; after that he lay very still and weak. Bags came to see him once, and, much awed by his surroundings, crept down the room on clumsy tip-toe, with his cap in hand. But Charley could only smile and feebly nod, and when Bags found himself outside again he gave a shout of relief.

One night, when nurse Amy was holding Charley in her arms, the little girl in the cot next his cried out in her sharp way—

"I'm surprised you don't say 'Gentle Jesus,' or something of that, to the little boy, nurse. I should think *that* 'ud do him good."

Nurse said to Charley softly, "Have you said 'thank you,' to-night, for what God has given you?"

"Yes, lady, but I'll say it again."

"Wouldn't you like to say as well, 'Please take care of me, and make me better'?"

"Yes, lady," said Charley, and he shut his eyes and said it.

And before the morning God *had* made him better, for he was with the angels. ELLIE BEIGHTON.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 17. THE END OF ISRAEL.

Chapters to be read—2 Kings xiv., xv., xvii. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. Have come now to end of kingdom of Israel. In whose reign did it begin? Separated from Judah because of Solomon's sin—promised protection by God, but fell away from Him. All the kings proved wicked—some worse than the others. Some open idolaters—brought in worship of Baal and other gods—breaking first Commandment. Others serving God by means of images at Dan and Bethel. Which Commandment did they break? Who had warned them? Who were the chief prophets? Did the people ever turn back? But now the sacrifice at Carmel forgotten—Elijah and Elisha dead. Who was prophet now? (xiv. 25.) The same Jonah who was sent to warn Nineveh. Hear very little of the prophets—perhaps, like Jonah, were timid. At last people got worse and worse. Why did not God cut them off at once? (xiii. 23.) For Abraham's sake spared them a little longer—gave them a brave king to succeed Joash—one more chance to turn to Him.

I. REIGN OF JEROBOAM. (Read xiv. 23—29.) Who was this king? Another Jeroboam—was he like the first? Same sins allowed—yet need not have been afraid of king of Judah—for what did he do for his people? Got back their territory from enemy—extended land to original extent. (See Deut. iii. 17.) Long and prosperous reign—but all spoilt for one sin. What a chance to make his name famous as other Jeroboam, by leading people back to God—but did not. So destruction of Israel coming near—the larger and greater the country the more its enemies would desire it. God could foresee this. What did he see? prosperity? happiness? no! bitter affliction—staved off for time by Jeroboam, but soon coming. So this warrior king died.

II. SAMARIA TAKEN. (Read xvii. 1—23.) In whose reign did Assyrians first come against Israel? (See xv. 29.) Took all north of country and carried people to Assyria. Now in Hoshea's time they come again. How did he get rid of them first? But was the bribery any use? So to whom did he go for help? But this was directly contrary to God's order. So what did king of Assyria do when he received no bribe? What a dreadful thing! Samaria besieged for three years—then city taken—king made prisoner—people carried to Assyria as slaves. And why? Let us look at their sins and see how they provoked God to anger. A long list of them in this chapter. (1) *Neglect.* Remind how God had told them by Moses and Joshua to read His book of the laws by day and night (Josh. xxiv. 27). Instead of which, what did they do? Actually obeyed the statutes of the heathen who were turned out of Canaan for them. Also neglected worship of God in Temple—neglected offering sacrifices

—daily prayers, etc. Still wanted some one to worship. Therefore turned to (2) *Idolatry.* The children know how this began—but teacher must point out how some were led on—worshipping God under image of calves, some began to worship calves themselves—then introduced other gods—Baal, Ashtaroth, etc.—then built idol temples—maintained false priests—burnt incense in groves dedicated to foul pagan worship—so all abominations of heathenism spread over land. (3) *Indifference.* Were they left quite alone? Who were sent? What did these prophets do? Warn, rebuke, exhort to repentance. But all in vain. Much easier to turn aside than to turn back—to walk along broad road than narrow one (Matt. vii. 14.) At one time many turned back. In whose reign was that? What sign did God show on Mount Carmel? What did all the people say then? What became of the prophets of Baal? But (Isa. lv. 1). There *is* time to repent, call on God, put away sin, one way only of pardon, repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ.

Questions to be answered.

1. What do you know about Jeroboam II.?
2. Who came up against the Israelites?
3. Name the first two kings of the Assyrians and the last two kings of Israel.
4. What sins did God prove against Israel?
5. In what way may we sin like Israel?
6. What two great lessons may we learn?

No. 18. KINGDOM OF JUDAH—REHOBOAM.

Chapters to be read—2 Chron. x., xi., xii. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. Children may have been in country —seen stream divide into two parts—have fol-

ASSYRIAN WARRIORS RETURNING FROM BATTLE. (*From an ancient monument.*)

momentary excitement passed away and the people as a nation never repented again.

So now came punishment. Can picture the sad scenes in Samaria—siege lasting three years—enemy trying to break in—people in city suffering terrors of famine—streets choked with dead—at last city taken —fearful massacre in streets—king a prisoner—men, women, and children captives to Assyria.

III. LESSONS. (1) *A day of grace for all.* We, like Israel, have sinned. What idols have we worshipped? Pleasure, idleness, love of ease, temper, pride, etc. All have stood between us and God. How have we been warned? By conscience, Bible, God's ministers, sickness, sight of others dying. Still day of grace for us. Use it before it be taken away. (2) *A day of wrath for all.* People of Israel did not believe in coming punishment—was delayed so long —went on in sin. So did people before Flood (Matt. xxiv. 38), but at last were swept away. So will it be at the end of the world. What judgment is that? Who will stand in that day? One only way of escape from that judgment, seek God while He may be found

lowed one—traced it in all its windings—then turned back, regained the place where they parted, traced the other—followed it. So must we now turn back. Whose history have we been tracing? Where did kingdom of Israel part from Judah? So must go back to Rehoboam, son of Solomon. Remind of prophet Ahijah's message to Jeroboam (1 Kings xi. 32) while Solomon was still king. How many tribes was Judah to have? And how many Israel? So far have been tracing history of Israel—like muddy stream. All bad kings for two hundred and eighty years. What became of nation at last? Shall see some better things in Judah—some good kings but many bad ones.

I. REHOBOAM'S COUNSELLORS. (Read 2 Chron. x.) What did Jeroboam and his friends ask Rehoboam to do? What yoke did they refer to? Perhaps heavy taxes they had to pay. What did Solomon want so much money for? Some for good uses, such as building the beautiful Temple—but some for bad uses—palaces for his many wives, and temples for their idols. Perhaps also had exacted hard service

from the people. Whom did the king consult first? What did the old men advise? Thus by kindness and consideration would win the people to him. Whom did he consult next? What did the young men say? This something like old fable of sun and storm, as to which would make take off cloak first. Which advice did Rehoboam take? What was result? People of Israel rebelled, as foretold by God at mouth of prophet Ahijah.

The lesson is obvious. Show children how soft answer turneth away wrath. Remind of David's words to his brothers (1 Sam. xvii. 28). Blessed are the peacemakers. Also learn to choose wise counsellors to go to for advice. Old friends, teachers, etc., generally wiser than young ones, because more experienced.

II. REHOBOAM'S STRENGTH. (Read Chap. xi.) What did the king do when Israel revolted? This very natural—would try and bring them back by force. But how was he stopped? Their revolt was God's ordering, so must be allowed. What did the king do? He obeyed God's voice. His army was dispersed, and he went to Jerusalem. What did he do to strengthen his position? Army not allowed to fight against their brethren—but should have something to do—so king built "cities for defence." What a stir in the country! Till now all cities without walls except Jerusalem. Now even these villages to have walls round them—not to protect from foreign enemies, but against kingdom of Israel—their own brethren. What did he place in all these towns? Weapons of defence and large provisions in case of siege. Who were on his side? Judah the greatest and most favoured tribe (Ps. lxxviii. 68), and Benjamin one of the smallest, but who always shared fortunes of Judah. Who else came to him? Where were the Levites originally settled? Remind how good king David caused them to dwell in forty-eight cities among the people, to teach them the fear of God (1 Chron. vi. 60, etc.). Why could they not stop in them? What had Jeroboam set up? And had put stop to worship of God. So Levites afraid to stop in Israel—fled to Judah. Thus Rehoboam had three tribes. Had he any more? Who else came out of Israel? (Ver. 16.) These men could not worship God in Israel, and would not worship the calves, so left their homes, etc., and joined kingdom of Judah. Thus strongest tribe and best of people joined Rehoboam's followers. Might have been foundation of great and good and prosperous people. Why was it not? What was it led Solomon away from God? Rehoboam did same thing—took many wives—gave himself up to luxurious life—by degrees served God less. Still, so far may notice three good things about him:—(1) *He obeyed God.* When prophet brought message that was not to fight against Israel, he left off at once—thus showed instant obedience and respect for God's prophet. (2) *He supported religion.* Levites welcomed, and all godly people—thus he made friends of those who feared God. (3) *He cared for his people.* Was not selfish, thinking only of his own good—was prudent and wise king—settling the people comfortably—providing for their wants.

III. REHOBOAM'S WEAKNESS. (Read chap. xii.) How did the king do wrong? Left off reading God's law—perhaps left off prayer. Who followed his bad example? How were they punished? Old enemies of Israelites came against them. What became of the fenced cities? Soon gained by enemy—all Rehoboam's defences in vain—for by whose permission was Shishak allowed to do this hurt? Did Rehoboam know this? Who told him? Same prophet who had come to him before. What did he and the princes do? Remembered Hezekiah's prayer and turned to the Lord. Was their prayer heard? Yes! God forgave but must punish—they must pay service or tribute to king of Egypt. What did they pay? What a sad sight—soldiers in the Temple—stripping the walls of all its beautiful treasures—stripping also the king's house. Had this warning any effect? Yes—the king once more sought God—strengthened himself in God, and so things in Jerusalem "went well." Notice what led to his sin—*first*, love of pleasure; *secondly*, neglect of God's word. These still most frequent causes of falling away from God. Let teacher bring home to children practically. Is God first in all my ways? "Turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity." Well for them if can say, as Rehoboam might, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."

Questions to be answered.

1. Whose advice did Rehoboam take? Did it prove good?
2. How did he try to stop the revolt?
3. What preparations for war did he make?
4. Were his preparations successful?
5. What good points do you notice about him?
6. What led to his falling away?
7. How was he punished?

THE SHOEMAKER POET OF NUREMBERG.

BY THE REV. ANDREW CARTER, M.A.

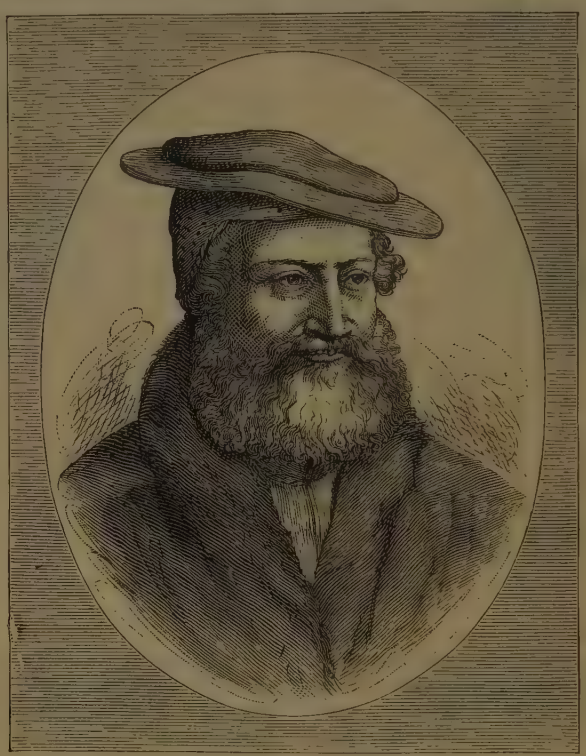
IF we except the names of the great leaders of the Reformation time in Germany, few men of that wonderful period are better known to Germans than Hans Sachs of Nuremberg; and it is significant that the distinguished composer, Wagner, has made him one of the most prominent figures in his work, entitled "The Mastersingers." Yet Hans Sachs is but little known to Englishmen, and I should like to introduce him to the reader as one whose character and gifts make him well worth knowing.

Hans Sachs was born in Nuremberg in the year 1494, on the 5th of November. It was the time of a great plague, and his parents, holding the views which were then even more common than now, thought it necessary to have him at once baptised, lest he should become a victim to its ravages. So the little Johann, or Hans, as he was always called, received this dedicatory rite on the very day of his birth. Little did his parents dream, as they brought him to the font, that he whose death they hourly feared, would live to be a power in his native land, and would die at the ripe age of eighty-two, with children's children about his dying bed. Of his boyish days there is not much to tell, save that while yet of tender age, he was sent to the Latin school of Nuremberg, and here, if we may accept his own account, he made but little progress in classical studies. Perhaps, however, as is often the case, he learned more than he fancied, for his writings bear marks of more than a fair classical culture; but no doubt the poetic boy was mainly concerned with other things—studying human nature most of all, and preferring to take his specimens of it from the boys and girls of his own grand old city, rather than from the heroes and heroines of Greece and Rome.

Young Hans, his school days over, had to step out at once into the world of living and hard-toiling men, and it may not seem to us that he entered it with large ambition when we learn that he was at once apprenticed to the trade of shoemaking. Scarce had he begun to learn his craft, however, before the musical passion seized him—a passion which has never been contented with half service in its votaries. A linen-weaver, Nunnenbeck by name, took an interest in him, and gave him some instruction in the art, and the lad evidently determined that he should not rest till he had attained a place among the "Mastersingers" of Nuremberg. Accordingly, when his "wander-years" came, and he went on pilgrimage through many of the great towns, ostensibly to acquire skill in making shoes, his chief interest appears to have been in seeking everywhere new musical impulses and influences. Let us leave him for a little on his journeyings, and try to explain who and what were these mastersingers of whom we have spoken.

In still earlier times, there had been a body of men called "minnesingers," men corresponding to the troubadours, who were connected mainly with the nobility, and who went about making the halls of the great resound with their ballads of love and of war. Very famous some of these had been, but before Hans' time their influence had begun to decay. The world was growing tired of feudalism; the artisan classes were growing in importance; and the wild, roving, fighting life, which the minnesinger celebrated, was losing interest amid the growth of sober industry and commerce. Accordingly the artisans began to love songs of a different tone and burden; and first, each guild of workmen had its ballads, then gradually the idea made way of having, in such great towns as Nuremberg, a separate guild of musicians, who were called "Meistersänger." And a very curious guild this was, with what we think ridiculous rules. They had rules for everything—for regulating subject, measure, and melody, "bar," and "tone," and woe to the luckless youthful aspirant who should fail to observe them. When the day for examining candidates came, we are told that the candidate had to submit his composition to the judges, three in number—one of whom was to consider the subject-matter (which was usually taken from the Scriptures or from the lives of the saints); another the melody; while the third was to receive and pronounce the verdict of his colleagues. The most successful was distinguished by the presentation of a splendid crown, the next received a garland, and the poor unsuccessful ones were heavily fined. The worthy guild was economical, too, for the crown was only given for the day's use, and then set aside for the successful competitor in the next examination. We cannot but think that this, like other guildries, was not very wise, for it forgot that great poets and musicians are not made "by reason and by rule;" and, as might be expected, of the Mastersingers so few rose to any fame that you might count them on your ten fingers. Hans Sachs was one of these few.

We cannot dwell upon his "wander-years" at length; enough to say that he visited the great towns of Leipzig, Frankfurt, Munich, and many more. Full of interest and of variety these years must have been; of variety certainly, as we may gather from the single fact that at one stage he abandoned his shoe-making and became a royal huntsman. One story of this period only we have to record. Sachs had turned aside to take a few hours' rest in some plantation, when a beggar came within reach of his eye and ear. This man, wearing a look of abject misery and poverty, came upon crutches into the wood; but our hero saw that, when he was out of sight of the highway, he laid down his crutches and moved about quite nimbly. Then as Sachs watched, the man took up one crutch and beat his cloak with it, saying, in a bantering tone, "Well, mate, and how many florins have you drawn from the good folk to-day?" Changing his voice, he answered for the cloak in a plaintive tone, "Two." "Two," said he; "how couldst thou earn so little?" and then he beat it again till it answered, "Eleven." "Ah," said the beggar, "now thou art a good cloak; we shall go and have another round." Scarce had he uttered these words when his eyes lighted upon Sachs, and, thinking that the latter had not seen him, he took to his crutches again, and approaching him, piteously asked an alms. "Ah," said Hans, "I have no money: but as thou art so miserable as to claim my pity, I will exchange cloaks with thee." The artful beggar at once took fright and set off, in his haste leaving his florin-laden cloak behind him.



HANS SACHS.

Returning to Nuremberg, Hans soon attained a double master-ship, becoming both master-shoemaker and master-singer. By-and-by he married, the name of his wife being Kunegunda Kreuzer, who throughout their long wedded life ministered only peace and happiness to the singer's heart, bringing to him the blessed gift of little children, which is to every true soul 'of great price.' Almost contemporaneously with his marriage, which took place in 1519, Sachs came under another influence, overwhelming in its potency—namely, that of the Reformation. For five years thereafter he seems to have written nothing, his mind being full of the great questions then in agitation: he stuck to his last, and spent any spare time he had in studying the Scriptures and the productions of Martin Luther. Gradually he rose to a full consciousness that this man was fighting a grand battle for human souls; and when once this conviction fairly stood out in clearness before him, his poetic tongue was loosened, and the stream of his song began to flow again. Martin Luther became his hero, and to this he soon testified by his famous ballad entitled "The Wittenberg Nightingale is being heard throughout the land," in which he pictured the Church as in a state of dense darkness, and hailed the sound of Luther's voice as the promise of the dawn. From this time he became a religious poet and a satirist, and the keen edge of his wit must have cut sorely into the heart of Romanism, while it did much to further the great movement in its progress. He was always writing, now that he had got a "new song;" and the Reformation, whose work was emancipation, had so freed his soul and his understanding that his genius wrought with perfect freedom. He wrote, in all, over six thousand pieces, a fertility only equalled in England by Charles Wesley, who is said to have written in all six thousand hymns. Many of these were frolicsome productions, some were very rugged, but all bear the marks of a gifted mind and a true heart. To our more cultivated ears a few of them seem coarse, almost irreverent: they have, indeed, a little of the flavour of our own Dan Chaucer, but they have also the finer feeling of our beloved Herbert.

Of the many hymns which he wrote, that which is best known in Germany (and it might be better known here) is a very tender one, beginning, "Why mournest thou, my heart?" It is supposed to have been written amid the sufferings of a siege to which Nuremberg was subjected in 1561, and was thus the utterance not only of a mellow age, but of a Christian soul

in troublous days. I make an attempt at rendering a few lines of it into English:—

Why dost thou make lament, my heart,
Why moan, and sigh, and sorely smart,
For lack of passing good?
Nay, rather let thy confidence be laid
On Him who everything hath made.

HANS SACHS'S HOUSE AT NUREMBERG.

He cannot, will not leave His own;
His children's grief to Him is known:
And heaven and earth are His.
My Father! my Almighty Lord!
In every need Thy help afford!

The rich may in his wealth take pride
For me, I in my God confide,
E'en though the world should scorn.
This faith abides in me most sure,
Who trusts in Him can ne'er be poor.

Of personal detail concerning Sachs there is little more to give. After many happy years of wedded life, his dear wife was taken from his side; nor must we dream that he mourned his loss the less because he married again in the following year. The picture which comes to us out of this last period is that of a venerable man with long white beard, sitting with his great gold-cornered copy of the Bible before him—"waiting till his change should come." About the beginning of this silent time he seems to have written a retrospect of his life, and this had fitly closed the work of his pen; for it summed up all in the simple words of faith—"My righteousness is a stained garment, and my glory is gone to nought. But my Saviour has comforted me, justified, and by His grace made me glad once more. I have nothing wherewith to appear before God, but the merit of my Lord Jesus: to Him be praise and glory for ever."

After saying this, what more is there to say? He

did not make any more songs, for he had sung his doxology; he did not talk in these last days, for his soul was holding high communion with God.

Upon the 20th of January, 1576, when Hans had reached his eighty-second year, the close came—quietly, it seems, as it promised to come. So this erewhile busy man, "having served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep"—to wake amid songs infinitely grander and sweeter than earthly singer ever knew.

THE BAPTISM AND CUP OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., AUTHOR OF "CHRIST BEARING WITNESS TO HIMSELF," ETC.

(St. Matt. xx. 22, 23.)

THE request of Salome for her sons is commonly treated as an act of mean and short-sighted intrigue, which knows nothing of the suffering road by which the honours of Jesus must be won, and is reckless in snatching at a selfish advantage for her family.

Nor can any one deny that her request was unbecoming and presumptuous. Yet the special mildness of our Lord's remonstrance, which is rather an explanation than a rebuke, may well direct us to seek for softening and half-justifying reflections, such as may be found in the first emphatic word, "*Then* came unto Him the mother of Zebedee's children." For when was this daring application made? It was on the way to Jerusalem that last time, when, as St. Mark emphatically tells us, Jesus, in the eagerness of His devoted self-sacrifice, was going before them, and "they were amazed, and as they followed Him, they were afraid."

The panic which seized them was surely deepened (however ill they understood our Saviour's meaning) when He took them aside to warn them that He stood on the edge of His betrayal and death of agony. It was a time for the searching of men's hearts. It was a time when cowardice would have gone away and walked no more with Him. It was the time, perhaps, when first the traitor conceived his evil scheme of making his peace, at any price, with the enemies of his Master.

But this dauntless woman dared to look beyond the thundercloud into the clear skies. She would fain be loyal, and win the prize of loyalty, when faithfulness was most precious. And, however short-sighted and ignorant and rash, it was no base ambition which seized this moment to declare its unshaken hope, and to ask as a favour for conspicuous places in the Kingdom which lay beyond a river of blood and tears. And when the stern facts are set before her sons, they do not shrink; the suffering to be endured is not entirely strange to them, though it is underrated; they answer, "We are able;" and little as they dream of the intense bitterness of that cup, or of the deep cold billows of that baptism, yet their Master does not think them entirely self-deceived, but answers that even although He refuses to promise the reward they seek, yet they shall drink of His cup, and be baptised with His very baptism.

Who shall doubt but something in their faith and loyalty refreshed His soul at that dark hour, however their self-seeking may have saddened Him?

He knew, indeed, the full measure of their rashness, the dreadful seat on which He was presently to claim His Kingdom, and the companions who should sit on His right hand, and His left. Even the boldest and the tenderest of His Apostles—James, whom, first of the twelve, the persecutor slew, and John, who laid his head upon the Master's bosom; even these could not follow Him now. But He knew that they should follow Him afterwards, one by the brief sharp pang of martyrdom, and one by the longest and sorest experience of the sorrows of an unbelieving world.

I. Observe first, that the test of special worth which Jesus proposes is not successful effort, but endurance—not active, but passive service. Now, except in very special cases, such as a prominent martyrdom, this is not the test we employ. The world crowns learning, eloquence, activity; it applauds the force and energy by which great deeds are done; and so does the Church—honouring the reformer who corrects its abuses, the scholar who discovers or defends its truth, the orator who sways men's hearts for it, the missionary who bears its red-cross banner into the dark places of the earth—but thinking little of weary hearts and aching eyes, and drooping souls, whose destinies are fraught with fear and pain.

The highest honours of the Church are as little open to plain men and women as the highest honours of the world. Station, genius, success, fair opportunities firmly grasped—these are what win its favour. But God seeth not as man seeth. Christ has warned us that our judgments are all astray, and that many that are first shall be last, and the last first.

Do you imagine, because He speaks of labourers and of fruitful branches, that He, like the owner of an earthly property, needs us to dress and keep His vineyard, or to gather in His crop? Do you seriously think that strength of body or mind, keen logic to burn up falsehood, or a noble voice and flowing periods, are what win the great prizes of eternity? God needs the worker, not the work—the Lord looketh at the heart, and devotion is proved to His all-penetrating eyes in many ways.

One of His tests (I am far from saying the only one) is this of anguish nobly borne. After all, we can judge for ourselves whether it is a greater triumph of grace to refute a heretic or to endure, perhaps for years, the inglorious agonies of a disease that eats out the very heart of life. I doubt not that among the heroes for whom Christ is even now twining His immortal garlands there is many a pale and shattered creature, nerveless and unstrung, tossing on a poorly-furnished bed of anguish, breathing, in broken English, prayers which are more acceptable than the crash of ravishing anthems under some majestic dome, and laying upon the altar of submission all he has to offer, even his poor frame to be racked and tortured, but never, never to complain. Culture has not heightened his forehead, nor refined his face; we look at him, and little dream who and what he is, but the angels know him; and they know too that he is not the first to be despised and rejected, and of no beauty that we should desire him.

II. Observe, again, what various phases the Lord employs to express the trials of His people.

There are sufferings which might be escaped, but are willingly taken for His sake, as the Virgin welcomed her heavy trial, saying, "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word." After this sort is the cup which we ourselves raise to our lips and drink. And there are sorrows into which we are plunged; they come from events, from malice, or from accident; they are inevitable as the rush of waters in which we are baptised with a deep and dreadful baptism. Some are external, visible to all—we are seen to be submerged in them; but others are like the secret ingredients of a cup of anguish: the heart knoweth its own bitterness, but no one else discerns. But there is One who knows and sustains, and shall reward if reward be due. The saddest of all, in the worst hour, said, "The cup which my Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

Let us understand, therefore, that the poorest and the most helpless may obtain a rank in Christ's Kingdom, which shall endure when tongues shall cease, and our earthly knowledge, in the rush of eternal realities, shall vanish away.

III. We observe, again, that Christ speaks not merely of *a* cup, *a* baptism, but of His own cup, and the baptism wherewith He is baptised. Not that our suffering has any share in the all-prevalent efficacy of His one sacrifice for sins for ever. But it is part of the supreme perfection of that one sacrifice that it not only averts our punishment, but elevates, transforms, and consecrates the very pain that would otherwise be penal and degrading.

To the faithful who receive Christ, His flesh and blood are meat and drink indeed; and thus the soul is united in such mystic oneness with its Lord that an Apostle could say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And so Christ Himself regards the life of his followers as a continuation of His own. He formerly asked that very Apostle "Why persecutest thou *Me?*" and hereafter He shall say, when the glory of heaven encompasses Him like a robe, and the army of angels are His satellites, "I was hungry and naked and imprisoned and sick in the person of the least of these."

Oh, honour beyond all the honours of the world! We covet the blessedness of those who, on earth, solaced His weary heart, the sisters whom He loved, and who entertained Him, and the penitent in whom, on the very cross, He saw the first-fruits of the pangs which were the travail whereof all souls are born.

But to all the loyal and true, through all the ages, the yet nobler gift is given to be partaker of the sufferings of Christ, to fill up that which remaineth, in our flesh, of the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

Only, let us remember, when our heart responds to the grandeur of such a calling, that it is an awful and solemn grandeur, to be made conformable with the image of His death of scorn, loneliness, suffering, and anguish. Yet something of that bitter cup and dreadful baptism is for every one who really takes up his cross and follows Jesus. But there is strength and nobility in the remembrance that He has indeed gone before, in that path are His sacred footprints, into these angry waters He has gone down, to this cup of deadly wine His blessed lips were pressed.

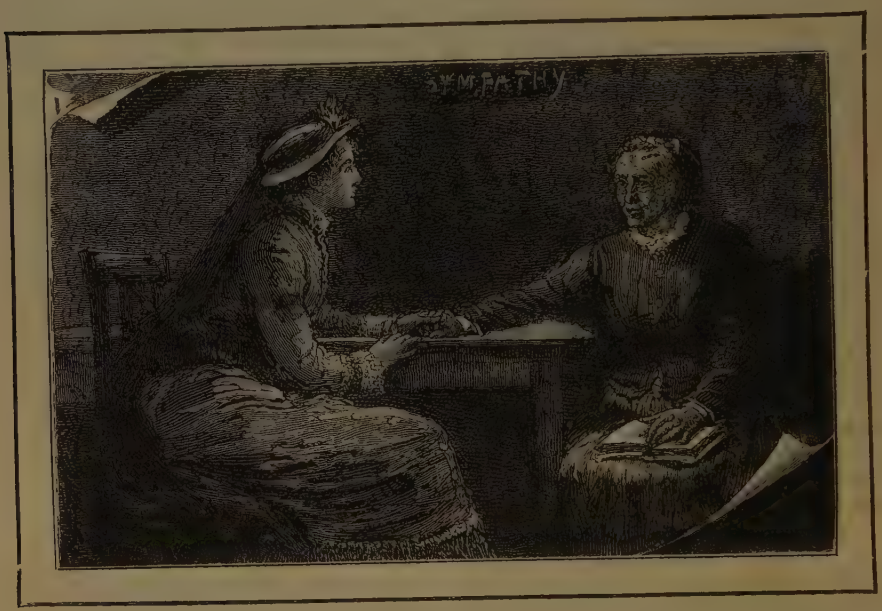
Hence it comes that a special nearness to God is felt in holy sorrow, in the pain of hearts that have hushed their passion and clamour and revolt, by the example of Him who was led as a lamb to the slaughter.

David in the Old Testament knew this. In prosperity he rejoiced in the green pastures, the still waters, the table prepared for him, the overflowing cup, and the oil that anointed his head. But when the inevitable hour of the loss of these must come, upon what should he then rely in the valley of the shadow of death? Upon God Himself; for "Thou art with me, Thy rod

and Thy staff they comfort me." Men are not wholly wrong who speak of a sacrament of sorrow, for in truth there is something sacramental in the fellowship of His sufferings, and a holiness in its degree resembling that of both those ordinances of the Lord is here ascribed to sorrow.

There are in Europe many noble and royal families who are always baptised in water brought from the very stream into which Jesus Himself went down. That is at the best a harmless sentiment, and it might easily degenerate into superstition. But here is a new baptism wherein the Lord was Himself baptised—a sacred, dreadful, still, dark flood, whose depths no plummet ever sounded, and into which the neophyte goes down sustained by no mortal hand.

And here is also the communion of an awful cup: it is no human minister who places it in the trembling hand; it is no human voice which says, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I drink of?" Our lips grow pale, our blood is cold, but faith responds, "We are able;" and the tender and pitying but firm voice of the Master answers, "Ye shall indeed."



THE TWO HANDS.

"The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all."—PROV. xxii. 2.

TWO hands lay clasped in sympathy:
And one was dainty fair to see,
And like a cloud when skies are bright—
So pure and white;
And one was toilworn, wrinkled, hard,
Furrowed with labour, seamed and scarred,
Like chasm-broken sunburnt lands:
So were the hands.

For one was the soft hand of wealth,
Of sunny youth, and strength, and health,
That found life such a pleasant thing
In this its spring;
And one was the hard hand of age,
With poverty for daily wage,
That laboured on in patient strife
For very life.

But with the fervent grasp of love—
The richest dower from heaven above,
The sun of life that ne'er can set—
The hands have met;
And each one fills the other's need,
And thus in very truth and deed
The rich and poor together meet
In concord sweet.

For one gives ready help, that cheers
The other's pathway through the years.
And brings with it a flood of light—
Joyous and bright:
And one gives of its calm and rest,
Its faith that what God does is best,
Its confidence of sin forgiven,
Its hope of heaven.

G. WEATHERLY.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL."

CHAPTER VIII.—MRS. RAE.

WHEN Frances awoke next morning it was to look from her window upon a world brilliant in summer sunshine. Her room, at the front of the house, looked out over the red roofs of the town on to the hills and the sea, and the scene was more beautiful in her eyes than any other could ever be. She delighted most in what was familiar. But the fresh salt breeze blowing in upon her as she opened the window could not blow away the oppression from her spirit. She turned away with a heavy sigh, and entered the dining-room with none of her usual morning freshness, and with no merry greeting for her father. She gave a kiss and a "good morning" to each, for in spite of that too tempting fancy Magdalen did appear at breakfast clad in a cool morning dress, and with an air which could only belong to Mrs. Rae, and had nothing in common with lady visitors. Frances silently waited for her to make the tea. Now Magdalen had already decided how to act in such matters. If she had followed inclination she would have left Frances in possession of all such little household privileges. But this she felt would be unwise. She must take her natural position in the house. Having deliberately accepted that position, which virtually dispossessed Frances, and installed herself as superior, it would be a weakness from which both of them must suffer, were she to shrink from its practical outcome, and the difficulty would be increased by postponement. She therefore took her place behind the breakfast stand without any hesitation.

After breakfast Frances brought her keys, and put them down before Magdalen without a word. Magdalen glanced up quickly, and reading aright the unconsciously pathetic expression on the tell-tale face, felt a sharp pang of remorse. She could have kissed her impulsively, and begged her to keep them always; but that would not do. Instead, she thanked her cheerfully, and tried to interest her in discussing household plans. They made a tour of the house, and Mrs. Rae was shown everything, including attics and cupboards and the whole of Mrs. Leek's premises. She did not say much except praise conveniences, or admire some sign of Frances' good taste. But Frances instinctively understood that she had a grip of everything. Her eye observed, and her mind penetrated and projected.

And as the days went on it was not very long before there was outward evidence that this was the case. Mrs. Rae scrupulously consulted Frances in all that was done, learned from her what she was ignorant of with graceful humility, and, when she discovered and righted abuses, did the work with such delicate tact that even Frances could hardly feel her own management reflected on. But all this could not hide from her the truth that Mrs. Rae held her position as mistress by virtue of superiority as well as of right. Mrs. Leek gave notice immediately, and only just in time to save herself from the humiliation of receiving it. While she stayed in the house, Mrs. Rae took the opportunity of learning from her all that her experience could teach. No dinner was cooked without the mistress having a hand in it, and she studied minutely all processes in all departments of the household work. When Mrs. Leek departed, a younger and less sophisticated person was substituted, and the domestic economy began to work smoothly, and with little trouble. A disciplined mind, a sense of order, a faculty for organisation, these were now producing their full results in the household. Frances observed it all, and wondered. She felt its influence. It was a new thing for her to be brought into connection with system, as the result of voluntary determination. She had been used to system at school, but there it was unavoidable; at home it had never occurred to her to follow any plan for the employment of her days. She had worked or amused herself at her own sweet will and fancy, and had only been preserved from the worst consequences of such a life by her voluntary subjection of self to the desires and needs of her father. Magdalen did not seek to impose her system on Frances; yet Frances, with a sensitive mind easily touched, yet starting away from rude handling, was thereby the more influenced. Insensibly, her habits changed.

But not so her feelings towards Magdalen. She admired and respected her; but that was only a development of the regard she had had for her from the first. She had never believed her shallow or unconscientious—only cold-hearted; and so she believed her still. Magdalen had never touched Frances' heart. Herself demonstrative, caressing where she loved, she could not perceive the existence of affection under Magdalen's calm exterior—an exterior at this time voluntarily calm and restrained through motives invisible to Frances. Magdalen's manner towards Frances herself, and to her husband in the girl's presence, was studiedly undemonstrative. Towards the former she had conceived a yearning affection, which had sprung up from her first entrance into the house, and had been

growing ever since. The child's wistful tenderness towards her father, her winning loveliness of face and manner, and the gleams of her natural gaiety running like gold threads through her now habitual repression, awoke responsive sympathy in Magdalen's heart; and her invariable deference and docility towards herself, contrasting with her airs of fearless wilfulness towards her father, cost her many a pang. She had not been wont to love like this in past days. It appeared to her that her heart had been slumbering all those years, and that now, with its awakening to the one supreme affection, it had awaked to the possession of a new power of tenderness. But she dared not show her real feelings towards Frances. She perceived clearly that any approach to familiarity was unwelcome, and she feared to deepen the girl's feelings of indifference into positive repugnance by the expressions of an affection to which she could not respond. She trusted to time and wise treatment, and waited patiently. She was specially alive to the need of care where the Captain was concerned. Her great endeavour was to avoid all occasion for jealousy. When Frances was by, she refrained from all show of affection towards him: and thus by her conduct towards both of them she unwittingly gave Frances constant confirmation in her ideas of her character. Mrs. Rae, always usurping Frances's former position with reluctance, left to her all of it that she could, and checked herself when her tenderness would fain have showed itself towards her husband in the little feminine ministrations which a woman delights to give.

There was, moreover, a constant unacknowledged struggle between the two concerning the Captain's company, each seeking to give the other undisturbed enjoyment of it. On Frances' side indeed this arose partly from a jealousy which would not allow her to endure the sight of the husband and wife together, and partly from a pride which would not allow her to remain where she could be in the way. Magdalen, on the other hand, would have sought to unite all three in harmonious intercourse, and only absented herself because she found that unless she did so Frances would never have the pleasure of sitting by her father's side.

The Captain, good man, was happily blind to the true state of affairs. He saw only the surface, and, supremely happy himself, never suspected the others were less so. He did observe with regret that Frances did not yet seem quite at home with her mother, but the feeling was hardly pronounced enough to disturb the fulness of his satisfaction.

As the weeks passed on Magdalen grew discouraged. One day her sister fetched her to spend the day at Lawn Court, and she did not return till late. Frances, wild with glee at the long respite from restraint, was her old self again, coquettish and loving by turns. She made tea for her father, brought him his paper, chatting and laughing and kissing him constantly. Then she sat on his knee in her old baby-fashion, and forgot all her troubles. She tried to imagine that they were back again in the old life, and succeeded entirely until an unfortunate movement of her father's awakened her with a pang. He took out his watch and looked at the time, and repeated the action within an unreasonably short interval. Frances knew what it meant. He could not be content with her for even a few hours. He was wondering at his wife's prolonged absence, and longing for her to come home. The beautiful evening was spoiled, all the pleasure of recollection gone. He had been missing his wife all the time.

Presently the sound of wheels was heard. Frances started up, ran out of the room, and up-stairs to her own room. She had not been in time to escape the observation of Magdalen, who was just entering the passage as she disappeared. The Captain, of course, had come out to meet her, and as Frances locked herself up in her room, she pictured his joy and satisfaction now that he had his wife with him again, and how he would entirely forget his child's existence—the child that once had been everything to him. She threw herself on the bed, and burst into violent crying, calling out, "Father, father," in impassioned tones.

Down-stairs, Magdalen had thrown off her hat, and was standing by her husband's chair, her hand in his.

"Has Frances been with you?" she asked.

"Yes; she was here a minute ago. I don't know where she 's run off to—her music, perhaps."

"Has she been with you all the evening?"

"Yes, all day. Why do you ask? She 's been in capital spirits. I don't know when I 've seen her so full of fun."

"Oh, Michael, I am very unhappy about her."

Magdalen turned towards him, and he saw a look of pain quite distressing on so calm a face.

"My dearest child!" he exclaimed, "come and sit down by me, and tell me all about it."

The relief of expression once having begun, Magdalen could no longer refrain from it. She sat with her hand in her husband's, and his kind eyes looking at her full of concern. She felt there was happiness now underlying every trouble.

"Well," she said, "it is this: I don't make any way with Frances. She is no nearer loving me than she was at first."

"Now, my dear, that cannot be. No one could be with you and not love you. You must not get that idea. Frances is only shy. She was always wonderfully timid with strangers. She is used to me, you see."

"No, Michael, it is not that. You cannot judge of her behaviour as I can, who am the person concerned."

"Well, talk to me. Let me see with your eyes. I know mine are often blind enough."

Magdalen recounted her attempts and failures, adding—

"I have, until lately, felt assured that I should soon win her confidence, but now I am losing hope. I begin to fear that she feels an antipathy to me."

"Impossible! A preposterous idea! There is a warm heart in the child, but it clings to old friends, and does not soon take kindly to new. Shall I get her to talk to me about it?"

"You must not do that on any account, Michael. It would only be to separate us still further. Besides, I dread open acknowledgment of the situation. That would alter its character fatally, and make it far less easy to set right. No, I have a new plan of action in my head, which I have all but decided to try. It is an experiment, but I think it may succeed."

"Just as you like, my dear; only don't lose heart like this. I won't have your peace disturbed by that silly child. Upon my honour, she shall be packed off to school again. No, you needn't smile and shake your head, my dear. You don't know what resolution I am capable of where you are concerned. Although, by the way, you only made me the offer in order that you might take charge of Frances."

"Really, Michael, what do you mean?"

"Why, bless the girl! I suppose you know that I should never have thought of marrying you if you had not put it into my head, and the first time I called on you, too. Don't you remember informing me that I must have you in the house if I wanted you to do anything with Frances? I admit you had the grace to blush for it."

"I confess to my very unnecessary blush, and you have confessed to the shameless interpretation that called it up. Any more confessions, for my part, I will not be brought to."

CHAPTER IX.—A MUSIC LESSON AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MAGDALEN'S desire to try a new plan of action received impetus by means of observations made the next day, on the occasion of Frances' weekly music-lesson. Magdalen and she sat at work in the drawing-room, awaiting the arrival of the music-master; or, rather, Magdalen was at work, and Frances made a pretence of being so. It was easy to see that she was in a flutter of expectation. She opened the piano; arranged and re-arranged her music; then, taking up her needle, sat down with a sigh, till, on a sudden impulse, she was off again, to try what a few minutes' more practice would do for a difficult phrase in her sonata.

It was a warm September day, and she wore white, which suited her better than colours, for it enhanced the effect of the singular purity of her skin. Hers, too, was a face which could bear the test of a strong light; and as she stood by the piano, with one slim hand running over the keys, her curly crop of hair gleaming in the sunshine, and a happy excitement lighting up her face, Magdalen looked at her with a keen sense of pleasure. The door opened, and Mr. Wesley was announced. Mr. Paul Wesley, organist and choir-master of St. Stephen's Church, and the first music-teacher in Castleport, was a man of a small wiry make, of a sallow complexion, with a mass of black hair, and black fierce eyes, of a kind that pierce one like a needle. In years he was five-and-twenty, but he was never credited with youth, owing to a formal dry manner, verging towards the sarcastic, a characteristic which caused him to be highly esteemed by lady-principals, and greatly dreaded by young ladies. His stiff bow, and good morning, on his entrance into the room, included both ladies; but when he came towards the piano, Frances met him, giving him her hand with an air of fearless confidence, and a smile full of welcome. "Oh, Mr. Wesley, I am so frightened to-day for my poor sonata!" she exclaimed.

"How absolute a bit of her father," was Magdalen's inward comment. The music-master, quite unmelted by these rays, without a word placed the stool for her, and took his seat.

"Shall I play my exercises first?"

"Certainly," was the reply. When she had finished, there was a dead silence for a moment or two, a silence which Magdalen felt she would in her girlhood have considered awful, and with more awful effect would have struck on her ear the remark that broke it.

"Do you consider yourself of a patient disposition?"

Low notes of rippling laughter were heard from Frances. "Indeed no; I am not that."

"Will you kindly take the exercise again for next week?"

"I am ashamed, Mr. Wesley; I am, indeed. This makes the third week I shall have practised those wretched exercises. I am sure I don't know how it is. I have played them every day till my wrists ached so that I had to leave off."

"As I so often point out to you, that is in consequence of playing from the wrists instead of from the fingers. Those very exercises are constructed for the purpose of correcting that fatal defect."

Then came the sonata. Here Frances showed a different spirit. She was evidently nervous, anxious to do well. And she did do well. Magdalen laid down her work to listen. The *technique* was imperfect, but Frances had caught the spirit of the music, and interpreted it to her hearers' ears. It became under her hands a living thing, instinct with meaning. Mr. Wesley sat in a ridiculous attitude, his head thrown back, eyes staring at vacancy, legs stretched out before him, one arm thrown over the back of his chair, and the fingers of the other hand drumming softly on the piano lid. That his ears were intent was evident; as to approval or disapproval, his aspect was inscrutable. "He cannot avoid some praise," thought Magdalen. But it seemed Mr. Wesley was a niggard in praise; if he gave it at all, it must be with a back-handed stroke. When the music ceased, there was again silence; but Frances this time was not so unconcerned. Her colour came and went, and she breathed quickly. Magdalen began to feel irritated with the music-

master, who had not yet moved a muscle. He turned round suddenly, and again broke silence with a dry question.

"May I ask, Miss Rae, how it is you prepare me such unequal work? How is it you play me your Beethoven like this, and your exercises like that?"

"I don't know; I cannot help it. But, oh, Mr. Wesley, you know better than I do," said Frances earnestly. "The exercises are wretched stupid things, and this, oh, this is so beautiful and grand!"

Mr. Wesley faced himself round towards Magdalen, and said, "Madam, your daughter will never become a musician if she cannot learn to subordinate her imagination. Here your training should lay the foundation for mine." Magdalen bowed, with the inward comment, "Why, the man might be sixty, to hear him talk! But he is quite right. He has laid his finger on the true key to her character." The reading of a fresh movement followed, and then Frances begged Mr. Wesley to play to her. This was a proceeding evidently as enjoyable to one side as the other. Mr. Wesley seated himself, threw back his hair, gave a preliminary canter up and down the keys, and, disdainful of the open book, started. His playing was fiery, impassioned. Frances' delicate rendering was entirely eclipsed in the creative power of this. As he ended Frances gave a deep sigh of pleasure. He rose from the piano his impassive self again, and bowed himself out with stiff politeness. To Magdalen Frances' behaviour had appeared irresistibly charming—the music-master was apparently perfectly well able to resist it.

When he was gone Frances stood in a thoughtful fit where he had left her, a slender white figure, with arms hanging at her sides, and parted lips.

"Do you like your music-lessons, Frances?" asked Magdalen.

"Indeed yes!" brightening.

"But your master seems to me very stern and exacting. I should have been frightened at him when I was a girl."

"Oh, no, I don't think so. I should not like him if he did not find fault—I should not get on. Everything he said was quite right. And besides, I know he cares for me to play well."

"How do you know that?"

"When I was at school he gave me one of Mendelssohn's Lieder to play, and said he had never let the other girls learn it, because they would spoil it for him; and then——" here Frances, struck by some sudden impulse, turned away blushing, and busied herself in putting her music away.

But Magdalen had heard and seen enough to confirm her in a supposition which had lately occurred to her. She had begun to wonder whether, after all, she had not treated Frances wrongly, whether it would not be wiser rather to take for granted in her dealings with her that she was a child to be praised and scolded, than to treat her with the consideration and delicacy due to an equal and a stranger. She had begun to believe that Frances' nature was one that would rejoice in a wise and just rule, if it were only that of a person who could gain her trust. And now it was evident that Frances liked to be mastered. She clearly delighted in the grim rule of the music-master.

That evening, instead of allowing Frances to pursue her own avocations, she called her to join them on the lawn and assist in a Shakespearean reading. Frances would have liked to refuse, but the invitation was given in a tone which left her no choice but to accept. She advanced very shyly, and took no part in the discussion which was going on between the Captain and his wife as to which play should be chosen, Magdalen, secretly selecting Rosalind as a character to suit Frances, gave her verdict for *As You Like It*. Frances, almost with tears, declared her inability to read, but her mother insisted peremptorily, though pleasantly, and the Captain joined her. Magdalen declared herself too old to read Rosalind—it must be a fresh arch voice like hers; she was sure the speeches would suit her admirably. Frances began in a tame stumbling manner, but as the others seemed to be occupied in delivering their own speeches with spirit, and took no notice of her, she began to lose her nervousness and grow interested. By-and-by she began to forget that she was Frances Rae, in the pleasure of imagining herself Rosalind. When they came to the mock-wooing, she looked up brightly.

"Oh, mamma, you must do this. I cannot; it is much too difficult." Frances rarely addressed Magdalen as "mamma;" in fact, this was the first time she had ever done so unconsciously, without an effort. Magdalen felt a thrill of pleasure, and looked at her husband for sympathy. He had also observed the girl's affectionate tone, and nodded encouragingly at his wife, while France's eyes were on her book.

"Not a bit of it, France," he said. "You're the best Rosalind I know, and the sweetest anywhere, I'll be bound. Come along; you and I will do the wooing in fine style. I flatter myself my Orlando will do credit to Rosalind's choice."

And so, laughing, the good Captain entered the lists, and rolled out his part in the hearty tones which he considered necessary to effectiveness in the character of the love-sick youth. They served, at any rate, to heighten the effect of the dainty sauciness which Frances threw into her part. She felt she was succeeding, and grew flushed and beautiful with pleasure. When the reading was over there was more sense of concord among the three than had been felt before.

Magdalen now began to read with Frances for two hours every morning, giving her work to prepare beforehand, and exacting strict regularity and attention. Frances was surprised at the new tone taken towards her, but she was not inclined to rebel. Her faith in Magdalen was insensibly growing. We may live with a single-minded person without loving them, but we can hardly do so without coming to trust them, though we may be quite unaware of the

process, and only suddenly awake to the result. They create a feeling of dependence in our minds, and a large expectation of word and deed.

One day Magdalen went a step farther than she

"She began to lose her nervousness and grow interested."—*p.* 612.

had ever done before. When she first came to the house she had discovered that Frances subscribed to a circulating library in the town, and was in the habit of devouring an incredible number of novels, which she chose without any reference to her father's approval. How to set right this result of the poor Captain's carelessness had cost Magdalen much puzzling. She was confident that to a nature like Frances', in which the emotional faculties were already too largely developed, the practise of constant novel-reading was extremely hurtful; but to check it suddenly would be to run the risk of appearing to domineer, and to reflect upon her father's proceedings. Now, from her new standpoint, it appeared to her that she ought to take action in the matter. She did not, however, choose her opportunity with her usual tact, probably owing to the fact that her anxiety to succeed had robbed her of her usual coolness.

It was afternoon. Frances sat in a corner of the

sofa reading a tattered volume, which her mother knew to be one of a class of too popular works, tinctured throughout with impurity. The occasion of her having such a book in reading seemed to afford an opportunity not to be missed. Now, the afternoon was a hot one. Frances had just come in from the town, whither she had, with some self-denial, volunteered an expedition to fetch something that Magdalen had wanted. The climb back to the cottage under a blazing sun had given her a headache. She had established herself comfortably on the sofa, with a sense of well-merited relaxation. Magdalen was writing letters. She looked up several times, hesitatingly, but at last she said—

"Frances, I do not at all like that book you are reading, nor, I am sure, can you."

There was a pause of surprise on Frances' part.

"I don't particularly care for it, but it is amusing."

"Amusing enough, if one could forgive the tone of it, which a girl of your taste and feeling must find it impossible to do."

"I am only skimming it through. I am too tired to read anything else," in a slightly aggrieved tone.

"I don't object to your reading good novels, and in moderation," continued Magdalen; "but bad novels, and read at all times and seasons, are wonderfully demoralising. I should like you to begin to break through that inveterate habit of yours, Frances."

The tone of firm yet courteous command which Magdalen now very frequently made use of towards the girl was for the first time thoroughly resented by her. Her nerves, previously in an irritable condition, were now rudely jarred. Magdalen's remarks appeared an unwarrantable interference. What her father had sanctioned, it was not to be tolerated that this stranger should condemn. She held the book open before her, and appeared to read, but in reality saw not a word. Magdalen, feeling that she was annoyed, and that no more had better be said at present, had turned to her desk again. But rebellion was raging in Frances, finding no expression at first, but finally breaking all bonds. She closed her book, came to the table, and laid it down before Magdalen.

"I care nothing about the book," she said, haughtily, "but I care a great deal about my liberty. I am going to talk to my father."

Magdalen looked up in dismay. Her first impulse was to be angry, her second to feel that she had perhaps put too much strain upon Frances' temper, as we are apt to do upon tempers invariably sweet. She answered, therefore, as calmly as usual—

"That I am sure you will not do, Frances. We will not distress him with our difficulties; and, besides, he and I think alike, you know."

She rose from her seat and prepared to leave the room. They were both shocked at this outbreak, this throwing out into tangible form of feelings that each had been inwardly cognisant of. Magdalen wished to go before more had been said. She was afraid of words that would create a new breach. She gathered up her writing materials and went, leaving Frances standing with her fair face ablaze with pride and anger. And yet she was already beginning to experience a reaction. It was not in her nature to keep a wrong twist long. She was as shocked as Magdalen when she saw her temper objectively in her own spoken words. But at present the only result of this was an eager desire to justify them, to excuse herself in her own eyes. With only a superficial belief in its truth, she passionately told herself that Magdalen was an interloper, an unjust taskmistress, an interferer between her father and herself. What right had she to take command of her? simply that she had married her father; but he only had a right to control her.

"And she does not even love me," she said to herself; "from some one who loved me I could bear anything. But she does not understand me, and never will. I am of a nature that she despises. She has no impulse and affection in her, and she would try to make me like herself, reasonable and right-minded, and caring nothing for enjoyment and nothing for love. I am not of her kind. And my father—yes, she is right—he thinks with her; whatever she does or says is perfection. He no longer thinks with me; they think alike. I am left out in the cold. That cool speech of hers, 'He and I think alike,' was too bitterly true. She triumphs over me."

Frances was pacing to and fro like a caged creature. On one of her journeys past the table she mechanically took up a scrap of torn writing-paper. She twisted it about in her fingers for a time, and then her eyes fell on the writing, which was Magdalen's. A word attracted her attention, and she read all that there was to read. There were the beginnings of four lines, of which the conclusions had been torn off. It read thus: "You have heard I married . . from motives of pity . . . is perfectly true, but . . . for myself." Frances read and re-read this, with a feeling as if a vision or dream had become embodied, and were visible before her eyes. She had always felt sure of the fact the words conveyed, yet Magdalen's own confirmation of it was startling. At this moment she heard her father's tread. He entered the room and came up to her. The moment was a critical one. After such we are apt to say that temptation took us by storm and gave us no time to resist, and yet are uneasily conscious that there was one lightening point at which option was given to us, and we made our deliberate choice of the bad. Frances held out the paper to her father, and said—

"Read that—look at that."

The next moment she would have given anything to recall it, but it was too late; her father had read it.

"What does this mean? Where did you get it?" he asked, harshly.

"Oh, papa," said Frances, beginning to cry, "I have known that it was so all the time, but I never meant you to know. Oh, what have I done?"

The Captain took no notice of Frances' distress. He turned from her, and said in the same harsh tones—

"Go away, child—leave me."

Frances took refuge, as usual, in her own room. She was profoundly wretched. She felt oppressed with guilt—almost as if she had murdered some one, she said to herself. If she could but recall that moment, and thrust the paper into her pocket, instead of into her father's hand! She must have been mad! Oh, why had she not had time given her to think what she was doing? How would her father take it? Her hope was that he would not believe it; for his trust in his wife had been complete. But then they were Magdalen's own words! Her anxiety was intense to know what he would do. Would he speak of it to his wife, or would he keep silent? Would it make him very unhappy? He had sent her away harshly; he did not want her to comfort him. Fool that she had been! He would not love her any the more; he would rather turn from her because it was she who had brought him the misery. This was the bitterest drop in the cup that she had given herself to drink; fit punishment, she told herself, for her meanness, her cruelty in giving that pain to her father. She dreaded to go down—dreaded to meet either her father or mother. She felt she had injured her mother no less than her father. Yet she had only disclosed the truth, of which she had come to the knowledge quite unwittingly; and Magdalen had been guilty of a great wrong towards them in concealing the motive of her marriage, even though the motive had been so high-minded and disinterested a one. Reasoning notwithstanding, however, her sense of guilt towards Magdalen was even greater than towards her father. Towards him, indeed, her feeling was rather one of yearning pity, and remorse for having caused him pain; but she knew that for one dreadful moment she had been filled with passionate vindictive desire to do her mother harm, and to draw her father's love entirely to herself.

The tea-bell rang. She was obliged to descend. The others were at the table. Magdalen looked particularly well at the head of her table. Her harmonious movements and effective action made the place seem hers as a matter of course. Frances watched her stealthily and critically as she sat behind the tea-urn, her eyes taking in all the details—the large well-shaped hands moving swiftly in and out among the china and silver, the rich soft dress, with delicate lace at throat and wrist, the dignity in the set of the head, and the eyes clear and quiet, yet widely observing. She addressed Frances with more than ordinary cheerfulness, being anxious that the consciousness of their last interview should be dispelled as quickly as possible, and that their intercourse should be exactly the same as if it had never been. She did not intend to resume the subject till their relations had become very different. "It is plain she does not know," said Frances to herself. She hardly knew whether she were relieved or the reverse. She knew that her mother's kindness hurt her.

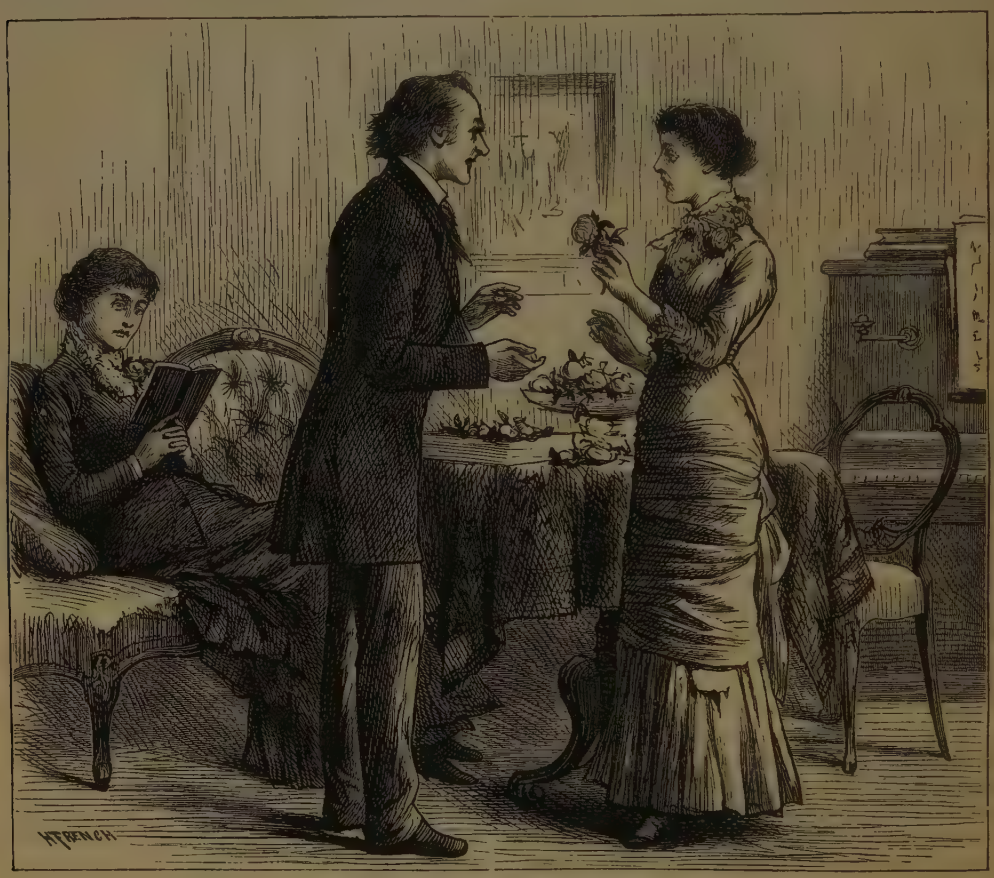
But it was clear relief that her father, at the other end of the table, appeared quite as usual. His spirits were neither excited nor dull. It was evident to Frances that in some way or other he had managed not to believe it, and her heart was very thankful. Magdalen spoke of a Shakespeare reading that evening, and asked her husband whether he was ready to acquit himself in the part of Shylock. He said that he was fully confident his powers were equal to the task, but that the reading must be deferred. He was going to walk that evening, and farther than either of them would care to go. Magdalen looked at her husband in evident surprise, and Frances felt a little creeping chill, and dared not look at either. She passed the evening miserably; her father did not come in till late, and then he lay on the sofa, and declared himself very tired. He had nothing to say, but lay still, and watched them both, sighing once or twice. Magdalen asked him why he had tired himself so, and he did not answer. Frances, utterly wretched, and of the sensitive constitution which can as little seek to probe other's pain as bear its own pain probed, dared not question her father, though she longed unutterably to know what was passing within him. His heart no longer repulsed her, that at least was plain. When she went to him to say good-night, he was still on the sofa. He drew her down towards him, and kissed her fervently, saying—

"God bless you, my dear! you are a good loving child to me."

She ran away to hide her tears. This behaviour of her father's smote her more keenly than the other. His tenderness gave her no pleasure. She did not deserve it. Her consciousness of her wickedness was like a canker eating away into everything. It may possibly be considered exaggerated, but her instinct was right. The action had been insignificant and sudden, but the mental condition of which it was the outcome was neither. It is usual to judge actions too severely, the state of mind that leads to action too leniently. Frances' spirit was defiled by indulgence in mean and evil feelings, and being naturally a generous one, it felt its disgrace keenly. Daily she watched her father, but could not discover how his mind had worked in the matter. After that evening his behaviour, as far as she could see, was just as usual; she could perceive no difference in his manner towards his wife. Yet she had a feeling, perhaps only due to a disturbed conscience, but which she could not get rid of, that what she had done could not so pass over without result. There must be consequences.

Frances was quite right; there were results working very fruitfully below the surface, and that even in her own mind. Almost from the moment that

she had injured Magdalen, her feelings towards her softened insensibly, when a less honest and healthy spirit would have all the more diligently nursed resentment. She had put herself indubitably in the wrong, and Magdalen, all unconscious, was a gainer by the fact. Frances, the constant recipient of Magdalen's disinterested kindness, was repentant, and knowing redress impossible, sought by little



"'And you like these best?'"—*p.* 617.

attentions and a ready sweet docility to do all in her power to make up to her for it. She begged with great humility to be forgiven in the matter of the novel reading, and asked to be allowed to put her reading entirely under Magdalen's direction.

CHAPTER X.—FRANCES IS EIGHTEEN.

A WEEK or two after this occurrence, Frances awoke one morning to the sense of a pleasant excitement. The sun had risen on her eighteenth birthday, and life was still fresh enough with her to make it seem the most important thing he had to do that day. At any rate, he had contributed his share, by giving her a brilliant morning, to the pleasure which young people regard as proper to birthdays. She entered upon her day with zest. Life cannot be unintermittently dismal at eighteen. Perhaps, indeed, had she realised it, her step-mother's kiss and birthday greeting added something to her happiness when she went down to breakfast. Everybody and everything gave her a cheerful welcome. On the table were flowers which had not bloomed in the Hill Cottage garden, but which she well knew Magdalen had procured from the Lawn Court conservatories.

"Why, bless the child! it's her birthday! How could I forget it!" was her father's greeting.

"Father, you're not a bit clever," cried Frances, gaily. "You should keep the twinkles out of your eyes if you intend me to believe you."

"Well, it's not my fault if I have not forgotten it. I've done my best, but you've laid snares for me with the almanack for many a week past. You don't deserve this, but here goes; for I suppose it will have to come out sooner or later."

The two elders look on smiling at a little scene. A sealed jeweller's packet, broken open by fingers

trembling with eagerness—a gold locket disclosed—an ecstatic pause.

"From your mother and me," was the Captain's comment. "Now, don't smother me. It 's not fair; I 'm not the only person that deserves the penalty. Go and give the other one a turn."

But Magdalen was in no danger of being smothered. Frances gave her a decorous kiss and an intense "Thank you." After breakfast she went into the drawing-room for her practice. The piano was open, and on it stood a volume of Beethoven's Sonatas, bound in dark green and gold. Inside, her name in Magdalen's handwriting. This present gave her very different feelings. It was the thing she would have liked beyond anything else, but as the result of Magdalen's generous thoughtfulness, it was invested with torture. She wished she could have shut her eyes and found it gone when she opened them; but no, the beautiful thing was a fact, and not to rejoice in it was impossible. Had the gift come some weeks earlier, her pride would have risen against it, but this was not her feeling now—it was rather, how should she give thanks for what was so utterly undeserved? She went to find her mother, and said, standing before her with her eyes on the ground:—

"It is lovely, mamma; it is too beautiful—too good of you. It is the thing I should like above everything, and I can't think why you should give it me."

"I wanted to give you something from myself, Frances, and I knew that Beethoven would please you."

"Please me!" repeated Frances, earnestly.

Magdalen's speech had been as undemonstrative as usual. How should Frances guess that it covered a pang, and the reflection, "How differently she would have thanked her father!" Neither had Magdalen any clue to the penitent humility underlying Frances.

But the day had yet further surprises in store for its mistress. Frances had not altogether recovered from the last before the servant appeared with a box which had been left at the door for Miss Rae. Under the cover, in a nest of cotton-wool, lay a grand bunch of roses. They were all cream-colour or crimson, rich, velvety, fragrant. Frances divided her whole being between glorying in them with eyes and nose and demanding a solution of the enigma—where did they come from?

Magdalen, who had her suspicions, said the gift proved somebody's extravagance.

"Do you think they were *bought* by somebody?" asked Frances, in an awestruck tone. Her face was buried in the roses right up to her eyes, but these were directed eagerly towards Magdalen, and the delicate straight lines of their brows were raised to give emphasis to the question. It was altogether too extraordinary and exciting that such a thing should happen to her. Of the homage that is always paid to beauty she was too simple to dream.

"It is so late in the year, that I fancy they can only have come from Covent Garden," said Magdalen, "and it must be some one who is quite familiar with your tastes. They must know your favourite flower, and your favourite combination of colour, and probably have seen you in your cashmere dress."

"I wore the dress at Mr. Wesley's concert, when aunt and Jeffrey went with us, and I had a red rose," said Frances, thoughtfully, "but there could not be any one there who would do it; indeed, I can't really believe they can be for me at all. I believe it 's a mistake. By-the-by, I must run down and see aunt after my music-lesson. I can't say how glad I am the lesson comes to-day. I do like to crowd all my pleasures into a corner."

"I have a message to send to your aunt, but Jeffrey and some of the children will be here before long, I have no doubt."

As she said this, Magdalen regarded the girl keenly, but could not tell whether her remark had called up a blush, for Frances was stooping over the table. She was putting her roses in water, and now took out two—a crimson and a cream-colour. The crimson she fastened in her dress at the throat, and held the other, hesitatingly, for a moment. Then, shyly, but with charming grace, begged to be allowed to fasten it in Magdalen's.

"This suits you best," she said.

The touch of her fingers at Magdalen's throat seemed like a caress. An impulse came to her to kiss them, but she restrained it. What if Frances should start back resentful?

Punctual to the moment, Paul Wesley appeared, and gave his usual bow; but to Frances he said—

"I make you my birthday compliments."

"Thank you, Mr. Wesley; but how did you know?"

"From yourself, Miss Rae, the last time I was here."

A relaxing of the rigid lines, almost amounting to a smile, was observable in the music-master's face.

"Ah, yes; I forgot I told you," said Frances, laughing.

Magdalen also smiled, and remarked—

"I am afraid, Mr. Wesley, that Miss Rae, though she has attained her eighteenth birthday, has not acquired the dignity you are accustomed to in young ladies of that advanced age."

"Oh, I can be dignified when I like," said Frances, with a saucy nod. "With Mr. Wesley I don't care to be. I am going to show him my presents before we begin."

It was a pretty comedy. Frances, radiant with loveliness, good will, and delight in her pretty things, shining upon this irresponsive rock of a music-master, who, nevertheless, was certainly affected to a slight softening of his black eyes, and a shade more of human interest in his manner. The locket did not move him, the Beethoven met with his approval, but the flowers appeared to please him.

"And you like these best?"

"Yes, of course, because they are a mystery. Who could help it? I daresay I should not care for them if I knew from whom they came."

"Perhaps not," he remarked, drily.

"Ah, yes, I should when I looked at them and smelt them. They are lovely! Look at this one with the leaves curling over and over that glorious deep heart in the centre, as if they wanted to hide it away—jealous things! But let them; things are more wonderful half-hidden. I like something beyond. I never want to enjoy the whole of anything, do you, Mr. Wesley?"

"I might want," was the answer, in a low and bitter tone.

"Well, if you disagree with me you can pull away these tiresome petals, for I'm going to give you the rose. It is just like this I chose for myself. Crimson is your colour, too."

Magdalen could not forbear a smile. Mr. Wesley and a rose was in the first place an incongruous combination, but that the little music-master should have his complexion suited was an idea irresistibly funny. But Frances saw no absurdity. Her smile was one of pure good-will as she put the rose into his hand.

Her master said no more than a formal "Thank you," and turned to the piano with an air which Magdalen interpreted to mean that his thoughts were on the subject of his time. As he was leaving, his eyes sought Magdalen's, and he said, with a somewhat pathetic smile—

"It is a beautiful thing to be eighteen."

When he was gone, Magdalen said—

"Do you know anything of Mr. Wesley's circumstances, Frances?"

"I know that he is poor, and lives with his mother. One of the girls at school told me that his father died when he was at college. He was a lawyer, I think, or something of that kind. He did not leave them a penny, and was in debt besides. So Mr. Wesley's sisters had to go out as governesses, and he had to come home to do something to keep his mother. I think," she added, earnestly, "he is a very good man."

"I was sure life had not gone well with him. What you tell me accounts for more than his shabby clothes."

By-and-by, as Magdalen had foretold, arrived Jeffrey, bringing two of his sisters with him. He had come to take Frances for a walk, he said. When the flowers were shown to him, he manifested due surprise, and feigned very well, Magdalen thought. He had paid the kindest cousinly attention to Frances since his return home. As long walks were good for her health, he had constantly induced her to take them, throwing in his own society as a happy after-thought.

(To be continued.)

OUR VISIT TO THE FRENCH PROTESTANT HOSPITAL.

"THE entrance lodge is on your left, sir, where you see the spire by the trees," said the omnibus conductor, as we alighted at the Broadway, a miniature Regent Circus. The open space of Victoria Park was on our right, South Hackney on the left hand, behind us lay the great city, and in front was Epping Forest and the flat country of Essex stretching far into the hazy distance.

Following the conductor's directions, we soon entered the approach to the Hospice, which is a large building in the style of a French château of the time of Francis the First; and standing in well-timbered and planted grounds, the air of repose pervading the place was in striking contrast with the busy streets we had just quitted. We advanced to the handsome portal, and the summons of the quaint bell was answered by an aged seneschal. His appearance was so thoroughly French and his manner so courtly that we could almost fancy ourselves back under the old *régime*. He divined our errand. It was a court day, and the business finished, many guests were assembling. We were at once admitted, and were most courteously received by the deputy governor and other officials.

It was our good fortune to be conducted over the hospital by the honorary secretary, who takes a deep interest alike in the building and its inmates, and in all that relates to the history of the Huguenots and their settlement in this country. As many of our readers will be glad to learn something of the origin and history of the corporation, before we proceed to describe the present building and its inmates.

We need not go farther back than the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Edict of Nantes was a solemn confirmation by Henry IV. of the civil and religious liberties of the French Protestants, but after his assassination, religious discord again broke out, and in the subsequent wars we find the Huguenots frequently in arms, for the defence of their liberties against the king as the head of the Catholic party in France. Each defeat was seized as an opportunity to load the Protestants with fresh

persecutions. At length, by the influence of Madame de Maintenon and Père la Chaise, the King's Confessor, the Grand Monarque (Louis XIV.) revoked the Edict of Nantes, and all protection for the Huguenots was removed. The terrible tale of their persecution and their sufferings need not be here repeated. Exile or the galleys, and even death itself were the dread alternatives offered.

The mottoes engraven upon the fireplaces of the great dining-room of the present Hospice, recall the terrors of that most unhappy time—

Quand ils vous persecuteront dans une ville, fuyez dans une autre.

Their only consolation lay in their simple faith, and in the words of their heavenly Master, still to be read in the hospital :—

S'ils m'ont persecute, ils vous persecuteront aussi.

Thousands of the believers escaped the *cordon* of guards which extended along the frontiers, and reached England, Germany, or America in safety. The sufferings and distress of the refugees in England deeply stirred all true British hearts, and even the king was moved by public opinion to issue an order for a collection to be made in the churches in aid of the refugees. The sum thus obtained (nearly £200,000) was called the Royal Bounty, and was administered by a lay committee of the emigrants. But while at once relieving the necessities of the Huguenots in England, the need of some permanent provision no doubt occurred to the minds of the committee. Thus, we find that a certain M. de Gastigny, attached to the suite of William III., bequeathed a sum of £1,000 to found and maintain a hospital for poor French Protestants. Other subscriptions flowed in, and in the year 1716 a plot of ground near the Peerless Pool, in the parish of St. Luke, was purchased for the site of the Hospice. In this place, then a quiet and retired spot, surrounded by gardens and country lanes, did the persecuted Huguenots find rest and peace.

The first Hospice was built in the form of a quadrangle, with small garden plots between the frontages, and a charter of incorporation was granted by George I. On the 12th of November, 1718, the chapel and the Hospice were solemnly dedicated to Almighty God, and Divine service was performed amid a large congregation of refugees and their families. The charity, which was lovingly known amongst the Huguenots on both sides of the Channel as La Providence, prospered. But as persecution happily declined, the stream of applicants slackened, and the consequence was that a portion of the Hospice was taken down, and the land sold on building leases.

Twenty years ago the leases began to fall in. The great arms of London were then extending themselves and grasping building sites. So the directors sold their ground, and proceeded to erect the present building, near Victoria Park, which we will now attempt to describe. It was planned after the manner of the old châteaux, and the building was carried out under the personal superintendence of the late Mr. R. L. Roumieu, whose work was truly a labour of love.

From our own observation, we can state that every detail that can conduce to the comfort and convenience of the inmates has been scrupulously observed. Well ventilated and well-warmed corridors, commodious sitting-rooms, and a refectory, with airy bedrooms, are all to be found in the Hospice. Our attention was first directed to the elegant little chapel at the eastern end of the building, which is exactly adapted for the use of the inmates. Though the body of the chapel is on the main floor, a gallery is erected on the west side, into which the more aged and infirm inmates can enter, without undergoing the fatigue inseparable from ascending and descending many stairs. When we visited it, the chapel was most tastefully decorated for Christmas, as indeed were all the rooms, including the refectory, and a real home-like air of comfort was throughout perceptible.

We then proceeded up-stairs to the women's sitting-room, where we found some thirty old ladies sewing and chatting pleasantly—of the old days perhaps. They all rose at our entrance, and every one appeared happy and well.

The refectory is on the ground floor, and here all the inmates partake of their ample and well-served meals. Our tour of inspection also included the kitchens, bath rooms, store rooms on the basement ; the bedrooms and the invalids' sitting-room on the upper floor. In all and every detail, the care of the directors for the comfort of the poor inmates is manifest.

This hospital, it must be remembered, is not for the healing of the sick, but for the reception of a certain number of the poor and aged descendants of the French Protestant refugees. It is arranged for forty women and twenty men, and this number is always maintained. Those eligible for election are the descendants of refugees being unmarried or widowed, and at least sixty years of age. We learned from the secretary that on the day of our visit an unprecedented election had been made—a son of one of the existing inmates was admitted. The father, a bright cheery old man of ninety-three years, attended before the committee to speak for his "boy John," who was of the tender age of sixty-five, and who, under late domestic affliction, really appeared the elder of the twain.

The general superintendence of the inmates devolves upon a steward and his wife, under the direction of a committee. A chaplain and a medical officer are attached to the hospital, but do not reside within it. There is an efficient staff of nurses and servants, while the inmates also contribute towards the general interior economy of the institution. There is no want of amusement or recreation. A bagatelle table, the gift of the directors, and a hand-

some set of games from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, are extensively patronised. Evening entertainments, music, readings, recitations, etc., are occasionally given by the directors and their friends.

On the fourth Thursday in June, the anniversary of the incorporation of the hospital is regularly celebrated, and on this occasion representatives of the leading Huguenot families attend.

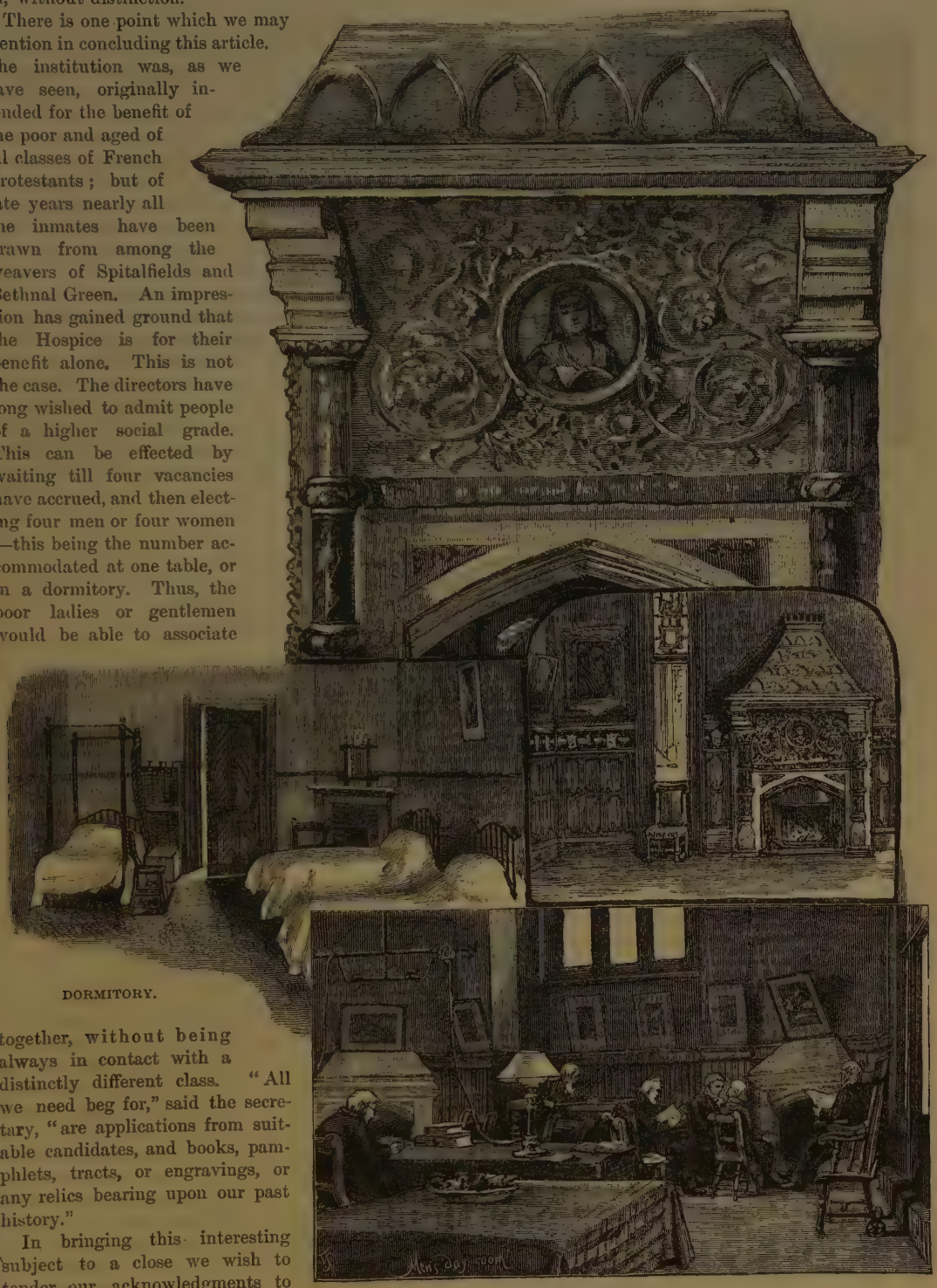
The last two anniversaries have been attended by the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, and their families. "Only think, sir," said one old dame, "that I should have lived to shake hands with the Lord Mayor of London in my eighty-sixth year, and that he should have guessed me just over seventy!" These annual gatherings are anxiously anticipated by the inmates, who deck themselves in bright array, and look as juvenile as possible. But the topic of age is quite a common subject of conversation with the old folk. They speak simply of their long pilgrimage. They feel their footsteps are becoming more and more feeble, and but "a few more years shall roll," and "a few more seasons come," ere they have gained their everlasting rest. Death comes not to them as the King of Terrors, not even as the grim destroyer of family ties, but as a friend upon whose arm they can lean as they go down to the bank of the dark river, to cross to the eternal shore beyond.

We were summoned from our interesting chat with the old ladies to the dinner-table; and then, for the first time, we were introduced to the court room of the Hospice; and a more thoroughly characteristic apartment it is impossible to imagine. Its architecture corresponds with the other portions of the building, but the decorations are unique. Handsomely panelled to about five feet up, the walls are ornamented with the armorial bearings of the earlier governors and directors, and the portraits of the founder, Jaques de Gastigny, and many of the famous directors and officials, by Desanges and other artists, meet the eye. At each end of the fine room is a tiled fire-place bearing the inscriptions already quoted. The very pleasing decorations, portraits, etc., have been chiefly the gifts of the directors, to whose liberality we were also indebted for a most pleasant entertainment.

One feature that particularly struck us is the real and unanimous interest which all the directors and officers take in the institution. From the deputy-governor (whose fifty-first anniversary as a director was being celebrated) downwards, all the officials have the welfare of the Hospice at heart. The treasurer leaves no want unprovided for, and the secretary, enthusiastic and devoted, seeks to make the Hospice a meeting-place for all

who cherish Huguenot traditions. The chaplain, we perceived, had quite won the hearts, and had ample testimony to the success of his Christian work from all, without distinction.

There is one point which we may mention in concluding this article. The institution was, as we have seen, originally intended for the benefit of the poor and aged of all classes of French Protestants; but of late years nearly all the inmates have been drawn from among the weavers of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green. An impression has gained ground that the Hospice is for their benefit alone. This is not the case. The directors have long wished to admit people of a higher social grade. This can be effected by waiting till four vacancies have accrued, and then electing four men or four women —this being the number accommodated at one table, or in a dormitory. Thus, the poor ladies or gentlemen would be able to associate together, without being always in contact with a distinctly different class. "All we need beg for," said the secretary, "are applications from suitable candidates, and books, pamphlets, tracts, or engravings, or any relics bearing upon our past history."



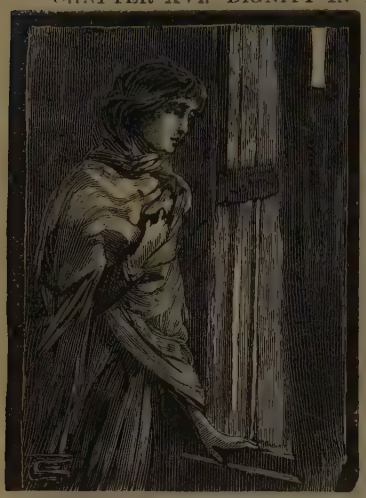
DORMITORY.

In bringing this interesting subject to a close we wish to tender our acknowledgments to the secretary for the information he afforded us during a very pleasant visit to a remarkable institution.

BORNE BACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—DIGNITY IN THE DUST.



I DID not see Hugh Capel for some time after this. His Master's message being delivered and his mission to our house accomplished, perhaps he had little inducement to return thither. He felt he was not understood by any but the simple girl—I had almost said child—to whom his coming had been blessed. I received a pleasing proof of his remembrance, however, in a neatly-bound volume of the Olney hymns, bearing my name and the date of his late visit on the fly-leaf. The latter seemed a gentle reminder that *that* day was to be a turning-point in my existence. It had already become so; thank God that I can say it. In an agony of remorse and regret I had knelt again at the foot of the cross, but no word of reproach met me there. I got such a view of the love I had wronged and slighted, that my soul was filled with adoring wonder. I saw it choosing, calling, cleansing me. I saw it bearing with, following, yearning over me, until it lured me gently back to rest. Was it not the Lord who sent His messenger with the offers of reconciliation? Was it not the voice of the Good Shepherd which spoke so sweetly through him of restored communion? Was it not the same voice which breathed peace into my troubled spirit, and relieved my burthened conscience by a fresh sight of the unchanging sacrifice? The words came to me, "Return, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you." I did not, as men do now, say, "This is only for the Jew," but took the call as to myself, and saw how indissoluble is the union between the redeemed and Redeemer; between the weakest member of His body and the Head up in heaven; and knew, though they may stray into weary by-paths, He is ever

> Strong to deliver, and good to redeem,
> The weakest believer who hangs upon Him.

But what interested me deeply in the little volume Hugh sent was a sketch of the life of Mr. John Newton, with an account of the wonderful dream he had when in the Bay of Naples. It needed not a delicate pencil-mark to call particular attention to this. I had learned by experience that I was wholly unable to preserve my own happiness, and that to take it into my hands again like the magic ring, expecting to retain the rich possession, was but to see it slip from my grasp and become engulfed in the dark waters which seemed about to swallow me. Humbly and prayerfully I committed the keeping of myself for time and for eternity unto "a faithful Creator." I gave myself up, body, soul, and spirit, with all my hopes and interests, into His loving hands, and realising my own insufficiency, felt such a rest of spirit as I never before had known.

I needed it—I needed it sorely; for dark days were coming on, such as we could not have anticipated. A shadow was thrown across my onward path, now that I once more stepped out into the sunlight of God's favour, just as it was thrown across the Priory walk long ago. Deeper and darker the shadow grew; denser and denser; until all that was bright and beautiful seemed crushed out of life, save that which God in His mercy gave back to prepare me for the coming ill—a great sense of His protective tenderness and care.

"Leopold," said my mother one morning, as we rose from the breakfast-table, "you ought to go down to the city to-day. I think you have not shown yourself in the office this week."

The time named might have been multiplied by three, but mother was not aware of this. It was an effort of duty on her part to tell Leopold to go, as she said, "down."

"Sink the office!" my brother replied, impatiently.

"If you did, you would sink with it," she returned, with severity. "The expression is unseemly. I am sure I dislike business as much as you can—it is wholly beneath the dignity of my family. But can we do without these?" and she glanced with significance from the breakfast-table, with its bright plate and china, round the pretty chamber, luxuriously carpeted and furnished, until her eyes rested thoughtfully on an Italian greyhound, lying coiled on the hearth-rug. I turned mine on her elegant figure, clad in a crimson cashmere morning robe, and inwardly asked the same question.

"Mother," said Leopold, rising from his seat, and drawing up his tall figure to its fullest height, while he ran his fingers through his hair, causing it to stand out in rich confusion, "I hate this City connection. It must out—I hate it! You brought me up with notions far above our rank and station: you nursed me in poverty with views of a dignity which nothing could drag down. I lived in an imaginary greatness. I lived in the dream of one day taking our former high position. I find myself despised and snubbed continually by those who are really well-born, because, after all my vaunted independence, I am but a *parvenu!* Can you blame me that I loathe

this business, which is like a stake driven deep in the ground to tie me down beyond a hope to rise?"

For a moment or two my mother looked aghast. To think her cherished son should thus turn upon her with reproach for the love and pride which would have set him up on high was a terrible thing. Her affection might have been misjudging, but, at least, it was deep-seated and sincere, and I felt for the wounded feeling which was too plainly written in every line of her handsome face. I could not keep silent; yet did not speak wisely.

"I should say the opinion of those who thus despise you is not worth a thought," I said, warmly. "Pride in ancestors because of their high social position only, is the emptiest of all. I can fancy one's rejoicing in their being good and noble in character, but as for the poor boast that they were higher born, or had better blood than their neighbours (though I suppose it was really no redder than another's), it is a vain honour indeed!"

I succeeded in turning the current of displeasure on myself.

"Susan," my mother returned, "I can as little agree with your levelling principles as with your brother's undeserved reproaches. You are sadly deficient and perverse."

With which parting censure she left the room.

No one had regarded Coralie's presence, but now, glancing towards her, I saw her cheeks were flushed, and one or two tears seemed to burn on the eyelids from which they did not fall. She rose, and grasping the back of her chair, stood upright as my brother.

"Leopold," she said, with slow, distinct utterance, "I am very sorry Uncle James left you his money."

"Why so, Puss?" Leopold was very fond of his cousin, and frequently called her by this name, because, he said, she "had her back up in an instant when displeased."

"Because he was a good, good man, and I don't think you are worthy of his kindness."

My brother's cheek flushed as hers had done, and a strange light came into his eyes.

"You will please explain."

"I shall," our cousin replied, not in the least intimidated. "Our uncle worked hard, and earned an independence for a poor boy who, when taken from his country home, was not grateful for his good fortune."

For one moment he looked as if he would have struck her. I was really frightened, and begged her in an earnest whisper to come away. But she stood there still, with her spirit as proud as his, and her dark eyes gleaming. I could not but confess that my sympathies were more with her than with the brother I loved so well. He was the first to succumb. Without another word, he followed our mother from the room.

He had been dragged by a girl's weak hand from his pinnacle of pride; his fancied dignity had been assailed; but only his own evil conduct could trail it in the dust.

Leopold did not return to dinner that day, neither did we receive any message from him. I am sorry to say such a want of attention was by no means uncommon, but I could see it had no common effect upon our mother. It was the first time she had had any serious difference with her son; all his boyish failings had been overlooked or excused, and though it had not arisen on her part on the late occasion, she was not the less uncomfortable. His reproaches cut the more sharply and surely because they had in them the elements of truth. Perhaps they were the hardest of all to bear; truth wrested for a wrong purpose, and from which wrong deductions were drawn.

"I suppose Leopold has been detained in the City," my mother said, after we had waited dinner for half an hour; but she said it in a nervous sort of way which was unusual with her, and with the manner, to my anxious eyes, of one who was ill at ease.

We had no engagement that evening, and the hours dragged on heavily. It was the month of February, and though the days were strangely sunshiny and clear, and the mornings and evenings lengthening perceptibly, the nights had been extremely chilly. My mother had a cold which she was nursing, and though not thankful for this, I was thankful for the rest it secured. No notice had been taken of any alteration in my demeanour, though I was conscious it was perceptible. Still no occasion for resistance to worldly pleasures had yet arisen. Coralie and I very wisely were never suffered to go to public entertainments or to receive company without my mother's presence. On this particular evening Mademoiselle Valerie read to us selections from Scott, as her fancy dictated. She had a well-modulated voice, and rendered the finer passages as one who had caught the thought of the writer, but she only succeeded in riveting Coralie's attention. For through all "the burr of Walter Scott," like "the brawling Tweed" singing on through the mind of the dreamer, there came to me a mourning for ourselves, for my mother's pent-up disappointment, for my brother's erring spirit. I lifted up my heart again and again for deliverance for him from the snares and pitfalls by which he was surrounded. Then a thought of Hugh Capel in his noble work in the East End would come, and I imagined so much about him and the people amongst whom he laboured that the people with whom I sat vanished in turn from my mind, and our actual surroundings seemed the unrealities.

I was glad when the hour came for retiring. Still Leopold had not returned. I dared not ask my mother if I might wait up for him. I knew instinctively she would not like to be questioned as to her arrangements for his admittance.

I lay awake for a long time; so did Coralie, who shared my room, but not my bed. I think she had a vague uneasiness too, for she said "she hoped she had not been too hard upon Leopold that morning; she was sorry now, for he was always good to her." Then, with her usual volatility, she asked, "Would

I not like to have been run away with by one of the Border chieftains?" and receiving no reply, was fain to betake herself to sleep.

At last it came to me also. I did not need to think of

> A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
> One after one; the sound of rain and bees
> Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,
> Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky.

I just said a verse of a hymn, committed our troubles anew to God, and was soon sunk in deep slumber.

I was awakened by the gentle lifting of a window. I was thoroughly aroused in an instant, and it seemed to me I had slept long. The sound was not in the room, but from the corridor without. I slipped from the bed, and, with uncovered feet, stole out.

A stream of moonlight and an unpleasant breath of night air rushed in together. At the open window, in the broad light, sat my mother, in her handsome cashmere robe, a heavy woollen shawl wrapped round her. She turned at the sound of my step.

"Susan, go back to bed," she said; "you will take cold."

"Mother, I cannot," I pleaded. "Has he not come home, mother?"

"No," she replied, in a weary tone.

"Then he will not come a bit the sooner for your watching here in the cold," I said, cheerfully. "He has probably been detained by some friends." (Oh, what a mockery the words seemed!) "Stay a moment till I put something on, and we will go down to the dining-room. There may be a little fire left there."

I tried to speak steadily, and as if there was no cause for alarm, but my heart beat fast.

Ere I closed the window I looked out. The beautiful tide of silver light was flooding the streets below and gilding the uninteresting housetops, gleaming in drops which a recent shower had left falling from the eaves, reminding me strangely even at that moment of the delicate beads wich hung in the cups of the wild-flowers on the Priory grounds. Oh, how I wished we were back there once more in our poverty and comparative innocence! How light seemed past struggles in comparison with this weary night-watch!

Regrets for the past are worse than idle and unavailing when there is necessity for present action. I closed and bolted the window, and we went down-stairs.

As we descended there was a sound which made us start, our nerves being so highly strung. The clock on the stairs struck one. At other times its metal ring had a musical sound, but it seemed strangely harsh now. It was succeeded by an ominous stillness. I was glad that the hour for a musical chime—twelve o'clock—had passed, and the notes which out of harmony would have made discord, were silent.

I cannot tell how long it was after this, nor how short a time we sat together over the embers of a fire I had fanned. I know we tried to talk a little, and once my mother asked me a question—

"Susan, had Coralie and Leopold any quarrel to-day?"

I wondered how she had heard of it, but simply answered, "Yes."

"I am sorry for that—very sorry," she said, musingly, gazing into a half-lighted piece of coal as one looks for strange shapes or seeks to map out a future, "because—because Uncle James contemplated their being near friends, and I think Leopold liked her. It would have helped to keep him straight."

"Surely, mamma," I said, "you are not planning seriously for them. Leopold is scarcely a man yet, and does not know his own mind."

"No, my dear," she answered, "no; but one likes to look forward, you know, and think all will be made straight."

I was about to say there was but one straight path which led to God, when a sound at the hall-door as of some heavy body stumbling against it caused us to rise to our feet. The dining-room was on the ground floor. We went out into the entrance-hall, I carrying a small lamp. Then there was a decided knock, not loud, but very distinct in the stillness, and the sound of retiring footsteps. I knew who gave that knock; I knew it by some such instinct as makes one recoil when a deadly reptile is at hand. It needed not the mocking laugh to tell St. Clair had been there and gone.

"Is that you, Leopold?" I asked, through the barred door.

"Yes, Suey," he tried to whisper; "all right. Mother's not there, is she?"

I signed to her to retire; then I took down the heavy chain and my brother stumbled in. I had set the light on the hall table. One glance at him was enough; I could not bear to look again. His handsome face had a terrible stamp of shame and sin upon it.

"Don't tell mother, Suey," he again whispered, showing in his fall, in spite of the morning's hasty words, a desire to spare her and retain her affection. "A little too much wine. 'T will be all right. I was only—keeping up the dignity of the family."

He reeled as he spoke. Without looking at him, though I loved him dearly even then, touching him with a strange repugnance and loathing, I took his arm and tried to lead him up-stairs. I saw our mother's white face in the doorway, and felt, by his involuntary start, he saw it too.

"Mother," he said, with a pitiful earnestness, "it was only—keeping up the dignity of the family. I—a few friends—had supper. Indeed, it was all for the dignity of the family."

The blow struck home. I saw the white face no more that night. Ere I returned to the room we had left, mother had gone to hers.

CHAPTER XVII.—OUR CITY CONNECTION.

I DON'T think our mother said anything to Leopold about this miserable occurrence, neither do I think he said anything to her. A great separation seemed to have taken place between them; she being cold, restrained, and evidently seriously displeased; he with a quiet, even humble manner, not at all natural to him. To Coralie he did not speak at all; perhaps his pent-up feelings found some safety-valve in this tacit reproach. This did not seem to trouble our volatile cousin; her regret for the sentiments she uttered had been evanescent, and she went singing through the house as if quite unaware of his presence. I said a great deal to him, however. With many tears and earnest words I besought him to break off from his evil companions, especially from St. Clair. He did not, as on a former occasion, resent this decided condemnation of his friend, but took the admonition kindly, attempting no palliation of his offence, save that it was all that odious City connection which made him anxious to get in with a decent set of fellows. I said nothing more than that the connection was an honourable one, and he should rather rejoice in it than take up the meaningless prejudices of idle youths. Poor Leopold was too much broken down to retort, but I don't think my counsel made much impression.

Then I tried to show him his sin in another aspect

"'Good morning, Cowan,' Coralie said."—*p.* 627.

—in the light of God's holiness, and as wholly against Him. I presented before him his utter weakness and inability, and besought him as a poor erring one to cast himself upon Divine clemency for pardon and restraining grace. At this he seemed surprised, but the emotion was evidently rather at hearing me so speak than awakened by the idea that the subject was one in which he was vitally concerned.

It was shortly after this my mother received a letter from Squire Hardman saying he was coming up to town on business, and as he might not have leisure to make us out, wished she would meet him on a certain day and at a certain hour in our office in the city. The Squire arranged it all with deliberation and precision, leaving no room for disappointment, as one who had his work to do and could not afford to let his time go for nothing.

Ever since our dreary night-watch there had been a sort of tacit understanding, more ready sympathy, and a greater expression of affection between my mother and me, and when she made the contents of the letter known to me I pleaded hard to be taken with her to meet the dear old Squire. Perhaps there was real interest and pleasure prominent in the thought of seeing so true a friend fresh from our country home, but I was conscious of something further. Our late trouble had engendered a nervous dread of coming ill, so it seemed to me there was a strangeness in the request which made me fear I knew not what. My mother might have secretly shared this feeling, for she hesitated, and finally consented to my proposal.

It was my first visit to the business so much detested by Leopold, my first recognition of the City connection.

I don't know why I told it to Coralie, but I thought she would be interested. She listened in surprised and pleased silence; then, without a word, ran from the room. In a minute or two she returned with my mother.

"Oh, aunt," she said, "please let me go with you to the City. I often went there with Uncle James, and have not been since—since he died."

"It is no place for a young lady," my mother replied, with a look of displeasure. "Suey should not have told you."

"She did not think it was wrong," continued the earnest pleader, "and knew I should love to hear it. Oh, aunt, I don't know what you think of the place for a young lady; but I know I am Uncle James's niece, and he made his riches there, and I have learnt Italian and drawing, and am living in luxury on the money he worked hard to gain. Don't think I am ashamed of it," said Coralie, her cheeks again flushing, "or that I shall ever disown, or rise above it. I am proud, as proud as any of you; but it is of the great business my dear uncle's cleverness had gathered round him."

My mother looked down upon the eager speaker as she would have done upon a natural curiosity. Coralie might have been a foreign vegetable, in short. It was evident she was set down as part and parcel of the great concern, which was moved by "beings of another sphere."

"We are going to see a gentleman upon business," mother at last said, coldly, "and could have no more children present."

Coralie had suddenly grown young.

"Then I shall walk about by myself," returned the eager girl, "or talk to Mr. Calthorpe, or sit by another office fire. Do not be afraid, aunt; I shall not be lost, or do anything unworthy of you."

With which engagement Coralie won the day.

I did not expect to have either the sense of smell or sight delighted, from Leopold's descriptions, and I found they were but little exaggerated. The stores were situated in a part of the City from which the tide of fashion had rolled on, leaving it like a worn-out cradle behind. Of the exact locality I do not intend to speak. It was not contiguous to Bond Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly, nor Pall Mall. It was not in the vicinity of the Strand, nor Temple Gardens, but branched off in a north-easterly direction, as if it had slunk away in its dinginess and dirtiness, and was ashamed to be seen. Or, rather, it may have been that the rich and populous and fashionable parts of the City were like children who had risen in the world and were ashamed to own their parentage. And yet, crushed in and cramped, hoards poured in and out of those dismal regions, which kept the wheels of commerce moving, and regulated the money-markets.

Though I could discern but little of this importance, I really felt impressed by the business-like aspect of the place and the pre-occupied air of every one engaged therein. Each face bore a serious impress, each heart had a purpose; and though they went through the day's routine with a mechanical motion, they were evidently more than mere conscious machines. It was the bustle of life; the swarm of a hive. It might have been with many the desire for gain, but with the most it was simply persevering bread-winning; at least, it was higher and happier than the wretched *ennui* and disrelish of those who have that bread secured, and who without a noble aim or hope, squander the precious time which God has given them to redeem, yea, avowedly, madly seek to kill it.

I was much pleased with the appearance of the gentleman who had supreme control. He was a tall, thin man of sixty or thereabouts, with a great stoop, and broad intellectual forehead. There was something in his face which made me involuntarily trust him, and I felt Uncle James' sagacity had shone forth here again in leaving the business in such hands. He seemed greatly pleased to see Coralie, greeting her in a sort of fatherly way, and introduced us to his son, a pale intelligent-looking young man exceedingly like his father. The latter conducted us through the warehouse, my mother as in duty bound accompanying us, but gathering her skirts round her with an expressive gesture, as if to avoid contracting

moral or physical defilement. Passages branched off to the right and left; there was a flagged yard, and then crossing a narrow alley was another store, with an entrance in another street. Before we came to this, however, my mother proposed returning, being really weary. She was too polite to resist our entreaty to be suffered to proceed, so young Mr. Calthorpe escorted her back, and we were consigned to the guidance of an old overseer. Coralie recognised several she knew, and they seemed pleased by her notice. In a narrow entry stuffed with bags and barrels, a man was stooping down filling a measure which he held. He raised himself at our approach.

"Good morning, Cowan," Coralie said, stepping forward.

"Be that you, miss?" exclaimed the man, with a smile breaking over his broad features, which made him look quite a different creature; "I was thinking long I did not see you, and hoping you were well the day."

He spoke with a strong Scotch accent, but his dialect was strangely mingled with that of the people amongst whom he dwelt. I afterwards found he was from the North of Ireland, but had come up to the great English metropolis to join a son who already had employment there.

"I am glad you have remembered me, Cowan," replied Coralie. "I thought I had grown out of your remembrance."

"Well, you has grown, miss, a-sure, but I 've 'membered you al'ays, and, ses I, the little leddy 's gone amang strangers, and I don't know how she 's doin'; but I can speak to the Lord about her;" and the man looked reverently upward.

Coralie seemed touched; indeed, she had never looked to such advantage in my eyes as here, where the force of early associations awakened sympathy. I willingly lingered beside the son of toil in his uninteresting occupation, because I felt there was a living bond between us, not the less real because the great world without ignored it.

"You are always busy, Cowan," Coralie said, again.

"Busy? ay, dear heart alive, and I sometimes think we should be busier if we saw what is lying anent us. Theer 's a young doctor as comes down our way to see my puir old woman, and 'Cowan,' he ses, 'do your work to the Lord,' he ses; so I jest tries to work away when no one 's looking, and to keep civil when I 'm spoken to rough; and I lift up my heart often. Then I get thinking of the rest that 's remaining, and the present time don't seem hard at all."

"Then the Lord makes you happy even here?" I asked, thankful for his testimony.

"Ay, ay, young leddy," he replied. "Theer 's a corner out theer; it ain't much of a place, for it 's very rubbishy, but the Lord often comes and speaks right out in that corner, and I tell Him all that is in my bad old heart; and the spell o' time cribbed from break'ast and dinner is a'maist the best of the day to me."

"'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,'" I said, softly. "'They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.'"

"Ay," he said, with another smile, which made him look quite handsome, "that 's out of the Book; you know that, miss?"

"Yes," I answered, "feebly and failingly I try to follow your Master."

There was no other word spoken. I was glad my lady-mother had retired, for this common man, this man of the people, this creature of another sphere, actually held out his broad, horny palm, and I actually placed mine, delicately gloved, upon it. It was a tacit acknowledgment of the living bond which unites the one great family; not in a brotherhood of common humanity, but — something greater and higher—as redeemed souls in Christ. A going forth of heart to heart, because both were actuated by one spirit.

I went my way back to the office refreshed in spirit and strengthened for what was to come.

As I entered, dear old Squire Hardman stepped forward, and, taking both my hands in his, saluted me warmly. It came to me like a rush of air from the hills, like a dash of a glad wave, like the carol of a bird, like something pure and fresh and real in the hard unnatural life we seemed to have been leading. His frank unrestrained manner, and genuine kindness were like a burst of sunlight gleaming over tower and town, over mountain and glen, to eyes too long accustomed to the garish footlights of this poor world's vain show.

"Pardon an old man's liberty," he said. "Why, Miss Suey, how you have grown, and—ha, ha—improved."

I looked round for Coralie, but, true to her promise, she had found some other retreat. Then I inquired for Miss Hardman and the boys.

"Not boys, Miss Suey; boys no longer."

And in a few words he told us what he had in view for the elders.

After this there was an awkward pause. I don't know why, but the silence fell on my spirit with a crushing weight. The atmosphere in the office seemed suddenly close and oppressive. Mr. Calthorpe, grave and courteous, stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, but there was something in his quiet figure, as much as in the Squire's sudden reserve, which made my heart beat faster.

"I have come up to town on this occasion," at last began the latter, shifting his position a little, so that his hand rested on my mother's chair, though he could not see her face, "upon—ha—ha—disagreeable business. Your allowance has been overdrawn."

My mother started round.

"No," she said, "I can assure you it is not so. I have kept the accounts myself; and though I drew the annuity named, with my son's allowance and everything, our expenditure was rather within than over it."

"It would be better to state the matter clearly and accurately," Mr. Calthorpe said, gravely, but in a very kind tone. "The amount was overdrawn by your son, but being a minor his endorsement was not deemed sufficient. Our bankers communicated with us, when I immediately placed to his credit the required sum. It was not a large one for a youth with his expectations, but—it was not sufficient."

He paused. In the silence that ensued the time-piece on the mantel-shelf struck one, as the metal tongue told out the same number on the staircase in our luxurious home as my mother and I descended it in our anxious night-watch. I think the same memory presented itself to each of us now, for her eyes turned nervously upon me, and then became fixed on the opposite wall, as if they saw something that lay beyond. Without turning her head, she made a motion to Mr. Calthorpe to proceed, which he obeyed.

"A second application was made for a larger amount, but this time the bill bore my name with his own. Our bankers accepted it without remark, but on some pretext deferred payment for some hours, and privately communicated with us as before. I suppose your son's ignorance of business matters and our former arrangement deceived him, but the bill was dishonoured; and had it not been immediately taken up, serious consequences might have ensued. There it lies," continued Mr. Calthorpe, placing a piece of paper upon his desk. In the next moment the record of my brother's sin and shame curled upwards in the flames.

With a burst of irrepressible emotion which, true to nature, swept away the icy barriers of conventionalism, my mother turned and caught his hand. He placed his disengaged one upon hers, and bowed over it with the manner of an old courtier. A princess of the blood could not have received a more deferential salute than did the proud woman whose heart lay at his mercy.

"It is gone!" exclaimed the Squire, with a great sigh of relief, which swept like a soft echo from one to another, and speaking for once in his life without hesitation. "Mr. Wyld left the business in good hands. Mr. Calthorpe's promptitude has saved you, madam."

"I have to render my account," said Mr. Calthorpe, very gravely. "Though delivered from fear of eternal condemnation, 'we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.'"

It was spoken without false shame or pretentious profession, and his auditors were silent. Even the honest Squire did not understand this reference of every action of daily life to a higher Power than rules between man and man.

But my eyes overflowed. It was the last touch which cleft the stony rock; and in my heart there uprose a great reverence for the place I was in, and the business so foolishly despised. Master and man—master and man; Mr. Calthorpe at his desk, and poor Cowan in his grimy apron, seeking to serve in the fear of the Lord. No marvel that a blessing rested upon the concern, and it had become great, so that its fame filled the land!

"I was summoned up to town on this occasion, by this gentleman," the Squire concluded; "and, rightly or wrongly, we have not thought it needful to share our confidence with the other trustee. What is the result? There only remains to guard against a—ha, ha—repetition of the offence."

"I leave it in your hands, gentlemen," my mother said, humbly. (In truth, she had come down.) "Under the circumstances, I cannot choose but gratefully follow your advice."

"Then, my advice is this," rejoined the honest Squire, with his face in a glow: "that you get your boy out of the place of—ha—ha—temptation, and away from the—ha—ha—associates who are leading him astray. Let him come down with me for a month. I should say he would be glad enough on this occasion to get away."

This promised but a temporary relief, yet in our present state even this was something for which to feel thankful. The Squire proposed to call upon us, and arrange a meeting between my brother and Mr. Calthorpe. We did not know till then how long it was since the latter gentleman had seen him, but Leopold's dislike to a visit to the City was now too fully explained.

As we left the office, and Mr. Calthorpe gave my mother his arm to conduct her out, she leaned heavily upon me also. Ah! poor, poor mother! that upon which she had placed such loving and proud reliance had proved but "a broken reed." My heart swelled as that mute but expressive action seemed to give me my place from thenceforth.

"Do not be discouraged, madam," Mr. Calthorpe kindly said; "there is One who can make the crooked straight, and the rough places smooth. Take Him into your confidence, claim His proffered friendship for your soul's security, and out of this trouble He can bring good."

Good? Yes; that was the word. It was hard to tell how or why He had permitted such a shadow to fall over our lives—as hard as for vain man to discover the origin of evil; but my faith held firm to that sheet-anchor—"Out of this trouble He can bring good."

CHAPTER XVIII.—FALSE AND TRUE.

LEOPOLD went away. At first he was defiant, hardened, proud, and talked plausibly of the small accommodation he had required, and his great expectations. With some truth he said he had only sought his own, and, but for a whim of his uncle's, he would now be in actual possession of his share of the business. Was there not a sum accumulating to his credit? What harm had he then done? But when his ugly appropriation of another's name, and the fact that from his present position he was not in any way empowered to act on behalf of a firm, was

placed before him, he quailed not a little. It was evident he could not face the consequences of detection and exposure, and more than humbled now, even uneasy and alarmed, he was glad to accept the Squire's invitation, on the pledged word of the latter that no hint of his dishonour should precede or accompany him. I hoped much from this visit; the force of early habit is strong, and I trusted would be revived in the scenes of boyish merriment and comparative innocence. I have said that even in the deepest poverty our mother had reared us with a dread of debt. We were not ignorant of her struggles to keep out of it. Oh, would a thought of this come back as he passed the humble cottage where we had dwelt? and would the story that he had succumbed to the first breath of temptation in the hour of worldly elevation seem like a miserable dream? For the early influence and for the early principle I prayed, and from the present mists that enveloped us, and from the darkness which threatened in the unknown future came to me still the echo of a good man's voice, "Out of this evil He can bring good."

There was a little diversion at this time, which turned our sympathies into another channel also, and prevented my being wholly engrossed by our family care. It is well to forget ourselves oftentimes; to look up from our weakness and hopelessness to the Power and Love and Wisdom which rule on our behalf on high. It is like ascending a mountain-top and feeling its pure bracing air blow away the smoke and dust of the heated atmosphere in which we dwell too long for spiritual health and happiness. It is being brought into communion with a mighty mind and receiving the assurance of a giant tenderness which elevates and restores. It is well also, when our sympathies are drawn out for others and we thus forget ourselves. Bearing another's burden lightens our own, and the heart which gives forth a kindly feeling when it has nothing else to give, is richly blessed. Something of this I might now have known.

My mother kept up the plea of cold as long as she could, as a pretext for not going into public, but when this failed there was one day an announcement that we were to attend the opera that evening. I knew this must have cost her an effort, but could not tell whether it resulted from a desire for change, or a dread of public opinion. To her proud spirit the idea of a bare suspicion of the truth on the part of others was unbearable. My resolve was instantly taken, and, choosing a fitting opportunity, I told her firmly, but gently, I could not enter into such amusements for the future. My mother elevated her eyebrows, but, contrary to my expectations, offered no opposition. It was evident I was from thenceforth free to follow my wayward will.

With Mademoiselle Valerie, I foresaw there would be greater difficulty, even though I was not now immediately under her control. It was a different thing to resist my womanly will, to overcoming the foolish fancies of a child, but I thought even this would scarcely deter her from attacking my prejudices. It was a point on which she had conquered before; was she to be defeated now?

"You go out this evening, Susan?" she asked when we were alone. The question implied a doubt.

"No," was my brief rejoinder.

"May I ask, does not your mother require it?"

"I have arranged that with her," I replied, in a tone intended to convey the impression that she was going beyond her prerogative.

"Madame is good. Shall I assail your high position?"

"No," I said, with a sudden flash of energy, or rather, let me hope, of inspiration; "I do not want to listen to reasonings against truth. I don't know enough good, but by far too much evil already."

For a long time we were both silent, then there rose in my mind and came to my lips a question I longed to put.

"Mademoiselle Valerie, may I ask you something? Who was the gentleman we met in the Park?"

"Lord Hetherton."

There was an indescribable change in her face—a dropping of the violet eyes as she uttered the name.

"Forgive my curiosity. Has he known you long? Does he know you well?" I inquired.

"I was governess in his sister's house. He said he loved me, and I left it. I think she suspected why."

"Forgive me again," I pursued. "Does he know what you have now told me, or where you are?"

"No," she replied, very decidedly, the small fingers straining themselves upon the chair's back.

"Nor his sister?"

"No."

"Then why not tell him?"

My concluding question had an effect which the imaginary revolver had not. Mademoiselle Valerie dropped into a seat.

"Why not tell him?" I continued, standing up in my eagerness. "If he is a noble man, he will feel for and value you all the more for what you have suffered. If he does not, he is not worthy a thought."

"He has many times asked to be allowed to call on me here," she faintly uttered.

"Then deny him no longer."

The next day we went for a drive in the Park, Mademoiselle Valerie accompanying us. Coralie was exercising her ponies, and one of them being fresh and a little wild, she was obliged to pull up to correct some entanglement. A groom was in attendance, but a gentleman rode up also with an offer of assistance. It was Lord Hetherton.

"Will you allow me the honour of an introduction to these young ladies?" he said, when the slight disarrangement had been adjusted, and he had leisure to address our governess.

Mademoiselle Valerie was obliged to comply.

"I have the pleasure of knowing Mademoiselle

Valerie," he said, again addressing me. "Do you think, Miss Wyld, your mother would receive a visit from me?"

I replied in the affirmative, for I really liked his appearance and manner.

And so it happened one bright day in early summer Lord Hetherton called at our residence, and having been received by my mother with the utmost urbanity, was permitted to have an interview with our *gouvernante*. On going up-stairs after the interview had been prolonged beyond all reasonable length, I arrived at the landing just as the drawing-room door opened, and Mademoiselle Valerie came out, leaning on Lord Hetherton's arm, and radiant with happiness. My mother was quietly exultant, as suited her dignity; the wedding would take place in our house, and thus give it an *éclat* it had hitherto lacked. But, through all our pride, a dark shadow secretly brooded over our hearth and hearts.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR.

JESUS IN JERUSALEM.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE TEMPLE.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

THERE is no place so familiar to us, as children, as the City of Jerusalem. From the first attendance at church, and in our first Scripture lesson, probably, we find our Saviour Jesus Christ associated with Jerusalem, the city of the great King. We need not now go back to the time of Abraham to find Salem (Gen. xiv. 18), but in the tenth chapter of Joshua we read of Jerusalem. The meaning of the word is "the foundation of peace." The history of the city is very interesting and instructive, but at present we have only to refer to it in connection with the scenes in the life of Jesus Christ which are associated with the Holy City.

We may pass over the first presentation of our Saviour in the Temple while He was still an infant, and come at once to the period when He was about twelve years old. He was living at Nazareth with His parents, working, perhaps, with His earthly father at the carpenter's bench, in no way then distinguished from the other lads in the little town. We read nothing concerning Him in the Gospel narrative during this period of His life. But at twelve years of age He accompanied His parents up to Jerusalem, whither they went to the Feast of the Passover. The institution of this great Feast you all doubtless remember, and, to keep it, crowds of people went up to Jerusalem in caravans. No doubt Jesus passed along the great plain of Jezreel, by Samaria and Jacob's Well. Now, a great many young people are apt to look upon these localities as having passed away; but we would have all remember that all the localities mentioned in the Old Testament were well known in the time of our Saviour, and can be identified now. So Jesus going up to Jerusalem would pass by the most celebrated scenes in the Old Testament history, with which He was no doubt well acquainted by instruction and reading.

The "company" came up to Jerusalem, and the days of the Feast having been accomplished, the caravan quitted the Holy City for Samaria and Nazareth. There was, no doubt, a great crowd, and amongst the children who probably played together or kept with friends, it was no extraordinary thing that Joseph and his wife were not at first anxious about their Child. They had many relatives and friends in that long cavalcade, which extended across the plain from the Damascus Gate of the City, and imagined that, child-like, Jesus was in the company of relations and young friends of His own age.

But when the caravan halted for the night and the encampment was formed, then the parents became very anxious about the Holy Child. From tent to tent, or from group to group, the distracted mother hurried—as your mothers, my young readers, would hurry under similar circumstances—inquiring for their Son. All the night they sought Him, and not finding Him, they turned back the day's journey to Jerusalem, inquiring of all they met. They reached the city at last, and hurried to the Temple, where they hoped He might have remained, but in the still crowded courts and in the city they searched in vain. You can imagine the terrible anxiety of the poor father and mother, but half conscious of, or perhaps forgetting the Divine nature of their Son. So alarmed were they that, after three days' searching without success, they actually pushed their way into the inner Temple, where the great doctors and law-givers were to be found; and there, in the very last place they expected to find Him, they found Jesus. Little friends, as we grow older, we often "find Jesus" in places and in circumstances we scarcely expect to find Him. He comes to us or waits for us sometimes when we are pushing our way to Him, even in unlikely places.

He was found at last in the Temple of God. Mary seems to have then become conscious of the situation, and feeling guilty, instead of upbraiding Him, as a mother, she asked very kindly, "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." The answer was, "How was it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" No wonder they did not at first understand. No wonder His mother "pondered His sayings in her heart." Her child, a boy of twelve years old, was seated amid the Rabbis, "hearing them and asking searching questions;" the only person not in authority in the assembly. For this He had remained in Jerusalem doing His Father's business, the business of His Heavenly Father, in the Temple, preparing for the ministry that He was afterwards to crown with His death in that very city, within sight of the Temple itself.

Notwithstanding the circumstances, Jesus accompanied His parents to Nazareth, and was subject and obedient to them; thereby setting us all an example. He studied and prepared for the work and position for which He was destined by His Father, and grew up a pure, sinless boy, a boy to all outward appearance as other boys, "increasing in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man." Oh! remember this example of Jesus as a child, and try to follow it.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE MONEY-CHANGERS.

For a period of eighteen years after His return to Nazareth we have scarcely any record of the life of our Saviour. He was thirty years old when he began to preach, and we know that after performing His first miracle in Cana of Galilee, at the marriage feast, He passed on to Capernaum, and thence by the great highway along the lake, and so on to Jerusalem to attend the Feast.

Entering the city, most likely He and His followers proceeded at once to the Temple courts. This Temple had been erected by Herod the Great, but the building was not entirely completed till after his death. It was a magnificent edifice, and consisted of a series of courts within each other, each court being somewhat raised above the former. The outer court, as its name implies, was the first, and Jesus would of course enter it first. The decorations and the materials were beautiful and costly. We can fancy the marble pillars supporting the roofing of costly cedar; the beautiful mosaic flooring, and the carved balustrades enclosing the inner Temple, where no Gentile was permitted to enter; the "Beautiful" gate we read of in the Acts, and through it the Jew could pass into the inner court of the priests, where was the treasury and the tables of shew-bread of gold and marble; and, inside of all, the Holy of Holies, shrouded and concealed by the great veil or curtain, which was rent from top to bottom when Jesus was crucified.

Our Saviour entered the outer court, and found it in confusion and in a very dirty condition. This was the Court of the Gentiles, and here the money-changers, the sellers of doves and oxen, had established themselves, without any regard to the sanctity of the place. How should we like our beautiful cathedral cloisters to be profaned by such traffic? Yet, though the Jews professed to be so particular concerning the Temple, they permitted the sales to go on, and no doubt the priests benefited by them. Sheep were bleating, cattle lowing, doves and pigeons "cooing" to each other. The clinking of money, the quarrelling over the change given, or the exchanges, the tramp of feet on the pavement, the dirt, the heat, and steam in that Eastern climate, all made up a scene repulsive to the senses. The beautiful pavement littered and smeared, loud voices in anger where peace should reign. No wonder Jesus was deeply moved at the sight!

Yet all these things were, in their several ways, necessary. We know that turtle-doves, or young pigeons, were offered in the Temple; that oxen and sheep were sacrificed; that money was necessary. Men exchanged the country coinage for half-shekels —which, as laid down by Moses, was the proper coin for the Tabernacle (Exod. xxx. 13)—because the poor had not always the correct pieces of money. The sheep market had been by the pool of Bethesda; but now the "fair," so to speak, was carried on in the Gentile court, the animals being tied up to the beautiful pillars, and littered down upon the mosaic floor! We can imagine the scene and the crowd and the noise. Jesus acted at once. Picking up some cords—probably some which had lately bound the animals for sacrifice—He twisted them as He advanced upon the cattle dealers, and with this semblance of a scourge drove them out. He attacked them at once, and so unexpectedly, that they loosed the animals, and hurried away without resistance. They knew they had no business to be there; and "conscience makes cowards of us all." These men having retreated, Jesus turned upon the money-changers, and overthrew their tables, letting the glittering coins roll over the floor. The owners, scrambling for the money, met with little sympathy from the crowd, we may be sure. But to the sellers of doves Jesus was more merciful. "Take these things hence," He said; "make not My Father's house a house of merchandise."

No one made any resistance nor remonstrance at the time. But when the court was cleared, the Jews, who one would have thought would have been glad to see the Temple cleansed, came and found fault with Jesus. But He quite puzzled them with His reply: "Destroy this Temple, and in three days I will raise it up!" These words they never forgot, and three years after they used them as an accusation against Him. It was during this visit to Jerusalem that Nicodemus came at night and asked Jesus what was the way to eternal life; but though no doubt He performed many miracles, we have no further record of His sojourn at Jerusalem, except what you can

read in the Gospel of St. John, who gives the account of the interview with Nicodemus.

AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

The next appearance of Jesus in Jerusalem was not for two years after the cleansing of the Temple. On this occasion He probably went up alone, in the absence of His disciples. He had been preaching, and had become wonderfully popular. "All the nation had gone after Him." It was ordained that He should for the first time meet with opposition in Jerusalem, after He had performed an act of mercy.

We read, there was in Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool called Bethesda, or "House of Mercy." It is doubtful whether this was the great reservoir now shown as the pool of Bethesda, for the latter is very deep and very large. At any rate, the pool had five porches, under a shaded colonnade apparently; and here the poor sick people came to wait for the troubling or bubbling up of the water. In what the medicinal qualities of it consisted we need not inquire. "An angel came and troubled the water," we are told. Let us be assured that the act was really accomplished. On the day Jesus visited the pool, He found a poor man lying in the porch. He could not move quickly enough, and while he was making ready another stepped in before him. Yet he had faith to wait, for years perhaps, for his opportunity. Jesus perceived him and asked him a remarkable question—what some might think a quite unnecessary one—"Wilt thou be made whole?" After all these thirty-eight years of suffering would you like to be cured? This man was waiting for a cure in simple faith, not like the great Syrian captain, who wanted a special miracle. This poor man would accept any means—the simplest. So the question from a stranger did no doubt appear a curious one, that Sabbath day.

But if the question were curious, the command was more so at first sight. "Take up thy bed, and walk!" "Take up my bed? Why, I can't move! How am I, then, to roll up my pallet bed, and walk? To carry my bed at all on the Sabbath is unlawful, even were I able to get up." But the man did not thus dispute. He *tried to obey Jesus*—and see the result. *He was healed!* Young readers, remember this. He was a cripple. Jesus came to him, and bade him do an apparently impossible thing. *He tried*—he *did his best*—and he was cured! He did as he was told, regardless of consequences. The Jews soon stopped him, however, and asked him why he carried his bed. The command was not really contrary to the spirit of the law. We may do good upon the Sabbath; and, though the bearing of burthens was contrary to the letter of the law, Jesus is Lord of the Sabbath, and to do His bidding is right. This carrying of the bed was probably a necessity; and, besides, it was for the glory of God, and made the miracle known.

THE LAST VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

The time of the Passover again drew near, and Jesus astonished His disciples by expressing His intention of going up to it. He journeyed by Jericho, when He healed Bartimæus and called Zacchæus down from the tree and supped with him. Next day Jesus reached Bethany, and, on the day we celebrate as Palm Sunday, He made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. This was on Sunday (according to computation), April 1st, A.D. 30. That day and the next were passed in the Temple, and Jesus shut out from His hearers all hope of His becoming an earthly king as they expected in Jerusalem He would be. The parables of the king's son's marriage, and of the son who was slain, are evident. Yet the Jews, though very angry, were afraid, and actually agreed with their enemies, the followers of Herod, to entangle Him if possible. How they all failed we know; "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" It was on this occasion that Jesus uttered that touching lament over the city, "that killed the prophets and stoned them that were sent into it;" and then, at sunset, while the golden beams were lighting up that city and the splendid Temple pinnacles, Jesus, seated on Mount Olivet, foretold the doom of the Temple and city, and when the end should come, a prophecy most fully and literally fulfilled. On the Wednesday, the day after the feast at Bethany, Jesus did not enter Jerusalem, and the priests vainly sought Him, in accordance with the bargain made by Judas for a sum less than what was paid for the ransom of a degraded slave—about £4 sterling in value!

Thursday—the last day of our Lord's free sojourn on earth—dawned, and that evening He made up His mind to keep the Passover in Jerusalem. So He gave very particular directions to His disciples: "Go into the city and follow a *man* bearing a pitcher of water." They could not mistake this, because *women* do all the water-carrying in the East, and a man bearing a water-pitcher was an unusual sight. Jesus, too, may have desired to keep the place secret from Judas, so James and John, the trusted ones, were sent. Later, when all was ready, He followed with the ten; and then came the Last Supper, the sop to Judas, the last parting words to Peter, and the scene in the garden across the Kedron. Of the last dread events in Jerusalem we need not now speak. The Gospels tell us the terrible details in plain words which the youngest reader cannot fail to understand. Then the burial in the new tomb, and the glorious resurrection morning, a promise to us all of everlasting happiness hereafter! H. F.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC.

THE YOUNG MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE.

THE bitterness of death came after, when life flowed back into all the old grooves, whence its course had been diverted while there was a sick-room in the house. The claims of business and household necessity and social life re-asserted themselves, unwelcome intruders on the sanctity of grief.

"If one could only be quiet!" Lizzie cried; "if one might only shut oneself up in one's room, and read and think and rest! Mother does not seem so far away then. I think we could bear the sorrows God sends, if we were left alone with them."

Aunt Mary shook her head.

"Poor child!" she said, "I know what you mean. But all our days are in God's hands, even as much as the first day of loss. He has not willed that we shall sit down with our sorrow. I think we are free to seek as much retirement as we can find, without the neglect of duty. But we must draw the line there. We must learn to hold fast by our loved and lost, not by indulging ourselves in a solitude which seems to us fit for the descent of an angelic guest, but by lifting our own souls to be with them where they are. And nothing uplifts the soul like earnest work and self-forgetfulness. Our sorrows are not given us 'to bear,' Lizzie: they come to do us good. I remember when I was first a widow, and a kind old friend was urging upon me the duties and hopes which remained for me, I replied, in bitter anguish, 'It is too late—too late! I cannot again be what I used to be!' I have never forgotten his look as he answered, 'Certainly not; if you could be so, your sorrow would have been wasted. You must be far more, and better.'"

Very near to each other did Mr. Bristo and his old Aunt Mary draw in those days; for his sorrow was terrible, how terrible she alone altogether knew. And he had one of those sane and vigorous natures which protest against torture and gloom as normal conditions of existence, and feel that a true love is really honoured by a noble and cheerful fidelity, a wider and more elevated life, rather than by despondency and woe, crushed spirits, and flagging energies. How often had he said this of other people in days gone by, and how true he still felt it to be! But then how could he compass his own ideal? Only Aunt Mary's very being served to keep alive his faith and hope. She had been through this same dark valley before him, and she had certainly found her way out on the other side upon hills whence the sunshine never faded.

Many people might be kind and sympathising—but Aunt Mary knew. When they were sitting alone, and some exclamation of agony would escape him, she would only look up at him, and he saw she understood, and did not despair for him, even though her tears fell for his pain. Her very presence was a rebuke to the weak unworthy feelings which come out while the heart is in the furnace of affliction. How could he dare to say—to even feel—that he shrank from life—from the prospect of lonely old age—when he knew how blessed and blessing her loneliness had been to himself and to many more? Could he grudge if he was called to render to others, in his turn, what he had been so glad to receive from her?—the help, the consolation, the wisdom that are born of bitter anguish endured to the end and conquered at last.

And yet, though Mr. Bristo had rightly felt that continued gloom and woe were not honouring, but dishonouring, to an affection folded safe with God, though it pained him to look in the mirror and see the whitening hair and deepening wrinkles which were transforming the face that she had known and loved, still he felt another pain the first time that he caught himself in hearty laughter. His very muscles had grown so unaccustomed to that exercise, that they relaxed with an absolute pang. But because he was a wise and good man, he let the laugh have its way, and thanked God for it. For unless he laughed, his children would never laugh quite gladly. And they had their full happiness yet to come, and he must cast no shadow on it.

Yet it hurt him again when neighbours presently began to tell him "that he was looking very well—better than he had done for a long time." Perhaps it was not quite true, and in some instances the little fiction was kindly meant. But there are cold hard eyes which always meet sorrow with suspicion—in which one reads the sneer that "the dead are soon forgotten," with all sorts of invidious doubts as to the reality and depth of the affection which has vanished from sight. There are some unfortunates (and they are more numerous than we sometimes think), who in no relation of life have known the bliss of devoted love, and they are apt to feel almost aggrieved at the mere thought of an attachment which, passing scathless through all the trials of humanity, has reached at last that better country where love grows never less, but always more and more.

"Forgive them, Alec," said Aunt Mary, when he came home, writhing under light and heartless gossip, still more lightly and heartlessly repeated to him. "Forgive them, even with our Saviour's own words, 'For they know not what they do!' How Emma would smile at such things troubling you! But how grieved she would be to think they could trouble you."

"It is strange," confided Gilbert to Lizzie, allowing

himself to name the temptations of doubt through which he had been passing, now that they were lifting off his soul, and gradually but surely clearing away—"it is strange. There are people who say that we should look for no immortality except in the remembrance and the fruits which our lives leave behind them on earth. But I notice that it is always those who are assured that their dead are not dead, but living, who remember them most faithfully, and profit most by the example of their virtues and the warning of their mistakes. And, on the other hand, Humanity itself has always best remembered those who most clearly taught that it had a higher destiny than the grave. We will not speak of the Master Himself and of His apostles, but of the pagans Socrates and Sophocles, of terrible Dante, and our own 'universal Shakespeare.' I see clearly that Humanity, as a mass, not of units, but of nations and generations, has never chosen for a leader one who denied its living soul, and gave it up to the slow worm and corruption; it has always elected those who, as I read somewhere, 'lead it to the edge of the visible, and leave it there to watch the clouds breaking away, and the dawn rising over the Promised Land.'"

Lizzie and the boys had many close and friendly talks in those days. And it was some time before she realised that her new position as mistress of the motherless house was not without its peculiar trials and temptations.

For at first everybody was strung up to do their best, and just because ordinary domestic discipline was relaxed, it seemed as if discipline had become unnecessary. But young creatures, however well intentioned and enthusiastic, cannot always remain under the stress of a strong emotion. It is not meant that they should. Such suffices to give a powerful impulse to good, but little by little, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," must the edifice of habit and character be reared.

It was long before the thought of his mother's wishes, and her many gentle reproofs and patient waitings, failed to bring Alfred punctually to the breakfast-table. Yet, still, when he began to sit rather late over his studies, and the mornings grew very cold, he did fail. And just because Lizzie had kept his tea and toast warm, and took no further notice of that first failure, he valiantly resolved that it should be the last. And, emboldened by the stoutness of his resolution, he neglected to take the precaution of going to bed a little earlier, and so he failed again next morning! And then, precisely because he was so cross with himself, when Lizzie ventured a deprecating hint, he answered tartly—perhaps a little rudely and bitterly—that nobody need wait for him now, and that he should not grumble if he found the meal cleared away; he did not wish to be troublesome!

The brother and sister had a little wordy sparring match, which ended in his declaring that he was not going to be spoken to like a child by her, and her tearfully protesting that for her own part she would not complain of anything if only nobody else would presently begin to remark that the house was no longer a comfortable home!

Aunt Mary was staying with the family on a visit when this occurred, and she, and she alone, out of all the household, was present during the discussion, Mr. Bristo and his other sons having finished their breakfast, and gone off about their duties. She sat at her knitting, and said nothing. She resolved to take each of the combatants apart.

"Lizzie, my child," she said, "you must try, when any little thing vexes you, not to cry, and especially so when your brothers themselves do anything to vex you, for then your tears hurt them so much that they scarcely know what they do. The tears which we know we have caused always drive us nearly mad."

"I could not help it," pleaded Lizzie; "all sorts of things came up into my mind—how poor mamma used to wait for Alfred, and how careful she was always to knock at his door herself, and to hear that he answered. He never did speak to her like he did to me, though. But all her patience does not seem to have done him any real good. I thought it had, but you see he is relapsing into his old ways."

"My dear, my dear," remonstrated Aunt Mary, "don't be quite so sudden and despairing in your judgments. Alfred never did speak to his mother as he did to you—and are you not glad to think he didn't?—but he spoke so to you, because he was much angrier with himself this morning than he used to be in the old days. He was defending himself against self-accusations, not only as to being late, but also as to neglecting your dear mother's wishes and advice. And beware of thinking that a sudden relapse into wrong ways always means entire declension from right ones. An old bad habit rises again sometimes, that its ugliness and folly may be so fully recognised as to secure its final extinction. Besides, renewed failure should never mean anything but renewed struggle. And it would involve that much oftener than it does, if after every defeat there was somebody at hand to say, 'Begin again.'"

"I 'm sure I always feel helpless and unauthoritative enough," said poor Lizzie, half tearfully. "Alfred need not have reminded me that 'I had no right to preach to him,' as he chose to express it."

"Nay, there he was wrong," answered Aunt Mary. "I heard no 'preaching.' You only said, 'Oh, Alfred, why are you late again?' You had a perfect right to say that much, and more too, even as much right as your brothers would have to ask why dinner was not ready if they came home and found none. Perhaps it might have been wiser to have said nothing to-day, but to have knocked at Alfred's door early and loudly to-morrow. That would have been a hint that you regarded his unpunctuality as an accident, which he must wish to avoid. And never allow yourself to sink into a repining temper, as if your highest household aspiration was to escape censure or complaint.

She found opportunity to speak to Alfred in the evening.

"I was sorry to hear the way you spoke to Lizzie this morning," she said.

"I was sorry I spoke so," he answered, frankly; "but she nettled me."

"If she did, perhaps your unpunctuality had nettled her first," said Aunt Mary, quietly.

"But she need not have made such a fuss," he excused himself. "I really did not think she ought to have said anything; I have been early for such a long time—till yesterday. She might have known I would not suddenly intend to be late on two mornings running."

"I think you may be quite sure Lizzie never suspected you of intending to be late," said Aunt Mary. There was something in her emphasis on the word she repeated which rebuked him by awaking the memory of old days.

"Your sister has taken up a difficult position," she went on; "and it behoves each of you to make it as easy for her as you can. She cannot reprove you quite simply and naturally, as your mother could. It is a trying duty to her, and if she ever does it, as you may think, awkwardly or unduly, you should not resent it, but rather strive to spare its repetition. Certainly I saw little wrong in her manner this morning, Alfred."

"Not at first—I believe I was quite in the wrong then," he admitted; "but she was a little sharp and dictatorial afterwards. And talking about herself as the mistress of the house, too! Why, I never heard mamma do such a thing!"

"Probably not," assented Aunt Mary, "because she was such, in every sense of the word, which poor Lizzie cannot be till she has had much more experience. She is studying for house-mistress-ship just as you are studying for medicine, and you have no more right to obstruct and hinder her in her duties than she would have to obstruct and hinder you in your studies."

"Well, I did keep her waiting half an hour," said Alfred; "but that does not seem such a very grave offence."

"Certainly not, if it had been necessary or conducive to any good for you or anybody else," answered Aunt Mary. "I think you know well enough that I consider no time or patience wasted in true household service. A woman cannot do aught better than that. But then that only makes her the minister to man's needs and comforts, not the slave of his bad habits."

"Oh, Aunt Mary!" cried Alfred, "isn't this too bad? How did I make our Lizzie a slave to my unpunctuality by just keeping her comfortably seated behind the coffee-pot for half an hour longer than she should have been?"

"Listen, then, Alfred, and I will tell you," said Aunt Mary, "for I sat here the whole morning, and saw the little drama played out. By the time you had done your breakfast, the servant, tired of waiting, and knowing she was getting behind-hand with her work, had repaired to the bedrooms to go through her duties there. Lizzie then had to waste her own time till the girl came down to clear the breakfast table and receive the instructions for dinner, which consequently were not delivered till more than an hour after they should have been. It was then found that there was not time for the cooking of the dinner which Lizzie had planned, and of which all the concomitants were in the house. To-morrow being marketing-day, all stores in the pantry were low, and there was nothing to be done but that Lizzie must put on her walking dress and go shopping to supply the unexpected void. What she could carry in her hand-bag she brought home with her; but she was obliged to leave an order with one shopkeeper; that shopkeeper, accustomed to the regular habits of this house, was not accustomed to receive orders the day before market-day. Consequently, he forgot to deliver the parcel. Lizzie went down-stairs to help with the cooking, but was presently pulled up for want of this article, and after waiting a little, had to send the girl out to bring it home, while she herself went on with the maid's saucepan-cleaning work during her absence. And when at last dinner was fairly on the table, Lizzie had had such a strain and worry that I was afraid your father would notice how dull and tired she looked. Now, but for the household machine being thrown out of gear in the first instance by your unpunctuality, she would have had two full hours of leisure even before the early dinner. And when I know how hard she is working on a design to send to the Art Exhibition, I cannot wonder that this afternoon she locked herself in her own room and had a little cry—as I believe she did. Most men, Alfred, will despise a man who takes a woman's money from her against her will, but too many men have got the habit of thinking nothing of wasting her time, her temper, and her talents in a way which

> "None enriches them
> But leaves her poor indeed.

"In the weight which has been attached to female influence on men, I fear the converse has been too little thought on—the influence of men on women. Let me tell you, Alfred, that wherever you see a household of bright, animated, thoughtful women, abounding in pleasant works and ways, there you will find the men are considerate, courteous, and of well-disciplined habits. We are each what the others make us."

"Poor little Lizzie!" said Alfred, remorsefully. "I had no idea my selfishness made such a ferment in her existence. I am so sorry I spoke so rudely to her!"

Aunt Mary looked up at him.

"Have you told her so, yet?" she asked, pointedly.

"No; shall I go and tell her?" he hesitated. "Can't I give her to understand that I'm sorry, without saying it in so many words? It may make her crow over me."

Aunt Mary laughed.

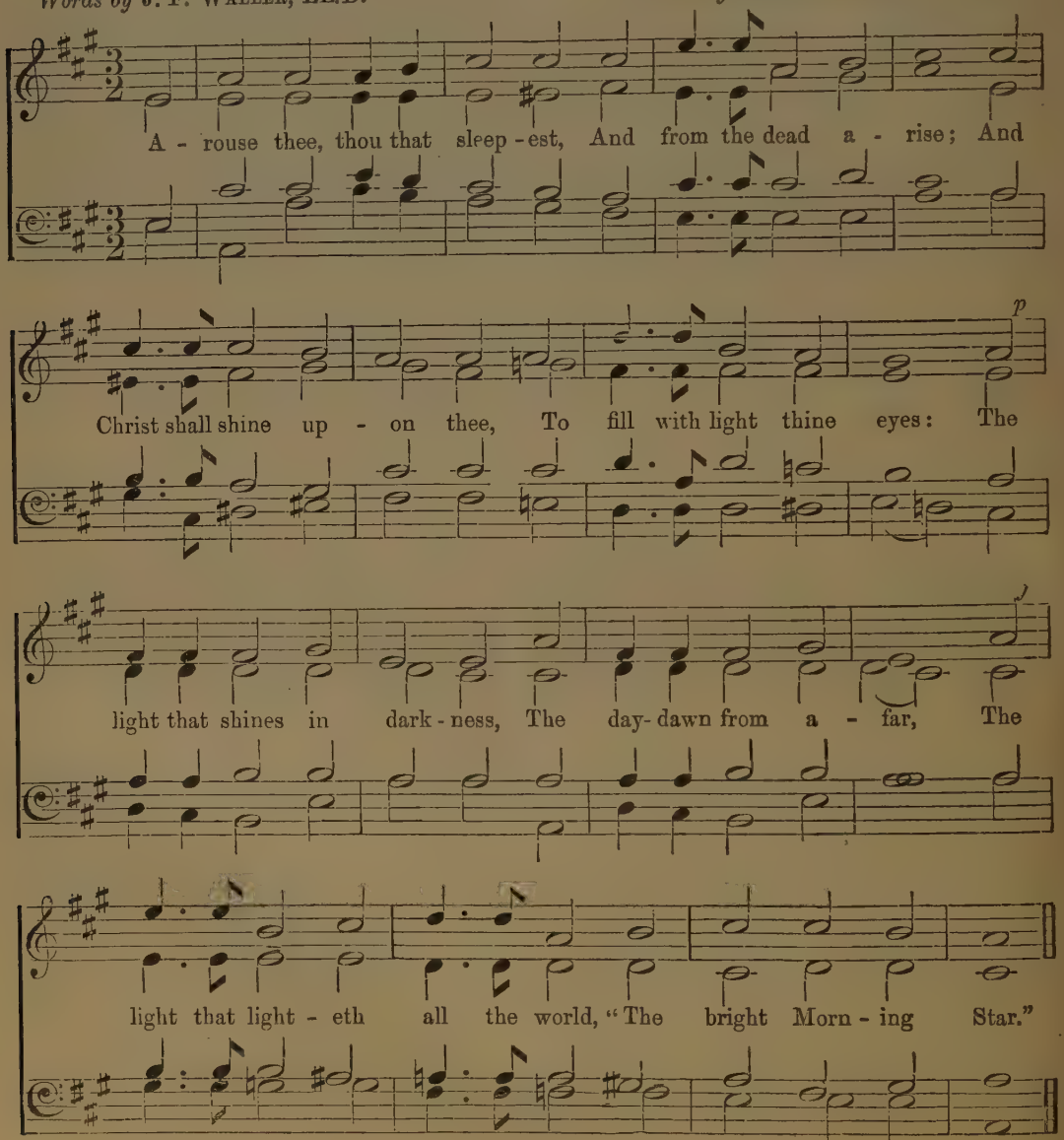
"When we've been in the wrong," she said, "the best way is to own it frankly. That puts us back into the right better than anything else can. Don't be afraid of Lizzie. I dare say she'll ask you to forgive her for having to forgive you. It's a way we poor women have! And you will forgive her for it, won't you? It's not an unpardonable sin! Ah, my dear boy, never shrink from unsaying a hard word. There comes a time when it is too late to do so—when its poison has spread through the whole soul, and household love lies slain."

"O don't, please, auntie," cried the lad. "I'm off this moment to look up sis."

"That's right," said the old lady; "and don't forget that you've got to help little sis to keep the whole house, and, above all, your own souls and your love for each other, as you would like them to be, if your spiritual vision was opened, and you saw your mother standing in your midst."

Arouse Thee, Thou that Sleepest.

Words by J. F. WALLER, LL.D. *Music by the* REV. F. PEEL, B. Mus.


A - rouse thee, thou that sleep - est, And from the dead a - rise; And
p
Christ shall shine up - on thee, To fill with light thine eyes: The
light that shines in dark - ness, The day- dawn from a - far, The
light that light - eth all the world, "The bright Morn - ing Star."

SHORT ARROWS.

MUSICAL MISSIONS.

MANY of us have no doubt remarked, as we pass through the London streets and alleys, the fondness of the poor children for music. We have ourselves attended concerts and meetings for the benefit, and we believe the amusement, of old and young in poverty-stricken neighbourhoods. The mission we have now to speak of was held in the north of London; the previous one was in the south. It is curious that the weather on these occasions should intensify the contrast between the warm and lighted room and the wet and windy street. It generally is so, and this is an inducement to the poor to enter, to hear, and to be taught. To this northern mission children had gathered in goodly number, not very young children, but girls, poor hard-working maidens, come for a "treat." They certainly enjoyed themselves. Under the guidance of a lady and a Bible-reader, the girls united in singing hymns, and it is by cultivating the taste for music amongst these little maids-of-all-work that the lady referred to seeks to save them, and to improve both mental and bodily health. Some can understand a little music, and the theory of the kind instructress is simple but very practical. She knows music and singing constitute a common ground on which rich and poor may meet without fear or favour, and so during the winter these meetings have gone on and prospered. Some come to learn in the evenings, some in the daytime. "The songs they like best are gay and simple tunes," and the kind missionary says she often hears in courts and alleys the children's voices singing their favourite tunes. So far this musical mission has proved itself a success; so much so that more space is required. A bandmaster was lately engaged, and many boys would gladly remain at night away from contaminating influences if room were only available. We understand that particulars may be obtained at 19, Compton Terrace, N., if any of our readers desire to assist Mrs. Hughes in her beneficent work.

THE TRIUMPH OF A TEXT.

Amongst the various reports of Societies sent to us we notice in one a very interesting case which again, if proof were needed, tends to prove the way in which God opens the eyes of the spiritually blind. At a hospital in the outskirts of London, we read, was a man who was handed a text by a mission visitor. He took it carelessly, and remarked, "Well, if I 'm lost, I must be lost;" he couldn't help it, and this indifference for a time continued. After a few visits, however, his attention was fixed by a text (Matt. viii. 3, 4) concerning the leper. This led to the question being put to him, the patient, still suffering, "If the Lord were now on earth, would you not go to Him for healing?" "Yes, certainly I would," was his confident reply; and though, being of a cautious temperament, he wished to think over the fact that Jesus can equally heal now, there was eventually every reason to believe that when he finally quitted the hospital his cure had impressed him, and that he recognised the power of Him who is mighty to save.

A GLIMPSE OF A GOOD WORK.

Of the multitudes who pass annually up the hill to Wimbledon Common to enjoy the refreshing sights and sounds of the open heath, few, we venture to say, bestow a thought upon the Home so near them, at Melrose Hall. Within the walls of this Institution are many who never get more than a glimpse of the outer world, who pass their lives in hopeless retirement. The incurable diseases with which it has pleased Providence to afflict them are borne with a patience and long-suffering resignation which are very touching. It were well with some of us in the full enjoyment of earthly blessings if we could emulate the patience of these poor afflicted ones. And yet the prevailing aspect of all is cheerfulness. A visitor is welcomed, and when the kind and charitable ladies come in and sing to them or play for their entertainment we can fancy how pleased they are—for it is as a remembrance of happier days, and breaks the monotony of their lives. How many who pass and who can play and sing, and who perhaps do so for their living, would pay a visit to the Home and entertain for one half hour the appreciative audience which they would command? What a pleasure it is to noble natures to bestow a gift or to share the possession of something with a poorer neighbour. Here is an opportunity! Silver and gold are not wanted so much as human sympathy. A few songs, a little music, are all that is required; a very small use of the talents so bountifully bestowed by Providence will make two hundred people happy. Is it not worth a short journey to Putney for this? Will any who read this do so, and tell us their experience?

LITTLE BOYS IN KENT.

Seventeen years ago a party of charitable ladies and gentlemen met at Tottenham to found a Home for little boys. Since that time some hundreds of little ones have been rescued, and sent forth to fight life's battle with success. To-day in many lands, in many homes of their own, these former waifs and strays are living in grace and in Christian charity. At Farningham the good work is still carried on. Month by month the homeless are rescued, cared for, taught, and sent out into the world; while the annual meetings of the Old Boys testify to their gratitude and to the interest they still take in their former Home. There are some things wanting in this Little

Boys' Home; wants easily supplied if the public would look to it. Games will wear out, and good books will tear. A few sets of chess or of draughts would be a real addition to the play-room. We are gratified to learn that from time to time domestic servants send their vails thither, and the gift is, as it should be, very highly prized when it appears. Shall we be less appreciative? Some of us have little boys of our own; shall we not try to make the homeless ones happy too? We do not fear for the reply.

THE HORRORS OF OPIUM-TRADING.

Few people in England are aware of the effects of opium. Unfortunately we are too well acquainted with the effects of strong drink, and we do all in our power to stop the great consumption of intoxicating liquors. But while thus looking at home we are unconsciously permitting a great and crying evil to exist abroad. Opium is far more terrible in its effects than is any other intoxicant (we use the term in its original sense—a poison), and yet we who are willing to send out missionaries to convert the Chinese, put a terrible poison to their lips. This act alone has been a great hindrance to the spread of Christianity in the Empire. The Bishop of Victoria (Hongkong) testifies to the fact. Frequently he has been preaching and has been stopped by the question, "Are you an Englishman? Is not that the country opium comes from? Go back and stop it, and then we will talk about Christianity!" Other instances might be quoted of the evils wrought by the extensive sale of opium, but we can readily understand how the Chinese regard its introduction; and shall we, a Christian nation, put a stop to the teaching of the Gospel, and to the spread of Christianity for "a mess of pottage," at the expense of many immortal souls? There can be no doubt of the great evil wrought directly and indirectly by the too unguarded sale of opium. We can all do a little to help and endeavour to redress a crying evil, and we should bestir ourselves at once.

IS IT TRUE?

Is it true, we ask in the name of humanity, that the Canal Boats' Act, for which we are indebted to Mr. George Smith, is to a great extent a dead letter? Is it true that the inspections are not carried out in a proper manner, and that the growing indifference of those who have this important duty is tending to this result? If so, though we cannot imagine that such should be the case, it is a scandal upon our civilisation. No one can note the state in which the canal population lives without feeling certain that Mr. Smith's Act was humane and beneficial. Would it not be possible to have Mr. Smith himself to superintend the working of his Act? and perhaps some member of the House of Commons may be found to recognise the claims of the poor canal population during the recess, and when the agitation about the Irish malcontents has in a measure subsided. We commend this suggestion to our readers who are interested in the spiritual well-being of the floating population whose welfare we seek.

FLOWERS AND TEXTS.

On Sunday last we were visiting a lady, herself an invalid, who employed much of her time in writing texts for her sister to arrange and place with the little bouquets she made up for the hospitals. We told her how interested we were about these flower missions, and some very encouraging reports of cases have reached us. Instances of real conversion, in which sceptical men have been induced to think about God, and subsequently to attend a meeting, could be related. One apparently hopeless case is mentioned, where the man, after reading the text, and gazing at the flowers that brightened up the room, said to his wife—"They seem the right sort of people at that place; why don't you go to the meeting?" She went; and he now attends with her, joyful in his new-found hope of everlasting life.

WORK IN THE PUBLIC-HOUSES.

Six years ago a young tract distributor conceived the idea that public-houses should not be passed by. Was it any use to enter such places? Yes, he thought; there the sinner will be found. He at once acted upon the idea, and in defiance of all insult and remark, carried it out faithfully. From this beginning a very useful Society, called the "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Public-houses," has been established. The result is encouraging. Instead of insulting the visitor, the people ask for tracts. Audiences in the tap-rooms listen attentively to the Scripture readers, and cards condemnatory of the use of bad language are hung up, and studied by those using the rooms. In some instances most unexpected help has arisen. For instance, on one occasion when admission had been refused, the visitors made a second attempt, and were again repulsed, but to the surprise of the callers, a man who was drinking a glass of beer told the publican that if he would not permit the gentlemen to distribute their tracts he and his mates would have no more beer there. This settled the question, and the way was opened. This good work is not confined to London; all over the country the missionaries go and "preach the Gospel to every creature." The work is, no doubt, arduous, and the difficulties to be met with are great and numerous, but it is all the more to the credit of the earnest men who have undertaken to execute such a work that they have, in the true apostolic spirit, performed it in the face of so many dangers and difficulties. Such workers as these deserve all the encouragement we can give them, and any one who will communicate with the Secretary, Mr. R. T. Smith, 3, Grosvenor Terrace, Upham Park Road, Turnham Green, London, will be told in what form their assistance is most needed.

A BRAVE RESCUE.

We have already mentioned the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Public-houses, and since writing that paragraph we have seen a case reported which illustrates in a forcible manner the necessity of such an organisation. A gentleman passing a public-house saw two women fighting, and in defiance of the taunts of the bystanders and some friendly warnings he separated these viragos and raised one of the poor creatures, whose face was streaming with blood—a sorry sight in a Christian metropolis. Upbraiding the publican for his cool indifference to the consequences which his dealings had led to, this true Samaritan led the poor woman away. She then told him that at one time she had been a diligent Sunday-school attendant, but drink had been her ruin. He handed her to the care of a trustworthy woman, and after a few days he visited, fed, and prayed with the women. Nor did his practical philanthropy stop here. He induced the recovered woman to seek her missing child, and she was also rescued from a life of sin. At length he obtained admission to Homes for both mother and daughter, who are now we believe doing well. Such diligence and energy in a holy cause thus displayed by that good man deserves record in this register of good deeds.

THE CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.

A very interesting and welcome return has been compiled by the Secretary of City Missions in New York, the contents of which are really instructive. He divides the city into wards, and subsequently summarises the whole, which summary is worth attention. There are 489 chapels, churches, and missions of all denominations, accommodating 375,000 people. Of these 396 are Protestant, with sittings for 275,000 persons. But there is not sufficient room provided even then, for we learn that a deficiency exists to the amount of 125,000 sittings, of which 25,000 are required for our Protestant brethren. The regularly incorporated Protestant churches number 278, and the total of communicants is 80,000, representing a population of between 300,000 and 400,000 Protestants. The average attendance in these churches is 150,000, the total of church-goers being reckoned at 250,000.

A WAY TO HELP MISSIONS.

"What can I do?" exclaims an invalid—"what can I do to assist in the good work? I am daily in need of help myself, though I would willingly assist the poor and friendless, if I could." Such an appeal as this is not uncommon, but it is not always easy to answer. We, however, would say to those Christians—people afflicted though they be—Let us tell you what a lady we read of the other day does. She has acquired great skill in "mounting" birds, and so has managed to make a goodly collection. Though obliged to recline during the greater portion of the day, her fingers are generally busy in winter-time, employed in the preparation of stuffed birds, and in summer-time on her couch, amongst the bee-hives. Her whole heart is in missionary and such work. She trims hats, and sells them; she arranges birds with great taste, mounting them in groups and pairs, in miniature groves and on twigs and branches, in life-like attitudes. The specimens thus set up are described by an eye-witness as very pretty and effective. They sell readily, and the money thus realised is sent to the various charities or missions. Here is an opening for kind hands and loving hearts—a door through which even the sad and suffering may enter and do good, though they may now fancy themselves shut out from a life of usefulness in the world.

AN OLD PERSIAN FABLE.

There still lives in Persia a name almost more renowned amongst the people of that land than the name of Shakespeare in our own. From the Shah on his throne down to the humblest Durwesh by the roadside, the name of Sheikh Saadi of Sheeraz has now, for nearly seven hundred years, been in the mouths of all. He has been their chief monitor and instructor; indeed, it is not too much to say that the extraordinary popularity of his chief work, entitled the "Gulistan," or "Rose Garden," has gone far to *maintain*, in Persia, whatever of honesty and morality and humanity that, amidst the much that has been barbarous and debasing, has there been still found to exist.

It is a collection of poetry, prose, proverbs, fables, and apologues, so full of point and humour as to constitute one of the richest mosaics of Persian literary art and skill.

The author, not troubled, as Asiatics seldom are, with any excess of modesty, thus predicts the popularity and permanency of his book. Comparing it with the rose garden of the horticulturist, he declares, "I present here not only a garden of roses which will delight the beholder, but which will be impervious to the tyranny of autumnal blasts; for if a rose will continue in bloom for five or six days, see here a rose-bed which shall endure for ever."

Dividing his subjects into chapters, on the one on the benefits of good society he illustrates his subject by the apologue of "The Rose and Clay." This has been happily turned into English verse, with a very profitable improvement, by the late Archdeacon Hone.

We now present it, both the fable and the Christian moral, to our readers.

I.

A Persian fable says, One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odour scented all the room.

II.

"What art thou?" was his quick demand;
"Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in a rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?"

III.

"Nay, I am but a lump of clay!"
"Then, whence this wondrous sweetness, say."
"Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose!"

MORAL.

Meet parable! for will not those
Who live and dwell with Sharon's Rose
Distil sweet scents on all around,
Tho' poor and mean themselves be found!
Good Lord! abide with us, that we
May catch those odours fresh from Thee!

"They took knowledge of them—they had been with Jesus."—ACTS iv. 13.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

127. In what way may Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple be looked upon as an universal prayer?

128. Where was the Tabernacle of Moses placed during the life of David?

129. What altar was placed before the Tabernacle?

130. Who is the first Assyrian king mentioned in the Bible?

131. How many fables are recorded in the Bible?

132. Quote a passage which shows the state of thorough subjection to which Hazael king of Syria reduced Israel.

133. What queen put to death a large number of her grand-children?

134. What distinguished foreigner was a friend of Jehu king of Israel?

135. What gate of the Temple is mentioned in the Book of Kings which is not named elsewhere in the Bible?

136. What mention is made of Jonah the prophet, in the book of Kings?

137. What high priest made an altar to idols and placed it in the Temple?

138. In what way did Solomon know that God had accepted the Temple as His habitation?

139. How many of the Jews were employed as labourers in the building of the first Temple?

140. Who arranged the musical portion of the service of the Temple?

141. In what words does St. Paul warn people against excitement in religious services?

142. What people were brought to the knowledge of the truth of Christianity by the godly lives of the people of Thessalonica?

143. How do we know that a special dress was used in the worship of Baal?

144. In what words does St. Paul enforce the duty of contentment?

145. What great act of dishonesty is recorded against the priests in the reign of Jehoash king of Judah?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 576.

112. He caused an iron axe-head to swim (2 Kings vi. 6).

113. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you" (John xiv. 2).

114. Shishak, king of Egypt during the reign of Rehoboam (1 Kings xiv. 25, 26).

115. The city of Jezreel—the heads of the seventy sons of Ahab (2 Kings x. 8).

116. Millo or "the house of Millo" was built by king Solomon, and Jehoash king of Judah was slain there by his servants (1 Kings ix. 24, and 2 Kings xii. 20).

117. The fortress of Selah or Petra, the capital of the kingdom (2 Kings xiv. 7).

118. Shallum, who slew the last king of the descendants of Jehu (2 Kings xv. 13).

119. Halah and Habor, by the river of Gozan (2 Kings xvii. 6).

120. A brazen platform was erected by Solomon at the opening of the Temple (2 Chron. vi. 13).

121. Amaziah king of Judah (2 Chron. xxv. 16).

122. He says, "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle (1 Cor. xiv. 8)?

123. St. Paul, when he says, "And no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light" (2 Cor. xi. 14).

124. "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving" (1 Tim. iv. 4).

125. "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them who love His appearing" (2 Tim. iv. 8).

126. "They have shut up the doors of the porch (of the Temple) and put out the lamps, and have not burned incense, nor offered burnt offerings in the Holy place unto the God of Israel" (2 Chron. xxix. 7).

EVANGELISATION IN PARIS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.

THIS may be justly called an age of missions. Of the various branches of Christian enterprise, one of the most interesting is the work of evangelisation carried on now for some years in France. The writer, having been formerly engaged in it, can speak from some personal experience of its difficulties and results, and therefore trusts that this brief sketch may serve to draw more attention to the subject. Three questions naturally suggest themselves concerning the *soil*, the *sowers*, and their *success*.

I. The ordinary visitor to Paris, who is content to spend a few days or weeks in an Anglicised hotel of some fashionable quarter, and, like the bee in summer, just flit from flower to flower, and sip the sweets of its sights or gaieties, can form no true idea of the people. We must live in their midst for some considerable time, if we would break through the crust of their conventionalities and penetrate into their inner life. We must become familiar with the delicate shades of their very exact language, and learn to converse with real sympathy and intelligence with persons of all classes, if we would understand them and be understood by them. In fact, we need just the experience which those engaged in mission work gradually acquire. No doubt the impressions on different minds will be different. Yet there are leading traits of character that must strike all careful observers. The vivacity and politeness of the French of all classes are proverbial, and we blunt and phlegmatic Englishmen might well take a lesson from them. But a larger and closer acquaintance discovers other qualities. The modern Gaul, like his supposed ancestors of Galatia, is a being of strong impulses, easily swayed by his passions to deeds of generosity or cruelty, and governed by sentiment more than by principle. His feelings are quickly stirred; but his heart is not as easily moved. The portrait of his nation was truly drawn in the hearing of the writer, with a few bold touches, by one peculiarly qualified to form a judgment and to express it. "The spirit of the French," said M. Loyson, better known as Père Hyacinthe, "is at once revolutionary and bound by routine" (*révolutionnaire et routinier*). The remark is paradoxical, but the contradiction may be curiously traced through both their national and private life. They are not readily induced to turn from the well-worn tracks, which custom or tradition has marked out. They love the old paths, and are pre-eminently creatures of routine; and yet, as their eventful history proves, may be roused to momentary flashes of enthusiasm. Now this peculiarity of our neighbours is at once a help and a hindrance to efforts for their spiritual good. It renders them remarkably open to such efforts. Approach them in a kind and respectful manner, without patronising (for that they at once resent), but as a friend and a brother, with a genuine wish to be of use to them, and you may generally count upon a ready and respectful hearing. The rude repulse or scoffing jest, so common amongst the ignorant and godless here, are rarely met with in Paris. And if the speaker have something to say, and know how to say it, he may insure an attentive and appreciative audience. If he speak with a foreign accent or even idiom, they will be rather attracted than otherwise by the novelty of his utterances; and if they do feel amused, they will reserve their merriment till afterwards, when the harmless laugh cannot hurt his feelings. Wayside hearers are comparatively rare. The Parisian's naturally quick intelligence makes it almost impossible for him to hear and heed not. We may read their susceptibility in their bright and thoughtful features. The stony ground of the parable is much oftener represented in Paris. The rocky subsoil, with a thin layer of earth on top, is the true image of the majority, in whose heart the good seed finds a ready but not a permanent lodgment. In fact, they delight in discussing either politics or religion, and rejoice in any opportunity to air their own favourite crotchets. They love argument, as they love fencing or sword exercise; but in both they prefer blunted weapons, and shrink from close and serious encounters. Thus it is most difficult and, humanly speaking, impossible to bring them to a practical issue, and to produce any lasting impression.

Such in the main is the soil which the evangelist is called to cultivate. If he should be satisfied with temporary results, his task would be both light and interesting; whereas, if he seek to bring about a thorough change of character and life, his work will be most trying to faith and patience.

II. All honour, then, to those brave earnest workers who now for many years have battled with these difficulties, and, by God's blessing, have in many instances overcome them. Compared with the magnitude of the work, the sowers are a very small but a very devoted band. Both Frenchmen and foreigners —chiefly English—labour side by side in this harvest field in true fraternity and Christian love.

The French agencies claim our notice first. Native workers have always a great advantage over others, speaking as they do their mother tongue, and being familiar with the habits and modes of thought of their countrymen. Their national Church has, of course, resources and a prestige not possessed by others. It is only fair to say that it has in some instances made good use of these advantages. Much

praiseworthy zeal has been evinced in winning over all classes of the community. By courses of sermons at special seasons, delivered in the cathedrals by eminent preachers, missions in the parish churches, children's services, evening schools, and many other institutions, some of the French clergy have spared no pains to draw closer the fast-loosing bands by which the masses are attached to their faith. Well would it be if their self-denying faith were put forth for a better cause. Although the Roman Church has, since the Vatican Council, become more hopelessly Ultramontane, we are thankful to hear at times from French pulpits Christ held up as the sinner's only hope, and the study of the Bible urged as a Christian duty, showing that the true light is beginning to shine in the dark places of error and superstition. Such teaching, however, is exceptional, and we cannot look for true regenerating influence from so corrupt a source.

The adherents, too, of the Abbé Loyson, exhibit considerable activity. They are as yet a small body, although their leader's bold defiance of Rome and distinguished oratory attract large congregations. Would that he had more fully grasped the truth of the Gospel, for few men in France are so well fitted to become champions of the Faith against infidelity.

It is, then, to the Protestant orthodox churches that we look with most hope for this distracted yet noble country. Considering the difficulties of their position, their influence is, perhaps, as great as might be expected. Broken up into separate communions, and for the most part without much worldly wealth or rank, it is surprising that they have done so much. Besides two Bible Societies, a Tract Society, Foreign Missions, and many other valuable organisations, which they sustain out of their slender means, their "Société Evangelique" and "Mission Intérieure" are carrying on important work in Paris, and through the country. Independently of these there is the quiet but effective work of M. Armand Delille, a pastor of the Free Churches, begun in 1870. Every day the English Congregational Chapel in the Rue Royale is open from 3 to 4 P.M., when two or three speakers give short addresses of a plain practical kind, ending with a prayer. The people that throng that busy thoroughfare are invited in. The constant changes in the motley assembly make it hard to trace results, but the good pastor has had many signs of a blessing on his efforts.

So far we have mentioned only the missions of the French. But during the last ten years these have been largely supplemented by English evangelists. Foremost of these is the Rev. R. W. M'All. The history of his work is remarkable. In the summer following the disasters of 1870, Mr. and Mrs. M'All visited Paris. Anxious to judge for themselves of the state of the poor after the Commune, they extended their rambles to Belleville. There they offered tracts, and spoke kind words to the passers-by, which were warmly and gratefully received. They came upon a group of working-men in their blouses, their hands thrust into their trousers pockets, and short black pipes in their mouths, while they talked vociferously together, and gesticulated, as though matters of life and death were under debate.

One of them came forward, and, in the name of the rest, made this startling appeal—

"Monsieur," he said, "you are a Christian minister, are you not?"

"Yes, my friend," was the reply.

"Then I have something to say to you. In these populous districts there are a great number of us—working-men—that feel the want of a religion of truth, reality, and love; and if some one would come and teach us, we should be ready to listen."

Strange words were these to strangers in such a place and from such a speaker. No wonder that they went home to their hearts, and seemed an echo of the cry of the Macedonian heard in vision by St. Paul—"Come over and help us." After much consideration and prayer, they were recognised as indeed a call from God. Mr. and Mrs. M'All resolved to break through the tender ties which bound them to an attached and important flock in England, and embark in this untried and formidable undertaking. Without the aid of friends, entirely at their own charges, they took a house at Belleville, in the midst of the French poor, and at once set about their labour of love.

A shop, large enough to hold a hundred people, was hired, fitted up with desk, chairs, harmonium, etc., while Scripture prints and texts covered the bareness of the walls and suggested pleasing and instructive thoughts. The character of the meetings was, and still is, equally simple.

The chairman opens them by reading a passage of the Bible and a few words of prayer. Hymns are sung at intervals. These are lively and popular, translated or adapted from well-known English hymns, such as "Hold the Fort," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." The plain heart-stirring melodies to which they are usually sung are retained. To an English ear the tune of our own National Anthem is most welcome, and very delightful it is to hear the rough voices of Parisian artisans, some quondam Communists, blended in a strain so instinct with the spirit of true patriotism, and in praise to the King of kings.

Several addresses are usually given, of about fifteen minutes each, conveying Gospel truth and moral lessons. Short readings by ladies are also often introduced.

Such is the method still followed, after ten years' experience, in the twenty-three stations of the mission. The central station is now at 37, Rue de Rivoli; and another equally important, before known as the British Coffee Palace, has been lately opened near the Gare d'Ivry. Most of them are in the suburbs of Paris, in quarters inhabited by the poorest and lowest of the people. In all, about 5,000 seats are provided, and 5,231 religious meetings have been held during the year 1879-80. Similar work is also

"That God Who brings him back to-night
Hath taken care of them."

being carried on, under Mr. M'All's direction, in Lyons, Bordeaux, and Boulogne-sur-Mer. Thus the living germ, planted with trembling hands, and earnest prayer, amidst the Communists of Belleville, is fast becoming a tree, whose shade refreshes the sin-parched wastes of the modern Babylon. Supported by numerous helpers, especially by the French pastors, whose flocks receive frequent accessions from these meetings, these devoted Christians pursue their unremunerated labours in simple faith and charity.

We have enlarged on this most interesting mission, and have not space to do more than allude to two others. That of Mademoiselle de Broen is of a very kindred kind, but confined to Belleville. It now comprises, besides the sewing-classes with which it began, a dispensary, where the Gospel is preached to the patients, day and night schools, mothers' meetings, and services in an iron room.

The other is of a more special kind, and even more important in its scope and ultimate issues—the London Society's Mission to the Jews. Their community, numbering at least 30,000, in all ranks of life, presents a most interesting field of usefulness to those that love God's ancient people and desire their restoration to His favour. The writer, who for some years had charge of this Mission, can testify to the gradual abatement of Jewish prejudice, and their growing interest in the claims of pure Christianity.

III. But we must hasten to select a few out of the many happy *results* vouchsafed to the sowing of Gospel seed in this ungenial soil.

Very satisfactory is it to learn from Mr. M'All's last Report, that "there is not one of our twenty-three stations which we are not permitted to regard as the scene of at least some conversions." The story of a French commercial traveller is very striking. Not long ago he was (to use his own words) a *mondain*, (worldling). He had passed a mission hall, and been invited in. A speaker was advising his hearers to read the Bible. He went away promising himself to do so. At first the Book irritated him, and he nearly gave up reading it; but remembering his resolution, read it to the end. Another evening he heard an address on the parable of the net. The question was asked, "Have *you* been taken in the net?" This decided him for Christ.

Another, a brave Crimean soldier, whose wife attended the meeting, would not go near it. She there learned the truth, and read the books and tracts given her to her husband during his lingering illness. Light from heaven streamed into his dark soul. He was a man of few words, but he said that he never wearied of having the Bible read, and of prayer. His last words were these—"I trust in the Saviour Jesus Christ, and am happy."

An intelligent medical man, seventy-two years of age, had lived as a mere Deist and freethinker. "I have put off," he said, "until very late, but I do desire and hope to arrive even yet," meaning at a personal trust in Christ. He most diligently attended the adult Bible-class, and was hopefully regarded as among the first-fruits of a new station.

Facts like these abound in Mr. M'All's reports. These few selections may suffice to show that his labours, and those of others, carried on upon the same principles, are indeed owned and blessed of God. Even in gay and godless Paris, a real work of evangelisation is being done, so that we trust that a brighter and happier day is dawning over that fair but spiritually dark land.

JACK'S RETURN.

WHEN three years back he said "good-bye,"
And kissed his wean and wife,
A tear was in his bright blue eye,
His bosom filled with strife.

For love can make the strongest weak,
And make the weakest strong,
And she, whose heart was fit to break,
Cried, "Dear, it won't be long."

And then he dashed the tear aside.
Another fond embrace,
A last look of parental pride,
Upon their darling's face:

And he was hurrying from the spot,
She, creeping up the stair,
To kneel beside her baby's cot,
And tell her troubles there.

A voyage full of peril past,
He's standing once again,
With fond heart beating hard and fast,
By the old lattice pane.

The bud he left blooms fresh and bright,
Beside the parent-stem;
That God who brings him back to-night,
Hath taken care of them.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

NOT YET.

"SHE has been breaking her heart for that unworthy boy," Noel Raynor muttered in his wrath, when he and his sister were ushered into the drawing-room at Captain Harwin's; and Kythe, who lay on a couch drawn up to the fire, raised herself on her elbow with some difficulty to greet them. She was so weak that the attempt ended in hysterical weeping that increased in violence when Miss Mia tried her favourite remedy for all such feminine disorders, a good scolding; and Lucilla, incapable of giving her relief, sobbed and wrung her hands in genuine distress.

Was it Kythe's illness that had cast such a gloom over the once merry noisy family? The Captain was restless, and walked on tiptoe from window to window, sighing profoundly; the children were subdued in their manner, and neither slammed the doors nor shouted; while Lucilla was so sympathetic and tender, that Noel forgot how much he had once disliked her.

Papa had had the best of advice for her dear little friend, she told Miss Mia in a whisper, and only that morning the doctor had assured them that nothing ailed her now but debility, for which change of air and scene would be the most certain remedy. We would have taken her," Miss Harwin added, "to Matlock, as it was too cold for the sea, but she will not hear of going anywhere but home, and though it grieves us more than I can express to lose her, yet how can we oppose her wishes?"

"Is she equal to the journey?" demurred Noel, who was shocked at the change a few weeks had wrought in her appearance.

It was Kythe herself who replied.

"If you are speaking of me, I am quite strong enough to go home. Take me, please, and take me at once."

It was a very sorrowful parting. Captain Harwin kissed and blessed the young girl with a solemnity that showed how deeply he was moved. The children hung about her, only restrained from bursting into loud howls by Lucilla's whispered entreaties; while Lucilla herself, although content to nod her good-bye, fell into a passion of grief as soon as Kythe had been assisted into the carriage that was to convey her to the railway.

"Take care of her, Mr. Raynor," she faltered to Noel, who had come back for some forgotten wrap. "You don't know how much we owe her. If she had died——"

Hiding her face in her handkerchief, she waved her hand to him, and ran away, leaving him pleasantly surprised at the warmth of the attachment with which Kythe was regarded by the whole family; yet inclined to think that Miss Harwin testified rather a theatrical mode of displaying her regret at losing a girl friend of a few months' standing.

Thanks to the care of Miss Mia and her brother, Kythe, without being exposed to an undue amount of fatigue, was in the arms of her mother before night.

Mrs. Anstey regarded her anxiously, and Alessie, who would have gone into transports of joy, was sobered when she found that her sister's hands were wasted to attenuation, and the cheek against which she loved to press her own was no longer plump and firm. Still the mother said, "It is only the close rooms and late hours of the city; she will regain her health now she has come back to us!" and Alessie hopefully echoed the prediction.

But not so Mr. Raynor. He was seized with a conviction that Kythe was falling into what the country people call a "waste," and was gradually fading away without any tangible complaint that could account for it.

In the agony this thought inflicted his love lost the colouring of selfishness it had hitherto worn. To save her life he was ready to trample down his most cherished wishes, and give her to another. The affection he had tried to uproot when he became convinced that she had given hers to Jock Beacham revived, and she was dearer to him than ever, even while he was endeavouring to subdue his yearning to call her his, solely that she might be happy her own way.

He went to the cottage daily, sometimes alone, sometimes with Miss Mia, but always carrying with him whatever could tempt her appetite or add to her comfort, yet keeping out of sight lest she should pain him with her thanks. This was easily done, for Kythe was too dull and heavy for nearly a week after her return to notice who came and went. She turned her eyes from the light, rejected food unless it was literally forced upon her, and slept the hours away,

till—to the inexpressible relief of the anxious watchers—from one of these long dreamless slumbers she awoke, languid but refreshed, and more like her old self.

From this time she regained her strength rapidly, if not her spirits; and Mr. Raynor, at his next call, found her standing in the porch, inhaling the brisk frosty air that was so delicious and so exhilarating.

She smiled when his first act was to wrap more closely about her the grey plaid she had drawn over her head and shoulders.

"You are too careful of me," she told him, a wistful look coming into her sunken eyes. "Does it sound ungrateful to say so? Then I will alter my words, and tell you instead that you are more kind than I deserve."

"Come indoors before you talk," Mr. Raynor counselled. "It must be highly dangerous for you, with your weak chest, to be here."

Kythe glanced at him, as if surprised at his anxiety.

"My chest is not weak," she said; "and this keen air is making me feel quite strong and well. How could I think that I did not love the moors? At Manchester, when my head ached with the never-ending whirl and rumble of the streets, how I used to long for the solemn hush of the fells and wolds! But you will laugh at me for being so changeable; you are going to remind me of the silly things I used to say."

"No; I am too uneasy to laugh; if you should catch a fresh cold——"

"It was a very sorrowful parting."—*p.* 644.

"To please you, I 'll go in-doors; but first tell me why you all treat me as if I were a consumptive invalid. Is it possible that Lucilla did not explain—ah! I can see that she did not; nor is it to be wondered at. How could she bear to tell so sad a tale?"

"Go on!" cried Mr. Raynor, with a touch of his old peremptoriness; "you need not spare me. I must bear to hear that you have lost your health and strength through fretting for——"

"Stop!" And Kythe, though her cheeks were crimson with shame, did not avoid the reproachful sorrow in his gaze. "I am not so weak as you fancy. I can see that my mother has told you all; yet not all, for it appears that she, as well as you,

has yet to learn that my romantic folly is not as great as my pride."

Mr. Raynor shrugged his shoulders.

"And yet the struggle has been so violent that you have sunk under it?"

"What are you saying?" exclaimed Kythe, now angry as well as surprised. "Do you think I have been childish enough to cry because—because what I thought was sterling gold has turned in my hand to dross?"

She could not bring herself to name Jock Beacham; yet it was such a relief to speak of him, though indirectly, that, seeing Noel Raynor was gravely attentive, she took courage, and went on—

"Have you blamed me very much in your thoughts? Was it wrong of me to fancy that out of the rough material others were slighting or despising a great and good man could be moulded? I suppose it was foolish to think that my influence would effect this, and it was a sharp shock when I found that I was mistaken; but it humiliated more than it wounded me. I was sorry—I am still sorry; but my sorrow is not for myself."

And Kythe spoke truly. Her girlish vanity had been flattered by Jock Beacham's adoration, but he had been her servant, not her lord; she had not looked up to him with that consciousness of his superiority every true woman longs to experience when she gives her heart away; and when she was brought face to face with stern reality, she was obliged to acknowledge that her liking for him was simply a liking. It began to fleet away when she was forced to regard him as weaker than herself; as easily led by Noll Moyes as by her.

"And yet you have been ill?" Mr. Raynor persisted.

"But not through grief," she replied. "Give me your arm down the garden—indeed, it will not do me any harm—and you shall know what has ailed me."

But they had paced the walk and back twice, and still she was silent, saying at last—

"I think you must absolve me from my promise; I do not like to tell you anything that reflects on—persons you do not like."

"Because I am too harsh in my judgments," Mr. Raynor replied, sadly. "And yet I think you may trust me. I have been learning of late that I am as weak, as irresolute, as faulty, as those I have censured. You will say that there is plenty of room for improvement, and I shall not deny it."

Noel Raynor confessing himself in the wrong! Somehow Kythe did not like to hear it, and hastened to revert to her illness.

"After all, you will have to agree with me that out of evil comes good. What I have suffered—and the Harwins were sadly frightened when I was at the worst—has induced Roland to accept the proposals of an uncle in London, and go into his office; while Rupert has sailed for Rio Janeiro with a merchant, who has promised to teach him how to make himself useful and earn a living."

"What a revolution! I remember now that I saw neither of the young men when I was at their father's. But how came this about? Did the brothers quarrel, and was it for your sweet sake?"

This was asked with an attempt to speak sportively, but the deeper feeling that prompted the question made itself heard, and Kythe let it pass without direct reply.

"They quarrelled, yes; their idleness, their carelessness, their dissipated habits, had never induced Captain Harwin to do more than feebly remonstrate; but when he found that they were deeply in debt, and that their bills were run in his name, he was roused indeed. It was a frightful scene!"

Kythe shuddered as she recalled it, and her voice sank into a half whisper as she proceeded to describe what followed.

Captain Harwin, like weak-minded persons in general, rarely succeeded in lashing himself into a fury, but when he did he lost all sense of reason. Lucilla, gathering the younger children about her, fled to the top of the house out of sound of his ravings, but her braver friend stayed to play the peacemaker. In this she might have succeeded, but that the young men, unable to defend themselves against the charges their father hurled at them, turned upon each other, and Kythe, sickening at such dissension, strove in vain to stem the torrent of taunts and recrimination which ended, as she feared it would, in still more unbrotherly strife. By rushing between them she contrived to intercept the blow Rupert aimed at his brother. It was given with such force that it stretched the unlucky recipient at his feet insensible, and for some hours the young men and their father hung over her in an agony of terror and remorse, afraid to apprise Lucilla, who had wept herself to sleep, or send for a doctor, lest either should confirm their own suspicions, that they had killed the warm-hearted girl who had striven to make them at one again.

The horror of seeing his guest in such a condition—for Kythe's recovery was very gradual—added to Captain Harwin's conviction that his income would not stand such a drain upon it any longer, effected what the remonstrances and good advice of his friends had failed to do: it made him bestir himself in earnest. Rupert and Roland, sufficiently penitent for their misdeeds to inspire hope for the future—were launched into the world; the younger boys despatched to an excellent school, and a sensible managing cousin, a widow with two daughters, who were daily governesses, persuaded to come and occupy part of the house, thereby reducing the rental, and setting an example of activity and energy before Lucilla, which she was ductile enough to be induced to follow.

"So I may yet have reason to be proud of my friends," said Kythe, in conclusion.

"And they will owe all their future happiness to the heroine who offered her life for them," added

Mr. Raynor, with a smile that, like his effort to jest, was somewhat forced.

"Not exactly. There was always the good seed in them; they meant well, and intended to do right, but wanted the impetus; and now they have had it, at my expense, and I mean to hope for the best. So please don't be censorious and discourage me."

"Not for worlds. I'd rather try to imitate your philosophy, and hope with you that the impression may be lasting."

"Think so, if you can; but ought you to call it philosophy? I had rather believe that it is some faint inkling of that duty to our neighbours that should prompt us to think kindly of and pray for them always."

Mr. Raynor did not reply, but, as he was leading her indoors, he made her pause to look back at the grey moors and the clump of fir trees, their foliage silvery and glittering with hoar frost.

"You are sure you are not sorry to return here, Kythe? I thought you were altogether lost to us, to me. You see I am still selfish; I cannot wholly give up the hope of some day calling you mine."

"I know my mother wishes it," was all Kythe could find to say.

Mr. Raynor frowned.

"You shall never be persuaded to marry me for such a reason as that! If I thought Mrs. Anstey was using her influence in my behalf, I would never name the subject to you again. If you will not come to Hartswood because I love you and ask you to do so, let things be as they are. My wife must give herself to me willingly, or not at all."

And so saying he put Kythe into her easy-chair, and stood by, grave and silent, while she rested and overcame the agitation into which his protest had thrown her. Mrs. Anstey, in spite of her lameness, had limped up-stairs to help Alessie, and they were alone. It was an auspicious moment for Noel Raynor to plead his wishes, yet never had words failed him so completely. What little he did say sounded harsh and repellant to himself—how, then, must it sound to Kythe? He did not know, he could not guess, that her thoughts had gone back to the time when she had invaded the best parlour at the Grange, to make it bright and pleasant for him while he was confined to the house, and, do what she would, he had always smiled indulgently upon her. *His wife;* the idea was not so abhorrent, after all, except when she remembered the difference in their circumstances. Ah! why was he so rich and she so poor?

CHAPTER XLII.

WHAT SHE SAID.

Mr. Raynor seemed to have fallen into a reverie, and Kythe was beginning to think that he had forgotten her when he came a little closer to say his adieu. Something in her look when she glanced up shyly, made him pause to draw his hand caressingly over her glossy hair.

"Remember, my little Kythe, I'll not have you teased into marrying me. Tell those who try to dazzle you with my position and prosperity that there is another side to the picture. I am many years your elder; wedded to my own habits; too often churlish and hard to please. It is true that I should strive to make you happy, but of late I have doubted whether I should succeed."

"You would always be good to me," she said, quickly.

"After my fashion, yes," was the sorrowful reply; "but unsocial, awkward, as I now know myself to be, what temptations can I hold out that would reconcile a bonnie young creature like you to my old house, and no better society than mine?"

"I was very happy at Hartswood!" she murmured, "very happy, when you were ill, and we were thrown together!"

"And yet you were impatient to be gone," she was reminded.

"How could I stay after Lucilla had hinted—— But, no. I cannot tell you what she said," Kythe added, scarlet with the recollection; "only that it made it impossible for me to remain in your house, even as it still makes it impossible for me to give but one answer to your generous proposals."

"Then you have always cared more for what the dalesfolk said, than what I felt."

"Nay, at that time I had no reason to think that you had any other feeling on the subject, but that you would be well rid of so wayward a visitor."

"But you know differently now. Tell me, then, are Miss Harwin and Mrs. Grundy always to come between us?" Mr. Raynor queried.

"Yes," said Kythe; but it was in such hesitating tones that his spirits rose.

"Is there nothing else?" was his next question; and, after a long pause, she said, "Is not this sufficient?"

"Not for me; but then I, as a man, am not able to estimate the dread your sex have of doing anything that the gossips can lay hold of. I'd rather take for my motto, 'Do ye right, and fear not!'"

"That was said in the old style," cried Kythe, saucily. "Will you never leave off being satirical? How fond you used to be of retorting on me whenever I was pettish and inclined to find fault with your native county."

"I remember but too well," said Mr. Raynor, slowly, "that I was not as considerate as I might—nay, as I ought to have been."

"Hush!" and Kythe raised her glowing face towards his as he stood beside her. "I do not like to hear you disparage yourself, and to me; it makes me more ashamed of the rude things I have said to you than ever I was before."

And then she fell to wondering why she had always felt more impatient with Mr. Raynor for his errors of judgment than with any one else. Could it

be because her appreciation of his many good qualities had grown so strong that she could not bear to know he was not all her ideal should be? And then she started in surprise at the course her thoughts had taken. Was it he, after all, and not Jock Beacham, who was her hero?

But he was speaking.

"Have you ever been rude to me? I think not; frank, perhaps; but, then, we Yorkshiremen prefer plain speaking. I know there have been times when my brutal selfishness has roused your indignation, and you have compelled me to see myself with your eyes till I have gone away sore and angry; but not for long, so you need not regret it. I am afraid I have deserved the worst you could say of me, Kythe!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, rising from her chair that she might lay her folded hands on his arm. "You shame me by this readiness to acknowledge that you were sometimes wrong; for who am I, vain, foolish, headstrong, that I should take upon myself to lecture you?"

"But if I prefer to be lectured? If I have a fancy that I am a wiser man for it?"

"Then don't admit it to me, lest I should presume on your forbearance, and become an arrant scold," she answered, dashing away the tears that had gathered in her eyes, and smiling through them.

"I like to be scolded—by you. It proves that you have an interest in my welfare—next to Miss Harwin's and Mrs. Grundy's. I must not allow myself to forget that they rank higher in your estimation than I do."

"Mr. Raynor, you are unjust!" and Kythe, with a pout, attempted to withdraw the hands he had taken in his own.

"You think so! Prove it by coming to Hartswood, and letting the world see that you are too generous to make me unhappy because a foolish girl said something that stung your pride. Be your true self, Kythe. Put the world and your mother's wishes out of your thoughts; and ask your heart whether I have the place in it I want to hold. If I have not, if you feel that you could not be happy as my wife, tell me so when we come out of church next Sunday, and set my hopes and fears at rest for ever."

He went away without another word; and Mrs. Anstey, getting no satisfaction when she curiously inquired of what he had been talking, sighed over her work, and began seriously to meditate a removal to Liverpool or Manchester, where her daughter could resume her teaching, and her own earnings would be larger and more regular than in such an out-of-the-way spot as this.

Going to church for the first time since her return from Manchester tried Kythe's nerves severely. Long since Alessie had poured into her ears the story of Jock's doubtful acquittal, Anne Beacham's decease, and the subsequent departure from the Dale of her husband and grandson; and she had rejoiced to think she should be spared the pain of meeting the latter. But would not her eyes persist in wandering to the quiet corner where the good old woman used to sit, and the sweet tenor voice of Jock still seem to blend with the harsher ones of the choir?

"If I could but think with Alessie that he was innocent!" she sighed. "If I could but look back on those summer days without despising myself for having built castles in the air with one so unworthy!"

However, all remembrance of the absent Jock passed away, when, as she followed her mother and Alessie through the lychgate, Noel Raynor came quietly to her side. Embarrassed by his sudden appearance, she stooped and plucked a leaf from the ivy that clothed the original structure with its long tendrils.

"Is it for me?" he asked; and, when she held it towards him, "Am I to have this, too?" lightly holding her trembling hand. It was not withdrawn, and when they walked up the aisle together, and knelt down side by side, she downcast and blushing, and Noel Raynor sobered by the excess of his happiness—Mrs. Anstey divined that they were betrothed. But in the midst of her joy a great terror stole over her, and she leaned against the wondering Alessie for support. "Ah! why had she not been honest in her dealings with her child? What if Kythe's heart were still with Jock Beacham, and she ever learned what had become of that letter?"

CHAPTER XLIII.

HALTING BETWEEN TWO ROADS.

WHILE Kythe was thus drifting into matrimony, where was the unfortunate young fellow of whom his old neighbours always spoke with a doubtful look, or an expression of regret? Sorely had he been tried during the week he and his grandsire dwelt together before the interment of the good old woman, who would never more keep the peace between them. The elder Beacham was one who loved to air his wrongs, and his grief, which was as violent as if he had been the most considerate of husbands, made him unjust enough to attribute his wife's death entirely to Jock.

He did not positively charge him with it. The mute misery depicted on Jock's countenance; the hours he spent sitting beside the coffin, neither moving nor speaking unless he was addressed, kept the old man's bitterness in check: but when he querulously said to others, "She would have been here still if the boy's ill-doings had not broken her heart," Jock heard him, and writhed beneath the injustice.

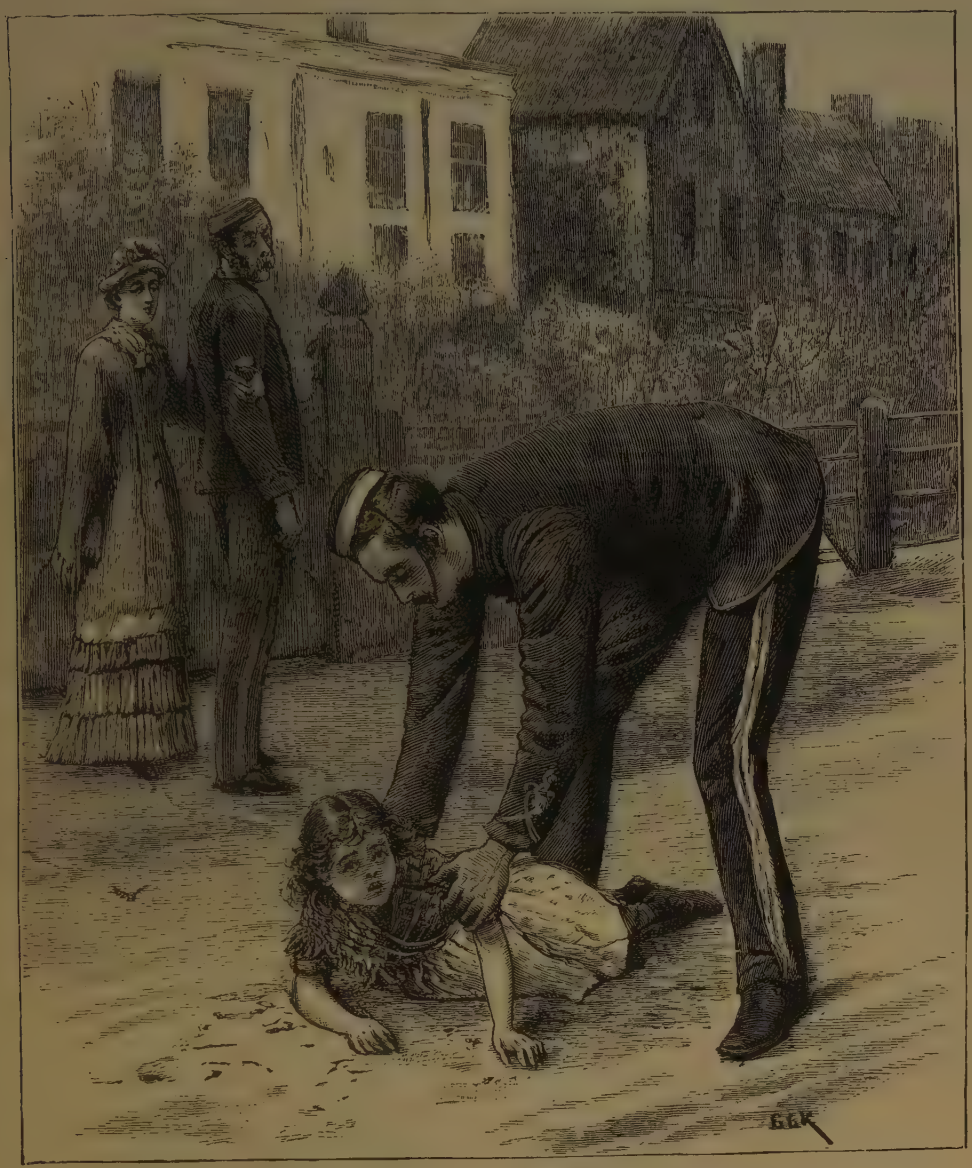
He had done no man an injury, and yet every one's face was set against him. He brooded over this, sometimes stupidly, sometimes with a passion of resentment that burned all the more fiercely because it had to be concealed. The words of comfort to the mourners that were spoken at the grave of his grandmother only filled him with impatience; and

when, that same evening, his grandsire told him they must part, he offered no objection.

"I could never be content to bide here now," said the old man, with a forlorn glance at the empty bee-

must pay me a trifle yearly; it'll help to keep you from idling; and you've not behaved so well, that I should give you my bit of property."

The proposal was promptly declined.



"'The heart so easily touched by a child's trouble must be in the right place after all."—*p.* 650.

hive chair on the other side the hearthstone. "I have written to my old colonel. It's the first favour I have asked of him, and he has granted it like a thorough gentleman, as he is. There's a lodge at one of his park gates that I can share with a comrade of mine that lost his arm at Lucknow, and I've accepted the offer. You can stay here if you like. It shan't be said that I turned you on the world. But you

"I am going away myself," was all Jock said, and his grandfather, though he eyed him curiously, asked no questions. The day he quitted his cottage with the key in his pocket, to be left in the care of the Bickley lawyer till a purchaser presented himself, Jock shouldered the square black box that contained all his earthly possessions, and started for the south of England and Aldershot.

Reckless and despairing, what did it signify what became of him? The troopers alone had held out the right hand of fellowship; and in the toil and turmoil of a soldier's life he might find forgetfulness of the past, and be himself forgotten.

The corporal of Dragoons recollected instantly the likely young fellow he had seen at the north-country inn; and when Jock, who had been wandering up and down the long lines of huts where the infantry were quartered, thinking they would never end, was taken in charge by a good-natured civilian, and led to the cavalry quarters in the South Camp, he was welcomed with effusion.

But the life of a raw recruit is not an enviable one under any circumstances, and it made him more dogged, more utterly at war with himself and the world in general than he had been before. Everything around him was so new and strange that it confused him, and his apparently hopeless ignorance rendered him the butt of his comrades. Suddenly transported from a solitary cottage in one of the most secluded of the Yorkshire dales to all the bustle of a camp; from the woods where his days had been spent in communings with nature to the barrack-room, where he could seldom be alone; kept at tasks to which he was unaccustomed from gunfire in the morning till sundown; is it surprising that he detested his surroundings, and blundered so sullenly through his duties, that he was jeered at by his companions, and called by his superiors stupid and slow?

He found but one gleam of satisfaction in his new life; it left him but little time for thought. He had been disappointed on learning that the regiment into which he had enlisted was not likely to be sent on foreign service for some time, but he soon found that even in the "piping times of peace" the days of a horse-soldier are not spent in the lazy lounging fashion many have pictured. Until he was quite conversant with his duties, they filled up all his time; between his work in the stables—and that has to be done with a thoroughness that must be seen to be comprehended—his drill, the gymnasium, and the school-room, without taking into account field days in the hot dusty Long Valley, he was continually occupied, and when with the evening there came an interval of leisure, he was too much exhausted to enjoy it. Prison fare and anxiety had combined to weaken him, and he grew more gloomy, more unsociable, as he felt his health failing under the strain upon it.

An hour spent now and then on the breezy commons surrounding the camp would have cooled his feverish brows, and invigorated him, but they reminded him of the far-distant moors, and so he avoided them. When off duty he tossed about on his bed, or sat in the most obscure corner he could find in the canteen, gulping down the beverage he detested as an excuse for being there, and keeping his eyes fixed on a newspaper to avoid being drawn into conversation.

Of course, he was unpopular. The great muscular strength he could display, if roused, kept at bay those practical jokers who would have tormented him with their pranks, and his taciturnity prevented him from making friends with the more kindly disposed.

"We shall never make anything of that fellow," the sergeant-major of his troop observed to his wife one day, as they met Jock slouching along the Avenue road, his eyes on the ground, his soldierly gait and smartness laid aside as soon as he was out of sight of the sharp-voiced drill-sergeant.

"And yet he has a nice face," said the lady, regretfully.

"Ye—s, but it never brightens into interest in anything he has to do. He'll desert, or go to the bad in some other way, unless he alters."

He had scarcely spoken when a child, running across the road, fell down, and began to bewail a grazed arm with tears and sobs. But Jock snatched up the little creature, bound his own handkerchief round the bleeding arm, and hushed and soothed the weeper till she smiled again.

"You see," said Mrs. Winthrop, who had been looking on, "you have scarcely done him justice. The heart so easily touched by a child's trouble, must be in the right place after all. I wonder whether I could get hold of your sullen ne'er-do-weel?"

She watched her opportunity, and the next time she encountered Jock stopped and accosted him with smiling frankness.

"We are sadly in want of teachers in our Sunday-school; would you like to come and help us?"

"It's not the sort of work for such as me," he stammered. "I'm not fit for it," and touching his cap to the lady, he strode away before she could make the persuasive speech she was preparing.

She would try again, she told herself, but from that time Jock was careful to avoid her. Mrs. Winthrop's eyes were the same colour as Kythe Anstey's, and whatever reminded him of her fanned the smouldering fire of his wrath, and took him a step nearer to the gulf on the verge of which he was walking.

But presently a change came over the lonely morbid man. He grew strangely restless; he could no longer content himself on his bed or in the canteen. Regular food and exercise were restoring his bodily health, but the mind was still diseased, the soul still struggling in bondage. At times he felt tempted to plunge into the wildest excesses, or to indulge in the most foul and blasphemous language; and though the memory of his grandmother's teachings had as yet acted as a restraining power, this influence was growing weaker and weaker. He was beginning to be known by his room-mates as a jolly good fellow, always ready to share what he had with his comrades; and one evening, when a party of them invited him to accompany them to a music-hall for which they were bound, he assented.

Hitherto he had declined all such invitations, for no better reason than because he was too miserable

to take part in any gaiety; but to-night, with a reckless laugh, he rose and followed the rest.

The blaze of light that dazzled his eyes as he entered made him pause to shade them, and while his companions pushed their way into the only vacant seats they could find—for the body of the hall was crowded—Jock continued to stand near the door, casting wondering glances around. No one noticed him; for the attention of the audience was fixed on the platform, to which a young girl, whose last song had elicited vociferous applause, had just been recalled by the storm of *encores;* but, instead of repeating it, she substituted an old English ballad that Kythe Anstey loved dearly—one she often coaxed Alessie to sing, declaring that the plaintive tones of the blind girl's voice never sounded so sweet and touching as in that simple refrain—

> Oh, the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
> They flourish so well in my ain countree.

The garish music-hall, the applauding throng, the smartly dressed and be-rouged singer, all, all faded away, and in their place Jock saw the cottage of his grandmother; the good old woman resting in her chair and smiling at Alessie, who sat at her feet, her lips slightly parted as she sang, her lovely though vacant blue orbs upraised to the sunshine, that stole in through the lattice and fell softly on the picture within of youth and age.

And then a thousand memories crowded upon him. Again he saw himself as he used to be, content with the simplest fare and simplest pleasures, a reverent worshipper on the day of rest, a willing labourer on the days of toil; anon he looked inward at the seething fire that had burned within him, the unchecked wrath and bitterness and rebellion goading him into the death in life of his present condition. And suddenly a great loathing of himself seized upon Jock Beâcham. Staggering out of the building, he went a few steps and then leant against the wall, feeling as if his strength had all deserted him. Yet, as he looked up towards the solemn sky—dark as his own fortunes—he became so overwhelmingly conscious of his degradation that he longed for power to flee, that he might get out of sight and sound of all that reminded him of it.

As he walked beside Kythe Anstey in the summer woods, she had been wont to rehearse to Martin, but with many a stolen glance at her elder companion to assure herself that he was listening heedfully—the lives of such men as Palissy or Franklin, who, from the humblest beginnings, had fought their way upwards, steadfast to their ideal in spite of revilings and poverty and countless discouragements. His grandam, too, had followed in the same strain, though she had taken her examples from a higher source, and drawn the lessons she had inculcated from the lives of those heroes whose goal was the life eternal. Both had often fired his imagination, and he had dreamed of doing likewise. Yet how had he behaved when similarly situated?

Down to the earth he had let the first fiery blast of trial fling him, and there he had grovelled till it was too late—"Too late!" he cried, despairingly, to himself, bowing his head, and groaning aloud in his misery.

"Are ye ill, lad?" queried a rough but kindly voice; and a canny Scot, a sergeant in one of the Highland regiments, stopped before him, and surveyed his ghastly face with concern.

Muttering he knew not what, Jock would have moved away, meaning to make his way to some quiet spot amongst the heather, and there hide from every one; but Sergeant Mackinleth, mistaking his intention, caught him by the sleeve.

"Na, na, lad; dinna try a dram. It's a dangerous remedy, and there's no telling where it may lead ye. Come wi' me. I'll take ye where ye may have something that's good for body and soul too, if ye will. Nay, but ye must; I couldna leave ye in this state!"

At last the good man's earnestness overcame Jock's resistance, and he suffered himself to be led wherever his new acquaintance chose to take him. A very short walk brought them to a building, where the sergeant seemed to be well known, for he passed unhesitatingly into a spacious cheerful apartment. There he was greeted with friendly nods by groups of soldiers from all regiments then lying in camp. Spare, and grizzled, and bronzed with long service in India, there was nothing attractive in his appearance; yet voices were hushed as he drew near; a little drummer looked up from the periodical he was devouring to smile at his approach; and room was made for him at more than one of the tables, where friends or comrades were enjoying the tea or other refreshments supplied to them at moderate prices.

But, declining their civilities, Sergeant Mackinleth led his passive companion to a vacant chair, fetched him a cup of coffee, and, while he drank it, told him the story of the Soldiers' Mission Hall; told how a large-hearted Christian woman—herself a soldier's widow—grieved to the soul by the evils she saw festering around her, and the lukewarm efforts then made to stem them, never rested till a better state of things was established, and at least one place of refuge opened to which the right-minded could resort, and where classes and lectures could be organised for the benefit of all who could be induced to attend them.

"Have ye a mother, my lad?" the old sergeant demanded, abruptly, when he found that he had succeeded in obtaining Jock's ear. "Did ye ever ask yourself how she would have felt if she had seen her boy where I found ye this night?"

"I have no mother to be grieved at what I do; she is in heaven," Jock responded.

"Then the greater shame to you," was the stern response; "to you that must know what is right, and yet are not doing it. A mother with God's angels, and you flinging your soul away! Surely you havena been in your right mind! You were looking sick and sorry enough when I found ye."

Jock let his head fall on his folded arms, and there was a long silence; but when the heaving of his shoulders and his deep-drawn sighs had subsided, the sergeant tapped him on the shoulder.

"Come away, lad; there 's going to be a short service held here, and I 've promised myself that you 'll take part in it. You 're no fit? That 's a poor plea, and can't be accepted. There 's more comfort to be found on your knees than you 'd dream of if you 've ye nearer the golden gates. Promise me that ye 'll keep this always in your thoughts. Don't tell me ye 'll try—I hate the word—but say ye 'll do it. Find the ways and means in your Bible, and then go bravely and do it."

On the following Sunday morning, as Mrs. Winthrop was walking briskly towards the room where the Sunday-school attached to the regiment was held, she found Jock Beacham loitering near the door, no

"She reached the gate of the now deserted dwelling."—*p.* 654.

never sought it. So you must seek it to-night; *this very hour*. Nay, but you must. I 'll no let you leave me till you 've followed the example of the Jewish king, and laid your trouble—whether it be great or small—before the Lord. So, come away!"

There was no resisting, even if Jock had felt capable of it; and when he heard the sergeant, with rugged but forcible eloquence, pray for all assembled there that night, but especially for him, his own cry for help and pardon and peace went up with the prayer.

"You have been a good friend to me this night," he said, as he wrung the old soldier's hand before leaving him.

"Eh, lad! you can have a better friend in yourself if ye will," was the blunt reply. "And now your face is set towards the right road, as I believe it is, *don't look back*. Every step upwards will bring longer avoiding sullenly the lips that smiled like Kythe Anstey's, but cordially responding when they said again, "Come and help us."

That day, for the first time since he left the North, Jock lifted up his voice in praise, and some listened and marvelled that with such a gift he should have been silent so long. Many held their breath lest they should lose one of the notes, so sweet yet so powerful; tones which, as they rose and fell, had in them a depth of pathos that thrilled all who heard them. Jock Beacham had passed through the Slough of Despond, and the recollection of the weary struggle still clung to him; but, day by day, his step grew firmer, and the hopeless look faded from his face. He left the past behind him, and pressed onwards; a soldier now worthy the name, for he had enlisted in a nobler army, and was fighting for the dual crown of earth's thorns and celestial glory.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

With a mind not quite at ease, Kythe became the wife of Noel Raynor; not that she regretted making him happy, but because she feared in her secret soul that she was not wedding one who would walk with her heavenward, or give her that support in well-doing that her weaker nature must often need. It was only for love of her he was endeavouring to be more considerate for the poor, and to adopt more liberal notions; underlying all he did and said, there was still the old resolute will, and the over-weening faith in himself, that must lead a man astray sooner or later.

But her scruples were never uttered; to whom could they be revealed? Not to her mother, whose delight in this marriage was now openly expressed; nor to Alessie, who would have been perplexed if not unhappy, but quite incapable of advising her.

So she did, as many others have done in similar cases—put her secret trouble away from her and lived in the present; and Mrs. Anstey, as soon as she found herself in smooth waters, was careful to steer the little barque so that it should not strike against any hidden rocks. Nay, so terrified was she lest Kythe in one of her wilful moods should give offence at the last moment to her bridegroom elect, that she rarely left them to themselves, and hurried on the marriage with an eagerness that wounded her daughter's delicacy.

Miss Mia had by this time grown accustomed to the idea of yielding her authority to her brother's wife, and proposed embarking her savings in a poultry farm a few miles from Bickley. Thither Mrs. Robins was to accompany her; but, to the astonishment of every one, that lady confessed to having accepted an offer of marriage from a retired tradesman, a widower, and relative of her late husband, and, though when her sister bluntly protested that at her age, and with her delicate health, it would be the act of a madwoman, she listened and seemed convinced, she steadily carried out her intentions. Throwing off all her invalid habits, she went away after her bridal so brisk and cheerful, and with such curt farewells, that poor Miss Mia, thus bereft of half her occupation, and unkindly thrust aside for newer friends, sat down and astonished herself by crying like a child.

She was consoled, however, when her brother entreated her to remain at the Grange till Kythe was thoroughly initiated in her new duties; and it seemed as if that time would never come, for Noel was over-anxious about the health of his bride, and made the headaches of which she sometimes complained a reason for forbidding her to attempt too much.

"He makes her quite the lady, while his poor sister toils and moils, day in day out," was the comment of the gossips. But Miss Mia was satisfied with an arrangement that left the power still in her hands, and Mrs. Anstey's heart would swell with pride when her daughter, looking her prettiest, in riding habit and cap, would ride by on her sure-footed pony beside her husband, or drive to the cottage in the village cart he had purchased for her use, to take her mother or Alessie as far as the town, where her well-filled purse enabled her to do as much shopping as the limited stock at the draper's and grocer's permitted.

Mrs. Anstey had prudently insisted on being allowed to remain at her cottage by the firs. It was better, she said, that a young wife's relatives should not live under her husband's roof; and therefore Kythe had to content herself with making her mother's home as cosy and pretty as she possibly could. It was a labour of love that delighted her; and she would have spent more of her time there than at the Grange if Mrs. Anstey would have permitted it. At her mother's dwelling she could make herself useful if only in reading to and instructing Alessie; in her own house she was the petted plaything of its master—nothing more.

Unwilling to risk offending Miss Mia by any display of power, she made none of those reforms she had often planned; yet the old style of driving and scolding, and making it a point of honour to send more cheese and butter to market than the neighbours, and fretting and murmuring if it could not be accomplished, was even more distasteful to Kythe than it had been when she was merely a guest there. As for Noel, he had won her, and was satisfied. If he kissed her fondly at meeting and parting, brought her home a new dress or a trinket every time he visited the town, and shut up his desk on Sunday, and went with her punctually to church, he supposed that all her wants were supplied, and in the depth of his own gratified affection did not dream that this was not the kind of marriage she had pictured to herself. All that money can give, though supplemented with fond words and caresses, may still leave a blank; and so Kythe quickly discovered. She had many dreams of what might be done to better the condition of the poorer inhabitants of the Dale; and when she broached them Noel listened indulgently, but he never encouraged her to attempt them; and so she amused herself with her garden and her books, calling herself the most ungrateful of women when she felt discontented, yet not knowing how to get rid of the conviction that she was leading a very useless butterfly kind of existence.

One day, towards the close of summer, she strolled away to meet her husband, who had ridden to a farm at some distance, and found herself at the entrance of the wood through which Jock Beacham had first led her to Hartswood. It was so deliciously cool under the trees that she pursued the same track for some distance, recalling the events that had stamped the day upon her memory. It was here she had caught her first glimpse of her present home; farther on was the tree under whose branches she had been passing when the shots fired by the young Harwins had startled her; and here was the ditch into which the shy awkward youth had nearly let her slip.

"Poor Jock!" she sighed to herself; and though she blushed and frowned in self-reproach directly after, yet she was seized with such a strong desire to behold once more the cottage that had sheltered her, that, forgetting what her husband might think of the proceeding, she quickened her steps, and did not pause again till she reached the gate of the now deserted dwelling.

No purchaser had been found who was willing to give the price the old sergeant had set on his property, and it was fast falling into decay. Some of the rougher lads from the Dale had broken down the fences to get at the fruit that hung ungathered; the jasmine that Jock used to train over the porch had been torn from its supports by the wind, and was withering; and the flowers in the once trim beds in front of the shed where there used to be a row of hives, were almost choked by the weeds that there was no one to uproot.

Kythe's eyes filled so fast with tears, as she leaned upon the gate surveying this wreck of a once happy home, that she did not hear footsteps approaching, and was startled when she found Mr. Beacham beside her.

He leaned heavily on his stick, and his lips quivered as he too contemplated the scene. He had made a pilgrimage—it would be his last—to the grave of his wife, and had been drawn here by his mingled rage and grief at the circumstances under which he had lost her.

Kythe's gentle greeting only served to exasperate him still more.

"Are you here to gloat over the destruction you wrought?" he demanded, raising his stick as if inclined to strike her. "Shame on you for it! Shame on you! When you were half-drowned in the pool, whose roof sheltered you? Was this how you repaid us?"

"These are terrible words!" faltered the astonished Kythe, as she shrank away from him. "Of what do you accuse me?"

"Need you ask that? Go!" said the old man, sternly. "Away with you before I forget myself. I have known women do unwomanly things to get themselves a rich husband, but nought so bad as you have done! Where is the lad you might have saved? Where is the dear old wife of mine who sank under the trouble of his imprisonment? Answer me that, if you can!"

"It was by no fault of mine that Jock took to evil companions," she cried, eagerly. "Why do you say that I could have saved him—I, who would have given anything I possessed——"

"But your evidence. You knew that when the lad was said to be with the poachers he was with you; and though he begged and prayed for it—you see I know all!—you let him go to prison! Innocent of everything but the folly of loving you too well, you let him leave the dock, only saved from a conviction by the gamekeeper's refusal to swear to his identity! You have made my hearth desolate, and the boy she reared so tenderly a wanderer—a soldier, who, like his grandfather before him, may give his best blood for his country, and then be forgotten by it!"

By this time Kythe was clinging to the gate for support, but as the old man walked moodily away, she hurried after him.

"Mr. Beacham! Pray, pray, for your wife's sake—I loved her dearly—don't leave me in this way! I am not the heartless thing you call me! Indeed, I never knew. Oh! don't look as if you couldn't believe me!"

"I tell you I know all," he doggedly replied. "I have been to see young Moyes at the school where your husband put him, and what I had not learned from poor Anne he told me. It was from him I heard how Jock sent him to you with a letter as soon as he knew that you could prove his innocence if you would; and how he hoped to the last minute that you would be at the court to give evidence in his favour. Nay, it's no use saying you never had the letter; the boy positively told me that he carried it to your mother's house; and she was there, and Mr. Raynor——"

Kythe stayed to hear no more. With a wild cry, she started from his side, and began running swiftly towards Mrs. Anstey's cottage.

(To be concluded.)

CHRIST THE PROMISE OF ALL AGES.

CHRIST THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, AND FORMERLY HULSEAN LECTURER.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."—REV. i. 10, 11.

CHRIST in the paradise age, Christ in the patriarchal age, Christ in the Mosaic age—the contemplation of these may well prepare us for a meditation on Christ as He is independent of all ages; as He existed before the first, as He will outlive the last—the mighty Father of eternity, which is, and which was, and which is to come. In this aspect He appears before us in the text. Very graphically has the beloved Apostle described to us the vision, in which this sublime disclosure was made to him. He was, at this time, a solitary exile in the isle of Patmos; whither he had been banished for "the word of God, and

for the testimony of Jesus Christ." It was "the Lord's Day," and therefore he was giving himself up to sacred meditation. And it came to pass that while he was musing, the fire burned, and the heavens opened, and, clothed in robes of supernatural effulgence, appeared One unto Him, in form like the Son of Man. His hair was as white as snow, His eyes were as a flame of fire, His feet were like unto fine brass, and His voice as the sound of many waters. By the voice, was the Apostle first roused from his trance. There was nothing of earth in its stunning and deafening intensity. What could its utterances portend? And suddenly they took the form of spoken words :—"And I heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."

The whole vision brings before us Him who is "the Promise of the Ages," in all the immutability of His perfections—His power infinite, His glory everlasting, His sovereignty unbounded over all worlds, all being, all time. No place is left for limitation, exception, defect, or failure, when He, in Whom stands all our salvation, is declared to be "the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the First and the Last."

I. Let us consider the words, as they affirm the eternal "pre-existence" of our Lord and Saviour. "I am the First," it is here declared, the Alpha, the beginning of all things. This was no new announcement to John. He had himself been instructed to proclaim it. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Simple language this, as we read it, but into what a perplexity and maze of thought does it lead us! How does the mind bewilder and lose itself, as it tries to grasp the conception of eternity, whether it be that which stretches back to everlasting past, or that which reaches forward to an illimitable future. And yet, mystery as it is, the mind has no option but to embrace the fact. There must be a "First." There must be a Beginning, before that which seems as a beginning to us. In other words, there must be an Agent without a beginning, before, in the sense of any created result, there could be a beginning at all. The difficulties which grow out of any contrary supposition, are such as reason is compelled to reject for their very absurdity. If we could not say that, in the beginning, there was some all-contriving Intelligence, we should have to look upon this visible universe as an infinite assemblage of effects without causes, of acts without agents, of operations—constant, uniform, self-evolved—without the aid of any originating Mind.

On the assumption, therefore, the necessary assumption that all visible things must have had a beginning, the text and other scriptures affirm that our Lord Jesus Christ was present at that beginning, and had an existence before it. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." "He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." And again, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way, before His works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning or ever the earth was; when there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water."

We accept, therefore, in all its fulness, the truth that our Lord Jesus Christ was "begotten of His Father before all worlds," that the Word which was made flesh, the Word which was rejected, despised, betrayed, crucified, was truly "in the beginning with God;" was, and is, partaker of an everlasting existence; was before Moses saw Him in the bush, before Abraham conversed with Him in the plains of Mamre, before Adam heard His voice walking in the garden in the cool of the day, the Eternal, the Beginning, the self-existent, I AM. We hear much, now-a-days, of pre-historic creations, and pre-Adamite worlds, of long foregone eons which mock computation and baffle thought. Make them reach back as far as you will, we affirm Christ existed before them all. He is declared to be the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God. "I am the First."

II. The First, but not the First only—"I am the First and the Last, it is said. What are we further taught by this? Why, that He who created all things shall outlive all things; that, being made by Him, they are made *for* Him; and that when the end comes of all visible and material things, when there shall be a crumbling of the rocks, and the bowing of the hills, and a falling of the stars, when "the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat," all these shall shed the light of their departing glory upon Christ, and do homage to Him who is the First and the Last. So, in one of his sublimest passages, we have the Apostle thus apostrophising Christ—"Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands; they shall perish, but Thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail."

With solemn awe, then, should we ever listen to those words of our Lord, "And there shall be signs in the sun and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth, distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." In the foretelling of such wild elemental disturb-

ances, we are led to see how the Lord Jesus, coming in His glory, will break up the plans of a slumbering and thoughtless world; how the whole framework of nature will give way, die out, pass into new and unknown conditions of being; how the heavens will "pass away with a great noise, and the earth and the works that are therein will be burned up." How all this will be brought about, we do not well to inquire particularly. We know that there are agencies already existing in the very constitution of the physical universe, abundantly sufficient to effect this terrible consummation. In the seething volcano, in the blasting lightning, in the explosive fire-damp, in the upheaving earthquake, we have proof that, if permitted to put them forth, Nature is equipped with powers of destruction, adequate to the sweeping away of all visible things. And, therefore, whenever we hear of dire physical catastrophes, the earth opening her mouth, and, in her wasting gorge, swallowing up the bodies and the habitations of men, we ought to see in them signs and foreshadowings of the great breaking up. They are as the low and distant footfall of Him, Who, planting His right foot upon the earth, and His left foot upon the sea, will announce that "time shall be no longer;" that He is coming, Who, with a great voice as of a trumpet, and as the sound of many waters, will proclaim Himself, "I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, the First and the Last."

III. But let us notice some inferences to be drawn from the view here brought before us, of Christ, as the First and the Last, the beginning and the End of all things.

1. First, the expressions must be taken to imply the absolute perfection and unchangeableness of the Saviour, the enduring nature of His truth, and the fixed principles of His moral administration. All these forms of expression, "First and Last," "Alpha and Omega," "beginning and ending," were recognised Jewish idioms, conveying the general idea of perfection, immutability, something that could not be added to, or altered, or diminished. The first and last letters of the Hebrew alphabet, when put in conjunction, were supposed to be inclusive of all the rest—inclusive of all possible combinations in the way of perfectness, which could be made out of all the other letters, so that, by Alpha and Omega, a Jew would understand, in the Being spoken of, the summing up of all that human language could express, to exalt our conception of His oneness, and unchangingness, and freedom from all shadow of turning. A phrase already noticed, and applied by the Apostle to Christ, had the same idiomatic import—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Like as in the text, by attributing immutability to Him at the two extreme points of duration, is implied His possession of a like attribute in the whole historic space which lies between. Jesus Christ is the same "yesterday," including, in that expression, the whole of the period before the world was created, whatever that period may be, the same "to-day," that is the measured and computed duration of this mundane economy; the same "for ever" as having no variableness in the endless ages which shall follow, when this world shall be no more. His truth is the same, His mercy is the same, His method of procedure with moral and accountable agents is the same, as they will be to the end of the economy, as they were before the world was.

2. But another inference deducible from the title here given to Christ is the boundlessness of His sovereignty over all beings, and over all worlds. If He were "first," before all things, He must have seen all the adversaries to His rule, as they arose, and if He shall be the "last" after all things, He must see all enemies put under His feet. Indeed, this included element of His eternal existence is directly affirmed, a few verses afterwards, where, repeating the title of the text, He says to the affrighted Apostle, "Fear not; I am the First and the Last, I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and death." I have the keys of "hell and death;" that is, I have dominion over that unseen world "whose path no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." Christ, as the First and Last, not only has a rule which dominates all time, but which dominates all space also. The compass of all being, created and uncreated, lies before Him. Of darkness and light, of visible and invisible, of worlds known and unknown, Christ, the First and Last, hath the keys.

We include sovereignty, then, among the attributes belonging to Christ implied in this title of First and Last. As First, He was sovereign to create. As the last, He is sovereign to destroy. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." This He has swallowed up in victory. The first adversary to His reign was "he that hath the power of death." Him has Christ destroyed also, because "the seed of the woman has bruised the serpent's head." All is surrendered now to Him, who has the keys of hell and death. He closes the gate of life; He opens the entrances to death. He bursts the barriers of the grave, He introduces to the palace of the great King, He openeth and no man shutteth, He shutteth and no man openeth, He is the First and Last.

And in all matters pertaining to our personal salvation, He is the First and the Last. He was the first to convert us by His Grace, He is the last to receive us into His glory. He is the first, in that He fixes the bounds and times of our habitation while we live; He is the last in that

He determines which mansion shall receive us when we come to die. From the beginning of our warfare to the end of our triumph, from the Alpha of our being called, to the Omega of our finished course, first of Christ seeking us to the end of our finding and laying hold on Christ, He never leaves us. Nor time, nor space, nor life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, shall by any means hurt us. Our soul's life is in the hands of Him who has declared, "I am the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, which is, and which was, and which is to come."

In concluding these papers on the relation of Christ to the several ages of the world, we should not omit to notice how it adds to the moral grandeur of the scheme of our redemption, that He who is its Author and Foundation, and chief Corner-stone, is in very deed "the Ancient of Days"—before all ages, the First, and beyond all ages the Last. In the historic order of our Christian commemorations, we are taught to contemplate a series of events, which spread over a few short years, and which are covered by the hand-breadth of one brief Life. And we see a babe in its unconsciousness, a child in its tenderness, a youth in ripening wisdom and intelligence, and a manhood, only unlike the manhood of any other of woman born, in the greatness of its moral elevation, and its spotless purity of soul—and yet He, in whom these things were seen, was all the while planting His foot on the bridge which spans the shores of two eternities, receiving the adoring acknowledgment echoed from its either side—"From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

Oh, how long has the heart of God been set upon our salvation! How constantly has He kept before the eyes of the faithful, in all ages, by vision, by type, by parable, by prophecy, the one hope of all the ends of the earth; saying to all who are of fearful heart, all who are bruised in spirit, all who are bowed down with a sense of sin, and are looking forward with trembling to the dread and dark hereafter—"Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." He is near, even at your doors, ay, and if ye have but faith, He is in your hearts, Who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father—even Christ the Amen, Christ the Faithful and True Witness, Christ the Alpha and Omega, Christ the First and the Last.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 19. Kingdom of Judah—Abijah.

Chapters to be read—2 Chron. xiii.; 1 Kings xv. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. How long did Rehoboam reign? (xii. 13.) Not so long as Solomon, David, and Saul, who all reigned forty years. What was he not allowed to do at the beginning of his reign? Might not bring Israel back by force—still made war on them continually (xii. 16). At last died—what is it called? Death is like a long sleep from which God alone can wake us—so place where dead are buried called a cemetery, or sleeping-place. To-day read about his son and successor—Abijah.

I. Abijah's Character. (Read 1 Kings xv. 1—5.) Generally estimate a man's character after reading his life—but might make a mistake—his words might seem so good, and his actions so right, that might think him better than he was. Abijah an instance of this. Shall see much good of him—but what do these verses say of him? In what did he follow his father? Solomon and Rehoboam both led away by many wives—so was this king. See the effect of bad examples, and how sins of fathers descend to children. The cause just the same as before, "heart not perfect"—*i.e.*, did not serve God wholly—did some things right, yet did what he knew was wrong. Could God accept such service as that? What does Christ say about loving God with all our heart? (Luke x. 27.) Why did God not punish him? For whose sake did He bear with him? But was David perfect always? His great sin always mentioned—but remind how David repented and was forgiven. So, for David's sake, Abijah was spared.

II. Abijah's War. (Read 2 Chron. xiii. 3—18.) Preparations for great war—between whom? But they were of the same country—brethren. Why should they go to war? Whose ordering was it that the kingdom was divided? Therefore the division must last, and the war would be in vain. What armies are collected? Which is the greater? Why, Jeroboam has twice as many as Abijah! What an excitement in both kingdoms! Soldiers being drilled—trumpet blown—arms collected—women taking leave of husbands and brothers—children laughing and crying. What does Abijah do? Can picture the young king at head of his army making this brave speech. Where was he standing? Let us see what he said. (1) *The kingdom of Judah is the Lord's.* With whom had God made a covenant? What was promised David as to his kingdom? Therefore it must last, and it would be useless to fight against God. Who were they that were doing so? What advantage had they taken of Rehoboam? He was too young to withstand them—but who took up his cause? Israel not allowed to overpower Judah—so should it be again. (2) *The priests are the*

Lord's. See the contrast. What had Jeroboam done to the priests? What class of people had been made priests? (1 Kings xii. 31.) Thus the office had sunk and idolatry begun. But how was it with Judah? So far all was well. What did the priests do? Sacrifices duly offered up—morning and evening—incense offered in Temple—all appointed rites observed—religious ordinances maintained. (3) *The battle is the Lord's.* Remind how when Joshua was preparing to attack Jericho, Christ appeared in human form as Captain (Josh. v. 14). So now, unseen, God is fighting for them against Israel—His priests are encouraging them, and they must prevail. What plan did Jeroboam try? This ambush very common in battle; enemy would be hemmed in, and escape be hopeless. Was it so? What did people of Judah do in their distress? What was the result? Their trust in God not in vain—He delivered them. So ended this great battle.

III. THE LESSONS. Let children take the last part of the story first, and apply it to themselves. (1) *England, like Judah, is a highly favoured land.* God has blessed it. No enemy since William I. (1066) has landed on these shores. England is a free country—a great and prosperous country—the centre of commerce, books, civilisation, in all the world. To what but God's blessing can this be ascribed? (2) *England is a religious country.* Land covered with places of worship. Sunday-schools in each parish. Missions at home and abroad to teach and reclaim ignorant. God is honoured and His name feared. What a blessing to be born in such a land! to be taught to fear God and worship Him! But all this will avail nothing to us unless fear God and serve Him for ourselves individually. What was the one fault of Abijah? Did not serve God *wholly—i.e.*, let other things come between him and God. Let children name others with whom it was the same—*e.g.*, Judas too fond of money—Peter afraid of the taunts of the servants—the young ruler who could not give to the poor. How is it with us? Profession no good without practice. We have battle to fight, as Abijah had. Who is our enemy? (1 Pet. v. 8.) Have no power of our own to withstand. With what weapons alone can we fight? (Eph. vi. 13.) Have many examples to encourage us—Joseph, who would not sin—Daniel, who would keep up praying—Christ, Who resisted in the wilderness. Therefore may, as men of Judah, trust and not be afraid—for God is on our side. But remember, as they did, to keep up religious rites—the priests kept up daily sacrifices, etc. So we kings and priests (Rev. i. 6) must worship and pray daily—hold still on God—and then He is pledged to help.

Questions to be answered.

1. Who succeeded Rehoboam? How long did he reign?
2. What was the fault in his character?
3. What preparations were made for war?
4. In what three ways did the king try to dissuade the enemy from the war?
5. How is England like Judah?
6. What battle have we all to fight?

No. 20. ASA.

Chapters to be read—2 Chron. xiv., xvi. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. Come now to third king of Judah after the separation. Who was the last? The new king Asa was son of Abijah—like him in many respects—feared God, but not wholly. Remind how Abijah had defeated king of Israel—waxed strong and mighty and given way to indulgence (xiii. 20, 21). Shall now see the kingdom under Asa.

I. YEARS OF PEACE. (Read xiv. 1—8.) How did the reign begin? What a blessed thing is peace! Rest for the land—farming can go on—vineyards be cultivated—children be cared for, and families grow prosperous. How long did the peace last? But there are two ways of spending leisure time. How had Abijah spent it? In self-indulgence. How did Asa spend it? (1) *He banished idolatry.* Seems to have searched for all traces of it and put it away. What a stir this would cause in Judah. King's messengers pulling down idols, cutting down groves where people worshipped in most unholy ways—images broken to pieces as Moses had the golden calf at Sinai (Exod. xxxii. 20). Even removed the queen-mother because of her idolatry (xv. 16). But this not all—not enough to put away sin—must give something better, so (2) *He taught the people.* Moses had ordered the book of the law to be read and taught the people; but this had been neglected. So Asa caused it to be read. Thus knowing God the people would learn to serve God. (3) *He prepared for war.* Remind of old fable of "boar whetting his tusks" to prepare for enemies. Asa knew that God "helps those who help themselves," so he had all things ready, lest he should be attacked. One thing to defend, and another to make attack. What number had he in his army? 580,000 in all. Probably these all the men in the two tribes. All taught to bear arms. So for ten years the country prospered.

II. YEARS OF WAR. (Read xiv. 9—15; xvi. 1—10.) Who was his first enemy? What army had the Ethiopians? Nearly twice as large as that of Judah! But was Asa afraid? In Whom did he trust? Had learned spirit of Ps. xliv. 6. Remind of past history, when God saved His people by His power alone—as when Pharaoh was defeated at Red Sea (Exod. xii.), or when the walls of Jericho fell down of themselves (Josh. vi. 20). So it was now. The king prayed—the people fought and the Lord gave the victory. How far did they pursue the enemy? Show Gerar on the map. This battle a picture of another battle. With whom have we to fight? Powers of darkness—Satan and his angels. Sin without us and sin within us—lusts of the flesh—pride, vanity, envy, etc.—all these our foes. They are more in number—more in power. Is our case hopeless? What did Christ tell Apostles to do, in garden? (Mark xiv. 38.) So in Christ's strength we can gain

the victory. But this battle with Ethiopians not Asa's only one. Who else came up against him? (xvi. 1.) What did he do now? Why did he send to Benhadad? Because of old covenant between them? Yes, but Benhadad had made treaty to help Baasha. How did Asa persuade Benhadad to break his treaty? Where did Asa get the gold from? Yes—he took them from the temple. Had himself given those vessels of gold and silver to the Temple for use in service of God (xv. 18), and now takes them away again to bribe Benhadad. Could this be right? This does not look like the same Asa who trusted with all his heart. Perhaps his successes had spoiled him. What was the result? Benhadad broke his treaty—helped Asa, and Baasha was defeated. But how did God view it? Who was sent to Asa? How did the prophet rebuke him? (1) *He relied on man.* God had helped him before, and could again—why had he not turned to Him? (2) *He forgot God's all-seeing eye.* God knew all Baasha's plans, and could have frustrated them. How foolish to forget God. (3) *He must be punished.* What would his punishment be? War all the rest of his reign. What a sad thing for the land.

III. Years of Decline. (Read xvi. 10—14.) How did Asa take his punishment? (Heb. xii. 7.) Alas! Made him angry with the prophet. But whose messenger was he? How different from Eli, when Samuel told him God's message (1 Sam. iii. 18), or David when God told him of His choice of punishment. (1 Chron. xxi. 13.) Can this be the same Asa? Imprisoned the prophet—crushed the people. (See ver. 10—margin.) Lastly, what happened to himself? Disease and pain must come to all some day. How did he bear this suffering? Might have had it removed as Hezekiah had. (Isa. xxxviii. 5.) Are not told whether he repented at last and turned again to God. Is a sad story. So promising at first—like apple-tree in spring, full of blossom—so bare of fruit at last. Let Asa be a warning to all. As long as trusted in God was safe, when trusted to others or to himself he fell. Only way to be safe is to seek God now and at all times—in sickness and health—days of happiness and sorrow—when in temptation—trouble—prosperity, youth, or old age. Trust in Him at *all times*—for God is our Hope.

Questions to be answered.

1. How did Asa begin his reign?
2. Who was banished from his own house, and why?
3. Who were his first enemies, and how did he defeat them?
4. Who were his next enemies, and how did he defeat them?
5. How was he warned, and how punished?
6. How did he die? What warning does his life give to us?

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

EMINENT MEN OF GOD AMONG LAWYERS.

POPULAR opinion has not credited members of this profession as a class with much real religion, to say nothing of eminence in godliness. This is, no doubt, a popular prejudice, for which, however, there have often been strong reasons, but more so in the past than at the present. If we are to judge of men by their principles, and estimate their true character by their conduct in every-day life; if, in other words, we are to know them by their fruits, then, it must be admitted, the popular prejudice is not without foundation in fact. Indeed, some members of this body have openly avowed that it is impossible to make headway in their profession if their conduct and proceedings are to be regulated by a strict adherence to religious principle. We believe this conclusion to be as false as the popular prejudice is unjust. Facts disprove it. We have men now living, some of whom have attained to the highest positions possible, and others who are rising day by day in the confidence and esteem of an intelligent public, and who seem destined to shine in the various ranks of the profession—men whose character is unimpeachable, whose principles are transparent, whose godliness none can question: for their faith, their zeal, their humility, their devotedness, abundantly witness to it. The injustice of the popular notion above referred to, in its indiscriminate application to members of the profession, may be met by the statement of Richard Baxter. Judge Hale had told him that Archbishop Ussher had been much prejudiced against lawyers because the worst causes find their advocates, but that the reasons alleged by the learned Selden and himself had convinced the Archbishop to the contrary; and that he had, by acquaintance with them, come to believe that there were as many honest men among lawyers, proportionably, as among any profession of men in England, not excepting bishops and divines.

Of those in our day who have attained distinction, we may mention the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Selborne; the late Chancellor, Earl Cairns; and his predecessor, the late Lord

Hatherley. These are all men of unsullied reputation; men of high Christian principle; men whose Christianity has not been confined to mere profession, nor even to a blameless life, but who have given themselves earnestly and humbly to active Christian work in one or more of its various departments. Under the pressure of grave and even tremendous responsibilities, and circumstances of immense difficulty, from which many have fled for relief to scenes of gaiety or dissipation, they have had recourse to the Christian's stronghold of prayer, and have sought relief in gathering up the strains of sacred song, or in scattering the seeds of truth in the minds of the young in the Sunday-school, where they have readily taken their place among the rank and file of this noble army of Christian workers.

Second to none of the above as to excellence of Christian character is one on whose good name no aspersion can be cast. We allude to Lord Justice Lush, of whom, though he has been for more than a quarter of a century conspicuously before the public eye, no one can speak otherwise than well. Wise in his exposition of the law as he is just in his administration of it; firm in his attachment to the principles of evangelical truth; zealous and liberal for the extension of the Gospel abroad as he is earnest and energetic for its diffusion at home; honoured for his consistency, courtesy, geniality, and personal excellencies among the great, he is not less esteemed for his condescension, affability, and kindness among the lowly; as broad in his charity towards Christians of every name as he is full of sympathy with all that is good and pure and Christ-like; the warm friend of faithful ministers, the humble disciple of Jesus Christ, and the diligent worker in His vineyard, he is at once an honour and an ornament to the Bench, and a bright example to all who aspire to distinction in the same learned profession.

We might mention other men who are still with us, or who have recently departed this life, whose career has been marked by Christian principle and active service in the cause of the Redeemer.

Among such are Mr. Robert Baxter and Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., a son of an excellent Christian lawyer, the late Mr. Serjeant Bompas. Mr. Bompas is an enlightened politician, an acceptable preacher, and an active member of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. Mr. Waddy, Q.C., is another diligent and faithful follower of the Master, and, with those just named, is a member of "The Lawyers Prayer Union," instituted in 1852, and of which Mr. H. C. Nisbet, 55, Lincoln's Inn Fields, is the hon. secretary. It comprises 243 members, living in all parts of England and Wales. It was at the annual meeting of this Society, held December 13th, 1877, that Mr. Waddy, who presided, related the following:—

"Many years ago," said he, "when I first joined circuit, a friend said to me, 'It's all nonsense your trying to be a Methodist and a barrister; make up your mind to be one or the other. Go and preach, if you like, and give up the law; but, if you want to succeed as a barrister, you must give up preaching, and go to the devil with the rest of us!" Mr. Waddy added, "I have found, however, that Christianity has never stood in the way of my success at the bar. Earnest prayer and simple dependence on God have often helped me in difficult cases to master the details of law and of facts." And he further stated that he believed, from his own experience, that a Christian has the best of both worlds.

In past generations Christian men who attained to high judicial position were very few indeed, and though, doubtless, some had their record on high as men of faith and prayer and practical godliness, of whom history has recorded nothing, it is all too plain and evident that they were but a remnant, and perhaps a very small one. In this sense, as in many others, the former days were not better than these.

There is one, however, whose light shone forth very distinctly and clearly, and to a degree of excellence unapproached by any of his day. We refer, of course, to Sir Matthew Hale. Cowper, no mean judge of character, and one who could well appreciate Christian excellence, thus describes him—

> Immortal Hale! for deep discernment praised
> And sound integrity, not more than famed
> For sanctity of manners undefiled.

And the author of the "Saints' Everlasting Rest" writes—

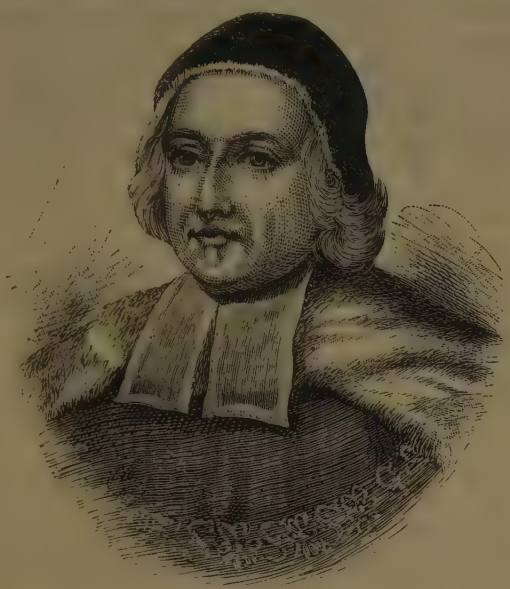
> The last year of my abode at Acton, I had the happiness of a neighbour whom I cannot easily praise above his worth—Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer—whom all the judges and lawyers of England admired for his skill in law, and for his justice; and scholars honoured for his learning; and I highly valued for his sincerity, mortification, self-denial, humility, conscientiousness, and his close fidelity in friendship.

Alderley, near Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, was the place of Sir Matthew's birth. Before he was five years old, he was left an orphan, when he was committed to the care of a Christian relative, who intended his young charge for a divine. His first instruction was received from the Vicar of Wotton, and before he was seventeen he was removed to Magdalen Hall, Oxford. Here the diligence and application to learning which had marked his earlier years received a serious check by the fascinations of the theatre, which resulted for a time in a general change in his deportment and habits. But though his studies were seriously interrupted by his fondness for the stage, and instead of his gravity and decorum there were displayed a vanity in dress, and a yielding to the attractions of conviviality, he was not permitted to lose the purity of his morals and the honesty of his character. His early religious impressions were, however, considerably effaced, and the world seemed to be leading him captive. It was during this time that he resolved on a military career, which purpose was frustrated in a singular way.

A lawsuit, which seriously affected his interests, took him to London, and brought him into con-

nection with Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Glanville, Recorder of Plymouth. His influence with his young client succeeded in turning his attention to the law, a profession to which he had cherished a strong aversion.

Bishop Burnet relates an interesting anecdote of this Sir John Glanville. He was the second son of his father; and his elder brother had led such a life of dissipation that at the father's death he left all his property to his younger son John. When the fact became known that the father had carried out his threatened purpose, the elder brother was brought to reflection, and to a real change of conduct, and thorough amendment of life. When the reality of the change had become apparent, Sir John invited his brother and a number of friends to dinner on one occasion. When a number of dishes had been served, he directed one that still remained covered to be placed before his brother, asking him to uncover it. To the surprise of all, and especially his own, he found the dish full of writings; when Sir John told him and the company that, being sure what his father would have done if he had lived to see the happy change which had taken place in his brother, he freely restored to him the whole of the paternal estate.



Matthew Hale.

When young Hale left Oxford for the metropolis, such was his deep consciousness of the injurious effects of the stage on his own mind and character, that he resolved never to enter a theatre again, a resolution which, in writing a letter of advice to his grandchildren, he tells us he faithfully kept.

At the age of twenty he was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn. A very serious circumstance was the means of a thorough change in his habits and character. He had joined some young men in a convivial party in the country, when one of the number, notwithstanding all Mr. Hale could do to prevent it, became so intoxicated with wine as to be insensible, and apparently dead. Mr. Hale retired to another room, and securing himself against intrusion, prayed with great earnestness to Him who is the Hearer of prayer, that his friend might be restored, and that his own sin in joining in such company might be forgiven. The young man was restored, and Mr. Hale vowed that never again would he join in such indulgence, or even drink a health. The vow, which he kept to his dying day, occasioned him uncivil treatment sometimes, as well as inconvenience, when drinking the "King's Health" was deemed a distinguishing mark of loyalty.

The change became only more manifest as time passed on. Setting his face to seek the God of his fathers, he divided his wakeful hours between his professional duties, scientific researches, and the study of the Word of God.

Sir Matthew's veneration for the sacred institution of the Sabbath is well known, and his habit of carefully observing that holy day in public worship and private devotion has often been quoted as a proof of his eminent piety, and as a fitting example for all time and for all classes.

One or two incidents may be given, showing his strict impartiality, his honesty, and his repugnance to what were then common practices with judges.

A nobleman having called upon him to explain the nature of a suit in which he was interested, and which was shortly to be tried, the Chief Baron interrupted him, saying that he did not deal fairly in coming to his chambers about such affairs, as he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike. Not being suffered to proceed, the nobleman was offended, and complained of it to the king (Charles II.) as of a rudeness not to be endured. The king bade him be content that he had not been used worse, adding that he believed he would have treated himself in the same way if he had gone to solicit him in any of his own causes.

A gentleman who had a trial, sent him a buck. When the trial came on, Sir Matthew, remembering the name and identifying the person, would not suffer the trial to proceed until he had paid the gentleman for the buck.

The tenderness of his disposition comes out in strong contrast with the harshness of some other justices, in the scene in the life of John Bunyan which the art of the engraver has so well reproduced from the account given by Bunyan himself. We refer to the application to the judges by the young wife of the dreamer for his release from prison.

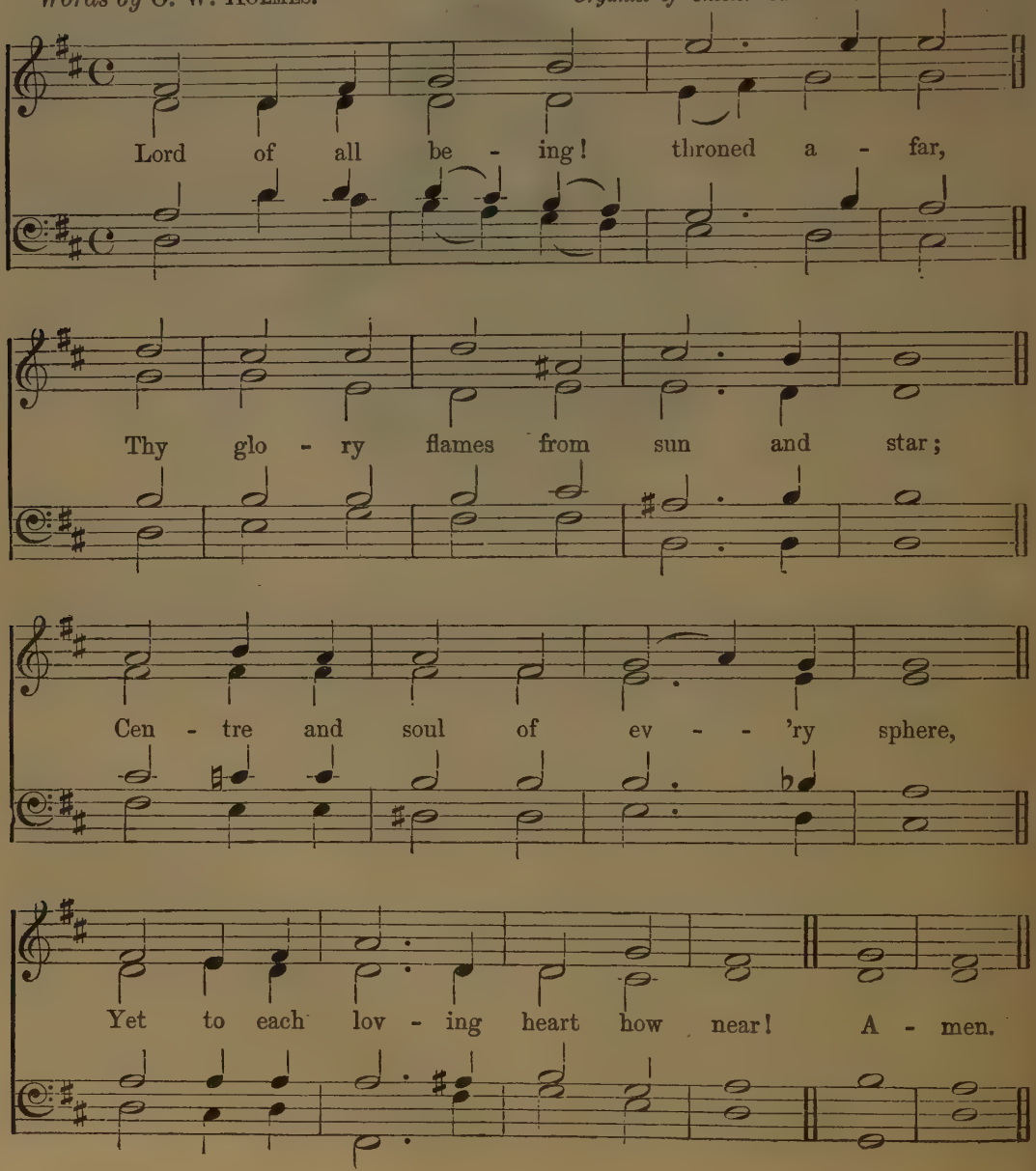
Judge Hale very mildly received the petition from her hand, telling her he would do her and her husband the best good he could, but that he feared he could do none.

A few months before his decease he removed to his seat at Alderley, where he ended his days in peace, December, 1676. Baxter reckoned it not one of the least of his pleasures that he had lived some years "in his more than ordinary love and friendship," and that they were waiting which should be *first* in heaven, "Whither as he (Sir Matthew) saith *he* is going with full content and acquiescence in the will of a gracious God; and doubts not but we shall shortly live together." Well may Baxter exclaim, "O what a blessed world were this were the generality of magistrates such as he!"

Lord of all Being.

Words by O. W. HOLMES.

Music by JOSEPH C. BRIDGE, M.A., B. Mus., Oxon.,
Organist of Chester Cathedral.


Lord of all be - ing! throned a - far,
Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - - 'ry sphere,
Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.

WHAT HE COULD.

A TALE.

"WELL, Charley, what hymns did you have this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Atkins, as her little boy came in from church one Sunday.

"We had, 'We are but little children weak,' mother, and my old favourite, 'There is a green hill far away;' and Mr. Hobson preached such a nice sermon!"

"I hope you will remember it, dear. What was it about?"

"Oh! he told us we all could do something for Christ, and for His sake. But I'm sure *I* can't, can I, mother? I've been thinking very much about it all the way home, and I really cannot find a single thing good enough to do."

"It is not the great things that we should strive for, Charley. The little things, if done with all our might, will be accepted. No doubt you will be tried some day, and then your self-denial will be pleasing to God."

"Do you think so?" replied Charley, as he left the room. "Then I'll try. I must change my things now, for I am rather wet."

So Charley went up-stairs and changed his boots; and when he came down again, he said—

"I hope I shall not catch cold, mother; for the school concert comes off on Friday, and I am to sing."

"I hope you will escape cold, dear. Now we will have tea," continued Mrs. Atkins.

Charley Atkins was an only child; his mother was a widow, in reduced circumstances, for her husband had died, leaving her a very small income. But her friends were very kind, and appreciated the efforts she made to educate her son. He was devoted to music, and possessed a beautiful voice, which he was encouraged to cultivate. A friend of his late father had given him some instruction, and it was an accepted fact that Charley Atkins was to be a great singer, if his voice did not suffer from training, or "break" prematurely. The widow had made up her mind to do all she could, and many a day she stinted herself in order to provide the money necessary for Charley's schooling and extra music lessons. Charley himself was already a fair musician, and studied *con amore*. He would often picture to himself the time when he should sing at the local concerts, or join in the glees which the club performed in the winter evenings. His first attempt was to be made on the following Friday, and his anxiety concerning his voice was great.

On the Thursday he went down with his kind friend to practise his music in the schoolroom. It was a fine room, and capable of holding a large audience. When Charley and his friend arrived, there were a few of the neighbours assembled, and the performers and their friends. Charley was to sing a solo; and he had been carefully trained. The song set down for him was "Angels, ever bright and fair," and, as the time approached, the boy became nervous, but, kindly encouraged, he came forward and sang the air beautifully. His audience were delighted, and many of those present warmly congratulated him upon his singing, and on the feeling with which he had rendered the music.

Amongst those who had noticed the lad's beautiful voice was a certain Mr. Crabbe. This gentleman was anxious to secure a few fresh voices for his choir, and as soon as Charley had retired Mr. Crabbe made some inquiries; the result was that he made a note of the boy's address, and congratulated himself upon having secured a prize; and, indeed, Charley Atkins was more than commonly gifted.

Next evening Charley sang at the school-feast concert, and won golden opinions. The rector personally complimented him, and an old college friend of his, the precentor of the cathedral in the county town, came up to Charley and suggested that he should join the choir in Beauminster. This offer made Charley blush with delight, and he went home to tell his mother of his success, and to ask her permission to accept the offer, which, coming from such a quarter, was indeed high honour.

When he reached home he found his mother somewhat restless, and ill at ease. Charley at once perceived that something unusual had occurred, and when he had related his successes, and the honour that had been conferred upon him, he asked what troubled her.

"Nothing, dear," she replied; "I am only anxious about you. I am afraid this new life will open up many temptations—that is, if you will enter upon it, as I think you are bound to do."

"Enter upon what, mother?" inquired Charley, his mouth full of bread and butter. "I am not likely to do much yet, I am afraid."

"Oh, but you will. Listen, my boy. While you were at the school concert this evening, a gentleman called upon me. Mr. Crabbe is his name. Do you know him?"

"'Oh, how splendid, mother!'"

"No," replied Charley, after a pause for reflection. "No; he isn't one of the cathedral people, is he?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Atkins. "He is a leader or choirmaster in London. He has taken a great fancy to you and your voice, and has actually offered to take you into his classes, and put you in his choir in London. Think of that!"

"Oh, how splendid, mother! I should like to go to London, and sing in concerts and oratorios and all those beautiful festivals. Then you shall be a lady, and have plenty of money, mother dear."

"Yes, dearest, it would be very delightful; but we must never forget that your beautiful voice is a gift from heaven, a talent committed to you to take care of and use in a proper way. It must not be hidden, but it must not be put to unworthy uses. You know your poor father always objected to theatres and operas, and you must never sing in any place to which he would have objected."

"Of course not, mother; I will only sing in the concert-room or in oratorios, I promise. Did this Mr. Crabbe offer any money?" asked Charley.

"Yes; he said that if you succeeded, he would pay you a sum of money when you had finished your musical education. Meanwhile he will instruct you, for nothing, himself."

"How kind of him!" exclaimed Charley. "So, if you approve, mother, write to-morrow and tell him I accept, and will go as soon as you can spare me."

Next day the important letter was written and despatched, and Charley's heart was full. The prospect of singing in London and of having his name printed in the papers was so glorious that he could think of little else all the week; and when a polite note arrived from Mr. Crabbe saying that he would be glad for Charley to come to see him the following Saturday, the boy had quite built a castle in the air, already peopled it with wealthy friends, and placed it in the midst of magnificent surroundings. So occupied was he in his new calling that the precentor's offer had altogether escaped him. He went up to London, had a most satisfactory interview with his new acquaintance; and, although no terms were definitely arranged, it was understood that Charley was to be a singer at the disposal of Mr. Crabbe.

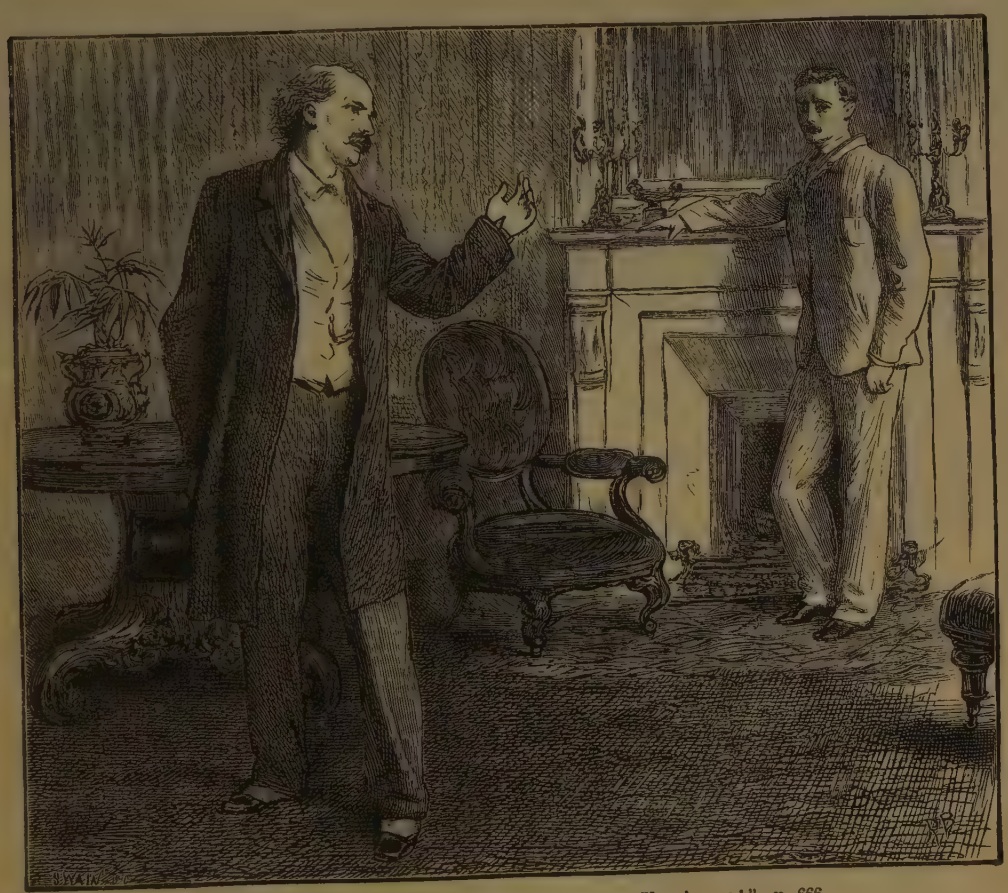
Time passed on, and Charley Atkins's beautiful treble went; but in its place, shortly afterwards, came an equally promising tenor voice. He now studied hard, but with all his love for music, and amid all the temptations of London, he remained true to his principles. He frequently returned home to see his mother, and when in the village he was looked up to by all his former associates as already a celebrated person. He was proud of his voice, but his modesty and unaffected manner made him friends even amongst those who envied his success. Mrs. Atkins, no longer poor, was proud of Charley and his accomplishments, but she never failed to inculcate the lesson

that he must use his talent well and to the glory of God. This was all the more necessary as she fancied that her son was apt to rely too much upon his own strength, and that in time of temptation he would fall away. Hitherto Charley had not met with any great opposition to his principles, but the time of trial was at hand. Would he come out safely from the ordeal?

Charley, as we are aware, had bound himself to Mr. Crabbe in return for his musical education, and that gentleman was entitled to his services. Charley never made any stipulations; and Mr. Crabbe, being a straightforward man, did not in this instance insist upon a written engagement—unbusiness-like, perhaps, but with all his rough exterior—and he could be very rough at times—Mr. Crabbe knew when he had to deal with honesty, and he trusted Charley Atkins as Charley certainly trusted him. The time had now arrived for Charley to go abroad, so that, after a brief sojourn in Italy, and an introduction to the public, he might be able to assume the professional name of Signor Acchini, and blossom forth in England as the tenor of the season. So the parting came. Mr. Crabbe himself travelled with his pupil, and Milan was reached in due time.

We need not recount the various stages of Charley's career in Milan—a place he found charming, not only for its splendid cathedral, but for the pictures, which were a never-failing source of delight to the young singer. He would go day after day to the old building, where the celebrated fresco of the "Last Supper" was still to be seen; and he often wondered why the authorities permitted the precincts to be turned into a barrack. His religious feelings were occasionally startled in Milan, but Mr. Crabbe respected his scruples, and did not attempt to influence him—the leader's pocket had not yet been touched, remember.

At last the great trial came. A grand concert was advertised; Charley, as Signor Acchini, had appeared, and found favour in the eyes (and ears) of a Milanese audience one evening in a concert. The grandest concert of the season was about to take place. Charley, greatly to his patron's delight, had at once consented to take part in it; and, moreover, as it was for a charitable purpose, he was willing to forego any gratuity which the Committee might offer him. Mr. Crabbe, in his rejoicing, made no objection to this, or any future gratuity. He had feared that Charley would refuse, and as the director had pledged



"'I suppose I must put it off,' he said; 'but you 'll ruin me.'"—*p.* 666.

himself for his company, he was anxious. But when the bills came out, he found that he had reckoned without his tenor.

"Not sing!" exclaimed Mr. Crabbe. "Why, my dear boy, you have promised."

"Yes," replied Charlie, respectfully, "but you did not tell me that the concert would be on Sunday."

"What difference does *that* make?" cried Mr. Crabbe. "Sunday! of course it's on Sunday. We shall get more people—more money for the charity."

"I am very sorry indeed," replied the young man, "but I cannot sing operatic music on Sundays."

"Well," said Mr. Crabbe, roughly, "one word is as good as a thousand. You *must* sing!"

"Then," replied Charley, "my reply is I *won't* sing. So, Mr. Crabbe, I must bid you a very good morning."

"Not so fast, young man," continued Mr. Crabbe; "not so fast; you forget you are under contract to me to sing. You cannot deny that."

"No," replied Charley, "but there was nothing said about singing on Sunday."

"But there was nothing about *not* singing on Sunday, my boy; come, Charley, be reasonable. It can't be any great sin to sing operatic music on Sunday. There's the same notes in all music, and how can it hurt you to sing an air from an opera on Sunday any more than to sing in oratorios?"

"But I never intend to sing in oratorios on Sunday either," replied Charley, quietly.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Crabbe, with a half sneer. "Indeed! And may I inquire, Signor Acchini, or Atkins, are you prepared to pay forfeit for breach of contract? You know that damages are heavy at times; and look at what you'll gain by singing."

"I know nothing of your legal claim on me," replied Charley. "I only know that you have educated me in music, and, I may add, pocketed nearly all my earnings so far. I am grateful to you for much kindness, for you had a certain risk in me, and deserve the profit you have made. But not for you, nor for any one, will I sing in public for money on a Sunday."

And Charley walked out, his temper as cool and his determination as firm as ever.

"I'll get him yet," muttered Mr. Crabbe. "As if there was any more harm in singing 'Don Giovanni' than in joining a choir to sing the 'Creation.' Bah! he's too strait-laced. But we'll have him yet!"

Mr. Crabbe, albeit a very worthy gentleman in his calling, did not believe in anybody standing so persistently in his own light as Charley did. He (Mr. Crabbe) also knew that he could not force Charley to sing. This Charley did not know. He fancied himself bound legally to Mr. Crabbe for all occasions, yet he was none the less fixed in his resolution. Mr. Crabbe's threat of ruining him in damages recalled to his mind the sermon of long ago, when he was quite a lad, and his mother's words—"No doubt you will be tried some day, and then your self-denial will be pleasing to God"—came forcibly to his memory. Come what might, he would do what he believed to be right, and leave the issue to Providence.

Mr. Crabbe paid him another visit that afternoon, and tempted him sorely.

"Look here," he said, "my name is bound up in this concert. I must make it a success. The fact is—— Well, it needn't go further. The fact is, it's a speculation. I've given a large sum to the charity, and stand to win or lose. You won't see me a loser, I am sure; now, will you? Come, Charley!"

"But why fix Sunday? I'll sing with pleasure any day but Sunday."

"It's for a good purpose, and you may do good on Sunday," replied Mr. Crabbe. "If your ox falls into a pit you may drag him out on the Sabbath, you know," he added, triumphantly, as if he had conquered Charley.

"Yes, but as I understand you now, the profit will go to you, not to the charity," replied the young man. "Perhaps that argument of yours might have had weight this morning; now it is worse than useless."

Mr. Crabbe was caught, and even in his defeat could not help admiring Charley's firmness.

"I suppose I must put it off," he said; "but you'll ruin me."

"No," replied Charley, "I'll *save* you, Mr. Crabbe."

His proprietor departed, but in a sadly despondent state. This was on Thursday, and the concert had been fully announced. Still, Mr. Crabbe respected his young friend in his heart, and though very angry, and denouncing him in no measured terms, the old *impresario* felt that he himself was wrong.

Charley, on his side, felt that he was preventing his friend—for Crabbe had been a friend—from earning money, and he determined to help him. His mind was soon made up, and he hurried out to call upon the English chaplain. He was at once shown in, and, to his delight and surprise, recognised his old acquaintance the precentor. After some animated conversation, Charley modestly explained his difficulty, and a few words from the good clergyman soon confirmed him in his resolution.

"I will see Mr. Crabbe," said the chaplain, "and assist you, and him too. I will represent what is the fact—that no English people will attend if I interfere in the matter; and we will have the concert on Monday, and a 'bumper.'"

When Charley returned to his lodgings he found Mr. Crabbe waiting. To his astonishment, he held out his hand, and said—

"My boy, I was rude and irreverent to you today. I come to say that I respect your scruples, and I 've put off the concert."

"Have you seen Mr. Pearce?" asked Charley. "The English chaplain here, I mean."

"No, no, I haven't; I don't know him. Now come and dine with me, and a few more."

Before dinner was announced Mr. Pearce was; and the interview was apparently satisfactory, for Mr. Crabbe beamed as he let the chaplain out. Then coming back to Charley, he clasped his pupil's hands, and exclaimed—

"Charley Atkins, you're a gentleman, and, what's more, a Christian. As long as I live I'll never advertise another Sunday concert."

It only remains for us to add that the concert, thanks to Mr. Pearce's assistance and to Charley's enthusiasm, was an immense success. All the English contingent came; many who paid, also gave handsomely; besides, Charley sang his best, and influenced his associates to do likewise. Not only was the charity benefited by Mr. Crabbe's payment in advance, but that good-hearted, impulsive, if passionate gentleman divided the excess receipts between the *artistes* and the charity; a "thank offering," as he shyly expressed it to Charley, "for having been taught his duty as a Christian."

"I'm not as good as I might be, my boy, but you've taught me a lesson, and I'll not forget it." Then Charley remembered the hymn, and was thankful to think that when something had to be done for Jesus' sake, he had done "what he could."

THE SPREAD OF THE KINGDOM.

LATER PIONEERS.

As early as the year 1814, Dr. Chalmers had advocated the formation of Missionary Societies in connection with the Scottish Church, and in a sermon preached in that year, had openly reproached Scotland, for her apathy in regard to missions. But she had not been altogether unmindful of her duty. In 1796 the Edinburgh or Scottish Missionary Society, and the Glasgow Missionary Society, were instituted upon the basis of the London Mission; but the stations that were formed in Africa, and in the East and West Indies, were ultimately transferred to the care of the United Presbyterian and Free Church Societies respectively.

In 1829, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland sent out Alexander Duff to Calcutta, charged with the duty of developing the educational schemes for which all the Scottish Missions have been distinguished. In July, 1830, the Institution of the Scottish Church was opened, with five young men as pupils; in less than a week there were more than three hundred applicants, and the success of the scheme was such that many of the leading Hindus took alarm at the serious inroads that were being made upon native doctrines and superstitions. Efforts were made to resist the influence of the Institution, but without avail; and Dr. Duff, writing in 1839, says, "The Governor-General, at last, did homage to it by publicly proclaiming in the face of India that it had produced unparalleled results."

Meanwhile the Rev. John Wilson in Bombay was working out the same plan as that pursued by Dr. Duff, and the success of the Bombay College was unquestionable. Endowed with great natural ability, which had been assiduously cultivated, Dr. Wilson was eminently qualified to influence the Hindu mind, over which for more than forty years he retained a remarkable ascendency.

In 1837 the Rev. John Anderson established at Madras a college similar in character to the institutions of Duff and Wilson; and it rose to a position of equal importance.

In 1843 came the Disruption, which split the Scottish Church into two parties. The whole of the missionaries and their converts joined the Free Church, but the General Assembly retained possession of, and still maintains, the colleges in the three provinces, and its agents are labouring successfully in the Punjaub and other parts of India, in China, and in Eastern Africa.

The Free Church began its work in 1844, with but £300 in the mission treasury; yet the missionaries not only resumed their educational plans, but undertook a new, and what has proved a successful enterprise in Nagpore (Central India). The collegiate institutions of the Free Church have become famous in the history of Indian missions. In Kaffraria, the Free Church Mission is in a prosperous condition, and the training institution at Lovedale is doing admirable work in educating the young of both sexes into habits

of industry and civilisation; besides which, numbers of young men are being prepared for evangelistic work. The Natal Mission, founded in 1867, has felt the blighting influence of war; nevertheless, some 500 Zulus have been brought into the Church of Christ. At Livingstonia, on the south-western shores of Lake Nyassa, the Free Church is engaged in establishing a missionary colony, as the fittest memorial of the noble man who gave up his life to benefit the African race. One grand result of the enterprise is the complete cessation of the slave-trade, which was formerly carried on to a large extent across the lake. The commercial affairs of the colony are undertaken by the Central African Trading Company, and the missionaries are thus relieved from all secular cares. The Melanesian Mission, commenced in 1852, has witnessed a repetition of the terrible scenes which accompanied the martyrdom of John Williams, in 1839. At Erramanga, the same island on which Mr. Williams was murdered, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, in 1861, and Mr. Gordon's brother, in 1872, shared a similar fate at the hands of the cannibal inhabitants. Aneityum, the most southerly island of the New Hebrides, is wholly Christianised. The Free Church missions include 3,384 communicants; and there are 300 schools, with 12,000 scholars, under its care.

The United Presbyterian Church entered the field in 1834, first occupying the island of Jamaica, where her agents have achieved no small success. In connection with the churches there are nearly 7,000 members, who almost wholly support their own pastors. At Old Calabar, one of the most degraded regions of Western Africa, a station was formed in 1846. The churches formed now contain over 200 members, under the care of five European missionaries and two native pastors; and there are nearly 1,800 children under instruction. The Kaffirland mission, founded in 1847, has, notwithstanding the baneful effects of war, afforded evidences of progress, the churches having 1,044 communicants in 1879, and 800 children under religious training. In Rajpootana (Central India) the society commenced operations in 1860, which have been attended with marked success. There is a Christian community of 600 persons, with 31 native preachers, and over 3,000 children in the mission schools. More recently the efforts of the society have been extended to China and Japan, "and progress is reported all along the line." Dr. Christlieb classes the United Presbyterian Church for liberality on behalf of missions as second only to the Moravian Church, which is the most missionary church in the world.

The present century has been distinguished for the rise of medical missions. Among the pagans of Africa, as well as among the more civilised peoples of India, China, and Japan, the medical missionary generally succeeds in gaining the confidence of the natives in a much shorter space of time than his clerical colleague. Obeying the Divine injunction, "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you," the medical missionary seeks to consecrate the healing art to the service of Christ; and for the purpose of developing this special department of labour, the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society was established in 1841. There are few British societies who do not employ some of the young men trained by this Society. Dr. Livingstone —perhaps the greatest of later pioneers—says truly, "that sending the Gospel to the heathen includes much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary—a man going about with a Bible under his arm." In his unparalleled experience of pagan races, he found the exercise of medical skill one of the best means of disarming suspicion and prejudice, and of conciliating those who appeared inaccessible by any other method. He also presents to us the true ideal of the missionary explorer. Dissociated from the society in whose service he commenced his career, it has become the fashion to speak of his work as "indirectly missionary;" but it is clear, from his recently-published biography, and from his own journals, that in his own mind all things else were subordinated to the purpose of winning Africa for Christ, and of healing the "open sore of the world" by procuring the abolition of the slave traffic. Putting aside the fact that he probably preached the Gospel to a larger number of men and women than any other modern missionary, a careful review of his work and its results can scarcely fail to convince us that he was "a man sent from God," to open up the Dark Continent to the light of heavenly truth, and to lay bare the sorrows of a down-trodden people to the sympathies of the whole Christian world.

In 1847 the Presbyterian Church of England sent its first missionary, William Chalmers Burns, to China. There are now fourteen missionaries in the districts of Amoy and Swatow, and seven in the island of Formosa. Connected with the missions in China and Formosa are 2,228 communicants, not less than 179 adult baptisms taking place in 1879.

During a visit to England in 1857, Dr. Livingstone pleaded the cause of missions at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the result was the formation of the Universities Mission to Central Africa. The mission party left England in 1860, under the leadership of Bishop Mackenzie, and settled on the shores of Lake Nyassa; but a series of untoward events occurred, culminating in the death of the bishop, and the abandonment of the mission. The enterprise has, however, been resumed, and, under the guidance of Bishop Steere, is making satisfactory progress over a considerable district in East Central Africa, and in the island of Zanzibar.

Amongst modern pioneers, the agents of the China Inland Mission occupy an important place. The mission was originated in 1865, with the object of evangelising those provinces of China which, up to that period, had been unvisited by Protestant missionaries. The purpose has been so far accomplished that stations have been formed in seven out of eleven vacant provinces, and in *all* the provinces there has

been itineration. There are 65 missionaries, male and female, 100 native helpers, and over 1,000 converts, in connection with the mission. The Foreign Missionary Association of the Society of Friends was formed in 1865, and there are now four European agents in Central India, who have been enabled to send to the Committee at home "regular accounts of the encouraging progress of the work." In Madagascar, too, the Society has not only carried on evangelistic work, but has rendered material assistance to the cause of missions in that island by means of a well-conducted mission press.

With the spread of education in India, it appears to be increasingly needful that Christian literature should be circulated, and, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Murdoch, the Christian Vernacular Society is supplying an acknowledged want, by preparing and distributing annually some hundreds of thousands of Scriptures, tracts, and books.

Not the least noteworthy fact in the history of modern missions is the formation of Ladies' Missionary Societies.

The oldest of these is the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. It was originated in 1834, when Mr. Abeel, a well-known American Missionary, came to England to plead the cause of female missions. The appeal was promptly responded to by a few Christian ladies, and the Society has grown to dimensions far exceeding the anticipations of its originators.

There is also the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, formed in 1852, having over forty European Zenana missionaries, with nearly one hundred schools, and one thousand two hundred Zenanas under their care. Then there are the Baptist Ladies' Zenana Mission, the London Society's Zenana Agency, the Free Church of Scotland Ladies' Society for Female Education in India and Africa, a similar society in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the Women's Missionary Association, in connection with the English Presbyterian Church. The importance of these Female Missions can scarcely be overrated. Mrs. Weitbrecht, in a paper read at the Mildmay Conference in 1878, after describing the social and moral degradation in which the Hindu women are sunk, says, "If the evangelisation of India's women is to be left *exclusively* to the paid missionaries of our various societies, so inadequately supported, we are safe in saying it will never be accomplished." And Mrs. Brittan, of the American Zenana Mission, in a paper read at the Allahabad Conference in 1872, says, "Perhaps you will think I magnify my own work when I say that I believe the work amongst the women of India to be now at this crisis the most important mission work in India. . . . . Depressed, debased, and degraded as woman is here, she is an almighty power for evil. The influence of the wife is little, that of the mother is unbounded. As long as that is only for evil, what hope can there be for the youth of India? The mother's influence in most cases far outweighs all others, and the missionaries can have very little success, or hope for little success, as long as India has such mothers as at present. But let the mothers of the rising generation be taught the pure truths, the moral precepts of Christianity, and to learn to respect it even if they do not accept it by a living faith, and they will teach it to their children. Let female education progress the next twenty years as it has the last ten, and I believe missionaries will find instead of here and there a stray convert, they will come 'as doves flock to their windows,' a great army."

HENRY CAPERN.

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD IN 1850.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL."

CHAPTER XI.—JEFFREY.

JEFFREY, Frances, and the little girls went down to the pier-head. It was a blustering day, and the waves were coming in grandly, breaking against the masonry, and flinging the spray right across the pier. The children amused themselves by daring a drenching in running past the dangerous points. Frances, with Jeffrey at her side, leaned over the wall, and gazed into the seething tumult below, and along the pier-side, where moment by moment the checking of ponderous waves wrought as by magic cloud-like showers, which were caught by the wind, and shaken into glittering film.

"I hope you're not tired of staying here, Jeffrey," said Frances, after a time; "I shall not want to move for hours."

"All right. You know I only care to do what pleases you."

"That is nice of you! Oh, look, there's a beauty! Now you're just too late," as Jeffrey moved his head languidly in the direction indicated. "How the waves quarrel! Do you see? When the big helpless things heave themselves up against the pier, and find they can't get any farther, they start off back again, and meet the others who think they ought to give them a chance now, and won't have it, so they fight and toss themselves up in spray. There! now they are at it again. Jeffrey, do look. You don't seem in the least interested, though the waves and I are both doing our best to amuse you."

"Well, I don't think much of the waves. I've seen a trifle bigger, you see. But as for you, well, it's just you that I am interested in. I haven't taken interest in much else since first I came home."

"That's a very bad effect for me to have," observed Frances maliciously; "is that why you so often speak disrespectfully to Aunt, and tease the children, and grumble at the dinner? Oh, just look at that wave!"

"Frances, I don't believe you've got a heart," said Jeffrey, solemnly.

His face and hair were very much of the same sunburnt shade, and his blue eyes being the only differing point of colour, they were the more capable of expression. To the pathetic reproach he threw into them now, Frances responded with a laugh. She was enjoying for the first time the naughty pleasure of exercising a pretty girl's prerogative.

"Do you know why I haven't given you a present to-day?" he asked.

"I should be afraid because you are too stingy," answered Frances, with an air of reproving mockery.

"No, it isn't. I'll tell you. I have been waiting till your eighteenth birthday came before asking you——"

Here Jeffrey's hat, which in his preoccupation he had forgotten to hold, was seized and carried off by a gust of wind. When he returned from the chase, Frances was laughing.

"Now it is you that are not interested," he said, in an aggrieved tone. "Don't you care to know what I was going to ask you?"

"Yes, I'm dying to know: but you did look so funny running after your hat, and so you do now holding it on. It is impossible to help laughing at funny things."

"Frances, do be serious. It's a serious enough matter to me. I must have it out now. I've been waiting till to-day to ask you something, and then I thought I could give you a present worth having. I want to ask you to be engaged to me. It seems so jolly and appropriate on your birthday, you know."

Frances' colour, already brilliant with wind and exercise, became vivid. For a few moments she was too startled to reply.

"Engaged to you! Oh, Jeffrey! what made you think of such a thing? It is absurd."

"Absurd? not at all. Why?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing."

Jeffrey began to frown.

"That's no answer. Why is it absurd?"

"Jeffrey, if you look so cross, I shall think it is a joke."

Jeffrey deigned no notice of this remark, but by his look rigidly demanded to be answered.

"It is absurd, because—well, in the first place I have promised my father never to marry a sailor."

"Oh, I'll soon make it all right with the Captain. He's not the fellow to make you stick to your word."

"I would not do anything that he did not like, for worlds."

"But I tell you I'll ask him."

"Mercy, no! don't tell him about it. He would think I had been deceiving him."

"Well, won't you tell him? Is that the only reason?"

"It is quite enough; but there are a great many others, if you are not satisfied with that."

"What are they? Can't you care for me a little, Frances, when I care so much for you?"

"Oh, Jeffrey, dear! don't be so pathetic, or else what shall I say? Do look another way while these people pass."

Jeffrey assumed an heroic air of indifference at the command of his lady-love, and turned his gaze landwards, as though the view of the shipping and the cliffs possessed a vital interest for him.

"Let us be walking home," said Frances, suddenly. "Do you know, Jeffrey, I don't somehow feel right and honest in letting you talk to me like this. For I don't intend to tell my father anything about it, and I don't at all like the feeling of having a secret. Besides, I feel quite mean towards your mother and sisters. You ought not to think of any one but them. They mind so much about your caring for them, and I don't at all. In fact, I 'd rather you didn't, and it seems such a pity."

"Oh, bother my mother and sisters!" exclaimed Jeffrey, savagely, and moving on very slowly and reluctantly. "Now, come, Frances, I would do anything you asked me but this, but I have a right to an answer. I did not think you were one of the girls who keep fellows on the tenter-hooks for the fun of the thing."

"Oh, Jeffrey, no; surely I am not so mean as that. I have told you that it can never be."

"Yes, but you gave me no reason worth anything. Do you care for me?"

"I don't dislike you, but I have promised, and I would never let myself like you much."

"Then you care more for your father than for me. I may make myself jolly well sure of that."

Frances opened her eyes upon him in astonishment.

"Oh, Jeffrey, I should think so! Did you think I could under any circumstances care for you as much as that? I love his little finger a whole world more than I could ever love the whole of you."

Jeffrey stood still, stared at her, then shrugged his shoulders, and walked on, uttering only an expressive "Well!" When they reached the Hill Cottage gate, they shook hands. "I suppose I may consider myself sent about my business," said Jeffrey, with an air rather aggressive than crestfallen.

"Yes, please, and I would rather you never said a word more about it."

The cousins parted, and Jeffrey did say no more about it, to Frances at least, but every week as it passed strengthened the young fellow in his conviction that Frances did not know her own mind, and that if he could get his uncle to be on his side there would be little difficulty with his cousin.

One evening when October had come, and cold autumnal weather had set in, Magdalen sat alone in the drawing-room, sewing by lamplight. She was awaiting her husband's return from the town, whither he had gone to see his sister. Frances was at Lawn Court. She had been fetched that afternoon to play tennis with some other of Mrs. Verney's young friends. Mrs. Rae's face was daily growing in difference from Magdalen Ford's; it was gaining a more decided expression. There had used to be upon it a kind of cold passiveness, which not seldom had even been described as scornful by observers who were prejudiced, or who had not the acuteness to perceive that it arose from a chronic lack of interest in life. Her face was fuller of meaning, and she smiled oftener. She was acquiring the look of a happy woman. Happiness is a word which possesses no general definition, but is rich in individual ones; and the word stands for a substance whose component parts vary as infinitely as there are infinite diversities of human character. The elements of Magdalen's happiness might have formed another woman's unhappiness. She had exchanged ease, luxury, leisure, for a life of service and responsibility. She had, however, by the exchange, gained exactly what her nature needed for its satisfaction. Life had become to her entirely worth living. All her faculties were put to use, she had duties worth performing, difficulties worthy of whole-minded effort, and the worth-doingness of everything, the mental content, sprang from heart content. The newly-acquired power of loving was the secret of Magdalen's happiness. She was a woman who could do or suffer anything, and with gladness, if her heart were but in it; and—strange freak of the blind god—it had been reserved for Captain Rae, a simple, kindly, unpretentious soul, to draw her heart into everything with which he had to do.

As Magdalen sat sewing with a look on her face as though a smile were just ready to dawn, the front-door bell rang, and the Captain arrived.

"They are in a terrible way down at Emily's," he said as he came in; "Jeff's off in a week."

"Ah, so I have just heard. I think it is a very good thing, both on his own account and on ours."

"Why on ours?" asked the Captain, sitting down by the fire.

"The boy thinks himself in love with Frances, Michael, and he has been here to-night to talk to me about it."

"The rascal! This is a very unpleasant surprise. But what about Frances?"

"She has told Jeffrey of her promise to you, and that she means to keep it."

"Bless her! But I will not allow it. I will never consent to such a thing." The Captain left his seat and walked uneasily about the room.

"I don't think you need be alarmed. Jeffrey has promised to go away without any further attempt to win her heart, which I do not at all think he has succeeded in doing at present. And a few months at sea are very likely to send her out of his head. His feeling will do him good while it lasts; for there is the making of a man after all in that boy, I believe." Magdalen bent again over her sewing, for her husband had returned to the fire, and was looking into it thoughtfully, and in silence. Presently she looked up and met his eyes.

"My dear," he said, "how you cheer me! Everything goes right and well when you take it in hand.

What a different life from my old one! In spite of myself, you make me satisfied and happy."

"Michael, I do not understand that 'in spite of myself.' You make me satisfied and happy, but I add no such clause as that."

"No, of course not, I can understand that," said the Captain, sighing.

Again there was silence, which Magdalen employed in puzzling over the meaning of the last speech. Again, on looking up, she encountered her husband's eyes. They held her own by the wistfulness in them.

"This is a very dull life for you," he said, speaking slowly, as if with pain, "after what you have been used to. I wish I could make you go out more, or see your friends here. I have given you nothing but cares, no pleasures of any kind."

Magdalen threw her work down and came to her husband with very unusual impetuosity. She knelt by his side, took hold of both his hands, and looked into his face. "Michael, there is something wrong with you. I have thought so for some time, and now I am perfectly sure of it. You must tell me what it is, or I shall be unhappy."

"No, no, my child, don't be unhappy; there is nothing wrong, nothing wrong."

The Captain spoke with great effort. With a kind of shrinking tenderness he was stroking Magdalen's hair with a caress more like a breath than the touch of a big hand like his. She took it between both of hers and kissed it, and said, cheerfully—

"Never let me hear you talk so again, Michael. You know well enough that to be what I am to you is the greatest happiness possible for me."

"'I've been waiting till to-day to ask you something.'"—*p.* 670.

"Yes, I can well believe that," said her husband, in a low voice.

Soon after, the servant came in with a letter for the Captain.

"Who 's my correspondent?" he queried.

He broke it open, and read the contents aloud—

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to inform you that, in consequence of an unavoidable change in my plans, I find myself obliged to discontinue the lessons I have been in the habit of giving to your daughter. As a fresh term commenced only three weeks ago, there will be no account to settle between us. Kindly express my regrets to Miss Rae.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

PAUL WESLEY.

"Here's a pretty business," remarked the Captain,

running his eye a second time over the note; "this won't please Miss France, I'm afraid. 'In consequence of an unavoidable change in my plans.' Why can't he give a plain reason? I call this a most extraordinary proceeding on the fellow's part, don't you?"

"It is certainly very abrupt. I should think he has been offered work that would pay him better, and if so he would not like to state his reason more plainly. He is poor and proud. But I am very sorry. It will be a great disappointment to Frances, and will give a check to her music, in which her progress lately has really amazed me."

"Ah, yes. I'm sorry, too. I was glad for France to get her lessons from him. I've a respect for the young fellow. I used to know old Wesley the father when he was a prosperous solicitor, and held his head uncommonly high. He was fond of boasting of this Paul, who was doing great things at Oxford. But he died insolvent, to the surprise of everybody. The family has had a hard struggle since then. And the young man has behaved very creditably, I believe, all through."

When Frances arrived she went straight to the drawing-room before taking her hat and jacket off. She came into the room as fresh as a daisy from the breath of the brisk night wind, and full of messages which Mrs. Verney had sent to her sister, and of merry and rather malicious comments on the events of her visit.

"Come here, Frances, and sit on my knee," said her father. "Now let's see what stuff you are made of, and how you can bear bad news. I have got two shocking pieces for you."

"Oh?" said Frances, wonderingly. "What are they?"

Had she known it, she was being placed under two burning glasses of observation, the Captain and Magdalen being both intent to watch her every look movement under the communication of Jeffrey's departure.

"Will you have the worst first?" asked the Captain.

"Certainly. Be quick, papa, or you'll make me nervous."

"Well, the worst is that Jeffrey is ordered to sea in a week's time, and the other you shall discover as I did," and he put the music-master's note into her hand.

Frances did not exclaim nor start, but she changed colour. She always took surprises quietly, their first effect being a kind of mental paralysis. So the onlookers did not gain much from their observation. She moved from her father's knee, and put the note down on the table before she spoke.

"Yes, they are both bad news," she said. "I am sorry Jeffrey is to go so soon, but still I think he has had enough of idleness." Then she went up-stairs to take off her hat.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CAPTAIN GIVES TROUBLE.

THE day of Jeffrey's departure came and went, and Frances betrayed little emotion at parting with him, though poor Jeffrey wrung her hand hard and his blue eyes gave her a last look through tears. But Magdalen very soon began to perceive with alarm a complete failure of spirits in Frances. She frequently appeared listless, absent-minded, replying to proposals involving active exertion that she was too tired. This was a strange thing in a girl who was used to darting about from morning to night graceful and light as a swallow, and apparently with as little fear of fatigue. She showed an unusual liking for needlework, and would, if unnoticed, now and then let it fall from her fingers and take to gazing into the fire. She began to lose her appetite, and even her colour; and Magdalen's anxiety grew daily. At times she felt inclined to blame herself for having allowed the two cousins to see so much of each other. At others she doubted her wisdom in having sent Jeffrey away as she had done; yet, on the whole, remained of the opinion that Frances would recover her cheerfulness the more speedily that no definite engagement existed. The girl avoided dexterously all delicately-devised schemes for obtaining her confidence, and Magdalen had too strong a belief in the sanctity of a human soul to force her way into it. She ceaselessly endeavoured to divert her from her trouble. She felt a great regret that the music lessons should be put an end to just at this particular time, for they, she was sure, would have cheered her. Now she never opened the piano. Magdalen offered her own services, pointing out to her that she ought not to lose what she had gained from Mr. Wesley by neglecting her practice. Frances replied that she would begin in a few days, but, at the few days' end, she was no more willing than before. She did not lose her sweetness of temper. Magdalen would often have hailed a pettish answer as a relief from her unvarying docility and spiritlessness. She no longer betrayed any shyness with Magdalen, nor any tinge of jealousy. Her mind appeared bent in some other direction.

Frances did not form Magdalen's only anxiety at this time. Though the Captain did not show it outwardly as Frances did, and maintained his ordinary flow of spirits, his wife had for some time past been aware that all was not right with him. She felt that on some points she had not his confidence. He had a trouble of which he could not tell her. She had

hard work between the two anxieties to keep up heart. She had a lesson set her not easy to be learned by self-reliant capable natures—she had to learn her own powerlessness, and to stand on one side and wait.

A month after Jeffrey's departure, Magdalen and Frances were in the drawing-room one afternoon, each with a book in her hand, neither reading, but busy with thoughts. The day was a mild one, and the windows were open, for the two were of one mind in their liking for fresh air. Frances sat by the window, and looked now out to the distant sea, and now into the room before her. Though small and simple, it had an air both of refinement and comfort. Francis loved this room. She glanced at the bright fire, her piano, and on the sofa the figure of her mother full of nobility and gentleness. Then she thought of her father, how good he was, how dear and loving, how well and happy. How dared she be unhappy when God had given her so much? She must rise above her trouble, and rejoice in all the good that surrounded her. The trouble, after all, was only in her own mind. No one knew anything of it but herself. She could almost persuade herself that it was imaginary. She would shake it off; yet in the very act, as she supposed, of doing so, she sighed at a fresh realisation of it.

By-and-by she looked up, as the click of the garden gate struck on her ear. Her uncle, Dr. Russell, was coming up the path. She exclaimed in surprise, and Magdalen, who had just then risen, came forward to see the cause.

"There is something the matter!" cried Frances, impulsively.

"No, dear, why should there be?" answered Magdalen, in a soothing tone. Frances had grown nervous lately. But the girl scarcely heard; she had sprung up to open the door for her uncle.

The doctor was a man whose sensibilities had become much hardened in the course of years of familiarity with miseries and fatalities, but as he looked at the two women he hesitated over the news he had come to bring. It is no light matter to strike terror into unsuspecting loving hearts, and a man may well be forgiven if he gets through it clumsily.

"Now, Frances," he said, seeing her first, "you must show your spirit. Ah, Mrs. Rae," as she came through the drawing-room door, "you will do so, I know. There is plenty to be done, and things might have been a great deal worse. The fact is, we are bringing the Captain home, and you must have a room ready for him. He has had an ugly fall. They took him into a cottage, and moving him is a bad job, but on the whole I decided it would be best to get him home at once. I have not a moment to remain. I did not like to send a stranger up to you. My assistant is there, and we have sent to the barracks for an ambulance cart. I must not stay to enter into particulars. I don't suppose we shall be more than half an hour in getting up."

"How is he hurt?" Magdalen asked calmly, but with a face which had grown absolutely colourless.

"He fell on his head. I have not made a thorough examination yet, but I don't imagine there is any other mischief. He is not in pain—in fact, you must prepare yourselves for seeing him unconscious."

"Will he die?" said Frances. Neither of the women had moved since the doctor began to speak. It was in neither of them to faint or shriek. But Frances' voice, naturally full of music, sounded harsh and hard.

"No, no, certainly not," answered the doctor, sharply turning to her. "Now, my dear, don't excite yourself—above all things, don't excite yourself." Then, after a few hurried directions to Magdalen, he was gone, with a last injunction to them "to keep cool." Magdalen and Frances dared not speak one word to each other of what had befallen them—they even avoided looking at one another. Each felt the same necessity for thinking and doing only superficially. To realise would be to lose the possibility of action. There was more than enough to be done. The doctor had told them what he should require. There was the Captain's room to prepare, the servant had to be sent for ice, and there was work which must be finished before the whole existence should be swallowed up in the coming struggle with death. For neither was deceived by the doctor's ready assurance. It was so unhesitating, so evidently given on principle, that it carried with it the conviction that there was little ground for hope. The moments came and passed. Through such moments, at other times, it appears impossible to live, yet, when they come to us, we breathe, we live, our senses are alert, we do all that has to be done, our minds seize on the practical necessities and issues of each moment with unnatural acuteness, even insignificant details of no bearing, which would usually escape us, are noticed then—in fact, one part of us appears to live supremely, but it is the life of a machine. In the midst of it all we wonder where the feeling, living, loving I is gone.

But all too soon all that can be done is done. That strange awful procession has gone by. Gently, slowly they have carried him up. No lifting, no jolting, nor the bustle of the streets, and the loud voices, have awakened him from that solemn terrible sleep. He lies helpless and still where they have laid him, breathing slow deep breaths. They have probed the terrible gash, and bound it up skilfully. The white bandages make the brown face look ashen—the same dear handsome face that looked at them smiling as he passed the window only two hours before.

When all was done, standing beside the bed, the doctor told them how it had happened—told them in a loud unhushed voice that filled them with nervous terror. It went too near declaring that this was a sleep from which there could never come an awakening. They instinctively yearned to pull down the blinds, to quiet the house, and hush voices and foot-

falls. But Dr. Russell had door and window open, and in this light breezy chamber walked and spoke with too evidently no thought of caution.

The Captain had been walking on the Castle Heights, he said, where there were terraced roads, divided by grass slopes. A passer-by on a lower road had seen the Captain on the one above. A little child, some way in front of him, apparently run away from its nurse in search of adventures, was climbing down the steep side of the dividing bank. It had not gone far before, its bold spirit deserting it, it set up a piteous cry, and stood still, afraid either to come on or go back.

"Holloa!" cried the Captain, coming up and looking over the bank, "you're not half a man. For the credit of an Englishman, aren't you coming back?"

The child, looking up in astonishment, stopped his crying for a moment, but speedily resumed it again, evidently too frightened to budge.

The Captain thereupon climbed down to him, with a too confident agility, and in one terrible moment more was laying motionless at the feet of the narrator. Others had come up, and they had lifted him into a cottage by the side of the road. And some one who knew him had sent for Dr. Russell.

And now there was nothing to be done but to watch and wait, in the presence of this which was neither life nor death, but might any moment become either. The peacefulness of that figure was awful, himself taking no part as it were in the terrible suspense: to what far distance had that tender self-forgetful spirit gone, that its two dearest ones should thus be left to utter loneliness and fear! Now that action was over, Magdalen became the weaker of the two women. Courage had been hers only by force of will. To Frances it had belonged by reason of a strong nervous excitement which had kept her up with sharp tight tension not yet relaxed. This nervous excitement in some sensitive natures mercifully throws out a kind of shield to ward off the full realisation of the present. Magdalen had no such shield, and her realisation was thorough and intense. Hour after hour she sat by her husband's side holding in hers his unresponding hand, with a white still face, down which the tears fell one after another unheeded. It was Frances who brought her a cup of tea and made her drink it, who roused the terrified servant from her stupor to a sense of her unfinished work, who answered the inquiries which one after another came to make, and who went down to see her aunt when she arrived. Mrs. Russell was almost awed by Frances' unnatural calm. Her sobbing and bemoaning was hushed in an imperative way, and she was sent away with the assurance that if they wanted help she should give it. Frances had hard work to persuade her to go; she wanted to stay and watch with them, but the girl felt as though her wailings would drive her crazy.

Night came, familiar night, which had come so many hundred times before, bringing parting kisses and happy rest; now bringing only a change of light into the one chamber, and a deeper stillness, they two watching while the world slept. Dr. Russell, who was to stay in the house, to be ready for any change, lay down on the bed in Frances' room. He would have had Frances also rest, for he said the strength should be economised which might have to be so sorely tried, but she refused, and her mother could not urge it. They sat in silence, and heard all the sounds of day die out, till the ticking of the clock, and once or twice a whistle on the distant railway, as a night train whizzed to or from the boats, alone relieved the stillness. Magdalen's whole being seemed to be but an aching love and a voiceless prayer, which never for a moment wandered from her husband. But Frances' mind, on the other hand, was active, restless, not daring for long together to dwell with her father. A conviction had seized her, growing in certainty hour by hour, that she had seen her mother sitting there, a conviction that even in those hours brought to her strange stirring contradictions of feelings—startled wonder, gladness, pain. Magdalen had sat for hours in the same position, her figure bending over the bed, her hand holding her husband's. The dim light fell on her pale features, her eyes never moving from her husband's face, and her lips compressed to endurance. "This is not pity, this is love," cried Frances' heart, and her whole soul went out to meet her. Her gaze must have had some intense quality magnetically attracting. It drew Magdalen's eyes away from her husband. When she met her daughter's look, the endurance which had held her face in rigid lines dropped from it like a veil at the instant. It became an appeal of piteous suffering.

Neither knew whose had been the first movement, but in another moment Frances had Magdalen in her arms, and she was sobbing long tearless sobs upon her shoulder. Frances strained her tight, and called her "Mother! mother!" in full intense tones. Alas! there was no need to hush the sobs, though he whose heart they would have gone near to break was lying so close beside them. He was wrapt away from them beyond reach of their love or sorrow. In that solemn unheeding presence the two women had found each other out. There was no need of words. Each knew that she was loved, and in that knowledge was strength and comfort under the very shadow of death. Through the long hours that had passed, each heart had borne its own separate weight of lonely anguish—alone, though in the other's outward presence. Abandoned by the one being dearest to both, the world had been utterly desolate. Now no longer would either suffer alone, but together, heart meeting heart through clasped hands and seeking eyes. By-and-by Magdalen said—

"Kneel down. I could pray now."

For a time they knelt in silence, with hands that would not let each other go. Neither was praying, except in that formless prayer which only seeks God's presence, and rests therein. They were lifted up above the need of actual request into the consciousness that

they and the life for which they yearned were together held in God's hand.

Magdalen's voice rose at length, growing in depth and fulness as she proceeded—

"Almighty and everlasting God, Who art always more ready to hear than we are to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve, pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy, forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord."

It was a divine instinct which had led Magdalen to utter the old well-loved words. They sank as such familiar sacredness alone can do into each heart with soothing. They rose and began again the wearying watch. But daylight was glimmering in the East, and a new day had dawned in their hearts.

At five o'clock the Captain moved one hand. They pressed up close, and spoke, and touched him, and gazed with a passionate expectancy that might have waked the dead. He sighed heavily. He raised his eyelids wearily, and a living spirit looked out from beneath.

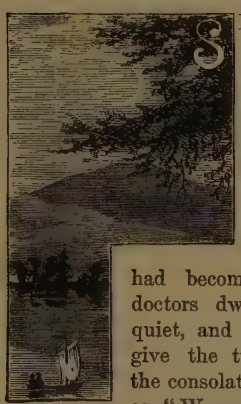
"Michael, Michael, do you know me?" cried Magdalen.

His eyes sought her face confusedly, painfully.

"Of course, my dear; why shouldn't I know you?" he said, and then sank back into the darkness again.

But the two women fell to crying with joy; and the doctor came, and gave them hope.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CROOKED MADE STRAIGHT.



SEVEN days have passed. At first hope had been only a feeble glimmer, often quenched altogether. The three doctors watching the case shook their heads and expressed themselves with the vagueness which only their race can command. But three days ago hope had become steadier, and now the doctors dwell on care, and absolute quiet, and good nursing, and cease to give the trembling pale-faced women the consolation that lies in such answers as, "We must hope for the best; your husband has a good sound constitution," or, "Everything is being done for your father that can be done, you may take comfort in that."

That week of terrible anxiety, and of hard work—for after the first long interval of unconsciousness the nursing became difficult and arduous—has told upon both Magdalen and Frances, though in different ways. With the growth of hope, Magdalen's strength had grown. Though worn out physically, her stupor of will has left her; she can take proper food and sleep, can organise and direct, and has regained her elastic step and clear serenity of look.

Poor Frances, on the other hand, breaks down utterly when the relief from the strain comes. Each day of renewed hope takes away from her fictitious strength, and Magdalen has her anxiety here as well as in the sick-room.

There are many helpers now; indeed, there would be too many were Magdalen to accept all who offer their services. Inquiries and little offerings are made at the door constantly.

The door-bell, swathed in flannel, shakes noiselessly in the kitchen over poor Susan's head, till her aching legs bring her to the point of declaring, with repentance already at her heart, "that she could wish poor master was not so beliked-of in the town, that she could!"

One day, a bunch of purple blooming grapes was left, of Eshcol magnificence, with an inquiry, but no message or name. They were supposed to have come from the parents of the child who had been the innocent cause of the accident.

On this evening of the seventh day, Frances' fortitude entirely gave way. She had been in her father's room, and he had talked to her for some minutes in his weak voice in the old loving playful fashion. Immediately after, she came down-stairs into the dining-room, and burst out crying hysterically and violently. Susan, hearing her from the kitchen, ran to her aid, and did her best to soothe her by alternately poking a smelling-bottle at her, and entreating her to "keep up, poor dear." These measures failing, she had to go for "missis," much against her will, for poor "missis" was resting. She came, however, at once. She saw that love and leave to cry were what Frances wanted; and now she was no longer afraid of a repulse. At one time Frances would have tried to hush her sobs when Magdalen entered. Now each was confident with the other. Frances' emotion was allowed to spend itself, and then she was gently obliged to drink a cup of tea, which was a form of consolation understood and supplied by the thoughtful Susan, to lie down on the sofa, tucked up in shawls, and to try to go to sleep. Magdalen sat by her awhile in silence, and then stooped to kiss her, thinking the work of soothing done, and that she might go. But Frances, to her surprise, suddenly rose.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, "I believe you love me now."

"You are quite right, Frances; I do."

"You will not love me when you know what I must tell you. You mustn't go on being good to me without knowing what I have felt about you, and something I did."

Magdalen tried to make her lie down again.

"Whatever you have to talk to me about, let it wait, my child. We are neither of us fit for any more excitement. Try to go to sleep, and think of nothing."

But Frances would not let her mother touch her, and she left the sofa, and stood.

"No," she said; "I must tell you now. This minute, or perhaps I dare not. When you came here first, I did not love you, because I thought you so cold-hearted, and only caring for duty and things like that, and because you looked down on me, and thought I was a trouble to papa; and most of all because he thought you really loved him, when all the while you were only sorry for him; and then—then, when I found that was true——"

"How did you do that, Frances?" asked Magdalen, quickly. She, too, was standing now, and listening with a quickening sense of a coming enlightenment.

"I picked up a piece of paper one day when I was angry with you, and read what you had written on it, without thinking. It was true, you said, that you had married from motives of pity; and then papa came in——"

"'Oh, mamma!' she said, 'I believe you love me now.'"—*p.* 676.

She stopped, frightened by her mother's look.

"Go on, Frances. What then?"

"I showed it to him. Oh, mamma, I was sorry the moment I had done it."

"And he believed it?"

"I don't know. He sent me away, and he never spoke to me about it."

"Is this all you have to tell me?"

"Yes."

"I am glad at least that you have done no further mischief."

Magdalen spoke in a cold stern voice. Every word cut Frances like a knife. Magdalen was seldom angry, but on such rare occasions her anger glowed to a white heat. The passion swept clean away before it all consideration of extenuating circumstances, the generosity of the confession, the piteousness of the appeal in the drooping figure, and the pale face with its eyes red with weeping, and the quivering lips. She turned and left her, without another word. Of herself she did not think any more than of Frances; it was for her husband that her anger burned, that his heart should have been thus wantonly played with, thus cruelly wounded, and that he might have gone away from her for ever with the shadow brought by that falsehood still between them. It was scarcely against Frances that her anger was directed. It was a kind of passionate impersonal resentment, as of a mother whose children have been stolen away, she knows not how. Her passion almost overlooked Frances, the insignificant cause of the mischief.

Frances watched her, as she passed out of the room, with fascinated eyes. She could utter no prayer for forgiveness. There was too awful a majesty in that retreating figure. She heard her go up-stairs with a soft yet decided tread, and then, as she expected, she heard her footsteps overhead. She had gone to her husband. She would not delay one moment to carry comfort to him, she would tell him softly that Frances had done wrong, that whatever it had been, it was love, not pity, now, and then she would kiss him, they would be happy—perfectly happy in each other. And she, Frances, was shut out. Her mother had begun to love her, now her heart would be turned from her. They would neither of them want her, nor love her. Her mother was angry, her father would be angry because she had come between them.

Frances would, perhaps, never pass through more bitter moments than those when, desolate and forsaken, she lay on the sofa of the dimly-lighted dining-room, too exhausted to cry, with her own hidden trouble gnawing at her heart, and the picture of those two in the room above painting itself on her fancy. Yet never, perhaps, would poor Frances reach a higher nobleness and a truer blessedness, for crushed down by pain, with her whole soul she willingly bore it; laid fast hold of the happiness which had come to those others, clasped it close to her heart and rejoiced in it. Through her passion for her father, narrow and exacting, yet true, and for that reason capable of being purified by fire, she had climbed through pain and discipline to a higher region of self-renunciation. She was content, yes, even content that those two should forget her, those two so much better and worthier than she.

In the meanwhile a swift resolve had, as Frances had supposed, carried Magdalen straight to her husband's side. Not an hour longer must they be parted in feeling. He was sensible—he could hear her. Who could tell that the angel of death might not yet be hovering near? But when she reached the bedside she checked herself in her impetuous intent. He lay with closed eyes, too utterly weak to look up. She motioned the nurse to leave the room. Then she said, slowly, in low clear tones, "Darling, don't trouble yourself to speak to me. I have just heard from Frances what you have both been thinking about me, and I cannot wait till you are better before I tell you that it is not true. I married you because I loved you with my whole heart, and soul, and strength. I will explain some day, but now you must just believe me."

The Captain's hand searched for hers, his eyes looking at her. He was very weak, and the tears brimmed them, and fell over on to the sunken cheeks. His lips moved to speak, but failed, and he shook his head feebly; but his eyes, full of an absolutely child-like love and trust, spoke for him. Magdalen stooped and kissed away the tears, and then followed a silence better than words.

But at last across Magdalen's content there fell a shadow; it was the thought of Frances. It was not in Magdalen's magnanimous nature to retain resentment after a wrong had been righted. She went down immediately to find her. Frances looked up as she entered, and her aspect woke all the motherliness in her.

"My poor little child!" she said, taking her into her arms.

"Can you ever forgive me?" said Frances; though had she not felt that forgiveness was hers already, she could not have asked for it.

"It would be strange if I could not, Frances. It was all a mistake. I must explain it to you; we must explain things to each other. We are no longer strangers, to misunderstand one another."

Magdalen spoke in a bright tender tone. They talked of all that each had felt, and Frances knew for the first time what it was to have a mother.

(To be concluded.)

CRITICISMS ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

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FIRST PAPER—THE GOSPELS AND ACTS.

THE great object aimed at by the appointment of the New Testament Revision Company in 1870, was the production of an English translation of the New Testament which might be generally accepted in place of the present Authorised Version. Perhaps, however, it was scarcely reasonable to expect that this most desirable object would be all at once accomplished. The ablest body of revisers could hardly do more than make a tentative effort towards the end which, it is to be hoped, will ultimately be reached. If, as one of the Company, I may be allowed to express any opinion as to the learning, ability, and persevering labour brought to bear by my colleagues upon the work, I must say that they displayed all these qualities in a degree which could not have been surpassed. But notwithstanding this, I had not long been connected with the undertaking, when a deep conviction arose in my mind that the results of our labours were not such as seemed likely to secure general acceptance. And since the Company was practically dissolved, in November last year, and I have had the opportunity of subjecting our completed work to a critical review, I must own that a fresh perusal of the Revision from beginning to end has greatly deepened my impression, that a satisfactory translation of the New Testament into the English language still remains to be produced.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that the publication of the Revised Version has contributed, and will contribute, largely towards the desired result, and that in at least two ways, as the following remarks will indicate :—

First, the new version undoubtedly contains many improvements upon the old. This is true as respects both text and translation. Under both these heads, it has placed in the possession of the British public amendments which will never be lost sight of in time to come. This might be illustrated from almost every chapter ; but let a single example of each class of improvements suffice, by way of suggestion. At 1 Peter iii. 15, where the Authorised Version reads, "But sanctify the *Lord God* in your hearts," the Revised Version has, "But sanctify in your hearts *Christ as Lord*"—a clear additional proof-text (when compared with Isaiah viii. 13, which is undoubtedly referred to) of the supreme Godhead of our Saviour ; for, since the Apostle Peter here applies to *Christ* language made use of by the prophet in reference to *Jehovah*, a striking affirmation is thus tacitly made of the Saviour's own statement—John x. 30—"I and my Father are *one*." Again, at Acts iii. 19, 20, a very erroneous and hurtful rendering of the Authorised Version is corrected in the Revised translation. The Authorised has, "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, *when* the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord ; and He shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you." But the Revised runs thus—"Repent ye therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, *that so* there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord ; and *that He may send* the Christ who hath been appointed for you, even Jesus." The change made in the latter part of this passage—"hath been appointed," for "was preached"—is due to a change of reading, and is of comparatively small importance ; but the reader should carefully mark the change of translation, to which attention is above called by the italics. There can be no doubt that the original will not admit of the Authorised rendering, and that the Greek must be understood as represented in the Revised Version ; but, then, let it be observed what an essential bearing the passage, when thus properly translated, has upon eschatological doctrine. It indicates, in accordance with the analogy of Scripture throughout, that the conversion of the Jews is a necessary, and the only necessary, preliminary to the coming of those "seasons of refreshing," so often spoken of by the prophets, and to the second advent of our Lord and Saviour. Such gains as these, we may be sure, will never be lost sight of in any subsequent edition of the English New Testament.

But, secondly, the publication of the present Revised Verson will powerfully tend towards the production of an English translation of the New Testament, which may be generally accepted in place of the existing Authorised Version, by the extraordinary interest and energy which it will direct to the subject. A very large amount of criticism will, beyond all question, be expended on the work of the Revisers. Much of that criticism will, doubtless, be

of little worth, but much also may be expected to be possessed of great value. And thus a sure, perhaps a speedy, advance will be made towards the end desired—an English version approaching as near to perfection as possible. To help, however slightly, in this vast enterprise, I now proceed, with all deference to the judgment of the majority of my late colleagues, to set before the reader certain "criticisms," which, it appears to me, may be fairly made upon the Revised Version.

I shall arrange my remarks under the four following heads :—*First*, Needless changes which have been made upon the Authorised Version; *secondly*, Positive changes for the worse which have been accepted; *thirdly*, Hurtful or uncalled for changes due to excessive rigidity of rendering; and, *fourthly*, Useless or misleading marginal readings.

I. Needless changes that have been made on the Authorised Version.

It was one of the wise instructions given to the Revisers by the body which summoned them into existence, that they were "to introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the Authorised Version consistently with faithfulness." The reasonableness of this principle is obvious. Even obvious improvements are with difficulty admitted into a book so much read as the English Bible. The ear grudges the loss of words so familiar, and cannot but feel, for a time, that the new expressions which have been introduced are harsh and grating. Where, however, there is an undeniable gain in correctness, all intelligent persons will readily submit to the disagreeable effect of change, and will be thankful for the clearer idea of the meaning of the original which has been conveyed to them. But the case is very different when no very certain or obvious gain has been secured. Change is then simply intolerable. Even if a scholar may perceive that some minute approach has been made towards greater accuracy, that fact will not make up for the loss caused by alteration in the judgment of the people. Both the rendering and the rhythm of the Authorised Version should have been held absolutely sacred, unless a plain and decided advantage were to be gained by changing them. I greatly fear that the Revised Version has gone astray in this respect. To my mind there are in it numerous small changes for which there was no necessity. Let the reader consider whether in the following passages (only a few out of many) there is any adequate equivalent for the loss which, in a popular book like the Bible, must always result from alteration.

AUTHORISED VERSION.	REVISED VERSION.
Matt. v. 26.—Till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.	Till thou *have* paid the *last* farthing.
Matt. vi. 13.—And lead us not into temptation.	And *bring* us not into temptation.
Matt. xi. 26.—Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.	*Yea*, Father, for so it *was well-pleasing* in thy sight.
Mark v. 36.—Be not afraid, only believe.	*Fear not*, only believe.
Mark xii. 13.—To catch him in his words.	That they might catch him *in talk*.
Mark xii. 22.—Last of all the woman died also.	Last of all the woman *also died*.
Mark xiii. 34.—To every man his work.	To *each one* his work.
Luke iii. 4.—Prepare ye the way of the Lord.	*Make ye ready* the way of the Lord.
Luke vii. 41.—There was a certain creditor which had two debtors.	A certain *lender* had two debtors.
Luke ix. 41.—Bring thy son hither.	Bring *hither* thy son.
John vi. 27.—Labour not for the meat which perisheth.	*Work* not for the meat which perisheth.
John vii. 46.—Never man spake like this man.	Never man *so spake*.*
John xiv. 27.—Neither let it be afraid.	Neither let it be *fearful*.
John xxi. 1.—And on this wise showed he himself.	And he manifested himself on this wise.
Acts xi. 19.—To none but unto the Jews only.	To none save only to Jews.
Acts xix. 39.—But if ye enquire anything concerning other matters.	But if ye *seek* anything *about* other matters.
Acts xxiv. 16.—To have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men.	To have a conscience void of offence toward God and men *alway*.

I now proceed to notice—

II. Positive changes for the worse which have been accepted.

AUTHORISED VERSION.	REVISED VERSION.
Matt. xv. 9.—Teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.	Teaching as *their* doctrines the precepts of men.
Matt. xviii. 6.—It were better for him.	It *is* profitable for him.
Matt. xxiii. 25.—Within they are full of extortion and excess.	Within they are full *from* extortion and excess.
Matt. xxvii. 66.—Sealing the stone, and setting a watch.	Sealing the stone, *the guard being with them*.
Mark iv. 22.—Neither was anything kept secret.	Neither was anything *made* secret.
Mark xii. 24.—Do ye not therefore err?	Is it not *for this cause* that ye err?
Luke x. 40.—My sister hath left me.	My sister *did leave* me.
Luke xxii. 16.—I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God.	I will *not eat* it, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

* This change is, no doubt, due to the adoption of a different Greek text, on, as appears to me, insufficient grounds.

John vii. 19.—Did not Moses give you the law, and yet none of you keepeth the law?	Did not Moses give you the law, and yet none of you *doeth* the law?
John xiv. 22.—Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?	Lord, *what is come to pass* that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?
Acts i. 18, 19.—Now . . . blood.	(Now . . . . . blood).

The above are only a few out of many changes for the worse which, as appears to the present writer, have been made in the Gospels and the Acts. But, instead of quoting more, I wish to make some remarks on what seem to me particularly unhappy departures from the Authorised Version. Among these, though not mentioned in the preceding list, is the change made in the Lord's prayer (Matt. vi. 13), where, instead of "deliver us from evil," we read in the Revised Version "deliver us from the evil *one*." This seems to me utterly to destroy the logical consecution of the petitions. The first supplication, prompted by a consciousness of human weakness, is "Lead us not into temptation." Sometimes, however, as in the case of Abraham, temptation or trial is necessary and beneficial, so that the modifying prayer is added, "but deliver us from evil." The meaning is, that, if it seem good to the Divine Wisdom to subject us to temptation, we should, at any rate, be kept from yielding to it—"Lead us not into temptation"—*that*, if so it appear best to our Father in heaven, but, if otherwise, "deliver us from evil," let us not give way to any temptation to which, under a wise and gracious Providence, we may be exposed. The introduction of a personal reference here, and in other passages (John xvii. 15; John v. 19) seems to me one of the most unfortunate changes admitted into the Revised Version.

III. Hurtful or uncalled-for changes due to excessive rigidity of rendering.

My objections to the changes here referred to fall under two heads: *first*, the pressing of classical canons in the interpretation of Hebraised Greek; and secondly, the neglect of English idiom in literality of translation.

First, it is perfectly certain that the grammatical rules, which may be applicable to the classical writers, must be very cautiously applied to the interpretation of the New Testament. While the Apostles wrote and spoke in Greek, it was Greek which had, so to speak, passed through a Hebrew medium, and thus contracted a character of its own. We see this peculiar dialect in the Septuagint as well as in the New Testament. The words are Greek, but the idiom is, in many respects, Hebrew. This appears specially in regard to the use of the prepositions. It is vain and misleading to force their classical meaning upon εἰς and ἐν in the New Testament, because both these prepositions answer to a Hebrew one, which is used with much greater width of meaning than these are in classical Greek.

The forgetfulness of this fact has led to many unfortunate renderings in the Revised Version. And the attempt at grammatical purism has, in multitudes of cases, resulted in a violation of English idiom. This appears specially with reference to the translation of the Greek article, and the Greek tense known as the aorist. The definite article often stands in Greek where English idiom will not tolerate it, and the Greek aorist must, in accordance with the laws of our language, often be rendered not as a past, but as a perfect, a pluperfect, or even as a present. In the classical writers themselves, the aorist is an extremely elastic tense. The tragedians frequently use it where our idiom requires a perfect; and, as we see at the very beginning of Xenophon's "Anabasis," it was also used with the sense of the pluperfect. This wide use of the aorist was still more characteristic of later Greek, so that, if an attempt is made in a translation of the New Testament to represent it throughout by the English past tense, the most erroneous results are reached. In the Revised Version, very many aorists have been properly translated as perfects, since, indeed, in numberless passages (*e.g.*, Matt. xix. 20), any other course would have been felt intolerable. But the rigidly past rendering has been retained in other passages, greatly, as I think, to the detriment of the sense. There are, undoubtedly, some places, such as 2 Peter i. 14, where the strict grammatical rendering of the tense brings out the meaning much more clearly, but great delicacy and judgment are required in dealing with this subject. The following are only a few examples of the harm which has, I believe, been done in the Revised Version by forgetting what has just been said, and pressing imaginary classical canons, to the neglect both of the peculiar character of the Greek, and the exigencies of the idiom of our language.

AUTHORISED VERSION.	REVISED VERSION.
Matt. xxiii. 24.—Ye blind guides, which strain at (out) a gnat, and swallow a camel.	Ye blind guides, which strain out *the* gnat, and swallow *the* camel.
Luke iv. 1,—Was led by the Spirit into the wilderness.	Was led by the Spirit *in* the wilderness.
Luke v. 16.—He withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed.	He withdrew himself *in* the deserts, and prayed.
Luke xxi. 21.—Let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto.	Let not them that are in the country enter *therein*.
Luke xxii. 32.—But I have prayed for thee.	But I *made supplication* for thee.
John ii. 10.—Doth set forth good wine.	Setteth on first *the* good wine.
John v. 18.—Because he not only had broken the Sabbath.	Because he not only *brake* the Sabbath.
John xvii. 4.—I have glorified thee on the earth, etc.	I *glorified* thee on the earth, etc.

John xvii. 17.—Sanctify them through thy truth.	Sanctify them *in* the truth.
Acts xx. 7.—Paul preached unto them.	Paul discoursed *with* them.

Yet, in spite of these and other attempts at rigid grammatical accuracy, no real consistency is, or could be, preserved in the Revised Version. The article is frequently dropped where it exists in the original, and *vice versâ;* the prepositions receive a meaning different from their classical signification; and the aorist is often, perforce, translated as a perfect. Such being the state of the case, it is much to be regretted that such renderings as those exemplified above have been admitted into the Revised Version.

IV. Useless or misleading marginal readings.

It is obvious that nothing should have been placed upon the margin except what was of real importance. When the reader's attention is specially called from the text to the margin, he expects to find something worthy of his consideration. But in perusing the Revised Version he will, in regard to this point, often find himself grievously disappointed. Again and again, after reading "by the prophet" in the text, he will find the statement "or *through*" on the margin, and after reading "gospel" in the text, he will find the marginal explanation "or *good tidings.*" This occurs so frequently as really at last to prove irritating. So, again, is it with the word translated "devils." The reader is stopped as often as he comes to the word, and is over and over again informed that the Greek is "demons." Why should not a note once for all have been appended to these words, similar to that which we find at Matt. i. 18, where we are told (perhaps somewhat needlessly) on the margin, that the alternative rendering for "Holy Ghost" is "or *Holy Spirit;* and so throughout this book." There is, indeed, much that is all but useless on the margin of the Revised Version. At Matt. xi. 17, we are told that the word translated "mourn" means to "beat the breast," without the slightest reason or advantage. If the radical meaning of *all* verbs (and if one, why not all?) were thus to be given, hardly a clause would pass without an amount of cumbrous and useless annotation. But we also meet with cases in which the marginal readings are not only uncalled for but misleading. Thus at Matt. xii. 47, we find the note, "Some ancient authorities omit ver. 47." The only effect of such an observation upon the unlearned reader, must be to excite within him doubts as to the genuineness of the verse. But every textual critic knows that there is not the slightest ground for such suspicions. It is true that the verse is omitted in the great Vatican Manuscript B, and in some other manuscripts generally in agreement with it. But the reason is obvious. The omission manifestly resulted from what is known as *homoioteleuton*, or *like-ending*, both vers. 46 and 47, ending in the Greek with the same word, and the eye of the transcriber having been thus deceived. The note in question is, therefore quite misleading, for the verse to which it refers is as certainly genuine as is any part of the New Testament.

At Matt. xx. 12, we find for "the scorching heat," which stands in the text, an alternative rendering on the margin of "the hot wind." This hardly seems worthy of being noted; and, for my own part, I am sorry that the beautiful words of the Authorised Version in this passage—"the burden and heat of the day"—words which have almost become proverbial, should have been exchanged for others.

At Mark i. 9, while we are told in the text that Jesus "was baptised by John *in* the Jordan," we find on the margin the bewildering statement that the Greek is "into" the Jordan. The fact is, as previously remarked, and as this passage clearly proves, that the preposition made use of by the Evangelist may be rendered either "in" or "into," as the exigencies of English idiom require.

But if it was thought necessary to note here that the Greek means "into," why not also at Luke vii. 50, where the very same particle occurs, yet the rendering—"Go *in* peace"—is given without any remark? Good sense has here triumphed over those exaggerated grammatical canons, which have been allowed too great sway in other parts of the Revised Version.

Some of the marginal readings proposed almost reach absurdity. Thus, at Acts vi. 2, instead of "serve tables" in the text, we find "minister to tables" on the margin. It is true that some recent translators have adopted this rendering, but it carries with it its own condemnation.

Still more unfortunate is the alternative rendering proposed at John xii. 32. We there properly read in the text—"And I, if I be lifted up *from* the earth;" but it is suggested on the margin that, instead of "from," we may read "out of"—an absolutely unintelligible translation.

Many more remarks might be made on the marginal readings inserted in the Gospels and Acts. But I shall only notice one other passage, as illustrative of a class in which the renderings suggested on the margin are superior to those adopted in the text. It is the beautiful verse, John xiv. 1, where the Revised follows the Authorised Version in reading—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in Me." Here we are told on the margin that, instead of "ye believe in God," the rendering may be, "believe in God;" and such I hold to be the correct translation. It is the very same word which occurs in both clauses, and there seems something arbitrary in translating it as an indicative in the first clause, and an imperative in the second. Christ is here *exhorting* His disciples; and it is in keeping with the whole strain of His discourse that He should be regarded as, in the word in question (πιστεύετε), urging them to an earnest trust both in God as their Heavenly Father, and in Himself as their Lord and Saviour.

A. ROBERTS.

THE PURSUING OF GOD'S LOVE.

BY THE REV. HENRY SATTERLEE, RECTOR OF NEW HAMBURG ON HUDSON, U.S.A.

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—ST. LUKE xv. 4–6.

IT is oftentimes a fond belief with children in their early days, that the skies above are a vast hollow dome, and that the stars are holes pierced in this dome, through which the light of heaven is revealed to the dwellers upon this earth.

What those glistening stars are to the imaginations of little children, the teachings of Christ are in reality to *us*, little children of our Father in heaven. They are revelations of a higher life; through them we catch glimpses of heaven, and its resplendent light; truths about God and the things of God which no man, by searching, could ever have found.

Now, when we speak of revelation, many limit the word to the points of Christian doctrine, or the articles of the creed, or the divine nature of God. Revelation comprehends, indeed, all this, but it also means something more. You may sum up in a few words all the doctrines of the Christian faith gained through the revelation of Christ. But you cannot sum up *all* that Christ has revealed about God thus easily. Just as each new telescope brings to light new stars, which have been shining through the silent ages in the skies above, so each succeeding generation of Christians finds in the Gospel and in the words of Christ new disclosures of God's goodness, mercy, and love which were undiscovered before. For eighteen hundred years the Church has been studying the Gospels, and has not as yet reached the end of that which Christ has there revealed.

Many of these revelations are to be found where you would last look for them—in the least doctrinal parts of the Bible, and particularly in the plain and simple parables, which fell in pictured words, from the Master's lips.

The parable from which the text is taken is a case in point. Its chief value in the eyes of many Christians lies in the fact that it reveals so much about God. Under its simple imagery there lie great and precious truths—truths of which the world to this day would have been in ignorance had it not been for Christ; but which, now that they stand disclosed, are among the richest treasures of the Christian faith.

Christ compares God, compares Himself, to a Shepherd, who, in watching over His flock, leaves the ninety and nine, safe housed in the fold, and goes out into the desert to seek one poor wandering sheep until He find it. The parable takes us altogether out of the atmosphere of earth, up into the atmosphere of heaven. It shows us not how men on earth feel towards God in heaven, but how God in heaven feels towards men on earth. And there are two or three particulars regarding this love of God, herein disclosed, to which we will now direct our attention.

I. The first of these is the idea of *possession*. As the earthly shepherd is led out into the desert by the feeling that the lost lamb of his flock is *his* lamb, so Christ comes to seek and save that which is lost or wandering in the mazes of this sinful world *because we belong to Him*.

Take up your Gospels, read them through. See how that idea of possession comes up again and again. Now in one form, now in another, we are told how Christ, when He came into this world, came to "His own;" how His earnest prayer was "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given be where I am, that they may behold Thy glory;" how, "We are not our own, but are bought with a price," and belong body and soul to Him.

We never can attempt, with any hope of success, to fathom the boundless depths of God's love, but we know what it is to cling to that which is our own; and this revelation of Christ—that one reason why God loves us so intensely is because we belong to Him—helps to make our comprehension of that love more accurate and real. And if we would only allow this idea to assert its power and supremacy in our hearts, what a change, through its influence, would be wrought in the current of our lives! God claims us; we belong heart and soul and body to Him. All other kinds of possession are shadows and unrealities in comparison with this. He has a right to us, to our time, to our labours, to our thoughts and aims. Where that idea is vague and floating, or crowded out by the thought

of freedom and our own independence, there you will find a mere lukewarm nominal Christianity, a generation of lost and wandering sheep—men and women who hold themselves aloof from the restraints and discipline of the Christian career, and whose whole tone of life is radically wrong and false, through the uncontrolled lawlessness of their self-will. Half the doubts and difficulties, the temptations and mistakes into which the majority of so-called Christians fall, are traceable back to this one starting point—that they are wont to think and act as beings who are independent of God.

Where, on the contrary, a man is ceaselessly acting under the all-controlling thought that he belongs to God, that God has a right to him and to all his labours, that allegiance to God in every thought and every act must ever be his first aim, that man closes the door against a thousand temptations, and escapes from the pitfalls and mistakes into which all around him are falling.

There is no greater safeguard to keep us from wandering, no influence the uplifting of whose power is so strongly and so frequently felt, no comfort so sweet and consoling in the dark hour of perplexity or trial, as the thought that we belong to God, and that if we live in that consciousness no power in hell or on earth can pluck us out of our Father's hand.

II. The next fact brought up to the surface and disclosed in the parable is the *singleness of God's love.* Christ reveals that God's love is not distributed upon the masses, so as to lose its individuality. The Good Shepherd leaves the ninety and nine who are safe in the fold, and concentrates the whole force and intensity of His love upon the poor lost wanderer who has gone astray. This, as you see, is no forced or unnatural interpretation; it is the direct teaching of the parable, revealing, as it was intended to reveal, the kind of love which God bears to each one of us separately and individually.

We are in the habit of speaking of our want of faith. The difficulty with us all is that we do not understand ourselves. We ask ourselves, "Why am I prone to disbelieve this or that?" and are all the while asking ourselves the wrong question.

The one question which we should settle first, and which will carry all other difficulties with it, is this question, "Do I believe to the full in God's personal love for me, as it is set forth in this parable?" Have you ever once taken Christ at His word, and, casting aside all your doubts and misgivings, received home to your heart the reality, the fulness, the intensity of God's love for yourself?

We keep ceaselessly thinking of our own love and its weakness. We go on for years probing the depths of our own souls. We wonder why we find no church services, no Gospel word powerful enough to reach our stone-cold wayward hearts; and why, with all the working powers of Christianity around us, in spite of all, we wanderers remain wanderers still. It is because our religious life, and our ideas of the religious life, are all wrong. It is because our Christianity is a one-sided Christianity, but the barest fragment of the religion taught by Jesus Christ. It is because to the larger, more spiritual side of Christianity we are strangers.

There is only one way—one possible way—in which a religious fervour can be enkindled within us; and that is by real heartfelt personal love and devotion to Christ. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." There is only one way in which that kind of love can ever be awakened in our souls, and that is by beginning at God, and not at ourselves. "We love God because He first loved us." There is only one way in which we can realise that love, and that is by treating it not as a sentiment, not as a mere Bible formula; but by making it real, appropriating it, and grasping it as a thing that belongs to us, saying, "I, with all my shortcomings and sins, with my broken vows and resolutions, with my hollow, selfish, and deceitful life—false to God, to men, and myself—am that poor lost wandering sheep of the flock, and yet, in spite of all this, or rather, because all this is so, Christ unfolds the way in which my Father loves me."

It needs courage to be a Christian, and courage of a very peculiar sort; not the mere courage of the soldier on the battle-field; not merely the moral courage of one who dares to stand out, and assert an unwelcome principle in the face of the world; but the courage of a man who, in the face of his own past record of guilt, and his own consciousness of inward pollution, can look away from himself to God, and lay hold upon the belief that God loves him with a love which passeth understanding.

III. The third and last thing to which I would point in the parable is the *pursuing* of God's love. The Good Shepherd left the ninety and nine, and went out into the desert for the lost one, *until He found it.*

It is amazing how familiar the human heart can become with the most stupendous truths.

There is no fact in the whole range of human history so thrilling, so sublime, so utterly superhuman in every way as the Gospel life of Christ. And then the Gospel statement that this Christ was clothed in human flesh—our Lord and our God—imagine the impression produced upon your mind if to-day, in this Church, you should hear those facts for the first time. Then reflect that familiarity robs truth of its novelty, but not of its reality. If you could see the truth as it is, you would feel as the men of Jerusalem felt the Day of Pentecost.

Could you have possibly a more glowing illustration of the truth of the parable than *this*. Yes! You may. The second Sunday after Easter, "the Sunday of the Good Shepherd" as it is often called, is the day on which Christ appeared to His apostles on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and said to St. Peter, "Feed my sheep." Now look upon St. Peter. You know what the Apostle's character, with its virtues and its weaknesses, was. St. Peter walked with Christ, listened to His teachings and His warnings, thought that there was no point on which his own and Christ's spiritual life had not come in close and daily contact.

But, at the very end, Christ opened up a new world to him that he had not dreamed of before; "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

Christ had not told him all. All the while that St. Peter had been talking with Him, going in and out with Him, Christ had been silently praying for him! A few days later the Resurrection took place, the most thrilling historical event, with the most far-reaching issues dependent upon it, which has ever occurred in human history. In the greatness of that moment, when every second of time was as a thousand years, the risen Christ called Peter to His side, on the sea-shore, and, in remembrance of his three denials, thrice asked him a question relating to his own spiritual life and peculiar trials; "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"

In the history of that one wandering sheep, read how Christ, in His love, pursues every wandering soul.

The Gospel story tells but the beginning of the tale. It is but the threshold of the wondrous story. The seen life of Christ fades into an unseen life, the seen pursuing into an unseen pursuing. "Lo! I am with you alway, unto the end of the world."

How near and how many times Christ has come close to us, how many times He has prayed for us. With how many holy influences He has surrounded us; how far He has followed us, poor wandering sheep, into the dreary desert of our own evil ways, we know not now, and we shall never know until, on the last great Resurrection morn, we stand beside Him, as St. Peter stood upon the sea-shore.

See that Good Shepherd patiently, untiringly, uncomplainingly following the wandering lamb of His fold. All this, yes, more than this, Christ, in His love and personal presence, is to you now. If He is unseen, it is only because it is better for you that He is unseen; if His voice is silent, it is only that He can teach you more precious truths by silence than by speech. If you can only lay hold upon all this by faith, it is because faith will bring Him nearer to you than sight.

From all these things our mortal eyes are holden, but in the radiant world of God's love, all these things are seen and known.

The angels of God are viewing at this moment all which is to our gaze is so impenetrable. They know the realities of this spiritual world. They behold that unseen nearness of Christ to our souls; they comprehend, as we cannot, those deadly spiritual perils on every side around, from which the Good Shepherd, in the pursuing of His love, would save us.

Therefore, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!"

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.*

(ST. JOHN x. 11.)

O Lord, Thou Shepherd true,
Who o'er Thy wandering sheep,
Long lost and strayed from Thee,
Dost still Thy true watch keep,
Guide Thou our tottering feet
Through death's dark valley's shade,
Nor let our souls sink down,
By doubt and fear dismayed.

Thou, Lord, of old didst take,
Thy journey through the waste;
On that bleak mountain path
Thy footsteps still are traced:
Not shrinking e'en from death,
Good Shepherd then wast Thou;
And shall we dream Thy love
Can ever fail us now?

No! still o'er waste and wild
Thy goodness we behold;
The lost and weak ones still
Thou guidest to Thy fold.
Where clear streams murmuring flow,
Where fresh green meadows smile,
Thou leadst them in and out,
Or bidst them rest awhile.

In tangled thorn and brake,
Weary and worn, we lay,
When Thou, O Lord, didst come
To guide us in the way;
The fierce wolf prowled around,
The hireling shepherd fled,
But Thou, O Lord, wast near,
By Thee our steps were led.

And still, Lord, Thou dost bid
Thy shepherds feed Thy flock,
Dost bid them lead Thy sheep
Beneath the shadowing rock
To guard from wolf and storm,
From pestilence and taint,
Is still Thy servant's task,
True work of noblest saint.

* The poem that follows appears at the request of the writer of the sermon.—E. H. P.

Thou know'st us all by name,
We know Thy loving voice;
We follow none but Thee,
In Thee alone rejoice.
The strangers seek in vain
To lead our feet astray;
We follow, in Thy track,
The steep and narrow way.

So lead us, Lord, through life,
So guide through chance and change;
We still would dwell with Thee,
From Thy fold never range;
Guide o'er the mountain dark,
Guide through the shadowy vale
And so, though thick the clouds,
Our faith shall never fail.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC.

THE SONS COME TO THE FRONT.

THEN there came another stretch of quiet years. Such a lull occasionally comes to households, and the older people, who know what change generally means, are thankful, but the younger ones are often restless and impatient. The young Bristos, however, had had real experience, which made them satisfied in the possibility of peaceful duty-doing, with some hope and heart in it. After we have been buffeted in a storm, we do not at once call calm monotonous.

Yet it is quite possible that the storm may have developed in us an energy which will presently demand some expression. But energy is apt to make variety for itself, and to get the utmost from the excitements of labour, and the interests of daily life. It is a sickly constitution which wearies of plain food; and it is the weak character which is always afraid of *ennui*.

Gilbert was rising steadily in his office. And while working as a chemist's assistant, Arthur was nevertheless studying hard and saving every available shilling, that he might supplement any help his father might give him towards a medical education, and be prepared to make the best of it when it came. As for Alfred, he was away from home, earning board with a farmer, doing all sorts of work that should prepare him for colonial life, his brother-in-law Ralph Everett, Dora's husband, having sent word that if he came out to them, they would see him well started, and that with industry his future would be assured.

The whole distance to the Sussex farmhouse could be travelled in two hours; and Lizzie had been there, and knew the old place, more like a nest than a house—for it was so green one could scarcely see it from the trees which closed about it. She knew its low chambers, with their big oaken chests; the little raftered room where her brother would rise with the first twittering of the birds, and go forth to his labour until the evening. Yet, as she folded his shirts into his box, tears dropped on them; for she knew this was a going away, just as Dora's had been—a ceasing of the old home-life for one more of them—a change in it for ever for those who remained.

"We can't help grieving, Lizzie dear," said old Aunt Mary, stroking the girl's hair; "but life must go on. It cannot be always spring, else we should never have harvest. You must not think of the page of duty now turned down for you, but of the new page turned over. You must be never too busy to write to Alfred, and you must give thought and care to your letters. If correspondence is allowed to slip into a hasty retailing of bald facts, it soon slips into silence. As old interests die out you must keep the absent one in possession of the new interests that awaken. And you must not only narrate what happens—that is only the skeleton of life—you must write what effect circumstances have on you and on those around—what is in your thoughts, what is in your heart. I have often thought that the Bible has few expressions more beautiful than the proverb—'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.' What a wonderful thing a letter is! It seems to me like a perpetual miracle brought into the service of daily life. We sit in our chamber, and, by making a few signs on a bit of paper, pour out our very hearts—describe our minutest surroundings; and then slip our work into the charge of a vast organisation, which will carry it for us to the ends of the earth, and silently slip it into the hands for which it is destined—and another heart throbs or sinks in unison with our own! During the last hundred years the world has grown smaller. Our friends at the Antipodes are no farther off than our friends in the next town used to be. Each should feel it a duty to make one's self worthy of such privileges. There is a great deal of selfishness over letter-writing; it is said to be 'so troublesome,' or that one 'has no time for it.' Most things which are worth doing cost some pains; and as for time, the most faithful correspondent never spends as much in writing to his dearest friend as he does in chatting to his merest acquaintances. Besides, it remains a fact that the busiest people best fulfil this function. It is always the idle, the frivolous, the half-educated, whose time is of little value, who are the poor correspondents."

"But things which are very interesting to talk

over, do seem very trivial to write about," said Lizzie.

"Nothing which may interest our correspondent can be trivial," returned Aunt Mary, "and those who remain in old scenes should be most careful to report the smallest change which takes place in them, and those who have gone to new ones should give the most vivid possible picture of their surroundings. Don't you remember how delighted we were with that letter of Dora's describing her furniture, and how it stood in the rooms, so that we almost seem to have seen her in her new home, and can easily conjure up a picture of her there?"

And so Alfred was off, and presently Lizzie was astonished to find how the first sense of loss passed away into a feeling of enlargement—as if the horizon of life was widened.

Then there came a day when she surprised Gilbert in the little drawing-room, making use of a foot-rule.

"I am going to buy a new carpet," he confided to her. "It shall be my New Year's gift to the house. It is to be a little square of real Turkey."

Lizzie kissed him lightly, as he bent at his measuring. There were many several thoughts that arose in her mind, but she only gave utterance to one.

"That was what mother always wished for," she said.

"Ay," answered Gilbert: "that is why I'm getting it. I know her taste and judgment were good, and she wanted any nice thing for all of us rather than for herself."

If there was any regret in their hearts that this gift had not been permitted to be offered during her life-time, they would not give it words; for such regret has root in self, after all. Why should they grudge that they missed the passing pleasure of her delighted smile and warm word of praise, when God had called her to His best—to glories which set her above all their poor services—into a spiritual life which they could only reach by such offerings as God Himself accepts—the pure heart, the loving deed, the patient continuance in well-doing?

Only Lizzie could not help remembering the summer morning, long before their troubles, when she had gone with her mother and Dora to choose the carpet now to be discarded. Did it not seem almost cruel to set aside what was associated with their mother, though it was threadbare and shabby now? Was not the sacred memory better than mere brightness and beauty? But Lizzie's own heart told her these were morbid questionings—that life must go on, and that love must clasp itself only to what is immortal as itself. And suddenly she realised that the present, too, would be the past, some day, and then the tender half-grudge with which she thought of Gilbert's gift, might in its turn be remembered with something like remorse.

"How will father take it?" she mused.

Perhaps she was a little astonished to find that Mr. Bristo took it with unmingled pleasure.

"It is what your mother always said she would like, my boy," he said; "and it's capital that we shall get it from you after all."

Gilbert looked up at him, with a sudden movement of the head.

"Ay, ay, son," said the old gentleman—for he seemed old now, the sorrows of middle life effacing the remnant of youth, as wind in autumn shakes the last leaves from the trees. "Ay, you've given us the Turkey carpet, but you've given her your dutiful remembrance of her wish. It is my belief she has got the best part of your gift."

Lizzie was sometimes a little startled when her brother began to bring home gifts towards reinstating the household in something more like its former style of comfort. The little woman's own housekeeping had begun in days of sore strait, and had been long continued within the narrowest limits. To save at every point had been the form in which economy had presented itself to her.

She threw out a hint of her fears to Aunt Mary.

The old lady smiled. She understood.

"My dear," she said, "our habits of life and thought in early youth have such influence upon us that we can scarcely throw them off when it becomes right to do so—when they are no more adapted to our changed circumstances than a baby's bib is to a young man. I will confess that, to this day, I feel a twinge of remorse when I buy myself a pair of kid gloves, and a kind of wonder as to whether I should not take cotton ones still, as I was forced to do in my young days. I think this explains how it is that people who have been through great hardships, on growing rich, often become misers. Economy, my dear Lizzie, is not saving money; it is making the most of money. I remember reading a striking illustration of this in a quaint old Italian book, where a story is told of a widow who had a store of apples, and, instead of using them for the nourishment of her household, kept them locked up until half of them were rotten. Now, you see she did not save apples; she wasted them, because she did not put them to their proper uses. And my author (who was a shrewd and wealthy merchant of ancient Venice, went on to say that 'to spare and *to spend* with prudence is of greater value than prosperity, industry, or gain.' Few words are more misunderstood than this of 'thrift.'"

"It always seemed plain to me," Lizzie admitted, "plainer than most virtues in the abstract."

"I remember your mother and Dora and I having a long talk on this very subject before Dora's marriage," said Aunt Mary. "That is often called 'thrift' which Sir Thomas More wittily described in his own wife as 'spoiling a satin gown to save a candle-end.' It is no thrift when the greater good is sacrificed for the smaller. What was it which gave value and virtue to all the economies you have practised of late years? It was not the money you spared which you wanted for its own sake. It was because you set such a high value on honesty and

independence that you were ready to bear all other loss if you might retain and win them. Your circumstances are once more easy, and your true economy now—the very best use to which you can put your money—is to make life and home bright and happy, and a centre of brightness and happiness to all around. Your brothers, and you too, must have pleasures in your daily existence—objects towards which you work and aspire. If this channel of human nature is not fed from wholesome fountains, it will be fed from foul ones, or at least from stagnant pools of sordid 'getting on' and covetousness. It is most unfortunate that many people—sensible in other matters—are so terribly prone to detect and condemn extravagance in the purchase of books or pictures, or the outlay on a refreshing holiday, entirely oblivious that the facts of life prove that the 'poverty which cometh as an armed man' is seldom invited by this sort of expenditure, but rather by a frittering away of money in mean self-indulgent trifles, and very often by the rash speculation and greedy investment to which men are tempted when money-making becomes their sole interest in life."

"But, aunt," said Lizzie, "don't you think many people would make such reflections as these an excuse for launching out into all sorts of expenses?"

"My dear," returned Aunt Mary, "there is no good counsel which human perversity cannot twist to its own purposes. My Venetian citizen, after insisting that a wise expenditure is the best part of economy, goes on to say, 'Let us see what things we have to use and to save; not the goods of others, which would be violence, arrogance, and injustice, but those which are our own;' and among the things which he counts our own, he actually does not enumerate money at all, but only our bodies, our souls, and our time—which means, in short, the strength, the skill, and the material by which money is made. If we are careful and considerate of these—if we learned true economy of these (which are, indeed, our personal possessions, if anything can be), a great many of the difficult questions which revolve round money-making and money-spending would answer themselves. We should understand, first of all, that neither our bodies nor our souls 'live by bread alone,' but have other stringent wants and rights which must be supplied before justice has been done to the life God has given us. Congenial society, knowledge, love and service, a post to occupy in the world, are 'necessaries' of life no less than fresh air, food and clothing, and a man who, for the sake of 'money-making' deprives himself of these, is no less improvident and wrong-headed than he is, who, by 'money-spending,' in waste and self-indulgence, ends by depriving himself of those. We in England, to-day, are apt to think that 'money-making' itself is a virtuous occupation, without asking many questions as to how money is made, and quite forgetting that our real riches are those in which the whole world grows richer and better with us. This is the case when a man produces food where it was never produced before, or gives forth knowledge which enlightens his fellow-creatures, or carries merchandise to and fro to make their lives easier and happier. It is not the case when a man introduces some new frivolous fashion to tempt men to waste money which might be better used."

"That is true," said Mr. Bristo, who had come in during the last part of the conversation, "and some people seem to think that all objections on this point are silenced by the argument that 'labour is employed,' and 'money circulated.' Labour should be employed and money circulated, but they should be worthily employed, and circulated for honest purposes. I was once much struck by the remark that if the same money now spent yearly on diamond-cutting were laid out on harbour-building and coast-protecting there soon would not be a dangerous spot along our shores. Yet labour would be employed and money circulated all the same. And it was asked which was best, that peasant girls should work at home, knitting for bare backs and cold feet, or that they should crowd up to great cities to sew gauze flounces to deck vanity for one night? Oh, what a grand day it would be for England if working-men and women began to claim as a 'right,' and to recognise as a privilege, not short hours and high wages and many holidays, but work worthy of manhood and womanhood."

"Ah," said Aunt Mary, "think what it would be if girls were no more to be tempted by 'finery' and 'liberty' into spending their lives in factories of cheap rubbish, worse than useless, while kitchens and nurseries and laundries and all sorts of wholesome places were inviting them to tasks good for body, mind, and heart. Think what it would be if workmen formed an union not to build shoddy houses and to prepare adulterate food, for the enrichment of greedy avarice, and the destruction of national welfare and health."

"It is too much to hope for," he sighed.

"Is it?" asked Aunt Mary, quickly. "Is it? And yet we pray to our Father, 'Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.'"

"What a long way our conversation has travelled from my foolish fears," said Lizzie. "For, father," she explained, "I was beginning to think that Gilbert and Arthur should be quite satisfied to see the result of their labours in figures in a bank-book!"

"Was that where you started from, little woman?" said her father. "Well, that only shows how virtues, like flowers, need watching, and tending, or else they degenerate. As for me, when I see my children doing well, and carrying out little wishes I have never been able to fulfil for myself, I begin to think I have not been an unsuccessful man after all. And I have had my dreams about education, and commerce, and law, and philanthropy. All of you know those dreams, and I am beginning to hope that what may be really good in them may find fulfilment some day, and that I may have done my share in bringing them to pass—just as some of your children's children may sit down beneath the oak your mother and I planted playfully in our courting time at Winds Haven."

THE GIFT OF FLOWERS.

A POOR child stealing on her way
Paused in a London square,
Where leafy branch and flowering spray
Danced in the summer air.

Charmed by the beautiful and bright,
She sighed to cull a bloom
To carry, with its scent and light,
Back to her squalid room.

But no; stern Fate the boon denies;
She feels it cannot be;
And then the pale-faced wanderer sighs
Aloud, "Not one for me!"

But sympathetic hearts are near,
And as she sorrowing stands,
A youthful voice salutes her ear,
And gentle generous hands

Proffer a gift of flowers that fills
Her breast with sweet surprise,
And thoughts of happiness instils
That speak in grateful eyes.

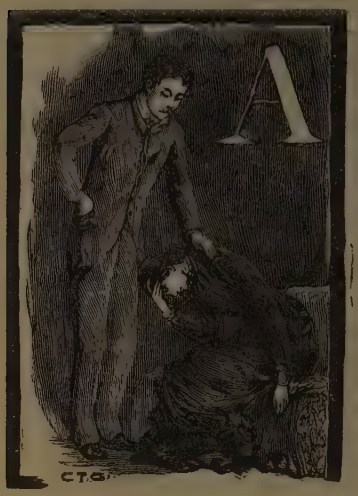
Take, take, poor child, thy gift of flowers,
And for one day at least
Their freshness shall delight thine hours
And yield thy soul a feast.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

BORNE BACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—OLD FRIENDS AND OLD SCENES.



A GREAT pleasure awaited me at this time; I received a letter from Miss Hardman inviting me to spend a few weeks with her in company with my brother. She regretted the invitation had not reached me before, as I could so easily have travelled with him. I certainly echoed the regret, but supposed the worthy squire had gone to his utmost limit in taking home one expected guest. I doubted not Miss Hardman would regard us as people of some importance now, and so would put herself out of her way to receive and entertain. Ah me, of what sorry importance I felt we were!

However, "better late than never." My heart bounded with joy at the thought of visiting the familiar scenes of childhood, and once more holding intercourse with my beloved Miss Capel. Looking back upon the old life, it by no means seemed dreary and commonplace, but enveloped in a sort of soft mist of its own, whose grey light neither dazzled nor appalled—

> Some softening gleam of love and prayer
> Had dawned on every cross and care.

I would review it all now in the place where I had lived it.

Another element mingled in the gratification which the proposal awakened; I should escape all the fuss and excitement of the approaching nuptials. My mother and Coralie were busy with preparations for Mademoiselle Marie, and, I may remark, were quite equal to the occasion, and charmed with the occupation. The wedding was to be private, or what they considered so; but I was glad to find Lord Hetherton's sister had signified her intention of being present. As a sensible woman, she yielded to a necessity, and acknowledged her future sister-in-law. I afterwards found she was not a person to do things by halves, and having sanctioned her brother's choice, she did more—she upheld it. Abundant means seemed to have been placed at my mother's disposal, but no one inquired from whence they were derived. Conspicuous among the gifts (chiefly from our family and the *fiancé*), was one of much value from his sister. So far all went happily.

My present the world might have despised, though the world could not have gone on without it. I gave her a Family Bible, with an earnest prayer that she would make it at once the comfort and rule of her life. She was affected, threw her arms round me, and said God had been very good to her, and she ought to treasure His Word. I told her the earthly blessings she now enjoyed were but a small evidence of the love which had been so largely manifested in a greater gift, and that while I rejoiced in her happiness I would fain have her rejoice with me in a sense of pardoning grace. I could not say much, but she took the little effort kindly, for her heart warmed towards me since our late confidence, and the share I had in bringing about the interview with Lord Hetherton. And so our old relationship was ended; we were pupil and teacher no longer, and bade one another an affectionate farewell.

For the earlier part of the journey Morrish travelled with me, but she did not accompany me into the country. Probably, had she done so, Miss Hardman would have felt wholly disconcerted by the advent of the town maid: the town lady she might entertain. Leopold met me at a station mid-way, and thence we sped along together back to our village home. We seemed, while maintaining our identity, so very unlike the brother and sister who had grown up there, and who, a few short years before, had journeyed along this line to fancied glory and ease. Wealth we had attained, external comfort we had found, but what could make amends for the loss of peace of mind and joy of soul? Oh, had this been left, for my brother, and through him for us, in our humble cottage? or was it like a missing garment which yet might be found there and adopted at will?

"I say, Suey," said Leopold, rousing up after a long silence, in which he had been gazing forth as trees and hedgerows, green banks and brown meadows, had seemed to rush past in one mad whirl, as the express thundered on, "I think I have been asleep."

I had seen his eyes wide open, and watched the expression of anxious thought in them, so I understood he spoke figuratively, and let him go on.

"It all seems like a dream—this city life," he mused. "All like a dream."

"Let it be so," I said as I took his hand. "Awake, and start up anew, Leopold. Shake off this idle—this horrid dream."

"I will," he replied, "I will."

It was uttered in his former spirited hopeful tone, and then the cloud passed from his brow: he

appeared to cast off a burden, and prepare for simple enjoyment.

Simple it was, yet not the less enjoyable. Purity is an element of peace. True pleasure leaves no sting behind, and vanishes not in the possession. One can re-live the past when it awakens not remorse. Oh, the walks and talks, and pleasant efforts to recall—"Do you remember this?" or "Do you remember that?" The woodside rambles in the dear Priory grounds; the fresh unvitiated atmosphere.

And then the good old-fashioned hospitality—the appointments and habits which in town would have been considered obsolete. I don't think Leopold could always suppress a smile, but he had ready wit in not letting the cause appear; and to me, at least, it had the charm of novelty and freshness, and was as pleasant as in the days of yore. My brother must have received some benefit from familiar intercourse with the Squire's sons. They had grown into fine gentlemanly well-principled young fellows, and the eldest gave evidence of literary ability of no common order. I may not be a competent judge, but certainly could not fail to perceive, when he read some of his compositions to me, that they possessed originality and power.

When we left the village we were people of little account; we returned to it as those of renown. I am sure there was scarcely a ribbon upon my dress or a buckle on my shoe that was not the subject of comment.

The formal visiting was very tiresome. I felt thankful there were few families of distinction in the neighbourhood.

A sight of our old cottage awakened mingled emotions. It had been terribly neglected, and was not now inhabited by gentlefolk. One could not have recognised it as the cradle of gentility. The clematis hung in neglected festoons, and nearly closed the window in which we had sat in the dusky eventide the night before my brother went to town. There was the unchanging sky overhead; on such a soft bank of cloud my gaze then rested; but I had grown old in more than years. The heart had gained its bitter experiences even amid outward abundance. Disappointment, pain, and a sort of melancholy affection possessed my soul. My chief joy, as might be expected, was in communing with Miss Capel. She was but little changed; her hair had a few more silver threads, but her brow was as unruffled, her manner as calm, and, more than all, her love for me the same, as in the days of yore. I remained locked in her embrace when first we met until I wept out a full tide of mingled emotion.

"My child," she said, "be calm. I know this has eased your young heart. You have found the high places slippery places. Prosperity is more trying to a child of God than adversity."

"Ay, I have proved it," I whispered; "my feet were almost gone."

"But One who is faithful called back His straying child. God bless Hugh!"

"God bless him!" I answered, wondering how much she had heard.

"Do not think," she went on, "that in answering my earnest inquiries about you he took credit for his own interference. He carefully avoided mentioning himself at all; but I guessed he was an instrument in God's hand."

"For my good, dear Miss Capel, he dealt faithfully with me when I refused to listen to my Father's voice, rousing a conscience ill at ease. The Good Shepherd spoke through Hugh, and, late as it was, and sinful as I was, I knew His voice."

"Ah, dear! we are slow to learn our weakness and dependence. Experience teaches us this, and through it the faithfulness of our God; so that we can each say for ourselves, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise.'"

"I truly sat in darkness," I replied.

"I do not think the darkness referred to in the verse I have quoted is the backsliding of a child of God, but rather that of the hour of trial when not a ray of comfort reaches us but through the consciousness of the Lord's presence," she returned. "Circumstances may be adverse, but the light of His love can pierce the gloom. In backsliding, the spiritual perceptions become terribly low and dim, so that we in truth put 'darkness for light, and bitter for sweet.'"

We stood in the dark path beside the falling water where I had stood an inquiring child so long ago.

"Is your maid Hannah still with you?" she asked. "I was greatly amused by her quaint remarks."

"She is," I answered, "but grievously changed. She never seemed to have known joy in life, but here she was heavy-hearted from poverty and over-work; now she is heavy simply from the burden of gold."

"She has not grown rich?"

"Her one aim and endeavour is to become so; but having no other, she has grown miserably poor."

"Ah me!" she said, looking up to the home on the hill with a sigh, "what a burden wealth may be. No marvel that an Apostle should say to his son in the faith, 'Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches."

In such happy converse time passed rapidly away, and our visit to old friends and childhood's scenes drew to a close.

"Caged again to-morrow, eh, Suey?" exclaimed the dear old Squire. "You are returning to the brick and mortar, 'the grove of chimney-pots,' and —ha, ha—heavy atmosphere."

"Susan doubtless will be rejoiced at the change, father," remarked Miss Hardman.

"Not a bit of it," he rejoined, anticipating my protest. "Miss Suey would rather have me, with my high stiff neckcloth, than all the town popinjays, with their collars turned down half a dozen inches or so, as if their—ha, ha—intellects were in their throats. You may confess to the—ha, ha—preference on this occasion, Suey."

Which I laughingly did.

Strangely enough, one of the first persons we met on our return to town was Hugh Capel. He had an appointment at the station, and unexpectedly encountered us there. The sight of him connected itself so naturally with the remembrance of the dear old familiar faces and scenes we had just left, and was a pleasant omen on our return to the busy metropolis. Our words were not many, for Leopold hurried me away, but each seemed borne back to the boy and girl life, and the little burst of genuine feeling was refreshing. I drove home with the pleasant consciousness that amid this teeming population outside our family circle, I had a friend who, though seldom seen, would think of and pray for me.

CHAPTER XX.—ANOTHER START IN LIFE.

No one knew Mademoiselle Valerie's real name; or, if they knew, betrayed it. If Lord Hetherton was satisfied, I suppose nobody need care.

It was the close of the London season; the tide of fashion was rolling beyond the limits of the great city; the great world of *ton* was going out of town, and we were going out of town too. The Hethertons were at Ryde, where we were to join them, and each of us looked forward to the change with more than satisfaction—Coralie and I with great delight.

Leopold returned home (as my mother, in her desire to hear the statement confirmed, declared to me many times), vastly improved in every way. I could not but endorse this, though with a certain mental reservation. He was steadier, it is true; and for some weeks nothing occurred to alarm or cause us anxiety. As far as we knew, his conduct was upright. True, he went and came with the independent air of one who was quite capable of judging for himself, and intended to choose his own path, and we did not know how his time was spent, but his hours were regular, and mother could not expect to keep him longer under her control, or treat him as a boy.

For the boy-life was left far behind; so far, it seemed, that no trace remained fondly clinging to him. Even as the bold swimmer leaves his garments on the brink of the broad tide, and finds the surging wave which bore him onward has borne them, too, away beyond the hope of rescue. Often, indeed, the change in my brother had been forced upon me; and an impression of him as he appeared on the terrible night of which I have spoken remained stamped upon my memory. But now something more than the total absence of boyish freshness, light-heartedness, and vigour struck me; yet less, thank God, than any positive and tangible form of evil. It was an indescribable air of secret intelligence, the self-contained reticent manner of one who knows more than those around him through eating the bitter fruits of the knowledge of sin. I cannot convey the impression, but, in the quiet air of a thorough man of the world, came to me a constant sense of his fall; and though I upbraided myself for my ill-judgment, and loved him as tenderly as ever, I found myself thinking of him as one who had lost principle, and missed what he derisively called, in our early days, "a rule of right."

And then we went to Ryde; and in wanderings mid the lovely scenery of the garden isle, in the delightful breezes on the downs, in frequent excursions to its singular chasms, above all, in happy unhindered communion, my mind recovered its calm, and my fears were lulled to rest.

I never saw my mother look handsomer. She entered with the Hethertons into the amusements of the place, and Coralie, who was much admired, with her brilliant prospects, was like a butterfly, whose sportive existence is joy. Did she ever think of the old man in the dusty apron, who found his joy in a musty corner, which was cheered by a Presence not to be found in gay assemblies? Man would have pitied or derided him: the Lord of heaven and earth drew near and comforted him. People looked on her with envy and delight; but, oh, what she was missing I knew right well.

How handsome Leopold looked, in his yachting dress. He had got in with a set of young fellows here again, but they were of a different stamp from St. Clair. For this he might thank Lord Hetherton, whose associates were men like himself, of good standing and position; and I could not help thinking there was a sort of freshness about them which perhaps a purer atmosphere than is born of town corruptions induced.

How well I remember our sitting together one evening as the sun was dipping into the west, looking out over the calmly-glittering Solent. We had strolled along the Esplanade, then nearly completed, and stayed to rest on one of the numerous seats. Coralie at first had proposed accompanying us, but withdrew on the plea of headache. There was to be a yacht race the next day, and Leopold and she were full of eager expectation about it. I looked at him many times this evening with fond admiration. All trace of the evil sting seemed removed; and as the fresh breeze lifted his dark locks, and, toying with them, laid them back again across his broad forehead as I many a time had done, I was strangely carried back to our earlier days. I close my eyes, and think I see him now. Oh, brother! brother!

"Suey," he said, his voice taking a mournful ring which gave it a strange far-off sound, while his gaze wandered over the golden glory whose living rays shot upwards into the cold grey sky, until it rested on a light flame-flecked cloud, which, without any dark background, lay against the pale azure of the firmament; "I have made a bad start; there is no doubt I made a bad start. I was a greenhorn, and easily led; but every fellow must sow his wild oats you know."

I did not say what rose in my mind—that a bad sowing makes a bitter reaping, and such seed yields a wretched crop; but I did say it was not too late to mend, and that if we see the evil, God is graciously ready to show us the remedy.

"Ah," he replied, I would wish to think not impatiently, "I can't be as good as you want to make me, and I am afraid I don't care to be. But I mean to be better—a great deal better than I am. Suey," he went on, "say what you will, I always hated the business with which I am connected; and, brought up as I was, I could not but hate it. But, oh, Suey," and his eye kindled, and his voice grew strong, "in three days more I shall be of age, and then I shall be done with it for ever. I shall dispose of my share of the business; Calthorpe will aid and direct me. He is of your sort, but I trust him thoroughly. I shall provide handsomely for mother and you. I shall enter at a military academy, and purchase a commission in the army, and stick to the profession of my choice, I promise you, as if I wholly depended upon it for a living. Her gracious Majesty shall have no firmer heart, no readier sword than mine. Ah, little woman, I shall work up then, and make my start then, and you will be proud of me in spite of your religion; and for every uneasy thought I have given mother she shall have twenty easy ones. You will never think of me as I have been during these last few years."

And I never did—I never did again. I close my eyes with blinding tears, and think I see him still in

"'See, miss!' he exclaimed, 'there is no danger if they can swim.'"—*p.* 695.

his manly beauty as he stood by me that night. And the sun went down upon us, and there came around us a solemn stillness and shade. In three days more he would be twenty-one; in three short days he would begin life indeed—a new life—and the old blotted page be closed for evermore. I closed it then; and if I have opened it a little, little way in this sad record, I have done so as briefly and gently as possible, and only with a purpose.

The sun rose again next day, bright, grand, and beautiful. A fresh breeze was just rippling over the tide, causing it to rise in mimic wrath, and dash in upon the shore with a pleasant play, which promised well for the day's sport. There was an unusual stir and bustle in the town, and eager eyes looked out over the water, and eager hearts were bounding with delight. Perhaps none were brighter or more eager than Coralie's, as she danced down the stairs as joyously as the foam on the Solent, and, linking her arm in my brother's, exclaimed—

"Oh, Leopold, it is glorious! is it not? We shall have *such* a day!"

And Leopold turned, and, taking her hand in his, said, with more earnestness than the occasion demanded—

"Coralie, I am going to win. Whatever I go in for now I am going to win. Hetherton's boat will lead the way, and I in her; and it shall be a token for good. Give me that bright knot; I will wear it in the *Suliote* in honour of my pretty cousin to-day. In three days more—only three days—I shall be my own master, and get a right start. Yes, I shall surely win."

Again I looked at him, and again the hopeful expression which ever lent a charm to his noble features struck me. His form seemed to dilate with new energy, and he appeared a very model of successful anticipation. I was thankful to see the young fresh spirit, for which his early days had been distinguishable, revived. Why is it that when we are nearing the end of our mortal career, the mind travels back to its commencement? How is it visions of childhood's innocence and mirth come through the clouded brain working out its last problem of pain? The aged man who has lain down to die will imagine himself a child again, and mingle his mother's name with his happiest aspirations, as though he stood once more a child at her knee. Memory, like a bridge, spans the sorrowful stream that lies between, and the longest life seems short, and the holiest life impure. Oh! well it is when we see flowing from the side of the Redeemer of men a living tide which can cleanse away all defilement, leaving no record of a life's wrong. Well it is when we are aware of having had a new birth, which gives us more than childhood's vaunted innocence, because it is essentially pure and holy and heavenly in its uprisings, while the old nature is radically corrupt.

When Coralie had given Leopold the ribbon, and left the room, I went to him. I am glad to think of it now: yes, very glad to recall even this little bit of faithful testimony.

"Brother," I said, "go in for something better worth winning. 'So run that ye may obtain.'"

It was not the best thing I could have said, but it was the first that occurred to me, and if I lacked wisdom, at least, my heart yearned with a great wealth of tenderness over my brother.

"Suey," he answered, turning to me with wonderful forbearance, "I don't want to be a hypocrite. I cannot run in the race you mean, because I should have to strip myself at the outset of everything I care for, and that is a hard thing for a fellow like me to do."

"Or rather be stripped," I returned. "If you mean of any fancied good, Leopold, you are right. You must stand naked and alone, without a shred of excuse before God, until you know Christ as your Saviour and Shelter. But if you mean worldliness and sinful pleasures, hold to Him, and they will drop off from you, and you will even cease to care for them."

He was going away without a word, when a thought struck me, and I forcibly detained him.

"Leopold," I said, "if I led you to think you have to run in a race for salvation, I have done wrong. You get salvation as a gift in starting. Remember this—Salvation is free. You have nothing to pay, or to give; *only to take.*"

And then a strange yearning came over me, and I laid my arms round his neck. He looked very much surprised, but kissed me with a revival of the old boyish tenderness.

"I am sorry you will not come to see me win, old woman," he said, with something between a smile and a sigh, fastening the gay ribbon more securely as he spoke. "Say a prayer for our success in secret."

"I shall pray for better success for you than this," I whispered, "though, rightly or wrongly, I cannot help wishing you may win here too."

"Thanks," he rejoined; "you are a good little sister, and some day may teach me to be good."

That was all—then he went away.

And so I lost my brother.

CHAPTER XXI.—TO WIN OR LOSE?

LOST my brother? Ah, no. Gracious God, I look up in my weakness to Thee, and I cling in my weakness to Thee! If I did not, my brain would reel and my heart burst; for, oh!—I never saw my brother in life again.

Two hours later there was a terrible murmur, which swept like a mighty rising wind from one to another, and there was a rush to the water's edge. A yacht had been run down.

A yacht that had been foremost in the race, whether in the flush of apparent victory, or through carelessness and unseamanlike skill, had crossed the track of another too late for either to alter their course. She had been struck right in the middle by

a heavier craft, and in an incredibly short time had filled and settled down.

With a rebound the boat that had done the mischief was sent backward several yards, then, catching the fresh breeze, which filled her sails anew, in a few minutes was far ahead, striving for the prize which now appeared in view for her, leaving it to others to rescue the crew, whom she probably imagined were in no danger.

I found myself on the pier, which was densely crowded. A great noise was in my ears—it might have been the booming of distant guns; it might have been the surging of waves, or the roll of muffled drums; but I suppose now it was the hum of many voices. All was bustle, confusion, and alarm. I did not appear to push my way through the throng, but I made progress by the quiet force of a desperate will.

How I came there I don't remember, and never cared to inquire. Neither do I clearly know what I would have done; but I know that the strong arm of an old sailor barred my further progress. He recognised me, for we had often spoken to him during our stay in the Island, but I failed to recollect him then. His disengaged hand pointed out over the water.

"See, see, miss!" he exclaimed, "boats has put off everywhere. There is no danger if they can swim."

If? Oh, that terrible if!

"Do you know the name of the yacht that has been run down?" I steadied my voice to ask.

And the answer came without uncertainty—

"The *Suliote*."

I had come thither led by a wild unquestioning impulse, but I grew suddenly and desperately calm now, nerved by a purpose. Without another word I walked quietly homewards, no one speaking to or staying me.

My mother was there in her handsome dress as they hurried her from the Promenade. Coralie, trembling in every limb, her face blanched with terror, standing beside her.

"Have they been picked up?" my mother asked, as I entered. "Surely, Suey, there is no danger; with all those boats around them, there can be no danger."

And I tried to speak hopefully, but something at my heart—a dumb nervous despair held me silent.

Then I said—

"Mother, I will pray; it is all that we can do."

And I tried to pray, but could not; no words would come. I knelt on the ground—nay, I grovelled on the ground in my desperate agony. I seemed to be clinging to the feet of One who alone could aid, yet had no words to tell Him my need.

In that voiceless supplication, in that state of utter prostration, something was borne to me as if in answer to my moan. It was as though a voice came sighing it above, or around, or beside me—

"Thou askedst life for him, and God has given it him, 'even length of days for ever and ever.'"

And I knew that for this poor life below all hope was over; knew it then as well as I knew it afterwards, when the boats came to shore without him.

He had not won. What had he lost?

What had he lost? that was *the* question.

"Thou askedst life for him, and God has given it him, 'even length of days for ever and ever.'"

But my poor heart asked, "How?" and my unbelieving heart said, "Can this indeed be?" Limiting thus the power of God.

But still, through the racking alarm, and suspense more trying even than certainty, through the terrible gloom and blank that succeeded, through the bitter desolation and bereavement of "the first dark days of nothingness," the words of hope—the words first heard when, perhaps, he was fighting for life—came back to me. No doubt they were sent by a gracious loving Father as a ray of comfort and divine assurance. And I sometimes hoped that even in the cold waters of death the parting words I was led to speak came back to him, and, seeing salvation is Heaven's free gift, through a look such as the dying thief turned on the Crucified One, he may have cast himself upon the tender mercy of our God for pardon and safety. I may have lost this consolation; nay, I did lose it in the mental darkness and misery that ensued; but it burst its barriers, thank God, and came back to me once more, a sunbeam in the gloom.

I never saw my brother again. There was no memory of a rigid form; of a face changed in death; nothing to mar the recollection of the gallant youth who, full of life and hope stepped into the *Suliote's* boat on that eventful morning. The crew were picked up by another yacht, and Lord Hetherton came on shore at once to calm his wife's anxious fears. But two remained behind, and their bodies were not recovered for many days. It matters not to tell how, or when.

CHAPTER XXII.—GONE TO GOD.

"My boy, my brave, my beautiful boy. Oh, it was cruel! Gone from me; gone—gone—it cannot be! Surely they have not given up the search. They should have saved him—so many around. Oh, they would if they knew the thousandth part of what he was. He—the generous—the noble! My boy gone? Who said it?"

Such were the words that broke upon my awakening senses when at length nature rallied from the swoon which succeeded the first crushing weight of despair. There had been a fever of excitement; the strain on each nerve was terrible; then a dark shadow looming over and swallowing me up in its icy gloom, and I remember no more.

When I came to myself, Coralie's face, of an unearthly paleness, with its strange scared expression, appeared bending over me. I pushed her aside at sound of my mother's voice, and the bitter, bitter thought which cut more deeply than any mere earthly

loss, or broken current of affection, burst from my lips in the wild question—

"Where?"

Without another word, a haggard worn old woman rose from her place, and crossing the room, fell down beside me, wailing out—

"I never taught him how to die. My boy, my own loved boy, I never taught you how to die."

It was the hour of nature's weakness, of which Satan ever takes advantage to tempt and harass, unless in unquestioning faith we cast ourselves upon the strong One to sustain. "The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and He helped me," is the utterance of a childlike spirit. But ah! there arose in my heart that hour a terrible questioning of God's decrees, and a terrible doubt of His righteous judgments. No marvel I was cast back upon myself, and left to confront the wily tempter, so that I might learn anew the lesson of entire weakness and dependence. It was the commencement of much miserable questioning and unavailing remorse, the bitterest mixture I ever had to drink.

"Mother," I said, after a pause, during which I had been taking in the full force of her words, "you never professed to love God and then fell away from His service. You never knew yourself saved by His grace, and afterwards joined the company of those who thought not on His name. You did not follow the truth for a time, and publicly deny its power. If you have done no good, at least you have not done this terrible wrong."

For the temptation which rose in my mind that hour was that this bereavement had come upon me as a judgment, and through my unfaithfulness I had lost my brother.

"Suey," my mother replied, in a harsh cold voice, "to do no good is to do positive wrong. I see it now as I never saw it before. I never taught him what was good and right: never, since he lay a smiling babe upon my knee. Oh, God, help me now!"

There was a pause, and she went on—

"I nursed him in pride; I cradled him in fancied greatness. He was grand and noble, and I sought for him a high place on earth. He lies at the bottom of that horrid, hateful, cursed piece of water which smiles up at the great garish sun as though it had not swallowed up the hopes of a lifetime, and no fair wreck lay beneath it. Oh, why did I come here? Why did we not dream on of what might have been in our poor, quiet little cottage? Oh, my boy! Suey, call the men; have the place dragged anew. Heap up gold: gold will buy any service; it cannot purchase peace. Offer greater rewards: take all, but bring me back the body of my son. His soul, where is it?"

"Gone to God," I said, like a tortured tempted thing, twisting itself round to cling anew to the hand which held it, and with that little breath of renewed hope setting in like a wave of life that had erewhile receded, a rush of tears relieved me.

"Gone to God!" I said it many, many times to myself, and it soothed me.

> Gone, I knew not where; but God knew.
> Gone, I knew not how; but God knew.
> Gone, I knew not *why*; but God knew.

This should be enough: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "I was dumb because Thou didst it."

Hope had re-entered my heart. Thank God! for my mother, too, there was partial relief; she became insensible.

I had no time to nurse my sorrow; from that state she woke delirious. The fever had reached her brain.

For many days and nights Coralie and I hung over her; and while we thus hung, that which we so wildly sought for came to pass—all that was mortal of my darling brother was recovered and laid in an earthly grave.

Six days after his long-looked-for birthday had come round—six short days! As I sat in the shadowy twilight, by my mother's bedside, on the day he should have attained his majority, oh, how his words on the last evening we spent together came back to me—"In three days more I shall be of age." He hoped to begin life anew. Was life begun ere this? Ah, what I would have given to know! How ignorant I felt! how powerless to lift the veil that hid the mysteries of that unknown world to which he had gone!

I thought of our uncle; of his sudden calling away in his quiet office, surrounded by business details; no amount of money could purchase immunity from death. His riches did not avail in that hour. Then of one so different, of the young man in his vigour and strength, flushed with hope and manly endeavour, to whom that heritage of wealth had proved a heritage of woe. What had it entailed?

But did it necessarily entail misfortune? Ah, no. What was so recklessly squandered in idle indulgence and sinful pleasures, if rightly used, might have proved a mighty boon and blessing.

My brother's remains were followed to the quiet churchyard by true sympathisers, and their unobtrusive feeling was some solace to us. Mr. Calthorpe had come down, and he and Lord Hetherton arranged everything. Nothing was left to us but to suffer and be still.

Lady Hetherton, too, relieved us in our watch beside my mother. With a strange tenderness, she obliged me to take rest when nature could endure no longer, and quietly assumed our place in ministering to the invalid. I have often since thought this visitation was blessed to those who in the first flush of wedded joy seemed travelling along a flowery mead. I did not think of it then, being too selfishly engrossed by our own sorrows.

But the greatest solace that came to me in that dark hour next to the secret whispers of Divine comfort was a visit from Hugh Lyle. Surely it was our

loving Father sent him, for his coming, as before, was to restore.

I was sitting alone in the twilight in a little room opening out of my mother's. Again I had been dwelling upon my spiritual defection, and charging myself anew, when Coralie opened the door, and softly called me. In the passage outside I came face to face with my early friend. As he took my hands, I drew him into a sitting-room opposite.

"Hugh," I burst forth, "how am I to feel about this?"

"Dear Suey," he replied, "in whose hands are the issues of life and death? Is God your Father?"

Assuredly I knew He was, and looked heavenward with swimming eyes.

"And do you not believe Him when He says, 'He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men?'"

"It is not so much that I doubt His love, or feel He is turned to be my enemy," I began, "as that I made myself His."

"How is this?"

I could not answer; the great tide of sorrow and bitter unavailing regret and self-reproach welled up, and, bursting its bounds, surged on. I cast myself on a low settee, and wept aloud. I don't think Hugh spoke to me, I could not have heard him if he did; but presently I felt his hand laid gently on my bowed head, and it quieted me. I spoke then.

"I don't know how he went, and where." (I felt it needed no more explanation.) "It stills and nerves me sometimes to think God knows, and did all wisely and well. Then, again, I think had I been true to my early promise and the Lord I loved, he might have seen there was a reality in religion, and so be won."

"Suey, dear child," he said, speaking more gravely than I had ever known him do, "you have already judged yourself for this, and God, 'faithful and just,' according to His promise, has put it away. He has not only forgiven, but cleansed and restored. A morbid dwelling upon past ill-doing is not well. God forbid that I should make light of our shameful falls and failures, and what you feel now is but a proof that sooner or later, if not in the next world in this, our 'sin will find us out.' How bitter a punishment self-reproach is you have experienced; but be thankful that the grace which called and justified at the outset has restored as a child and will finally glorify. But, Suey, I do not believe what I hear men say, that souls are lost for want of a word which we might have spoken. We are verily guilty concerning the heathen who have never heard the way of salvation, but in these lands, where men and women may learn the way of life for themselves, the thought that any will perish through our unfaithfulness is overwhelming. Did I believe it I should raise my voice as I walk along quiet roads and busy thoroughfares, wherever a member of the human family is found. I should take men by the collars and compel them to listen to my warnings. Ah, no; God's purposes of love will not be overthrown. 'All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me,' saith Christ. Can I then get rid of my responsibility to souls? Certainly not. God will not lose His own, or doom one to hell for another's fault, but if His children fail in their part and testimony, He will raise up other instruments and we lose the blessing. The work is done, but another takes our crown."

I drank in every word; the idea was new to me, but it was an inexpressible relief. The load was lifted from my heart. I deplored my unfaithfulness still, but with a quiet sorrow; the sting which wounded so sorely was gone. I was no longer crushed beneath despair. God had called my brother; God took him I knew not how, or where; but I would wait to know. The language of my soul was "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

(To be concluded.)

THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR.

JESUS IN GALILEE.

I.—AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

IT has already been shown how Jesus went down with his parents to Nazareth, and was obedient unto them, after His appearance in the Temple. We have now to consider our Lord's miracles and preaching in Galilee, or "Galilee of the Gentiles," as the province is called by Isaiah, who also speaks of the inhabitants as ignorant, or as walking in darkness. It is upon this region that the light of the Gospel most continuously shone.

Galilee is first mentioned in the Old Testament in Joshua xx. 7. One of the cities of refuge was Kedesh in Galilee. The territory referred to in the New Testament extended from Jordan to the Mediterranean Sea westward, from Samaria in the south, to Lebanon northwards. In your maps you can see the places marked; and it is advisable that all young people should be acquainted with the geography of the Holy Land. It assists us to realise the events if we possess a knowledge of the localities in which they took place. The land occupied by the tribes of Naphtali and Zebulun was that more specially visited by our Lord, and thus the prophecy of Isaiah was literally fulfilled (Isa. ix. 1). The country was populous, but the people were inclined to be disaffected and plotting, and Josephus, the Jewish historian, describes it as very rich. Nazareth was the

town most associated with the youth of Jesus Christ. Capernaum, by the Sea of Galilee, was His head-quarters in the days of His ministry.

We will only now refer to Nazareth, the town of the parents of Jesus, and their residence. From Nazareth our Saviour, at thirty years old, went out to be baptised by John. After His baptism, Jesus called Andrew, and John, the writer of the Gospel, to be His disciples. They had left John the Baptist to follow Jesus, and they abode with Him that evening—in some cave, perhaps. Next day Philip and Bartholomew were united with the others; and so Jesus and His four disciples came up to Cana of Galilee to attend a wedding; "both Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage." The marriage must have been celebrated between some friends or relations of Jesus, else His mother would not have given orders, nor would Jesus have been urged by her to interfere with the repast.

To properly understand the miracle of turning the water into wine, we must remember that a wedding in Palestine is very different from a marriage in this country. By attending to this difference, we shall more fully understand the parables referring to the guest who came in without a wedding garment, and the parable of the ten virgins. It is customary to celebrate Eastern marriages at night. There is a procession to fetch the bride. There is music, and the people bear torches. The virgins with lighted lamps await the procession, and all go in at once. They sit down to a "marriage feast," and *every guest is given* a "wedding garment." So when anyone comes in without this robe, it is naturally looked upon as an insult. The gift must have been tendered to the man, and refused when offered. So you see how forcible the parables are; and if you will read them now attentively, you will, we trust, understand them better.

The wedding feast lasted sometimes four days, and as hospitality is fully practised in the East, it must have been very painful to the ruler of the feast to find the supply of wine run short. The mother of Jesus came to Him to tell Him, recognising His ability to provide it if He thought proper. The answer He made is remarkable to us, but is not really unkind. The term "woman" was quite respectful, and was addressed to the highest in the land. Mary then told the servants to do as Jesus might tell them, and shortly after He directed them to fill up the water-pots which were kept in every house for the supply of water to the guests, who washed before they "sat at meat." These pots held about seventy gallons each, and water could be drawn from them. So when the servants drew some of the contents as directed by Jesus, we can imagine their astonishment to find it turned into the most excellent wine: so good was the wine that the bridegroom was complimented upon it as being the "best" they had had. We see here how most unexpectedly we may obtain good gifts by asking and doing, in faith, exactly as Jesus tells us. "Whatever He saith unto you, do it!" This was the first miracle that Jesus did. Cana was the town of Nathanael (or Bartholomew), and is now known as Keffr Kenna, between Tiberias and Nazareth. After this, Jesus went up to Jerusalem for the Feast, passing through Capernaum, which is about a day's journey from Cana, and situated on the Sea of Galilee close to where the Jordan enters that lake.

II.—THE SECOND MIRACLE IN CANA.

St. John is the only one of the Evangelists who distinctly mentions this miracle. Jesus had, as we all remember, passed through Samaria, and had met the woman at Jacob's Well. He went thence to Cana, and there came to Him from Capernaum a nobleman. Some people think this great man was Chuza, Herod's steward. This nobleman had travelled fifteen miles to Jesus to ask Him to heal his son—to come and heal him. "Sir," said he, "come down ere my child die." Here was a Roman noble addressing a Galilean, one of the common people, apparently, as far as outward appearance went, in a most supplicating and respectful manner. Jesus did not at first give him a direct answer, but He soon tested the Roman's faith.

"Go thy way; thy son liveth"—or perhaps "will live," we might say. At any rate, the nobleman believed, and went towards home. Next day, as he proceeded, his servants met him, and told him that at the seventh hour, or at one o'clock the day before, the fever had suddenly left the child. There was evidently no gradual recovery. At the very time that Jesus had told the anxious father to go in peace, his son had recovered. The nobleman accordingly believed; all his household were equally impressed; and we may reasonably conclude that with such a powerful friend in Capernaum Jesus would have less hesitation in taking up his abode there, particularly as Simon Peter's house was there, and as He had been rejected at Nazareth. So Capernaum became "His own city," and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee much of His time was passed. But before we touch upon His residence there, we must turn to His reception at Nazareth, which led to His adopting Capernaum as a head-quarters, and the causes of His expulsion from His supposed native place.

III.—NAZARETH OF GALILEE, CAPERNAUM.

The name of Nazareth is familiar to us all; yet we doubt whether many readers are really in any way acquainted with it. We can put our fingers on it in a map, but we cannot picture it. Let us try to realise it as it was in the days of our Saviour. Just within a range of hills is the town, which lies in a basin in the hill, and is concealed from view till one comes close to it. It is on a considerable elevation above the plain of Esdraelon, and was certainly secluded. But from the hills above the town the traveller can enjoy a view that must bring back the Scripture narratives to his mind. Mount Hermon is not far off, while Carmel, Lebanon, Gilboa, and

Gilead are all visible, with the blue Mediterranean. Endor, Nain, and Jezreel, Cana; and Acre on the coast, all call up associations which will occur at once to every young reader of the Old Testament, and call to mind the scenes of Elijah's marvellous works and actions. Nazareth was a small place, yet there was a synagogue; and to this place of worship Jesus went, and stood up to read. It was in His "native place," and He had a right to do so. We never find Jesus reading in any other synagogue. He preached often. The lesson was from Isaiah lxi. 1—2; and he closed the book, and sat down in the pulpit, when He had done reading the lesson. He chose a portion of it as his text, and preached upon it, sitting, as was the custom. His address is given by St. Luke (iv. 21, 27). The result we read. His allusions to the Gentiles made His hearers very angry; and, regarding Him merely as the Son of Joseph the carpenter, they treated Him roughly, and led Him to the heights already mentioned, with the intention to throw Him over, and kill Him. He had, they thought, insulted them deeply. He would do no miracle for them, as He declared a prophet had no honour in his own land. He, a poor carpenter's son, had likened Himself to their great prophets. They were very angry at His presumption, as they fancied it, and He must die. Yes—townsman, leader though He was, He must be cast headlong down the precipice!

But where had He gone? Only this moment He was in their hands upon the edge of the cliff; now He had disappeared! Gone—vanished away—and left the excited crowd disputing as to whither He had gone. This divine power had been exercised already in Jerusalem, and He afterwards terrified the soldiers in Gethsemane by a few words. So now Jesus passed through the multitude unharmed and unseen, and went His way to Capernaum. There He taught on the following Sabbath, and performed two miracles—one the cure of the poor afflicted man in the Synagogue, the other the healing of Peter's wife's mother. The cure in each case was perfect; so much so, that Peter's mother-in-law was well enough to get up and wait upon Jesus at meat.

These incidents marked the first Sabbath at Capernaum; but no sooner had the evening come, and the Jewish Sabbath ended, than Jesus was surrounded with the suffering and the sick—

> Oh, in what divers pains they met;
> Oh, with what joy they went away!

Then when all were helped, and when all the household was sleeping, Jesus rose early, and on the first working-day His first act was to go into a retired place alone to pray. Young readers, mark this!

Here His disciples found Him, and told Him how He was already wanted by more seekers for healing grace. A leper was healed, and a man with a withered hand was cured. Then, being very greatly incommoded by the ever-increasing crowds, Jesus retired to the hills above the lake, and selected His twelve apostles. There above the lake, on the hill known as the "mountain of the Beatitudes," or Kurn Hattin, as it is now called, He preached to the multitude.

According to St. Luke's narrative Jesus first chose His Apostles, and then descended to the multitude and preached in the plain, after healing those who had need. And the healing of the leper is placed differently by St. Matthew and St. Luke. But the exact order of events cannot in the least matter to us. We know that the events happened, and whether they occurred earlier or later cannot be made clear. They did happen, and they are written for our learning.

JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE.

Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows. Also I say unto you, whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God (Luke xii. 7, 8).

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you (1 Pet. iv. 14).

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven (Matt. v. 10, 11, 12).

If ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled (1 Pet. iii. 14).

If, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God (1 Pet. ii. 20).

He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me (Heb. xiii. 5, 6).

Whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it (Luke ix. 24).

SHORT ARROWS.

NURSES FOR THE POOR.

IN Bloomsbury Square there is now being done some quiet and very excellent work, which is all the more appreciated for its being done in a thorough but unobtrusive manner. A month or two ago the meeting was held, and we remember remarking it at the time. We have heard of some cases in which "lady" nurses have not given satisfaction, but this institute in Bloomsbury Square was devised by Miss Nightingale and now carried on by Miss Mansel, all the nurses employed by this institution are ladies, and ladies not only willing but able to do all that is necessary, and much that is not absolutely necessary, while in attendance upon the sick. Whenever called upon, these estimable ladies are ready to go and nurse the poor, and it requires some nerve and much self-denial to persevere in such a profession. There are not too many of these instances, and when so many ladies are looking hither and thither for some sphere of usefulness, could they have a better opening for their talents and sympathy? "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," is the touchstone now, as it was more than eighteen hundred years ago. Few of us are willing to work for conscience sake, but there is no want of happiness in such a life; and the Association for providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor will welcome the candidate desirous to make an attempt.

THE PRISON MISSION.

We are all familiar with the appearance of the great prison van which occasionally rumbles along in our streets and suburban roads. These vans carry the prisoners, male and female, to the various gaols; but there is no provision made for their conveyance when the men and women are discharged from the prison cells. What is to become of these—women more particularly—what hope can they have? True, they have done wrong, and they have been punished. But it has often struck us when in a prison that many others amongst us might, had they not had position or circumstances in their favour, have been inmates of the prison cells. Have none of us been rescued by God's grace from temptation, or removed outside the influence of it by His bounty? Should we not, therefore, assist in the reclamation of those who have not had our advantages? We speak feelingly. We have seen the inside of many prisons, and noted the demeanour of many prisoners entering and leaving the gates. We were once going into one of these establishments when a ragged fellow touched us, and said, in a hoarse whisper, "Ah, it's well for you that can go in, and know ye can come out again when ye like!" That remark made an impression which has never been removed. The Prison Mission endeavours to assist discharged prisoners, and offer women employment when they leave the prisons. At the Nine Elms mission many are employed as laundresses, as well as in other directions. We are informed that the Queen of Sweden, during her visit to London, took much interest in this mission, which is eminently deserving of support.

SAILORS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

We all, either directly or indirectly, owe something to sailors. We are not now referring particularly to those on board our men-of-war, or those who guard our coasts, but generally to the sailors, British and foreign, who man the merchant ships, and bring us the necessaries and the luxuries of life. Few people really consider to what an extent we are dependent upon our mariners and the ships they navigate. The British and Foreign Sailors' Society gives us some very interesting statistics. There are at least 200,000 sailors employed, earning £10,000,000 in wages annually, besides all the dockyard and other artificers, amounting to, perhaps, 100,000 more. What the aggregate of those employed in foreign countries may number, we can only conjecture. Now let us look at the machinery at work, in London first, for improving the condition of all these immortal souls. Last year nearly 50,000 vessels entered the Port of London, containing an army of sailors, of whom nearly 40,000 men visited the Institute at Shadwell; and the number of Bibles, Testaments, etc., in various languages, distributed amounted to several thousands; besides ten thousand packets of books from various places. Watermen and missionaries patrol the river, and board the vessels with the message of peace, with the sword of the Spirit in their hands, to conquer the old enemy.

IN THE PROVINCES.

While the society above referred to is using strenuous efforts on the Thames, its kindly arms are also extended over many other parts of England. From Dover to Great Yarmouth, and Newcastle to Falmouth westward, to Whitehaven northward, in England; away across the Bay of Biscay, to the blue Mediterranean, or to the Low Countries. Far away in India and America the tendrils of kindliness are fixing themselves, and endeavouring to grasp the situation, with a view to benefit the sailors. From Belfast and Cork, and other stations in Ireland, good reports continue to arrive. Institutes and places of worship are being erected in Antwerp, in Hamburg, in Genoa, Malta, etc. Libraries are supplied to vessels, and prizes for essays which will indicate how the welfare of the sailor may be improved, are annually offered. Wales comes to the front with assistance, but the prizes of £100 and £50 respectively for the

essays will be awarded after the 1st of September, when the bazaar will be held in Camberwell. We recommend any readers who are interested in the true welfare of our sailors to make themselves acquainted with the workings of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

LIFEBOAT WORK.

A topic germane to the foregoing, and equally interesting, is the retrospect of the work done by our lifeboat crews. For fifty-seven years the National Lifeboat Institution has been in existence, and the number of lives saved by it amounts to 27,603, but in this noble work and service eighteen lives were lost during the last year alone. It needs but a slight effort of memory to recall the terrific gales that blew over our eastern coasts during the winter. Sometimes the lifeboat crews were on duty for twenty-four hours at a time, or occasionally even longer—in some cases without food and with clothes stiffly frozen. The wreck of the *Indian Chief* will not soon fade from our memories; and the lives saved during the past year amount to a total of five hundred and seventy-seven, besides one hundred and twenty saved by shore-boats; while the Coastguard and Board of Trade officers were the means of preserving several hundreds of lives also. When we consider these facts it will be well to remember THE QUIVER lifeboats, which our readers so generously endowed, and which have accomplished such good service in the competent hands wherein they have been placed.

A SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS.

We are enabled to record our testimony to the very useful and, we may add, successful institution known as the Sheltering Home, in Liverpool. The object of this home is to rescue destitute boys and girls, and to place these gutter children in Christian families in Canada. During the year last past, two bands of rescued children have been taken to Canada, where the demand for the services of the young emigrants is increasing, for it is stated where one well-behaved child is placed, others are quickly welcomed in the neighbourhood. That this institution works upon practical and useful lines no reader of the report will dispute, and, recognising the endeavours of the committee, the Canadian Government facilitate the placing out and visiting of the children while commending the manner in which the home is conducted. The change from the neglected and miserable condition of a Liverpool street "arab" to the comfort and affection of a family circle must be experienced to be fully appreciated; and the passage across the ocean is a boon full of health to nearly all. The welcome to the Home, the training, the voyage, and the happy circle awaiting the child in Canada, form a round of true enjoyment to the little wanderers.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA.

Let us now look across the ocean and see how the little emigrants fare amongst our "kin beyond sea." The pale faces have become rosy, and the dull eyes are bright, and glisten with pleasure and gratitude. During the voyage they are carefully instructed, and from all sides come good reports of the children. One, a little maid, is in a clergyman's family—"the best little girl we ever had." Farmers and their wives report how useful, how very conscientious, the children are; and the scholars are less troublesome than other children. The Distributing home is at Knoulton, from which the children are allotted to those needing assistance, and there is a similar establishment at Michigan. The value of such an organisation is illustrated by the following instance. A little child of seven years, with her mother, earned a wretched pittance in a cellar by selling papers. The girl's mother fell sick. The mission fortunately found her and had her cared for, but, alas for her! too late. Her desolate child was brought to the "Sheltering Home," and taught. Thence she was sent to Canada, where, in a kind family, she is treated as a daughter. In England the child would have been carried to the workhouse, and thus had no opportunity to rise in the world. Another case—that of a lad—is even more encouraging. He was taken from the workhouse eight years ago, and by encouragement, and by his own force of character, he succeeded in gaining the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. Not only was he of great promise in the future, but his energy had already—before he was twenty-one years old—gained him the position of accountant to one of the railroads. It seemed best to Our Father to take him, for he died last October, full of brilliant promise and in sincere faith. Contrast his lot with that of those left to work their weary way here, and we shall at once appreciate the great services rendered by the Liverpool Home. Mrs. Birt, who spares neither time nor trouble in her merciful mission, is the hon. secretary to the institution in Circus Street, Liverpool, and inquiries addressed to her will, we are sure, meet with a ready response.

"WHAT IS THE GOOD?"

Only those who have accompanied the devoted workers of the Thames Mission upon their visits to the various ships, can realise the good that is done by them, and the number of sailors who listen attentively to their ministrations. From London Bridge to Gravesend the work is carried on in outgoing and incoming vessels, and amid the various craft that cluster so thickly in the "Pool." All nationalities are represented on board these vessels, from the Dutch lugger to the Norwegian timber ship; to these the ever energetic ministers pay frequent visits, and it is gratifying to learn that they are welcomed by all. The good effects of these visits remain, as instanced in the following. On one occasion, at Gravesend, a

missionary handing an officer a tract, was reminded by him that they had met before. "Do you remember boarding a barque called the —— a long time ago? I was before the mast in that ship. You came in the forecastle and offered one of the men a tract, and he said, 'What is the good of this thing to me?'" The officer said that the conversation that ensued first led him to think about God. He is chief officer, and permitted his former friend to hold a meeting in the forecastle; fourteen men attended, induced by his example. So the work in the river progresses. While the unthinking crowds are hurrying aross the bridges or gazing into the crowded river, few people think of the unostentatious and excellent work being performed by the mission workers upon the silent highway, whose Society we warmly commend to our readers.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"Ask and ye shall receive" is as true now-a-days as it ever was. In this nineteenth century we are apt to forget this great truth, and to put down a great deal to "chance," or what we consider our own success, and to the consequences of our own actions. Not long ago we read an anecdote which is so well authenticated that we cannot object to quote the circumstances. It was in the winter. A poor and aged widow was living alone, and when she awoke in the morning she found that she was completely snowed in. She happened to have no coals nor wood, for she was dependent upon exterior assistance, and when morning came, tardily, she remained in her miserable bed, expecting assistance. But none came. She is a religious woman, and, although suffering from cold, she did not despair of relief, even though the snow was drifting high around her. For miles the snow had rendered the roads quite impassable. But she did not despair. She began to pray, and ere long she heard men coming to her assistance. It had occurred to some influential personage in the district to send out his men to cut a way towards the cottage, and these ideas had been the means of saving the woman's life. The poor woman had prayed in faith, and had been rescued. "But would she not have been rescued in any case?" a doubter remarks. "Would not the men have come under any circumstances?" We venture to think not. We may not always receive what we ask for, but surely that is no proof that our requests are unheeded. A child is not always given what it thinks is best for it. But when a child asks, believing that it will receive what it wants, if the parent approve of the mode and object of the petition, then it will be sure of obtaining the boon, because it receives what it believes it will receive, and is contented, in faith.

"THE JEWEL OF THE COUNTRY."

We have had opportunity in previous issues of THE QUIVER to notice and advocate the cause of the school in Cairo, instituted by Miss M. Whately. From a perusal of certain correspondence upon this very interesting topic, we glean the following instance of the value of this lady's school and system of education:—There were two girls brought up at Miss Whately's school, one of whom was reclaimed by her father, who had deserted the mother. The girl, who had never seen him, declined to go, and the father brought the matter before the Cadi, alleging that he did not like the daughter being brought up in a Christian school. The girl declared she had never seen this unnatural parent, and the Cadi then asked the man what school the girl was at. He told him the "English school, under Sitt Mariam" (Miss Whately). "What!" exclaimed the Cadi. "Is that the school you object to—the jewel of our country? You dare to speak against that school! Go; we have nothing to do with you." But the incident did not end there; there is a romantic side to the narrative. A young widower who was in court was attracted by the appearance of the girl, and he has since wedded her, alleging to his relatives, who had objected, that he took her because she had been brought up amongst Christians, and because she came from Miss Whately's school. This may fairly be considered a triumph in the land of Mahomet, and is another proof of the useful and beneficent work carried on by Miss Whately at Cairo. The influence of the school is daily increasing, and the good example of the young bride has already been the cause of other pupils attending the school.

A FRENCH MISSION IN LONDON.

A very excellent work is carried on in Soho, by Monsieur Barbier, amongst his poor compatriots of all denominations; and, although by his exertions a great deal of good is done, the Report tells us that, after providing for the wants of others, Monsieur Barbier has a very small sum indeed for his own support. In the building known as the Salle Evangelique in Portland Street, a Sunday-school, a day-school, a sewing-class, and a reading-room are also included. The mission embraces a Home for Governesses and Maid-servants, under the superintendence of Madame Barbier, whose motherly care and supervision, even after the girls have obtained situations, are warmly acknowledged. Any one desirous to contribute to the support of this and the kindred associations in the mission, may address Dr. Waring, 49, Clifton Gardens, or M. Barbier, whose residence is 10, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London, W.

A CITY NOT FORSAKEN.

There was a crowded reception at the Mansion House. The line of carriages outside extended to a considerable distance, and the pavement was thronged with bystanders watching the arrival of the guests. Within, all the state-rooms were brilliantly lighted,

and decked with lovely flowers, while the gorgeous city plate, on refreshment tables and buffets, gave a special lustre to the scene. It was an unwonted setting to a missionary-meeting; but to such a meeting the Lord and Lady Mayoress had invited us, acting truly in the spirit of the sacred words—"The silver and the gold are mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." We were met to hear what had been done, what remained to be done, in the poor and crowded districts in and round the City by the agency of the London City Mission.

In due time the company—about six hundred people, including many of the noble and wealthy in London—were gathered in the Egyptian Hall, where, by the Lord Mayor, Lord Shaftesbury, and others, the cause in hand was earnestly and eloquently pleaded. And, truly, the cause in itself was eloquent, and most powerful the plea put forth by clergy labouring in such parts as Spitalfields, Billingsgate, and the Borough, and laymen well acquainted with the work of the London City Mission in these parts and elsewhere.

"We are sufferers," said one of the former, "from absenteeism. There are doubtless many wealthy men here to-night whose daily business is in the City, while their homes are far away; and who are too apt to say, when asked to support God's work here, 'We give our offerings in the places where we dwell.' How to supply City Missionaries for districts now utterly deserted by the upper classes, and given over to the lowest of the population, is the difficulty to remove which we are met to-night."

It would be hard to say whether the statements made that night as to what had been done by the London City Mission, or what remained to be done were the most persuasive plea.

"I have three missionaries," said a clergyman, "helping me in my parish numbering 18,000 souls. I went a round with one of these men lately, in the courts and alleys behind the Borough; we entered twenty-five lodging-houses, containing from thirty to four hundred lodgers. Everywhere my companion was received as a valued friend. On boxing-night I joined him at a meeting of at least eighty reclaimed drunkards, and shall never forget how one of these men knelt down and thanked God for his rescue from ruin."

One speaker, a layman, told us how, at his request, a City Missionary had been sent to work amongst a gang of navvies employed for some months in his neighbourhood, as hard and rough a lot of men as could be imagined; but the missionary fully won their respect and friendship, and in course of time the Gospel of Christ reached the hearing of all, and the hearts of many, among those five hundred navvies. The same speaker told, from thorough personal experience, of the earnest, fruitful labours among our letter-carriers, of the agents of the London City Mission. And Lord Shaftesbury quoted the testimony of men high in office, his personal friends, as to the efficacy of such religious influences far above all legal restraints, in maintaining the peace and safety of our metropolis, with its "4,500,000 in a ring-fence." These last words suggested the other side of the question before us, to which now our thoughts were turned. Four and a half millions of human beings in this London of ours, and the proportion of religious ministers in its poorest and most crowded quarters, one to 4,500; its City Missionaries only 447.

Is it any wonder that only two per cent. in eastern London attend any place of worship? Is it any wonder there are such law-breakers amongst us as those whose nefarious attempt had all but destroyed, the very evening before, the beautiful building where we were assembled? Nay, the wonder is surely that we still are spared the awful scenes, the wholesale crimes, the revolutionary earthquakes of neighbouring lands.

"It is your religion alone which has preserved you from such evils," said the French statesman Guizot to Lord Shaftesbury. God grant that the Lord Mayor's missionary meeting may give a fresh impulse to religious work in London. Is there not solemn warning in the fact that lately in the capital of a great Protestant empire, where, alas! spiritual destitution far surpassing ours prevails, the funeral procession of a well-known socialist was attended by thousands to a grave-yard gate over which was inscribed, "There is no hereafter, and we shall never meet again."

THE NESTORIAN CONVERTS.

It is both curious and interesting to consider the manner in which, amid all the strife and conflict of races—between the "upper and nether millstones" of Islam, the Shahs of Persia and the Turks—the Nestorians have still survived. Many years ago the missionaries came amongst them, and in a short time succeeded in awaking in the people the long-dormant but still existing faith and the spiritual life of their fathers. During the last thirty years the prospect has been most encouraging to the missionaries. From a small beginning the increase has been steady, notwithstanding the inevitable gaps made in the hearers of the Word by battle and famine or violence. The Kurdish invasions have broken up many congregations; but, wonderful to relate, the people continue faithful to the Gospel amid all their trials, and during the past year the attendance at the meetings has increased by one thousand persons. Within a circuit of sixty miles from the town of Oromiah in Persia, nineteen of the eight-and-twenty parishes have ordained pastors and have established churches. Even beyond, in distant districts of Persia, there are preachers; and again, in Russia, the men are labouring in the Gospel field, and amongst the Jews and others the work is carried on successfully. It is gratifying to record that the people are very friendly, and a truly evangelical Church is growing up. Twenty years ago the number who had come out from the old Church was only 385; now there are 1,400! The priests of that other Church have died, and the old

service has given way before the pure light of the Gospel teaching. From a communication now before us we are glad to learn that the Church thus established is apparently secure against attack.

The difference between man's law and God's law is, that whereas we may reach the highest standard set before us by the former, the more we advance in striving to fulfil the latter, the higher it keeps on rising above us.—*Julius Hare.*

So long as men shall receive earthly gifts from God, of all that they have this tithe must be rendered to Him, or in so far and in so much He is forgotten. Of the skill and of the treasure, of the strength and of the mind, of the time and of the toil, offering must be made reverently; and if there be any difference between the Levitical and the Christian offering, it is that the latter may be just so much the wider in its range as it is less typical in its meaning, as it is thankful instead of sacrificial. There can be no excuse accepted because the Deity does not now visibly dwell in His temple; if He is invisible it is only through our failing faith; nor any excuse because other calls are more immediate or more sacred; this ought to be done, and not the other left undone.—*Ruskin.*

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.—*Dean Swift.*

All that I have been enabled to accomplish in the course of my life, has been done through perseverance.—*George Stephenson.*

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

146. What prophecy did Elisha deliver when on his dying bed?

147. Of what two persons does St. Paul use these words, "Whom I have delivered unto Satan"?

148. What were the dimensions of the second Temple according to the decree issued by Cyrus king of Persia?

149. Which was the last of Jehu's descendants who reigned over Israel?

150. What was one of the conditions of the decree of Cyrus concerning the building of the Temple at Jerusalem?

151. Who was the first king of Assyria who carried away the Israelites into captivity?

152. What man is spoken of as having seen Paradise?

153. What king of Israel restored the daily sacrifice in the Temple after it had ceased for many years?

154. What special honour was paid to Hezekiah's memory at his funeral?

155. Quote a passage in which St. Paul sets forth the certainty of a final judgment.

156. What two churches does St. Paul mention as not having been visited by him?

157. What powers of self-government were granted by the kings of Persia to the Jews on their return to their own country after the captivity?

158. What two prophets prophesied at the time of the building of the second Temple?

159. It is said that "Jeremiah lamented for Josiah." What passage in the Lamentations is supposed to be referred to in this?

160. In whose reign was there a great gathering of all the tithes of the land to pay the expenses of the Temple services?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640.

127. He prayed for God's blessing upon all strangers who might enter the Temple to offer their petitions to God (2 Chron. vi. 32).

128. It was placed at Gibeon (2 Chron. i. 3).

129. The brazen altar made by Bezaleel the son of Uri (2 Chron. i. 5).

130. Pul, who came against Israel in the days of Menahem (2 Kings xv. 19).

131. Two—the fable of "The Trees," and the fable of "The Thistle" (Judges ix. 8—15, and 2 Kings xiv. 9).

132. 2 Kings xiii. 7.

133. Queen Athaliah, who caused the children of Ahaziah her son to be slain, one only excepted (2 Kings xi. 1).

134. Jehonadab (2 Kings x. 15, 16).

135. The gate of Sur (2 Kings xi. 6).

136. It is said he foretold the restoration to Israel of the land which had been taken from it by Syria (2 Kings xiv. 25).

137. Urijah the high priest—in order to please Ahaz the king (2 Kings xvi. 11—17).

138. The "Glory of the Lord," like a cloud, filled the Temple (2 Chron. v. 13, 14).

139. Not any (2 Chron. viii. 9, also ii. 17, 18).

140. 2 Chron. xxix. 25.

141. 1 Cor. xiv. 30—33.

142. The people of Macedonia and Achaia (1 Thess. i. 8, 9).

143. 2 Kings. x. 22.

144. 1 Tim. vi. 6—8.

145. The priests received all the money of the dedicated things for the repairs of the Temple, and kept the money for their own use (2 Kings xii. 4—7).

A HERO'S TRIAL AND DELIVERANCE.

BY THE LATE REV. CANON ELLIOTT, VICAR OF WINKFIELD, WINDSOR.

TWO of the three great prophets who lived in the time of the Babylonish Captivity had their lot cast in the land of Babylon. But whilst both were carried captive out of their native land and constrained to live in the land of the Chaldeans, their outward circumstances and positions were widely different. Daniel, who had been carried as a prisoner into Babylon at the first capture of Jerusalem by King Nebuchadnezzar, spent the greater portion of his long life in the discharge of the high and important duties of a minister of state at the court of his heathen masters. He was called to be a seer rather than a prophet, and a teacher by his life rather than a teacher by his lips. By his unshaken fidelity to the cause of God, by his open profession of the true faith at the peril of his life, and by his unsullied purity amidst the contagious influences of an idolatrous court, he taught not only his contemporaries in Judæa and in Babylon, but also the faithful throughout all after-ages, how God's people may be in the world and yet not of it; how, whilst diligent in the discharge of business, they may be, at the same time, fervent in spirit; how, whilst mixing, in the various concerns of this life, with the men of this world, they may have their citizenship in heaven and their fellowship with the saints. And further, by those visions which were given to the inspired seer of the successive rise and fall of the kingdoms of the world, and of the final issue of their conflicts with the Kingdom of God, he has sustained the hopes of the Church amidst times of deepest despondency, by the assurance therein afforded that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and that the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

For some cause, which is not explained, but which may be reasonably conjectured, Daniel was spared that trial of his faith to which his three Jewish companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego had been exposed. After the death of Nebuchadnezzar he appears to have lived for a time in seclusion and obscurity, until, as the result of his interpretation of the writing which was seen upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace, he was again promoted to honour, and became "the third ruler in the kingdom" (Dan. v. 29). After the death of Belshazzar and the overthrow of the Chaldean empire, Daniel appears to have been confirmed in office by Darius the Mede (Dan. vi. 2); and so successful was his administration of the affairs of the empire, by reason of the excellent spirit which was in him, that the king "thought to set him over the whole realm" (Dan. vi. 3). The same jealousy which had before prompted the native rulers to seek the destruction of Daniel's three companions now incited the courtiers of Belshazzar to effect the ruin of one who was yet more obnoxious to them by reason of his higher position and greater influence. The manner in which they addressed themselves to the accomplishment of this object showed their just appreciation of the weak and irresolute character of the king, and of the unswerving fidelity and integrity of Daniel. The command which had been issued by Nebuchadnezzar to bow down to the golden image which he had erected in the plain of Dura appears to have emanated solely from the will of the proud and imperious sovereign; and the Chaldeans did but avail themselves of the desired opportunity of preferring an accusation against Daniel's companions. In the case of Daniel, on the other hand, the plot emanated from the presidents and princes themselves; and it was framed in such a manner as was most likely to find favour with a feeble and short-sighted monarch of unfixed and wavering disposition.

There was no attempt made, as on the former occasion, to enforce any open act of idolatrous worship, neither was any formal prohibition issued of the rites of any other creed than that which found favour with the court. The edict which the presidents and princes resolved to propose for the king's confirmation was one which, while it flattered the pride of the sovereign, did not appear to impose any insuperable obstacle in the way of its observance by all his subjects. They agreed to ask of Darius that he would establish a firm decree that whosoever should ask a petition of any god or man for the space of thirty days, save of him only, should be cast into the den of lions. Unable, as it should seem, to penetrate the design of his courtiers, and flattered by their apparent devotion to his service, the king acceded to the request, and "signed the writing and the decree."

Thus far, Daniel, against whose life this plot had been laid, and who, from his position, ought to have been first consulted in regard to any proposed edict, appears to have been carefully kept in ignorance of the machinations of his rivals. No sooner, however, did the news of the

edict reach his ears, than his resolution was at once and irrevocably formed. "Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime" (Dan. vi. 10.).

In these few and simple words we have an insight given to us into the true character of Daniel, and into the hidden source of his strength. Many years had elapsed since he had been carried, in early youth, into the land of Babylon, and there exposed to the temptations of a heathen court, and surrounded by the debasing rites and superstitious emblems of idolatry. But amidst all these incentives to apostasy, Daniel had not swerved from his allegiance to the one true God, and he was neither afraid nor ashamed to make an open confession of his faith. And in the short but significant account of the course which he adopted when he heard of the king's edict, we find the explanation of a purity and consistency of life and conversation which would otherwise have seemed almost or altogether inexplicable.

Daniel was emphatically a man of prayer. Had he become remiss in prayer amidst the cares of office, the allurements of pleasure, and the baits of worldly ambition, he might well have been tempted to yield such an amount of outward obedience to the king's edict as would have sufficed to deliver him from the machinations of his foes. Had he been accustomed to permit any excuse, however plausible, to interfere with his appointed hours of prayer, how strong would have been the temptation to plead such an excuse at a time when it might have availed him for the preservation of his life. It was but the omission of an open confession of his faith at particular seasons of the day which was demanded at his hands. During the silent watches of the night he could still have held communion with his God, and none could at such a time have been witnesses of his devotions. Nay, more, it needed only, during the hours of day, that he should withdraw from the scrutinising gaze of his adversaries, and he might have still continued to pray "as he did aforetime."

But as Daniel's accustomed mode of prayer was not prompted by the desire to be seen of men, but was designed and regarded as an open profession of the worship of the one true God, in contrast with the prevailing forms of idolatry, so any deviation from that custom, in compliance with the king's edict, would have been regarded by Daniel as an unworthy compromise with the claims of conscience, and would have been esteemed by his heathen adversaries as a virtual abandonment of his faith.

It is true we read of no direct injunctions in regard to that particular mode, and those particular seasons of worship which Daniel observed. But even previously to the time of the building of Solomon's Temple, the custom of praying towards the place of which God had said, "My Name shall be there" (1 Kings viii. 29), seems to have prevailed, and the faithful worshippers appear to have looked for a special answer to their prayers when they were made towards that holy place. It is thus that we find David, in the fifth Psalm, declaring his resolution to worship toward God's holy Temple—*i.e.*, towards the tent which he had erected on Mount Sion (compare Ps. v. 7 with 1 Sam. iii. 3); and again in the twenty-eighth Psalm he addresses his prayer to God in these words—"Hear the voice of my supplication when I cry unto Thee, when I lift up my hands towards Thy holy oracle" (Ps. xxviii. 2).

In like manner, as regards the three hours of the day which Daniel observed for prayer, although there is no law which expressly prescribes this practice, nevertheless, we find in another Psalm, which is not without cause assigned to David, words which imply that in his time this custom was not unknown to the faithful, and that in addition to those hours of the day at which the offering of the morning and evening sacrifice was regarded as a summons to prayer, the hour of noon was also deemed a suitable season for pouring out the souls of the faithful before God, and for making known to Him their requests—"As for me, I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me; evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray, and He shall hear my voice" (Ps. lv. 17). Nor must the fact be overlooked, that during those anxious days of suspense which preceded the accusation which was preferred against Daniel, he continued not only to pray and make supplication before his God at his wonted hours, but, as he had been accustomed to do whilst he was in the enjoyment of outward prosperity and honour, to unite *praise* with prayer—"He prayed," we read, "and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime" (Dan. vi. 10).

The opportunity for which his adversaries had long looked, and which they so eagerly desired, was now afforded. The accusation was at once preferred against Daniel, that he regarded not the king nor the royal decree, an offence which, in accordance with the laws of the Medes and Persians, could be expiated only by the death of the offender. The absolute power of a despotic sovereign appears to have been unequal to the pardon of an offence committed against his own sovereignty. In spite of the bitter remorse which the king experienced when he awoke to a consciousness of the snare into which he had fallen, the fatal sentence which his courtiers desired was reluctantly extorted from him, and, in accordance with the new custom which a change of dynasty had introduced, Daniel was consigned (not, as under the Babylonian sway, to a furnace of fire,

but, in accordance with the equally barbarous custom of the Persians) to the den of lions.*

The history proceeds to record a signal intervention of Divine power on behalf of Daniel, similar to that which had been already vouchsafed in the case of his three companions in the captivity. That God Who is at all times the refuge and strength of His people showed Himself to be a very present help to Daniel in the time of trouble; and it was in these words that Daniel was able to reply to the king's inquiry whether his God was able to deliver him from the lions—"My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before Him innocency was found in me, and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt" (Dan. vi. 22).

The history of Daniel teaches the importance of habitual prepartion for the hour of trial; and that more especially in the time of outward prosperity. Had Daniel, in the plenitude of his power and the distraction of a heathen court, yielded to the many temptations by which he was surrounded, and broken through his habit of prayer at stated hours of the day, we may well believe that he would have been induced, in the hour of his yet severer trial, to tamper still further with the voice of conscience, and, by falling into the snare which his wily adversaries had prepared for him, to pave the way for the open denial of his faith. It must have required the exercise of no ordinary amount of self-control and self-restraint to persevere, amidst the many calls of duty and of pleasure, in the course which Daniel prescribed for his own adoption. But Daniel had learned the great lesson that in exact proportion to the magnitude and multiplicity of the duties which devolve upon us is the need which we have of grace and of strength for their rightful discharge; and he had learned also that as long as man continues to make a faithful use of the means of grace which God has provided for him, no temptation too strong for him shall be suffered to assail him.

There is another lesson which the history of Daniel is well calculated to enforce, and that is that true security is to be found only in the path of simple obedience to the Divine law, and of humble reliance upon the Divine protection. In some one or other of the many forms of error and of temptation by which the great enemy of souls lies in wait to deceive, the faith and the constancy of all God's people must be tried. Their own unaided strength is as unequal to enable them to endure the trial as that of Daniel was to effect his own deliverance from the den of lions. But God still gives His angels charge over His people now, as, in the days of the captivity in Babylon, He gave them charge concerning Daniel. To us, equally with him, it is permitted to plead the fulfilment of the promise—"Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet" (Ps. xci. 13); and to us, more clearly than to him, has been revealed the nearness of the presence of Him of Whom it is declared that He will Himself bruise Satan under the feet of His people shortly. If, then, like Daniel, we continue steadfast in faith, patient in tribulation, and instant in prayer, our path, like his, will be made plain before our face, and either a way of escape will be opened for us from the trials which we most dread, or grace and strength will be given which will enable us to endure them. And alike in both cases, whether the thorn in the flesh be removed, or whether grace sufficient for the day be given to endure it, it will be seen in the end that God ever leads His people by a good and a right way, to bring them to the "city which hath the foundations;"* and when, "at the end of the days," they shall "come out of the great tribulation," having "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," they shall stand "before the throne of God, and shall serve Him day and night in His temple."

* An undesigned evidence of the historical truth of the narrative is afforded in the mode of capital punishment which was adopted in the case of Daniel as contrasted with that which had been adopted in the case of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Under the Babylonian Empire, two of the forms of capital punishment which were employed were cutting in pieces, and casting into a heated oven or furnace, to both of which allusion is made in the earlier chapters of Daniel (see ii. 5, iii. 29, iii. 6, 15, 20; and compare Jer. xxix. 22, Ezek. xxiii. 25). The latter mode of death was inconsistent with the Zoroastrian system of religion, and hence during the existence of the Persian empire other forms of capital punishment were adopted, two of which were hanging upon a gibbet (see Esth. v. 14), and consignment to a den of wild beasts, a punishment which is said to have been peculiar to the Persians until some centuries later, when the barbarities both of the Babylonians and Persians were adopted by the Romans.

* Comp. Heb. xi. 10 with Rev. xxi. 14.

EVENING.

O THE long golden lights that die,
At evening, in the glens!—
Fade up and up, and trancèd lie
A minute, and go hence!

Each day there is a new world made,
A God made manifest:
Let there be light, each dawn is said;
Evening's the Sabbath rest.

T. ASHE.

IN VANITY AND VEXATION.

A NORTH COUNTRY STORY.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE," "LOST IN THE WINNING," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

WITHOUT DEFENCE.

AS Noel Raynor drove homewards that day, carefully guarding from injury a couple of plants — exotics—he had purchased for his wife, and whistling in his content, as he fondly fancied the delight with which she would receive them, he caught sight of her. But she was not coming to meet him and looking up from beneath her shady hat with the smile that still had power to make his pulses quicken; on the contrary, she did but cross his path as she hurried towards the clump of firs beneath which her mother dwelt.

"Something is wrong!" he decided. "Mrs. Anstey is ill, or Alessie has met with an accident!" And, turning his horse's head, he urged the animal across the broken ground, at the risk of being capsized, and speedily overtook her.

"Stop, you foolish child! you will make yourself ill!" he cried, with the authoritative manner which veiled his idolatry so poorly, that Kythe, when in the humour, would saucily rebel against it.

But now her face was cold and pale. Her lips scarcely parted as she made answer that she was going to her mother's, and he could accompany her, if he chose.

"Of course I choose; but on so warm a day I will not have you walk so far, or so fast. Give me your hand, and let me help you into the trap."

Turning a deaf ear to the command, Kythe moved farther away; and, a little vexed at her waywardness, yet tolerating it, because just then she needed all his tender forbearance, he sprang out of the vehicle, and, leading the horse, walked beside her.

"There is something amiss, my dear little girl, and you do not like to tell me what it is. Has Mrs. Anstey——"

"Don't question me yet," gasped Kythe, such agony in her tones that he was startled when he heard them. "Let me think, let me try to think how far it can be true. *True*, did I say? there is no truth in any one, if you and my mother have both been playing me false!"

She broke from the detaining hand her perplexed husband laid on her shoulder, and with mad haste sped on, sinking at last, spent and exhausted, on the rustic bench at the cottage door.

The acute hearing of Alessie had detected her sister's approach, and warned of it by her joyful exclamation, Mrs. Anstey, no longer careworn but plump and smiling, came to greet her; but her smiles vanished when she caught sight of the young wife's face, and glancing from her to Mr. Raynor, who had paused to fasten his reins to the gate, she drew her in-doors.

Had they been disputing, and had Kythe foolishly insisted on appealing to her? With a little severity, employed to remind her that she was erring against her husband, Mrs. Anstey began to question her, but was struck dumb when Kythe broke in with the question, "Mother, where is the letter Jock Beacham sent me?

"You cannot answer," she went on, impetuously. "Your silence condemns you. I must believe the accusation that you had it; that *you* kept it from me; and I, who might have saved him, never knew it!"

"Hush, child, hush! There was no harm done; he was acquitted."

"Yes, but how? And where is he now? Do you know that I have just seen the poor old man, whom this cruel affair robbed of all he had to care for, and he has reproached me for it? Oh! it was horrible," and Kythe shuddered at the recollection. "He says that my evidence would have cleared his grandson, and I would not give it. *Would not!* Oh, me! Where is that letter—Jock's letter that he wrote, begging me to go to his judges and assure them that he was not guilty? Nor was he guilty. I can see it all now; he was haunting our cottage garden at the very time he was accused of being concerned with the Moyes in beating the poor gamekeeper."

"Anyhow, he was not justified in coming near you after I had told him——"

Here Mrs. Anstey checked herself in much confusion; but it was too late. By the new light the old sergeant had thrown on the past Kythe could read what her mother withheld. She knew now why Jock's visits to the cottage had ceased so suddenly, and why he had said that he must never approach her again—words she had sadly misinterpreted at the time. In every way he had been wronged and she had been deceived.

"Oh, it was cruel!" she moaned; nor saw how Noel Raynor winced as he heard her. "It was cruel to both of us! You are my mother, and I must be

silent ; but how shall I bear to know that an innocent man has suffered, and you and I might have prevented it? Have you never asked yourself what he must have gone through since the knowledge that every one here thought him guilty drove him away? You have let me think of him as little less than a murderer, and yet knew all the while that he was falsely accused. Oh, mother, mother, how could you do this?"

Mrs. Anstey buried her face in her handkerchief. She wanted to defend herself ; yet how could she urge her paltry selfish excuses while Kythe's mournful voice echoed the accusations of her own conscience?

"Where is that letter?" she was again asked.

"Oh, child, have pity on me! It was for your sake. I burnt it!"

"Then you did get it ; the boy was right. And *you*"—with passionate reproach in voice and gesture Kythe turned to her silent husband. Alas! his darkening brows ought to have warned her that her agitation, although it was but the natural shame and dismay of a right-minded woman who finds that she has been betrayed into an act of injustice, had awakened his hitherto dormant jealousy—"you were here! You saw it done ; perhaps advised the cruel shameful deed!"

But although Kythe accused her husband in such bitter tones, she longed to hear him repudiate the charge. How gladly she would have flown into his arms and looked to him for comfort and advice, if she could have been sure that he had had no part in this concealment. But his response chilled and estranged her.

"Why not? Mrs. Anstey was justified in preventing your holding any intercourse with a presuming fellow, who never ought to have been encouraged here."

"Then you *did* advise it? and without caring what the consequences might be to the obscure lad whom you condemned. This was one of the acts of tyranny of which you have committed too many. What signified his good name, if he was in your way? He had dared to love me. Yes, I am not ashamed of it now ; and you seized remorselessly on the chance of crushing him. Well, you succeeded ; you taught me to think that he was so vile, so unworthy, that I hated myself for liking him so well ; but now, now it is you whom I despise."

"Kythe, you are wrong!" cried her mother, "Mr. Raynor was not aware——"

But Mr. Raynor himself interposed before she could say more.

"Mrs. Anstey, there has been mischief enough made betwixt my wife and me. Who has been to blame I will not say ; but, I insist that the name of Jock Beacham shall never be mentioned in her hearing after this day."

"'Do you not know me, Alessie?'"—*p.* 716.

"And this is how you propose to slip out of the difficulty," exclaimed Kythe, scornfully. "He has gone from the Dale, none seem to know or care where; his home is fast falling into ruins, the tale of his imprisonment, of the suspicion that still rests on him may—nay, it will, follow him wherever he goes; and is no reparation to be made?"

"Not by you; I will not have my wife's name coupled with Jock Beacham's," Mr. Raynor angrily responded. "I do not mind advancing the money to buy his discharge——"

"Would this atone for such injustice?" she interposed; "or do you think he would accept anything from *you?*"

"I neither know nor care," was the furious reply. "Am I to be tormented with the sight of your tears, knowing that they are shed for him?"

"Not for him only, but for the heartlessness of those who withheld his letter from me. Oh, Noel, how could you do that?"

Mr. Raynor did not choose to defend himself at the expense of his wife's mother, and he knew that he had already let his temper get the better of his discretion; so he put an end to the discussion by saying, sharply—

"There has been enough of this. Are you ready to go home?"

"Home! No! Before I can sleep there in peace you must promise to go with me to London, and help me take steps for proving Jock Beacham's innocence!"

"And let you parade to the world how dear he is to you, while I stand by, a cypher—the man whose money is his only recommendation in your sight! Never!"

And in his rage Noel Raynor stalked out of the cottage, and walked away, leaving Kythe to follow him in the vehicle, when she had repented the wild scheme she had been proposing.

The equally angry wife watched him till he nearly reached the garden gate, and then flew in pursuit.

"Stop, and think what you are doing!" she panted. "I asked for justice—nothing more—justice for the man whom you and my mother have made an outcast! Have you no better answer to give me than that you will not? Is this the honourable conduct on which you pride yourself?"

But Mr. Raynor only repeated, as sternly as before—"I forbid your interference; I refuse to hear you plead for a person whom, as my wife, it is your duty to ignore; to forget that you have ever seen or known."

Harsh words these, and harshly spoken, but Mr. Raynor was not master of himself. He was angry with Mrs. Anstey, whose double dealing had been the cause of all this trouble; and the inability to say so to her before her daughters made him visit his ire on Kythe, whose distress, testified as it was in the cause of another, seemed to reflect upon him.

Away he went, watched by his indignant wife, who was too much exasperated to make allowances for him, till a turn of the road hid him from her sight. Then, looking just as white and determined, she too began to walk away, but it was in the contrary direction. Her mother, afraid to encounter her reproaches again, was weeping in the cottage, and knew not till afterwards that Kythe—too much excited to feel fatigue—had turned her face towards Bickley. On, on she went, and had climbed the hill from which the straggling High Street could be seen, before she discovered that a slender hand grasped her dress, and steps as light and quick as her own kept time with them.

"Alessie! you here, poor child! Oh! why did you follow me?"

"How could I let you go alone when I could hear that you were unhappy?" and the blind girl's arms stole fondly round her.

The embrace was warmly responded to.

"Ah! Lessie, darling, you are true to the core; there's no fear of your deceiving me! But you must go back, dear; I'm going to London. There must be some one there who will tell me how to get justice done."

"We will go together," said Alessie, decisively. "I have as great an interest in proving Jock Beacham's innocence as you have. He was always good to me, and his grandmother taught me more than anyone else—more even than you."

"My poor child, what help could you give me? Indeed, I cannot take you."

But the blind girl was not to be shaken off. Young and inexperienced though she was, she comprehended the dangers of the rash step Kythe was taking. She felt that her sister must not be suffered to go to London alone, especially now that she was embittered against her natural protectors.

"I could not find my way back," she said, when Kythe would have unclasped the hands that now clung to her more closely than before. "Nor can you leave me here. Where you go, I must go, too."

And by dint of her pleadings she prevailed. The Bickley coach was ready to start, and Kythe hurried Alessie into it, pulling her own hat over her eyes to avoid the recognition of old Beacham, who was standing in front of the inn waiting to be assisted to a seat on the roof.

CHAPTER XLVI.

DARK DAYS.

IN London once more; late at night, depressed by the heat that seemed intolerable in the close streets; deafened by the noises, and conscious at last that she was overwrought, both mentally and bodily, stood Kythe with the helpless Alessie. She had formed no plans, and could only determine to make her way to the suburb in which her mother used to reside, and there try to find a room in which she could rest till this dreadful feeling of exhaustion had passed away, and she was better able to collect her thoughts.

Fortunately for her purpose, a respectable elderly

woman, with whom she was slightly acquainted, had an unoccupied bedroom to let, and though wondering not a little that the sisters brought with them no luggage, not even a travelling bag, readily consented to take them in, made them some tea, of which they stood greatly in need; and, when Alessie had answered all her questions respecting Mrs. Anstey, left them to themselves.

Kythe threw herself on the bed, too weary to talk, or even to think; and, indeed, whenever she attempted to recall the occurrences of the preceding day, the blood mounted to her head, and her temples throbbed with a violence that was maddening. It was not till morning was dawning, and the noises that penetrated even to this out-of-the-way street had died away, only to be renewed in a little while more distractingly than before, that she suddenly fell into a heavy sleep that lasted till nearly noon. Before she awoke, Alessie, who had been almost as wakeful, had contrived to prick with a pin on a sheet of paper a few words to her mother, which the landlady addressed and posted for her—

"Let Mr. Raynor know that we are at Mrs. Hammond's, and propose to stop here till I have seen an oculist."

The thoughtful girl for once rejoiced over her lost sense. The gossips at the Dale, who would pry into the why and wherefore of her sister's sudden flitting, would be foiled if they learned what she was resolved should be the case—that this journey to town was nothing more than the long-talked-of visit to some skilful surgeon. Calumny could not meddle with the affairs of Mr. Raynor's young wife while the blind girl was known to be with her, and Alessie's heart was lightened of a heavy load as soon as she was tolerably certain that her note was on its way to the East Riding.

"I must find Jock," were the first words Kythe said when she awoke; "yes, I must find him, and go to the judge, and lawyers, and every one who assisted in condemning an innocent man."

"Will your duty to Mr. Raynor let you do this?" asked her sister, anxiously.

The blood rushed into Kythe's pale face.

"Do you mean that I ought to obey him when he is unjust?"

"It is not that only; but what will he think?"

"I am his wife," Kythe interposed, proudly. "He could not think so meanly of me as to imagine I should ever forget that! Or if he does, ought I to let a causeless jealousy, that degrades him more than it does me, prevent my doing what is right?"

"But what is it you wish to do?"

"Help Jock to prove to the world that he was unjustly accused; and I think I am justified in telling him all, so that he may know I have not been the heartless creature he has been led to suppose. It is so hard to lie under such dreadful accusations as old Mr. Beacham hurled at me yesterday!"

Her burning cheek was fondly stroked, but it was in a silence that irritated her.

"You do not speak; and yet you must feel that I have been cruelly used."

"Very cruelly; and yet you have had the smallest share of the suffering, after all," said Alessie, with a sigh that hinted how she had herself borne some of it. "And in this case, as the past cannot be undone, would it not be more prudent either to wait and consult Mr. Raynor when he is in a pleasanter humour, or let Jock live it down?"

"I thought you would not agree with me," was the pettish response. "It is plain that you are not able to comprehend how dreadful it is to know that I am answerable for all he has undergone. Well!"—for Alessie made a dissenting gesture—"you know what I mean. I could have prevented it if I had been fairly dealt with. I must exonerate myself as well as Jock!"

"Poor Kythe! what a frightful task for you!" sighed her sister. "In what words will you say to him, 'It was not my fault, but my mother's; it was she who let her love for me overcome her sense of right?'"

"Noel was equally to blame," said Kythe, wincing and sobbing. She had not taken this view of the affair till it was presented to her.

"Will you tell Jock that also? How will you bear to do it?"

"How, indeed!" and a flood of recollections—her mother's often-mistaken, but never-failing, tenderness, as well as the devoted love Noel Raynor had lavished on her—came upon her so vividly that they swept some of the bitterness out of her heart.

"Still, Alessie," she pleaded, "I must think of Jock, of the innocent man to whom they have shown no mercy. He must have justice done him, and only I can do it."

"But how?" queried Alessie. "Going to him and putting the blame off your own shoulders on to mother's may make him think better of you, but it will be at her expense; and he—so dutiful himself—would be more shocked than pleased."

"You talk," cried the harassed Kythe, "but it is only to increase my perplexity. Can I go back to the Dale, and when I hear the folks there talk of Jock's guilt, or when I see his deserted ruined home, can I keep silence?"

"No; or if you do, I will not. I have always asserted his innocence, and you may do the same; but it cannot be our duty—yours or mine—to publish to people whom it does not concern the mistake made by our mother. If she will frankly say that she did not know till it was too late—and she did not know it, Kythe, she could not have known it," urged the affectionate daughter—"if she says she was not aware till afterwards that you could have given evidence in Jock's favour, will it not be more convincing than anything you or I could say?"

"To others it may be, but to me it sounds like conniving at the shameful treatment he has received. Oh, how could mother! how could Noel——"

But Alessie's fingers were on her sister's lips.

"Dear Kythe, we must not judge them. If they did wrong, it is not you and I who must reproach them for it."

"Then let us think of Jock Beacham. Is it not a greater wrong to let him lie under such a stigma?"

The blind girl knew not how to answer, and, after some reflection, she raised such a troubled face that Kythe began to reproach herself for making her poor little sister as unhappy and perplexed as she was.

"Not quite," said Alessie, brightening, "for I have found a way out of the difficulty. You can do nothing, for Mr. Raynor has forbidden it. Hush, dear! you are too good a wife to disobey him; but I may write to Jock, and I will do so."

"You, Alessie!"

The sisters were changing places. It was no longer Kythe who took the lead, but the timid dependent girl who had hitherto been ruled by her wishes.

"Yes; and when my letter is finished, we will not speak of him again, but you shall dress, and we will go and consult that doctor of whom you have heard such a good report; or if you do not feel equal to it, I will ask Mrs. Hammond to guide me to his house."

"Have you the courage?" asked Kythe, doubtfully; but the reply was firmly spoken.

"Yes, I have counted the cost. If he can do nothing for me, it does but leave me as I was before; and since good old Anne Beacham taught me where to find comfort, I think I have been more patient, more resigned to being a trouble to every one, haven't I, dear? But if you knew how the thought of being so near the skilful man, who may be able to give me my sight, is making me feel, you would not keep me in suspense a moment longer than you could avoid."

Kythe was startled and remorseful. Accustomed to Alessie's blindness, she had not bestirred herself as she ought to have done. It was true that, soon after her marriage, she had consulted Mr. Raynor as to the propriety of obtaining advice, and he had warmly approved; but Mrs. Anstey was so hopeless of any good results that she had thrown cold water on their plans, which had therefore been deferred, first because the busy farmer could not spare time to accompany the sisters to London for an indefinite period, and since then because Kythe was not considered equal to the exertion, let alone the anxiety it would entail upon her.

Her affection for her sister now came into full play, and although on rising she found herself incapable of doing more than resting quietly in an arm-chair, she made arrangements to take Alessie to Dr. Coutaud on the morrow. The surgeon's fee would almost exhaust the small sum remaining in her purse, but she had a valuable watch and chain, which, though prized as Miss Mia's gift to her brother's bride, would be freely sacrificed for the sake of Alessie.

The latter wrote her note to Jock Beacham that afternoon while Kythe was dozing. With a pencil and the aid of lines drawn for her with the point of the scissors by the good-natured Mrs. Hammond, she contrived to put in as few words as possible all that she thought it necessary for him to know.

"They were all unhappy"—how true this was!—"because they had discovered that he had written a letter at the time of his trial, which letter Kythe had never received. What could they do to show their regret for this, and assist him in proving his innocence?"

One of the servants at Hartswood Grange had contrived to learn, through an acquaintance, that Jock Beacham had enlisted, and in what regiment; and Alessie overhearing gossiping details of a visit to Aldershot, and a recognition in one of the Dragoons of a familiar face, had treasured up the information, and now made use of it. If she let a tear or two fall on the paper no one knew it but herself, for she went back to Kythe with a smile on her lips, and talked cheerfully all the evening.

What an ordeal it was to the sisters to present themselves before the oculist only those who have undergone a similar trial can imagine. Of the two, Alessie was the calmer, but even her nerves were so much excited that the surgeon, while expressing his belief that an operation would be successful, declined to perform it for a week or two, and suggested that some person of more experience than the trembling young matron who accompanied her should be present at it.

He had given hopes, and Alessie went back to their lodgings in such an ecstatic frame of mind that Kythe did not like to bring her back to the present with the question what was to be done. But when she did propound it, her sister, who seemed to have been suddenly transformed from the dependent child into a strong-willed sensible woman, answered without hesitation that their mother must be apprised of the doctor's verdict without delay.

Kythe assented to this with some reluctance. She could not forget or forgive the deception that had been practised upon her, and would have considered both Mrs. Anstey and Mr. Raynor properly punished if kept in ignorance of her whereabouts a little longer. Yet she was both disappointed and even mortified when some twenty-four hours or so after her letter reached Yorkshire Mrs. Anstey appeared, not under the escort of Kythe's half-distracted husband, but simply accompanied by Miss Mia, who looked grim disapproval of everything that met her eye, and contrived to express the same in the cold shake of the hand with which she met her brother's wife.

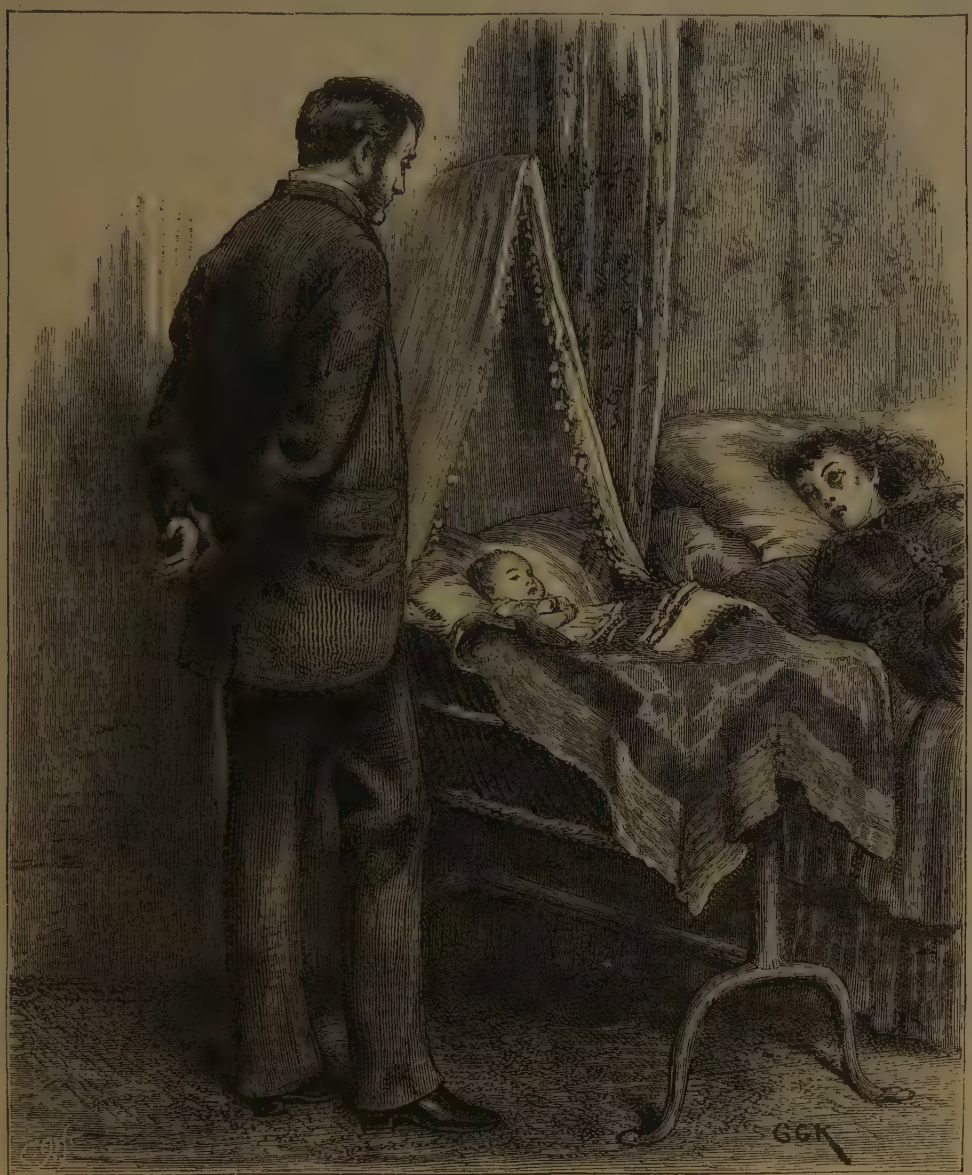
Mrs. Anstey said but little; she had suffered acutely when she discovered that both her daughters had departed no one knew whither, and the angry consternation of Mr. Raynor had been so great as to terrify her lest it should culminate in a refusal to permit his wife to return to his roof. And yet she could not resolve to humble herself to her child, when they were reunited by confessing that no one had been in fault concerning the letter but herself.

What had she gained by her scheming, and her

evasion? she might now have asked. The union of her daughter with a wealthy man and a competence for her own declining years; but she would have renounced—gladly, thankfully renounced—all for which she had striven, if by so doing she could regain her self-respect, and the reverent affection with which her children had once regarded her. The lesson of the preacher was on her lips, its truth striking home to her trouble-laden spirit. All was, all must be vanity and vexation to the soul that hath not walked uprightly, but set the love of this world on high as the false god it worshipped.

Mr. Raynor's commands, as delivered by his sister, were curt and stern enough to partially excuse the rebellious spirit in which they were received. Kythe was to come home immediately or *not at all.* Unless she returned with Miss Mia, and in a reasonable space of time, he declined to receive her.

"He refuses to let me stay with my sister till the trial she has to undergo is over," she cried, indignantly. "What if I decline to be used so cavalierly, and insist on my right to remain here till he comes and gives his orders in person? I am his wife, not his slave."



"He would stand beside the cradle looking down so sadly."—*p.* 715.

Miss Mia lectured and exhorted, and Alessie pleaded in vain. Kythe, always hot-tempered and wilful, would not be either teased or persuaded into submission, and the vexed spinster would have had to journey back to Hartswood alone, if Mrs. Anstey, terrified at the consequences of her own misdoing, had not taken her daughter aside, and with many tears absolved Mr. Raynor of all blame in the affair of the letter.

She was kissed and soothed and entreated never to speak of it again; Kythe scarcely knowing which she felt most deeply, the shock of seeing her mother humbling herself thus, or the relief of hearing that Noel had not stooped to win her by an act so base as she had attributed to him. With much reluctance, yet with reviving spirits, she bade Alessie farewell, returning again and yet again to entreat her to be of good courage, and then permitted herself to be carried off once more to the "north countree."

CHAPTER XLVII.

COMING HOME.

MISS MIA was troubled all through the journey with a raging toothache, which she attributed to the London smoke, and it became so much worse when she exchanged her sheltered seat in the train for the top of the Bickley coach and exposure to a bitter north wind, that on reaching the Grange she went straight to her chamber, calling on Lois to bring her mustard and hot water.

Kythe was thus left to meet her husband alone, and it became more difficult to do so when she saw that he was writing in the parlour, and did not come to greet her. Her resentment at the peremptory recall had been subdued by the joy of knowing that he had not deceived her, but it revived as she sat before the kitchen fire, languidly unfastening her wraps, and listening while Nanny recapitulated all that had been done at the farm and in the village, waiting in vain for some sign that he relented, and was coming to her.

Neither did he raise his head when, her impatience getting the better of her indignation, she entered the room where he sat, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Is this the way you receive me, Noel? Although you bade me come home in harsher terms than you would have used to the lowest hind on your land, I have obeyed you, and surely might look for kinder treatment."

"When I can forget for whom you left me," he retorted, "then call yourself ill-used, and I may be able to apologise for it. I recalled you because I will not have my name dragged through the dirt. As my wife, your place is here."

"You drove me to the step I took," she pleaded, reddening with shame and displeasure; "drove me to it by your injustice. Had you consented to atone to Jock Beacham——"

"In what way had I injured him?" he passionately interrupted. "But I forbade you to name him to me; I forbid it still; and if we are to live in peace, the less we see of each other the better!"

"Why, then, did you make me come away from Alessie?—just now, too, that I could have been some support to her."

"Could I leave you in London, that when it gets wind how you went there to seek—— But you are not well," he said, hastily, as he saw her sink into the nearest chair; "and all this sort of thing is unprofitable. You made a mistake when you married me, and we shall both have to suffer for it for the rest of our lives."

He left her, and Kythe was too angry as well as too miserable to wish to recall him. The mistake had not been in their marriage, but proceeded from his inability to comprehend that she had been too honourable to wed him till she had thoroughly exorcised the girlish liking for Jock Beacham. From the hour she breathed her marriage vows her loyalty to her husband had been unswerving; and if she had not been very happy during the early months of her wedded life, the causes for it were certainly not to be found in reminiscences that a wife should be ashamed of cherishing.

To find herself misunderstood, and the indulgence with which she had formerly been treated exchanged for the coldest reserve, would have made some women dissolve in tears, till by their sobs and protestations they contrived to heal the breach; but Kythe disdained such feminine weakness, and thought she had yielded sufficiently in obeying the mandate that brought her back to the Grange. She therefore carried her head proudly, and made no more overtures towards a reconciliation.

Mrs. Anstey's crooked ways had sown more tares in her daughter's path than she was aware of. Noel Raynor was a man of strong passions, who brooked no rivals in his way. Always disposed to be jealous and distrustful, he now permitted himself to entertain suspicions of Kythe's affection, which he brooded over and magnified till the simplest action of her life became distorted and told against her. Her mother had assured him that she was unconscious of the admiration with which she had inspired Jock Beacham. If this was false, as he had learned from her own unguarded exclamations, might not everything else—her confession of affection for himself—be equally so? How could he place any reliance on the daughter of a woman who had been manœuvring to keep the poor lover at bay, and engage the richer one with such consummate tact?

From that time forward it was a divided household at the Grange. The husband and wife met at meals; conversed civilly as they sat by the fire on the wintry evenings; and—worst hypocrisy of all—went together to church whenever Kythe was equal to the walk; yet they were not reconciled. Miss Mia, seeing her brother unhappy, glared at his wife and made snappish speeches to her, which she did not resent half so much as the servants. They were fond of the

young mistress, who never failed in kindness or consideration for them, and vied with each other in attentions to her, neglecting all other duties for that of fulfilling her wishes.

It was a time Kythe could never recall without a shudder; yet the long lonely afternoons, when she sat with her work laid on her knee, because she felt too spiritless to proceed with it, were not unprofitable ones. The retrospection in which she then indulged may have been a little morbid, but it showed her whence sprang the trouble for which she had been inclined to blame every one but herself. Had it not been engendered by her own vanity and coquetry?—by the feminine arts she had not hesitated to practise on Jock Beacham, even though tempted all the while to disdain him for his rusticity and ignorance?

This same vanity had also had too large a part in the motives that led to her acceptance of Noel Raynor. She had been conscious of the grave defects in his character, yet had believed that her influence would make him all he ought to be; and what was the consequence? The first time she endeavoured to employ that influence she found it of no effect.

It was unfortunate that Alessie, who, loving both dearly, might have drawn them together, was still in London. The case proved a very tedious one, and the hopes her doctor continued to hold out could only be fulfilled by the steady course of treatment he prescribed.

As the winter wore slowly away, Mrs. Anstey was racked with anxiety. She knew that Kythe needed her care, and she had but a very poor opinion of Miss Mia's abilities as a nurse; yet to leave Alessie would be impossible; and her uneasiness was heightened rather than allayed, when she received the tidings that Kythe was a mother; for they were not couched in the joyous strain in which the birth of a first-born child is generally communicated.

It was Miss Mia who wrote, and she said there had been long wrestling between life and death both for mother and babe; so that for several hours those who witnessed it had feared that Noel, who had gone across country for a few days, would find a house of mourning when he returned; but Kythe was now regaining strength rapidly, and the little lass "did not look quite so weakly as it did at first."

Kythe had been very much aggrieved by her husband's absence at a time that her life was in danger. She did not know the urgency of the business that had carried him away; she did not see the white and horror-stricken face with which he learned how nearly he had lost her; and when, with his feelings softened by the tale of her patient endurance of much suffering, he came into the room, and leaned over her bed, she kept her eyes resolutely closed, and let him go away believing her to be asleep.

But what incensed her most was his apparent indifference to their child, the fragile blossom over which Kythe hung rapturously, convinced that there never had been a baby so lovely. Noel gave no signs of sharing the delight; and though he would stand beside the cradle, sometimes looking down at the tiny face of the sleeping infant, it was so sadly, so gravely that the doting mother was offended instead of gratified. Was it because the baby resembled her that he never smiled on, never caressed it?

If she could have divined the sorrowful thoughts filling his mind while he surveyed the little one, she would have pitied both him and herself. Soon after the infant's birth he had been warned by the doctor that there were but faint hopes of its surviving; and every passing day did but confirm the opinion then expressed, that no amount of care could preserve life so frail; and so the event that was to have been the crown of Noel Raynor's wedded bliss was but the forerunner of a sorrow no human efforts could avert.

Never had his affairs been as prosperous as now; he had won the desire of his heart in wedding Kythe, who had borne him an heir to his worldly possessions; yet the gifts craved so long and passionately had already turned to ashes in his grasp. He doubted his wife's love; his child was wasting away before his eyes, though the inexperienced young mother suspected it not; and no one had mustered courage to prepare her for the coming blow.

It came in the dead of night. A cry echoed through the house, "Noel! Noel!" It was Kythe's voice. She was calling upon him in her terror. It was to him that she turned for the loving sympathy she needed, and he doubted her nevermore. She ran to meet him with the convulsed infant in her arms, and the estrangement of months was forgotten as they vied with each other in efforts to give relief, or, when this proved useless, stood beside the cradle and watched, with what anguish only parents can know, the little form grow stiff and cold, the features sink into the repose of death.

Kythe wept out her first paroxysm of grief on the breast of her husband, but she was awed into calmness by the burst of something more than mere sorrow for the loss of so young a child with which Noel Raynor sank on his knees beside the little cradle. Miss Mia crept away on tip-toe, but the bereaved mother knelt with him; she could mingle her prayers with his, for she had regained her place in his heart, or rather—for indeed she had never wholly lost that—they had learned to know each other by the death-bed of their infant. Very few explanations were necessary, but from thenceforward they comprehended that all earthly affection must be imperfect; sometimes careless, sometimes exacting, and always demanding both from husband and wife a faint—alas! how faint, with our best efforts—reflex of the all-enduring love and forbearance of our Heavenly Father.

Noel Raynor never had been, he never would be a demonstrative man, and it was only by degrees that it dawned upon those about him that he was a changed one. Yet so it was. During those months of jealous distrust of Kythe, and dissatisfaction with himself, he had been groping for the one thing needful,

and it was when brought to his knees, his pride abased, his haughty head lowered, his heart bruised by the heavy hand of sorrow, that he found it.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OLD FRIENDS.

ALONG the road from Bickley to Hartswood Grange a young girl was walking briskly, swinging in her hand a paper bag with the name of the Bickley linendraper stamped upon it; and it was not till she was crossing a stile to take a short cut across some fields that she discovered how the fragile paper had given way at one corner, and part of the contents must have been dropped on the road.

What had she lost? She sat down on the cross-bar of the stile, and laid the several articles in her lap. The silk she had been to match was safe; so were the muslin and lace wherewith to fashion a smarter cap for Mrs. Anstey than she usually wore; and the pair of silk gloves that were intended for her own wearing. It was the roll of ribbon, the most precious of her purchases, the one over the precise shade of which she had debated so long, that had disappeared; and if she went back and was so fortunate as to recover it, she must be prepared to find it crushed and soiled beneath a horse's foot or a cart-wheel; for it was market-day, and nearer the town vehicles were frequently passing and repassing.

Still, she must go back, although the route was long and the sun had made her head ache; and she was carefully replacing the rest of the articles in the bag when she chanced to raise her eyes and descried a tall form coming with long regular strides towards her, holding up on the light cane he carried the missing ribbon.

"What an ordeal it was to the sisters."—*p.* 712.

Delighted at recovering it, she began expressing her thanks warmly, but only to falter ere she had spoken half a dozen words, and, shading her eyes with her hand, gaze at him with changing countenance while he smiled down upon her.

"If he would but speak!" and now he did so.

"Do you not know me, Alessie?"

Another swift glance at the neat, well-fitting undress uniform, and yet another at the bronzed face and carefully-trimmed moustache, and she was murmuring the name of Jock Beacham, and slipping the fingers,

that trembled not a little, into his outstretched palm.

"It is Jock's voice," she said, decidedly.

"Ay, you remember me by that; and I knew you directly, though you are altered, too"—improved, he was about to say, but substituted the other word; "and your eyes—I saw directly the glorious change in them."

"Yes, I can see, and it has made me very happy—very thankful!" she answered, simply, as she drew her skirts aside, that he might have room to sit down beside her. "But tell me how it is you are here? It seemed as if I knew you as soon as you came near me, although it was so strange—so unexpected; for it is not long since we heard that your regiment had embarked for India."

"Yes; but the troop to which I am attached was left behind, and we have not yet received orders to follow. I am on furlough, and have come here to take what may be my farewell of the old home."

"Your grandfather?"

"Died nearly a year ago. I was with him at the last, and he said my presence was a comfort to him."

"I have been to the churchyard," Jock said, presently. "I see that my grandmother's grave is not neglected. Is it you I have to thank for this?"

"Kythe and I planted some flowers on it when we put the white rose-trees on her baby's grave. It was her first child, and mother and I never knew it, never saw it."

There was another pause, though the soldier's look was so full of sympathy that it encouraged Alessie to enter on a more personal subject.

"You did not answer my letter—the one I wrote to you when——"

Jock hastened to fill up the pause. "No, I thought your friends would rather I did not; and there was nothing you could do—nothing. When it reached me I was grateful, but had learned to set less value on what people might say of me."

"Then you have reconciled yourself to what has happened?" said Alessie, in a low voice.

"Quite," he answered, emphatically. "Now that it is over, I can say, with the words of the hymn, 'All our Father does is well.'"

"But you are a soldier, a common soldier!" she murmured, regretfully.

"A sergeant of Dragoons, and quite content with my berth," he replied, in cheerful tones that reassured her. "A good old friend of mine, Mackinleth of the —th, says it has made a man of me, and I hope it has done something more—made a Christian of me, too.

"This is great and good news," cried Alessie, eagerly; "pray tell me more. My mother is at Liverpool superintending a home for orphan girls, and when I am with her I teach in a Sunday-school, and help a Bible-woman, and I would do more for those who need it if I did but know how."

"Then you do not live here always? How can your sister spare you?"

"Kythe has her husband—he is so good to her, Jock!—and the dairy; every one says she is an excellent manager, brisk and capable—and her children; there are two of them, and to-morrow is little Noel's first birthday. He would have had to go without the bonny blue shoulder-knots I had planned for him if you had not found my ribbon."

It was a relief to find that Jock had outlived his boyish adoration for her beautiful sister, and could listen with smiling interest to these details.

"Does Mrs. Raynor ever see her old acquaintances the Harwins?" he queried.

"Not very often; but the accounts she has are good. The young men are still away from home, and Martin—you remember him—is growing up a steady, sensible fellow, who supports his sister's authority, and keeps the younger ones under control."

"I had almost forgotten Miss Mia," Jock observed. "Is she still at Hartswood?"

"Poor Miss Mia!" was the reply; "yes; how could she leave Kythe now? But you may not have heard that two winters since she caught a severe cold in trudging through the snow to carry food to a starving family at a lonely cottage on the moors; and it has crippled her. She cannot walk without assistance."

"To such an active woman, what a trial!"

"Yes; but she has learned to bear it cheerfully. She nurses the children as she sits in her invalid chair, knits their socks, watches over Kythe that she should not do too much, and has grown so gentle in her ways that I think she is much nicer than she used to be. I love Miss Mia now, and I think she loves me.'

"So did my grandmother," responded Jock, with a look of warm admiration. "All she said about you has often come back to me since I left here, and it has been very pleasant to have so kind a welcome from you, Alessie."

They had been walking together across the field, and he had taken her hand to bid her adieu, when he said this. It was answered with a blush and a smile that haunted Jock as he went slowly back to Bickley, where he intended to stay for a few days. Ere he left the neighbourhood he saw Alessie again, and yet again, till she had consented to go to India with him to be his helpmeet in every sense of the word.

"Are you content that it should be so?" Noel Raynor said to his wife.

"Yes," was the prompt reply, though Kythe dashed away a tear. "It will grieve me to lose Alessie, but I will not indulge in any selfish regrets."

"None, Kythe?" he queried, with a spark of the old jealousy. Noel Raynor was a better, but he was not a perfect man.

"Not one, my husband," said Kythe, laying her clasped hands on his shoulder; and as he looked into the still lovely face that sorrow had chastened, he reverently breathed a thanksgiving for the calm felicity of his wedded life.

THE END.

THE STUDY OF SCRIPTURE.

AN ADDRESS GIVEN TO THE BIBLE CLASS OF A YOUTHS' INSTITUTE.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

I SHOULD like to draw a distinction between Bible reading and Bible study. I mean by the first the letting the mind glide over the surface of a portion of the Word without any real and sustained attempt to penetrate into its meaning. I mean by the second, that careful examination of Scripture which involves labour, and painstaking, and patience, and which when it is conducted in dependence upon the teaching of God's Holy Spirit, leads to the most desirable results in the knowledge of salvation. It is about this second thing—this Bible study—that I wish to speak to you to-night.

My aim shall be to point out, as well as I can, a few of the qualifications of a successful *student* of Holy Scripture; in other words, to tell you what I think we all must be, if we desire to profit to the uttermost by that wonderful Book, which is intended to be a "lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path."

Well, then, we must be, I think, first teachable; then patient; and then bold.

I. First, *teachable.* The danger is, for all of us, that we should come with a not altogether unprejudiced mind to the study of the Word. We easily believe what we wish to believe. But we are not so ready to receive a truth which happens to be unpalatable, or offensive to us, or the admission of which will involve us in a course of action from which we naturally shrink. And so we are frequently tempted either to shut our eyes to what is in the Bible, or else to put into the Bible something which does not really belong to it.

A few years ago I was witness to a rather amusing scene in a nursery. There were two children together, little sisters, neither of whom could spell a single line; but the elder had a book in her hand, and was busily engaged in reading from it to her sister, who sat listening to the performance in open-eyed interest and wonder. I just glanced at the book—it was "Puss in Boots," or "Jack the Giant-killer," or some other nursery tale which I cannot remember now—and it was held, as it happened, upside down, and what was read, as it were, out of it was a well-known child's hymn. There—thought I—there is an illustration of the way we grown-up people sometimes treat the Scripture. *We put into it something of our own,* and then bring it out again, and say, "That 's Bible," whereas it is nothing of the kind. It 's not "Bible," it 's our own invention, our own idea, our own conclusion. It is not what God thinks, it is what we think.

Now, what you and I have to do is to be on our guard against the tendency to import a meaning of our own into Holy Scripture. Again I say we shall find it difficult to keep ourselves perfectly free from prepossessions—but at the same time, if we seek God's help, we shall not find it impossible. We shall come to the perusal of the sacred page, with the simple wish to learn what it is that God would teach us by it. Perhaps the lesson will be what we do not expect; perhaps it will be what we do not desire; still, we shall accept and welcome it, and give it a place in our hearts and lives, and thus because our will is to do God's will, we shall "know of the doctrine."

Oh, if men would approach the study of God's Word, in the same unprejudiced way in which they sit down to examine a problem in Euclid, or a new subject in arithmetic, *caring only to know the truth* —what a different world this world of ours would speedily become!

Well! It is one feature of this honesty of purpose, for so I may call it, that we should endeavour to bring our conduct in accordance with the teachings of Scripture. St. John uses a remarkable expression —"*Do the truth,*" and speaks of "doing the truth" as a most important, indeed all-important, part of our Christian duty. He would say to us, "Live as if these things were true." Let me illustrate his meaning. You and I believe in the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and probably every one of us would admit that that resurrection is an event that we ourselves are personally interested in. Now, does this belief of ours enter into our thoughts, and give a special character to our feelings and conduct? Are we behaving differently from what we should otherwise do, *because we are persuaded* that Jesus Christ rose again from the dead, and rose again for us? Are we, in fact, leading a "risen life"? If so, we not only "know" the truth of the resurrection, but we are also "doing" it. And it is to this that the Apostle exhorts us; and indeed without this, without attempting to act up to the light which we receive from Holy Scripture, we shall soon get into the most utter confusion about its real meaning. "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."

II. In the next place, we must be *patient.*

At the beginning of the second chapter of the Book of Proverbs there is a description of the right way of setting about the study of the Bible. The writer—who, of course, is Solomon (a good judge of what *study* means)—speaks of "crying or lifting up the voice for wisdom" (praying, I

suppose); but he tells us also that we must seek for wisdom as if we were "seeking for hid treasures." Do you understand this thought? In Eastern countries, where property is insecure, men often conceal their valuables—gold, silver, or precious stones—in the ground, and then go away, and die, and so never return to recover them. Well, the field or garden becomes the property of another man; and he, for some reason or other, begins to suspect that there is treasure hidden somewhere in it. What does he do? What you would do. He digs and digs, and turns over every inch of the soil, in his search after the gold. Perhaps he does not find it; then he digs deeper, and, if necessary, digs deeper still, sparing no pains, and leaving no stone unturned until at last he becomes possessed of the treasure. He is patient and persevering, because he believes there is something worth searching for, and that he shall be rewarded in the end. And in just such a spirit as this you and I should search out the meaning of the Bible. Don't skim over the passage; don't be contented with merely reading it. Try to understand it. Ask God's Spirit to help you. Try to get at the meaning. Perhaps there is a difficult knot to untie; do your best to untie it. Compare one Scripture with another. The Bible is like an inexhaustible mine; for however much you take out of it, there is always much more left. So search diligently into its meaning. And to do all this, I need not say that you must be patient.

Did it ever strike you that the Bible is not merely a collection of detached books, but really something like a body? You were not pitched together anyhow—legs, arms, hands, feet, and head, but every part of your frame was so fashioned as to belong to every other part, and your limbs were constructed after a certain definite plan, and all made to hang together. So with the Bible. The books of the Bible, written though they were by so many different authors, and some of them at such wide intervals of time, really are connected with each other by a living bond of connection, and form a beautiful whole. It will be well to think of this sometimes when you are reading the Scriptures.

Then you must show your "patience" by holding fast—"keeping," our Lord calls it in the parable of the sower—the truth which you have learnt out of the Word of God. You know enough of London to be aware that if you were supposed to be carrying a valuable treasure through the streets—say a £1,000 note—attempts would be made by some persons to relieve you of it. Perhaps force might be used, if you were in a dark and lonely place; or cajolery, or coaxing, or, indeed, any plan that might seem likely to succeed in throwing you off your guard.

"Yes," you say, "we know that."

Then what do you do? You button the note securely up in your safest pocket, you choose the most frequented thoroughfares, you go down no bye streets, you enter into no conversation with strange people, and do not rest until you have the cash either deposited at your banker's, or placed under lock and key at home. And why do you act in this way, with all this precaution and care? Because the thing in your possession is precious, and worth keeping.

And is not the truth of God worth keeping? You have found it. You have discovered its application to yourself. You have said, "This is for me." You have it in possession. And there are many influences which, like the thieves in the street, will try to rob you of it. Sloth will say, "Why take all this trouble?" Appetite will say, "See how the Scripture thwarts you at every turn, and grudges you your lawful pleasure!" Scepticism will say, "Surely a young fellow of your intelligence does not believe that old Jew-book, the Bible." Your own heart will say, "All this is too good to be true. These promises cannot be for me." Well, hold it fast; *keep* it, in spite of all opposition. For it is your life. All depends upon your "retaining" what you have got hold of.

So you need be patient.

III. Lastly, you must be *bold*.

By this I mean—do not hesitate to acknowledge to yourself and to others that there are difficulties in the Bible which neither you nor anybody else can solve. And why should there not be? This universe is full of mysteries. When I tread on a blade of grass I tread on what I cannot fully comprehend or explain. When I look up to the stars I see what is far beyond my mental grasp. I lift my arm to my head and am plunged in mystery at once, for I cannot tell how my will acts upon my muscles, and produces the effect that I intend. And seeing that God is the Author of the Book, as well as the Author of Creation, I really don't see why I am warranted in demanding, in the one case, a freedom from the mysterious and the incomprehensible which I do not find in the other. And again, when a Book has to speak of the nature of God—a somewhat difficult subject—to me, a being of finite intelligence, the creature of a day, and, therefore, an imperfect personage—it does not seem reasonable that everything should be absolutely simple and plain. Had the Bible no mysteries in it, would not that be sufficient reason for rejecting its claim to be a revelation of God?

But let us look at the matter a little more closely. There are mysteries *and* mysteries in the Scripture. In the first place, there are mysteries which we make for ourselves. I should be disposed to call them "bogeys." You know what a "bogey" is? A thing which we frighten ourselves about because we do not understand its real nature. I have met in my time with good Christian people who thought that they had committed the unpardonable sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost; and were terribly depressed in consequence. That was a bogey. Now, what we have to do with a bogey is this—to go manfully up to it, and look it in the face and ascertain what it is made of. A ghost? No! When you examine it, only a turnip with a candle in it, and a

white sheet on a pole, that is all. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

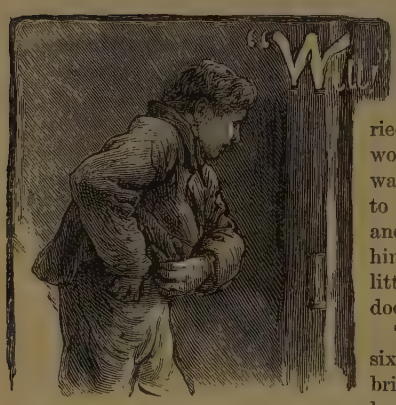
And don't be frightened when a man, perhaps older than yourself, raises objections about religion that you cannot answer, and puts you to silence. *His superiority in argument proves nothing.* You know what chess is, don't you? Well, if I am a practised hand at chess, and you only a novice, I shall inevitably beat you in a very short time, although I may have really much less intellectual ability than you are possessed of; and simply because I know all the ins and outs, all the twists and turnings and tricks of the game. You know that, of course. Well, just in the same way, arguing is a game of skill in which the practised hand is pretty sure to win. You may be beaten in discussion, and yet after all, the truth may be on your side, and the brains too. Think of this.

But then in the Bible there are real difficulties—problems which we cannot solve, and which we shall never be able to solve in this twilight-life of ours. Hereafter, in the bright blaze of the eternal world, everything will be quite clear and plain. Now, why is this? Partly, because we *cannot* understand these things now, for we are in the infancy of our being; partly, because God knows it is best for us that we should learn to trust Him without explanation. Our Heavenly Father places us, as it were, in front of a dark mystery, and says, "I do not explain this to you now; but work on: strive to please and glorify Me notwithstanding."

Teachable, patient, bold—this is what we have to be.

My dear young friends, shall there not be some practical result from our meeting of to-night? I am sure you will say "yes"—all of you. We have Bibles; let us value them more, and search them more diligently. We have the presence of the Holy Spirit, the Interpreter of the Bible—to be given to all those who seek His help in prayer. Let us avail ourselves of that promise, and obtain more and more of that teaching through which alone we can become wise unto salvation.

WILL'S VISITOR.



THE tone was peremptory, and Will hurriedly put the wooden peg he was carving into his pocket, and presented himself at the little inner office door.

"Take that sixpence, and bring me some bread-and-cheese from Grundy's—I've not time to go out to-day for lunch—and be quick."

Will's ideas of quickness and his master's were apparently somewhat different. Mr. Gregson finished his milk and soda-water, and looked impatiently at his watch two or three times, before his messenger returned, bearing a substantial loaf and an infinitesimal portion of cheese, wrapped in a piece of white paper, and laid them upon his desk, beside the empty soda-water bottle.

"What's the meaning of this?" ejaculated Mr. Gregson, turning the loaf over in amazement.

"It's—it's the bread, sir," stammered Will, dimly foreseeing that he had made a mistake somewhere. "Fourpence the bread, and twopence the cheese; I thought you would want most of the bread."

Will retreated behind the projecting door, just in time to break the force of the unfortunate loaf, as it was violently launched at his head.

"Take yourself away out of this," commanded his master, wrathfully; "I hardly believed even you were capable of such blundering."

Will took himself away. In the outer office sat a meek-faced young man—the one clerk, who, pen poised over his ledger, had been listening to the skirmish.

"In disgrace again, Will," he remarked under his breath as Will passed his stool.

Will nodded; he sat down on a package on the landing outside, and considered the matter over. Being in disgrace was no new thing in his experience. As his master had more than hinted, he was great at blunders; consequently, the effects of the rebuke soon wore off, and he took out his wooden peg, and whittled away at it contentedly till his services should be demanded again.

Excursions to the post-office were the chief events that afternoon, but just as the shadows were lengthening on the roofs opposite, the clerk opened the door and came out on the landing.

"You've got to go to the station for the governor, Will, and I advise you to use your senses about it, if you have any; what's that you are cutting?"

He took Will's carving out of his hand, a grotesque looking face and head, roughly cut, but with plenty of expression in the curves.

"It's for a man, Mr. Jones."

"And not a handsome one, by any means," was Mr. Jones's critique, as he handed it back. "Now go in at once."

Will went in hesitatingly. Mr. Gregson was standing at the mantel-piece, tying up a little bag with a big label. Will's eye caught the loaf lying on the table, one corner broken off.

"Would you know Mr. Thompson, if you saw him?" demanded his master, wheeling sharply round. "The big man in the grey overcoat who was here yesterday," he added, seeing no glimmer of intelligence on the boy's face. That brought it.

"Oh, yes, sir; I 'd know him anywhere."

"Very well; you are to go to the North railway-station, and wait for the six train on the middle platform, and give that bag to him; he is going home by that train. Do you think you can manage *that* without a blunder?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I come back here again?"

"No; you may go home after. Take a piece of that loaf with you, if you 're hungry; all boys used to be in my time."

Will was no exception, and he was not proud; he cut a huge slice, and took it and the bag away with him.

The train was not due for a quarter of an hour when he arrived at the station, and he took up a position in a quiet corner, beside the booking-office, and looked about him. It was a busy scene; half a dozen different trains seemed to be starting together; porters and laden trucks dashing back and forwards; passengers anxiously hunting for seats. One little group of three were talking energetically in some foreign tongue, close by him—a tall dark sailor, with gold rings in his ears, his wife, also dark, and a child of three or four, with a small grotesque face, that bore some shadowy resemblance, Will fancied, to the one he had been carving all that afternoon. The big black eyes suddenly lighted upon the little labelled bag, and the little fellow crept quietly away from his mother's side for a nearer inspection.

Will was not used to children, and drew back from it shyly; just then a bell rang out at the other end of the station, and the man, with a hurried good-bye to his wife, hastened down the platform. She stood looking tearfully after his vanishing figure, till it was lost to view, then she turned to her child. He was pulling impatiently at Will's parcel.

"Ah! you can't have that, Casta," she said, shaking

"'What 's the meaning of this?'"—*p.* 720.

her head and diving into her pocket for something to divert his attention. Suddenly she gave a startled cry, and the paper of candies fell unheeded from her fingers. "Hold him a minute, boy. I have forgotten——"

What it was she had forgotten Will didn't hear. She was flying down the long platform in her husband's track. Will strained his eyes after her, wondering how she meant to find him amongst so many people, and then the recollection of his own business there came back to him. It was three minutes to six, and no sign of Mr. Thompson and the grey overcoat.

"Doesn't the train start from here?" he asked a stray porter, staggering under a giant trunk.

"No, other end," the man responded, without a glance.

Will looked from the big clock to the small child

in perplexity. The mother could not be back yet, and he could not leave it alone to be trampled upon. Finally, he took the little fellow gingerly in his arms and ran down to the end where the train was. There to his great relief he found Mr. Thompson, but the great man was talking busily to some other gentleman, and Will did not like to interrupt him.

The train was late in starting, and the minutes seemed to lengthen themselves out interminably to the young messenger, with his two responsibilities, one on either hand, as he waited for the chance to deliver the first up.

It came five minutes later. Mr. Thompson shook hands with his friends and got into his carriage, and Will thankfully handed in the little bag.

"Mr. Gregson said I was to give that to you, sir," he explained.

"Ah! yes, that's right; here's a sixpence for you." And then the train plunged into the tunnel, and Will, pocketing his fee, took his other responsibility back to the booking-office. No sign of the woman; he waited, and waited; half-past six, a quarter to seven, seven o'clock, and Will's heart began to sink within him. The blunder of the bread and cheese was light compared with this.

"Where do you live?" he asked the little fellow in an injured tone. He was working his way vigorously through the candies, and shook his head with lofty unconcern.

"What's your full name?" Will tried next, grasping him by the shoulder with no gentle hand.

There was an indistinct murmur, that sounded like nothing Will had ever heard before.

"Well, Casta, or Castors, or whatever it is, I can't stop waiting here all night. What do you mean to do with yourself?"

But that was evidently a matter of the most perfect indifference to "Castors." He surveyed his unhappy guardian over his candy with solemn black eyes, and declined to make any suggestion whatever as to his own disposal. When it got to eight o'clock, Will resigned all hope of the woman's re-appearance, and unwillingly made up his mind that he must take Castors home with him.

Many a lad would have left the little waif to his own devices, and slipped quietly away, or have handed him over to the nearest policeman; but Will was not hard-hearted, neither was he quick at expedients. He took him simply because he could see no other course open; but he did not take him gladly or tenderly—perhaps, under the circumstances, that was hardly to be expected.

"You gave that sample to Mr. Thompson last night?" inquired his master, the next morning.

"Yes, sir; and he gave me sixpence."

Mr. Gregson nodded.

"So you have really managed a commission without a blunder at last. You're improving."

Without a blunder! It seemed to Will, as he went to his post at the stair-head, that all the blunders of his life put together did not equal this one.

A week dragged its slow length past. Every night, as soon as office hours were over, Will went round to the station to watch for the missing woman. He tried once to take counsel with a guard about it, but his slow halting account was greeted with such a peal of laughter that he never finished it. At the end of the week he mentioned it to Mr. Jones. That gentleman treated the subject in the same way also.

"Well, you have distinguished yourself at last, Will; I wish you joy of your find."

Will stood looking at him, with a dull red flush on his face; it was no laughing matter to him. Just then the inner door opened, and Mr. Gregson came out. He glanced sharply at the two.

"What is the matter, Jones?"

"Will has got into another scrape, sir. Gone and taken charge of some child for a strange woman, and, of course, she 'll never be seen or heard of again."

Mr. Gregson turned his attention to Will, and proceeded to inquire into the truth of it, listening with a patient gravity that somewhat disconcerted Mr. Jones, and filled Will with wondering astonishment.

"Is he a likeable well-behaved child?" he asked, at the end of the history.

Will hesitated.

"I don't like him, sir; he doesn't understand anything I say; perhaps that's because he isn't English. He never tries to speak, and he looks just like this—it was that made me notice him at the station that night."

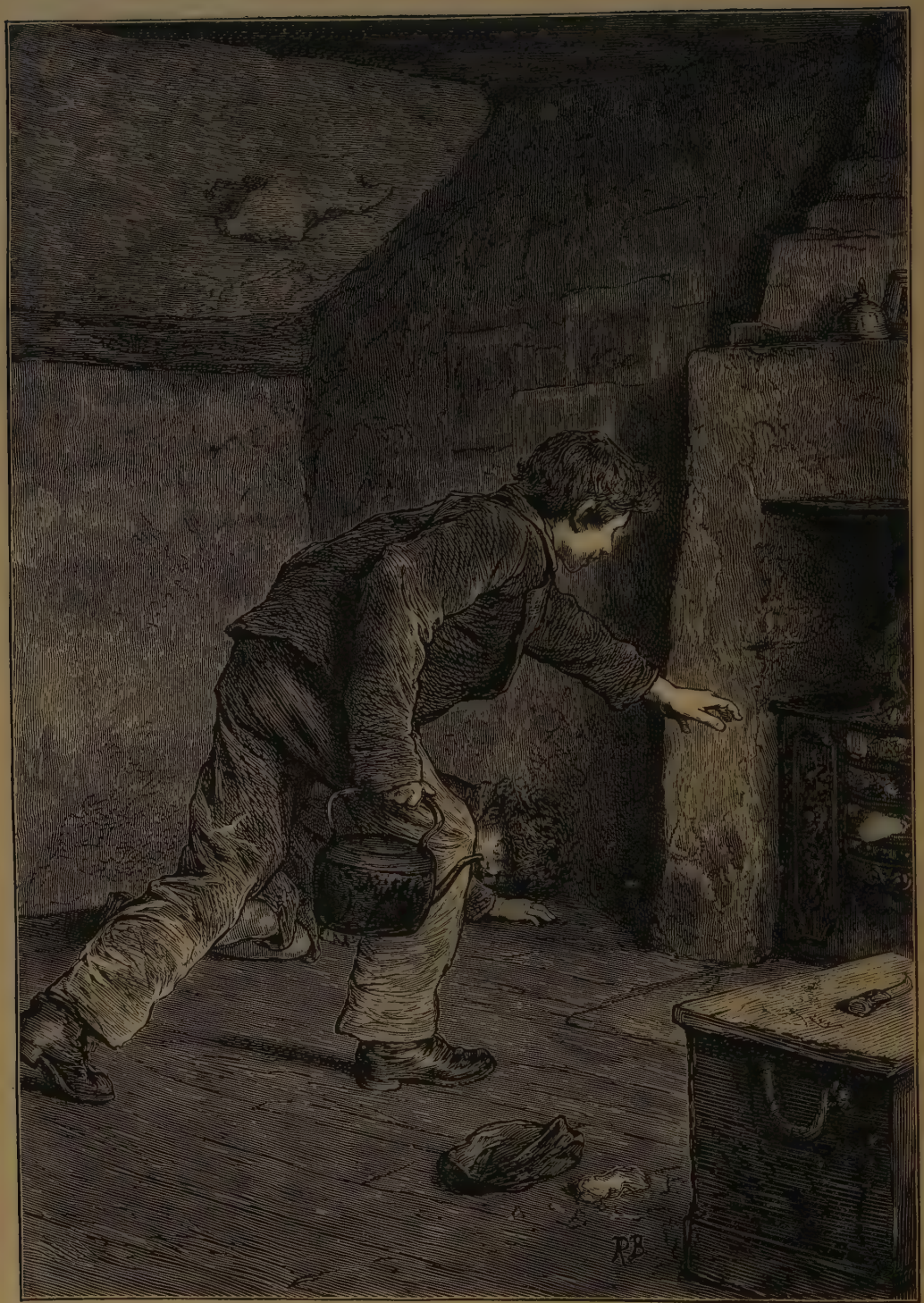
"This," was his carved peg. Mr. Gregson carried it to the window, and looked at it curiously for a minute before he handed it back.

"Well, Will, it 's too late to do anything this week; but I 'll make inquiries on Monday, and see what can be done."

Will went home considerably relieved. Great was his faith in his master's capability; another week might see the last of his burden. The next day was Sunday; Sundays were red-letter days in Will's life—no business, no posts, no samples, no hurry about anything. He generally went to the nearest church in the evening, and spent the forepart in his attic lodging, over his treasured pieces of wood.

This time Castors sat by him all the afternoon silently watching the movements of his stumpy pocket-knife, without evincing any desire to meddle with it. At dusk Will laid it down with a sigh of satisfaction at the result of his labours, while he took the little tin kettle down to the yard pump to be filled for tea; an expedition of only a few minutes, but it was enough to seal the fate of his work.

Once, nearly a year before, he had been to a free museum, and there seen a representation of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," carved in wood, and the mechanical ingenuity of it appealed to Will's mind as no amount of artistic colouring would. Ever since, he had been striving to imitate it in his own imperfect fashion. Judas was the latest addition to the group; over a fortnight's odd hours had gone



"Will made one frantic effort to rescue his handiwork, but it was past help."

to the elaboration of the faithless Apostle. When Will came back with the kettle, Castors was in a corner, apparently fast asleep, and the Judas figure was blazing in the heart of the little stove.

Will made one frantic effort to rescue his handiwork, but it was past help. Then he fell upon Castors and soundly boxed his ears.

"You mean wicked child! you shall go away to-morrow," he cried, angrily, his stolid temper fairly roused for once.

The culprit did not seem at all disconcerted by his summary conviction; he never lifted his eyes till the last faint flicker died away about the martyred figure. Will gulped down his tea in wrathful indignation; but he was not given to bearing malice; and when it was over, and he had buttoned up his jacket to go to church, he paused and looked at Castors, curled up by the stove still.

"You may come too, if you want," he said, in a half-conciliatory tone, holding out his hand; and Castors, without expressing any gratitude for the permission or implied forgiveness, went.

The pair sat in one of the free seats at the back, Will brooding mournfully upon his loss. It was a kind of mission-room—not a fashionable place, by any means. The preacher was a stranger—an earnest-faced man, who talked to them about the King who was sick and in prison, and some visited and ministered unto Him, and others—just "did it not." The King was beyond their reach now, but His representatives were at their gates. Into every life, he told them, narrow or commonplace though it might be, came the chance of doing something for the King, of helping some one of them for His sake. Will roused up a little from his reflections at that stage to listen. "And," the preacher went on, "we don't ad how many times the chance came to these people; possibly to some of them it may have been but once." It was not for them to decide who were the representatives, but woe to them, if, when the chance came, in any form, they should have coldly and selfishly "done it not."

Will heard no more; his mind was only capable of receiving a certain number of ideas at one time. He was sitting bolt upright, gazing at Castors, who was fast asleep—genuinely asleep this time—at the end. The small face looked more childlike than it usually did, and a sudden compunction crept into Will's mind for the afternoon's assault—a sudden doubt whether this might not be the King's represenative for him. He had heard that parable times without number. To-night for the first time he dimly took in the meaning of it, and when the brief service ended, and he woke Castors up and took him home again, there was a shadowy degree of warmth in his manner, in place of the cold dislike he had made no effort to conceal.

"Will," said Mr. Gregson, the next morning, "I have been looking-up last week's papers, and I think I have some idea what has become of your missing woman. I see there was an accident at the Junction that night, and three people killed, one a foreign looking woman, name unknown. I recollected seeing something about that as soon as I heard your story. Now," commented Mr. Gregson, laying down the paper, "in her hurry she must have got into the wrong train, and her not coming back is accounted for. In all probability the child never will be claimed, so we must find some way of disposing of him at once."

Will stood in perfect silence for a minute.

"I—I think I'd rather keep him, sir, if you don't mind. He doesn't eat much."

Mr. Gregson turned upon him sharply.

"What for? You did not think so on Saturday."

"No, sir; but—but——"

"But what? Why, in the name of goodness, can't you speak out like other people?"

"I took him to church last night, and the sermon was about the King who was in prison and they didn't go and visit Him, so somebody else was sent instead. I can't say it all, but I think Castors was sent to me on purpose; and I'd like to try and be good to him instead of letting other people have to do it."

And Will wound up in a despairing burst the longest speech he had ever made to his master or any one in his life.

Mr. Gregson looked down at his flushed face curiously—

"What are your wages?"

"Eight and sixpence, sir," answered Will, wondering at the sudden change of the subject.

"Very well, you shall have ten shillings as long as that child is with you. You'll find it costs more to keep two than one."

Will never by any chance said the right thing at the right time; in place of thanks he gave a little gasp of utter amazement, and went back to his post on the landing.

And so he solemnly and conscientiously began to try to make the best of his small "representative." The long summer evenings were devoted to taking him out to the nearest parks, instead of to carving the "Last Supper." They were scarcely cheerful excursions. Will's conversational powers were limited, and Castors laboured under the disadvantage of not understanding what there was of it. It did occur to Will at last that it would be an improvement if he could be taught to speak, and he made a diligent effort in that direction accordingly. It was no use, and in the midst of the attempt it slowly dawned upon Will's mind—what any other person would have discovered long before—that neither in his own language nor in any other would Castors ever hold converse with his kind. God had shut up the little waif in eternal silence.

They got on together more smoothly after that fact was recognised; it helped to fix the superstitious awe with which Will regarded his charge; he never doubted his credentials after. Every small

luxury that came into the little attic was religiously divided with him, even to the penknife, which Castors, who was not slow in discovering his new power, required the loan of by the hour together, cutting out meaningless bits of wood in dumb imitation of his host.

Will's part in life would always be bearing rather than doing, and he bore that—almost the greatest deprivation that could have befallen him—in patient silence, even when it reached a deeper depth still,

It lasted three months—that time of patient endurance and forbearance, and then, just when it was blossoming out into a warmer feeling, the little exile died—slipped away by some childish epidemic, quietly and painlessly, with the first bleak frosts of our colder winter.

There was a tiny funeral in the grey November afternoon, only Will and Mr. Gregson himself, who came and stood with him by the small grave. Will turned away from it after, with a long sigh. "Per-

"Will thankfully handed in the little bag."—*p.* 722.

and Castors, discerning the difference between his own handiwork and Will's, insisted upon having his beloved Apostles to experiment upon, and add the finishing touches to them.

Will could not reason with him. The Apostles were sacrificed one after another, and he had to sit helplessly by, and see them improved out of all shape and resemblance, out of existence altogether. A small loss; but if the value of a thing lies in its meaning to the owner, then Will's Apostles meant a great deal. He has the defaced fragments shut away in an old box still, but he has never tried to reproduce them again; all the inspiration allotted to him exhausted itself in that one effort. There could be no second harvest from it.

haps he's back where he came from," he said, "and knows how to talk there."

Mr. Gregson patted him kindly. "I don't know, Will; but it may be you are nearer the truth than some of us who have had more light given."

Will's stipend stands at ten shillings still; perhaps it is as much as he is worth, for great in this world's wisdom he never will be; possibly gleams of something higher come to him instead. And sometimes, when he sits on the narrow seat in the dingy church, the little strange dumb face comes back like a real presence to him, and in his own dim fashion he firmly believes—and counts it no small privilege—that the King once chose *him*, out of all others, to "take in" his little messenger.

SARAH PITT.

LIFE PICTURES OF MEN WE HAVE MET.

THE MAN WHO LIKED HIMSELF.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWN, B.A., AUTHOR OF "OUT-OF-THE-WAY PAPERS," ETC.

A SEVERE and somewhat disagreeable critic once told a friend of ours who spent a large portion of her time in various works of benevolence, that she had never in all her life done a single thing that was entirely free from selfishness.

"You *like* doing these things for other people, don't you?" he said; "it is a pleasure to you. Well, what is that but selfishness?"

The man no doubt was right in one sense; there *is* more or less of imperfection of motive in our very best doings. But we are disposed to think he was wrong in the sense in which he used the term. We should like to hear his definition of "selfishness." "You like doing these things," was his argument, "therefore you are selfish, and therefore," so he implied, "your doings are faulty and wrong." But is it wrong to be in this sense selfish—is it a fault or defect to find a pleasure or gratification in doing anything for others? On the contrary, is it not rather a feeling that cometh of *good?*

There are many things which are not wrong in themselves, but only in their excess. Where the faint shadow of excess first begins and sin enters can be detected by no eye but that of God, just as no power of sight but that of a strong telescope can discern the first shadow of an eclipse. But there are undoubtedly many things which are not in themselves essentially wrong, though they may become wrong by excess. It is not wrong to eat, no, nor to enjoy one's food; yet it is very possible to eat too much and to be inordinately fond of good living. So selfishness is not in itself necessarily wrong, if by selfishness we mean gratifying or pleasing oneself. We are commanded to love our neighbour *as* ourself; that implies that self-love in its proper measure is lawful. And, though we read of our Lord that He "pleased not Himself," yet it is impossible that that can mean He had no pleasures or gratifications, since we are expressly told "His *meat* was to do the will of Him that sent Him"—such was the pleasure and exhilaration He derived from it.

We say all this to begin with, because we are very anxious to present the character before us in as favourable a light as possible. There is something not altogether winsome, we must admit, in his description as "the man who liked himself;" and we want from the first to make him out neither better nor worse than he really is.

It is not wrong, then, to like oneself. Our character very probably likes himself too much; but we must not let a prejudice rise up at once against him from the fact of his liking himself *at all*, as if that were wrong; or suppose him to be what we commonly understand by a thoroughly selfish man—a man who likes nobody but himself, whose one idea from morning to night is to please and take care of, and it may be pamper his own dear self. Oh, no; the man we speak of is not that sort of character. Liking is not the same thing as loving, though it is often the road to it. As an old writer says, "He proceeded from looking to liking, and from liking to loving." But if it is not wrong to love oneself, it certainly is not wrong to like oneself.

However, we are not going to attempt to measure the degree of faultiness and imperfection in the character we are considering, but rather to describe the character itself. It *is* faulty, of course, but it is not altogether so. So far from it, we are bound to say that the man who "likes himself" is rather of the good-natured and kind-hearted order of individuals, and quite capable often of unselfish and even generous actions. There are, doubtless, men of this stamp of whom such things could not be said, but of such we shall say little or nothing.

He is to be found first of all amongst the amiable ones of that large class of persons who are not obliged to do much or anything for their living, and who are commonly called people of independent means, or men of leisure. Some of the busiest and most useful men that ever lived belong to this class. It is their glory, more ennobling than the coronet they perhaps inherit, more enriching to both themselves and others than the wealth they possess. But although they might live a life of ease and self-indulgence if they pleased, yet they prefer to toil hard—as hard frequently as the busiest lawyer or tradesman—in the public service. But the man who "likes himself" does not see this, or if he sees it, and cordially acknowledges such men to be "fine fellows," he does not go and do likewise. Not that he will neglect any domestic or social duties that come in his way, nor turn a deaf ear to any call to exertion that makes itself sufficiently heard, but he does not habitually travel beyond the one or lay himself out systematically to catch the other. Practically, he has nothing to do but to *please* himself, and in that sense he "likes himself." Though he would not perhaps admit it, and though his pleasures may be all of the simplest and quietest description, the main object of his life really is to amuse himself. We have known persons of this description who were very agreeable companions (at least for a time), very

true friends, and by no means deficient in good qualities of both heart and mind, who nevertheless led an insipid sort of butterfly existence, because they seldom or never rose above the idea that life was a round of amusements.

How they would stare, and how rude perhaps they would think it, if some one were to put the question bluntly to them, "What are you put into the world for?" These are they for whom that word *ennui* has been naturalised amongst us, which describes the weariness of one who is tired of pleasing himself, who does not know where to turn for amusement. "I have been doing nothing but please myself for weeks," said a young Englishman to one he got into conversation with at an hotel in that city of pleasure, Paris, "and I have plenty of means to do it with; but, to tell the truth, I am heartily sick of it.'

People who have to work, or who choose to work, know what weariness is, but they know nothing of *ennui*. Yet they, too, may "like themselves" in this sense of pleasure-seeking. It is not uncommon, indeed, to find them flinging themselves into the whirl of amusement with the same ardour as that with which they plunge into the whirl of business. The wear and tear of severe occupation seeks relief in the stimulant of amusement. It is very natural; and so long as men follow only the impulses of nature it will always be the case. But in this natural selection of amusement *only* as the antidote of fatigue, there is evidence that they, like those who do nothing else but please themselves, answer in this sense to the character we are considering.

So, we must say, do some old bachelors. It would be a great piece of vanity to suppose that every man could be suitably married if only he pleased; and it would be cruel to forget that there are very unselfish reasons often that keep men single. But let us take another view of our character. He is to be found, secondly, amongst those who take *care* of themselves. Now some do that simply because they ought, and they do it in a very sensible way, without any kind of fuss. Would that all took care of themselves, or (which is too often the thing wanted) *knew* how to take care of themselves, in this manner.

Many a valuable life has been prematurely cut off just because the man knew no more than a baby how to do so. When, however, the care taken is in excess of all rational precautions, or when it is not justified by any special circumstances, then, we may depend upon it, the very careful person is one who "likes himself." That is the reason why he takes such care of himself.

We will not say that his liking partakes of the vanity of supposing that "good people are scarce;" on the contrary, he may possibly think very humbly, or even disparagingly, of himself; yet whatever he thinks of himself he is always nervously alive to the conviction that he is worth preserving. We have known him walk out in dry summer weather in goloshes, lest, peradventure, a shower might damp the dust; and would not have been surprised to hear that he slept in them. We remember taking up the cudgels with a will for a poor young girl in a railway carriage against some unmanly fellows who were annoying her, and being found fault with by an elderly gentleman, who "liked himself," on the ground of its being a pity to "make such a piece of work." He will be so careful of himself, perhaps, that he will consider it his duty not to visit the homes of his poorer neighbours "lest mischief befall him;" and if an epidemic breaks out around him, he will probably think there is no safety but in flight. So thought a lady we knew when the cholera was very prevalent some years ago. She would take care of herself, and so fled abroad; but there in her self-chosen city of refuge the cholera seized her, and she died. It is possible to "like yourself" too well.

But there are in the third place a great number of persons in the world who "like themselves" in this sense, that they are well *satisfied* with themselves. They like the look of, not themselves, but what they do, the work of their hands, or the outcome of their minds, or the result of their contrivings, and it is nothing more than just to add that, as a rule, other people have good and even abundant reason to be satisfied with them. They are generally the good workers, and the able administrators, and the full scholars, and the clever men of business, who thus "like themselves." Emptiness will sometimes indeed put on the garb of self-satisfaction, but it sits so ridiculously upon him that, like a court dress on a clown, it only makes people laugh. But the men we speak of are for the most part those who have something to be satisfied with. And they *are* satisfied with it—they like the look of it, they have no idea that it is not well done. They may or may not speak to others in terms of depreciation of what they do; if the former, then it is likely they are all the more self-satisfied. For it is not the being conscious of power, or skill, or knowledge, that is faulty. It cannot be helped. The possessor of a pretty face cannot help knowing it; but if she is sensible she will not be satisfied with it; she is most likely to be so if she pretends to deny it.

There have been great and able men in the world who have been satisfied with themselves, and there have been great and able men who have *not* been satisfied with themselves; and the latter have been always the greater, as we verily believe they have been often the abler. It is said of the great Duke that, although he had iron self-confidence, and held fast to his purposes with the most determined grip, he was in no sense a self-satisfied man, but freely allowed that he had been but an instrument in the hand of Providence. On the contrary, his great adversary, Napoleon, was pre-eminently a man who "liked himself," for not only was self his god, but in this particular sense of self-satisfaction he was the

very contrast of the Duke. "Moi," was his celebrated but blasphemous parody of the pious saying, "*je* propose, et *je* dispose." He was the greater genius, but by far the lesser man.

We have sometimes thought that self-satisfaction runs in families. Just as you will meet with a whole clan of persons having some family feature more or less strongly developed in each of them, so all the members of a family will sometimes seem to be more or less possessed with a comfortable opinion of themselves. It is not exactly conceit—it is less offensive and more amiable than that. It is better expressed by the term we are now dwelling upon, they just "like themselves." We do not say they deliberately think it, but they give one the idea of thinking that whatever is done by one of them is done admirably.

One more way of "liking oneself" we must briefly touch on. It will require patience to consider it, for it looks unpleasant. It is to *admire* oneself. But let no one for a single moment suppose we mean by this admiring one's face, or form, or clothes. We are not going to waste words on those supremely silly persons who like the look of themselves in the glass or who make a study of the fashion of their dress. Of such we will only say that if they are gifted with sense and abilities the habit belies it, and that studied neglect and slovenliness are as much vanity as studied particularity. The man who admires himself, like the one who is satisfied with himself—as we understand him—admires, not his person, but his performances and capabilities. He is, in fact, an exaggerated form of the self-satisfied man. But most people have met with him. His egotism is aggressive and often irrepressible. He will not let you off from noticing what a clever fellow he is. He will blow his own trumpet with no uncertain sound, and very probably the trumpet *deserves* to be sounded, though not by himself. But "as the fining-pot for silver and the furnace for gold, so is a man to his praise." It must be a hard matter not to admire oneself when others admire us, as they do so foolishly and extravagantly their pets and favourites and living heroes; but the worst of it is that most people who admire themselves do so merely because they *fancy* others admire them.

What, now, is the best remedy for this "self-liking," so far as it is in excess of what is lawful and right? We have not presumed to determine where that excess begins. From the very first we have desired only to depict character, not to be judges or censors of it. But if we would judge ourselves in the matter, the best way to do it will be to compare ourselves with that portrait of a perfect man which a master-hand has unerringly drawn—to look "upon this picture, and on this"—and which touches on the particular features we have been describing thus—

"Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own."

Or, as another rendering of the inspired original gives the sense, with more exactness perhaps, but with less of familiar homely sweetness, thus—

"Love speaks no vaunts, love shows no vanity, love is never uncourteous, love is never selfish."

And if we have eyes to see with, and to observe the immeasurable difference, in these features, as in all others, between ourselves and the loveliness of perfection, instead of being only disheartened or too much cast down by the contrast, let us at once seek after more of that charity, that love, which can alone remedy all selfishness, all excess of self-liking, and bring our characters into harmony with the heaven-drawn portrait.

We must *feel* love before we can *act* lovingly. We cannot reason, or scold, or frown our selfishness away. And how shall we learn to feel love?—that love which the polished heathen world had no word for in their vocabulary, and which the Christian world has distinguished by the word "charity," because it is other and better than all love of human origin. The Bible teaches us the only way: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God *so* loved us, we *ought* also to love one another." And as in the light of heavenly teaching we see and experience the strong inevitable connection between the "ought" and the "so," we shall learn to feel love, in part now, in perfection hereafter.

WHY DO WE MOURN?

WHY did we mourn for one who hath gone hence?
For his sake only? yea, for him alone!
Our hearts were wounded by his pain intense,
Our spirits moaned to hear his parting moan.

Why do we mourn him after many days?
For his sake only? for ourselves alone!
We miss his presence in a thousand ways,
We miss his word, his smile, his kindly tone.

Our earliest grief was noblest—pity, love,
Forgetting selfish loss, thought but of him;
A holy sorrow, sent us from above
E'en by the dread recalling seraphim.

Yea, full of awe that message of recall,
Bringing the mystic slumber of the tomb,
And as we see life's stately powers fall,
Our lives seem clouded with a prescient gloom.

But now arise, lift up the fallen Cross,
Bind on the pilgrim's sandals once again,
Our highest gain is won by direst loss.
And heaven's joys are opened by earth's pain.

WILLIAM A. GIBBS.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL."

CHAPTER XIV.—A CONFESSION.

THE Captain suffered no further relapse; it was now only a protracted wearisome getting better—slow, but sure. Relief from the weight of so terrible an anxiety might well make thankful hearts, and cause every other burden to weigh lightly. Yet it was not all sunshine in the Cottage, as outsiders might be forgiven for supposing. Pain and weakness, over-work, fatigue, were still elements of the daily existence; outside help was now withdrawn, as is generally the case when the immediate exciting need is over; and in the over-wrought condition brought on by anxiety and watching, it was not easy to keep the spirits up to the level which a great deliverance demands. In many households such periods are distressing, and full of petty jars and worries that wear the spirit. Servants, always zealous to help during the stress of trial, begin to complain of the work; the tempers of the nurses fail, and jars ensue; the invalid, so grateful and docile in his extreme illness, grows fractious, and, with the unreasonableness of weakness, fancies he does not get all he wants. But circumstances may do their worst upon the Hill Cottage household, they cannot bring about any lack of harmony there. With Magdalen as house-mistress, and the Captain as the patient, little can go wrong. There are three perfect tempers, entirely trustful of each other—Magdalen, directing, clear, and cool-headed, watchful over herself and the others, that no strength shall be over-strained; no servant can resist her just and unselfish rule: the Captain, from whom no suffering extorts impatience, and who is so easily satisfied and so grateful, that he makes nursing a pleasure to those even who have not the love for him of wife and daughter: and Frances, whose only fault just now is a too unbounded devotion, which is only kept from being troublesome by her wistful obedience to every word or look of her mother's.

At last a happy Sunday arrives when the Captain is to come down-stairs. Now, indeed, have all the clouds dispersed. The three are merry, yet with a merriment that hides deeper feelings, and only just succeeds in banishing tears. They are a sorry-looking trio. Magdalen and Frances have such meagre pale faces that the Captain declares he must now begin to nurse them; of his capability for which he proceeds to show proof, as, very weak in the legs, he is propped up by his wife and the slender slip of a Frances on his passage to the sofa. Now he is down here in the every-day world they observe with a start the scarcely-realised alteration in him, partly to be attributed to the worn aged face, and partly to the shaven head. Soon after he is comfortably settled, Frances goes away to leave the two together till tea-time, just as she might have done of old, but now with no bitterness in her heart; the sting that used to rankle with such deadly smart has been torn out and flung away.

Magdalen sat down by the sofa.

"Michael," she said, presently, "shall I explain that mistake to you now?"

"Not unless you like, my dear. What you said was quite enough."

"I should like to see that scrap of paper. I don't know what I could have written. Did you keep it?"

"Yes, I did."

"Do you know where it is? Can I get it?"

"Well, now, you'll think it very strange where I put that paper. I left it where I found something that took the bitterness out of it. You'll find it in that old Bible of mine, somewhere near 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of heaven.' I expect you won't see how I worked that round, but it's very clear to me. I cast anchor there."

"Michael, when you read that paper, were you angry with me?"

"I'm not sure. Perhaps I was for the first few minutes, for the thing came with a shock, and I thought you'd deceived me, don't you see? But after a bit I saw clearer, as I supposed, though it turns out I'd knocked my head up against a wrong idea altogether."

"I cannot think what your idea was. Michael, how could you believe it?"

"Come, they were your own words, after all, in black and white. But you're right. I should have laughed at that, or at least I should have come straight away to you with it, if I hadn't got it all charted out for plain sailing in my own mind. I said to myself, 'This all comes of your own confounded conceit. You got it into your head by some means or other that she loved you, and you started off on that idea, and sailed into port without even asking whether you were right. Was it likely that a woman like that should marry an old hulk like you for any other but her own womanly pity and tenderness?' It was my pride, Magdalen, my pride. I thought I had had your love, and it was a sharp blow when I believed it had only been pity. But I blamed myself. Did you know, my dear, that you had never said, 'I love you' to me? I had never asked you. I took it for granted."

"Would you like me to say it now?"

"Oh, no, my dear, unless you wish to for your own satisfaction. I am quite satisfied."

"I am afraid you are not yet cured of your conceit. Why should I wish it? We will continue to take for granted, if it suits you."

day, my child, struggled with it all many a time, and overcame, and then again I would reproach myself."

"Do not think that you have suffered alone. But I will not speak of it. Ah, it was worst when you were ill—dying, we thought—and you roused yourself to say once, 'Let Frances help,' and always, if

"'Hear how it reads now.'"—*p.* 730.

"It does suit me entirely, my darling," said the Captain gravely. "Do you know, Magdalen, it was my constant question, 'Would I have married you, if I had known?'"

"And your answer?"

"My pride was always telling me that I should not, and my thought of you and all you had sacrificed for me; but my love for you, deepening every

you knew us, would say, 'Thank you' to me, and not to her. You could not bear to owe anything to me."

"No, no, it was not so. Sometimes I tried to feel I did not want you, but it was only because it was life to me to have you near, and I dreaded lest I should show it, and you would wear out yours for me."

There was silence after this for awhile. Neither was strong enough to dwell longer on that time, nor to speak of its deeper depths.

Presently Magdalen went and fetched the bit of paper that had wrought so much mischief. She came back smiling.

"I have discovered the mystery," she said. "I remember writing it. Hear how it reads now."

Magdalen read, enclosing the added words in brackets. "'You have heard I married (my husband) from motives of pity. (Yes, that) is perfectly true, but (it was pity) for myself.' It was written to an old school acquaintance of mine, who had heard of my marriage through poor Edith, and wrote a letter of congratulation in a very plaintive style. I went on to say that I had been lonely, and had wanted some one to love; and idle, and had wanted work, and so I had taken compassion on myself, and had married the best man in England, or at least the man who suited me best. I tore up the first page when I had written it, for some reason or other, and that was how this fragment of it came to be upon the table."

When tea-time came and Frances with it, she was rewarded for her self-sentenced exile, by finding her father and mother with faces radiating content. Her own grew brighter at the sight. Tea-time passed in a joyful quietness. No one cared to talk. Then came one or two hymns, sung by Magdalen and Frances at the piano, while the Captain lay and listened, and the tears came into his eyes. He insisted that he did not want either of them that evening. They were to go to Church. He would rather be alone.

Magdalen and Frances walked through the yard of St. Stephen's Church, immediately behind a small figure in a rather shabby black coat, which could only belong to the organist. Just before entering, he turned and saw them. For a moment he stood as if irresolute, then, lifting his hat, he disappeared within the church-door.

"That is like Mr. Wesley," said Magdalen; "I am surprised he did not wait to speak to us, and inquire after your father. He must be aware of his illness."

As they, too, had now reached the door, Frances made no reply, and the music-master's behaviour passed entirely from Magdalen's mind. This was to her a thanksgiving service. It seemed to her that she had nothing left to desire but "that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives." Her husband given back to her from the dead, his whole confidence restored to her, and the love of the girl by her side, so long desired and so nearly despaired of—it seemed to her that she had not a nature large enough to enjoy these gifts as they deserved. The service had not proceeded very far before she perceived that Frances was greatly moved. This did not surprise her, for she knew that the girl's heart must be as full as her own, and with Frances inward emotion could seldom be restrained from appearing outwardly. But if Frances made an effort to retain her self-control, it entirely failed, for her agitation grew momentarily, and when they knelt down, Magdalen saw with dismay that her whole frame was shaken with sobs. She took the girl's hand in her own, and held it with a firm pressure. Frances returned the pressure gratefully, and strove to recover herself. But Magdalen's anxieties with regard to her, lost sight of altogether lately, had awakened again with their old force. Her alarmed imagination referred Frances' emotion to more poignant feelings than could be accounted for by gratitude for her father's recovery. She began to feel sure that she had been mistaken in her judgment of Frances' feelings towards Jeffrey; that she had assumed indifference to him from loyalty to her father, and that the matter had in reality gone too deeply to be put an end to by separation. There was no more enjoyment of the service for her. She could not shake off gloomy forebodings of the girl's future. That she should love a sailor, bound to be absent from her and often in danger, was in itself fraught with trouble enough; but there was more than that. Her cousin was not the man whom she should have married. She needed some one of a stronger mental fibre, and a steadier manlier principle than the boyish Jeffrey. But Magdalen felt that she could endure no longer to be kept in the dark. Their relationship was changed, and she could now insist on the right that love gave her to know her daughter's heart.

On their return home, as Magdalen had expected, Frances went straight to her room, and did not appear again for some time. Magdalen would have followed her, had not the Captain required her. She sent Frances to bed early, and soon after went to her room to seek her. She knew Frances would be better able to speak in the darkness and at night than if she waited till the morning. When she knocked at the door, Frances did not say, "Come in," but herself opened it. There was no light in the room, but the moon shone brightly through the window. Frances had not undressed. Magdalen entered uninvited, and closed the door behind her.

"Frances," she said, with a smile that lit up her face, "I am not any longer to be kept out of this room, nor out of your heart."

She sat down with an air which implied an evident intention to stay, and drew Frances down to her side.

"I am come to hear what troubled you this evening in church; but first get a warm shawl, child, for you are terribly cold."

Frances obeyed, and said nothing. Magdalen believed that she would find it a relief to have her fortress taken by storm. When all arrangements for comfort were made, Magdalen said again—

"Come, Frances; tell me what has made you unhappy lately. You must be sure that I have seen it. It was not for your father that you were crying in church, was it?"

"Yes, mamma, indeed it was—at least—I am afraid—it was only a little for him."

"And a great deal for something else?"

"I suppose so; but, indeed, I would not tell any one in the world about that, because it is such a little thing; and nothing could make me unhappy now that papa is getting well."

"It seems that a little thing that could not make you unhappy makes you cry a great deal."

"That was only because something reminded me."

"Tell me this little thing, Frances."

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot! I think I should like to, but it is so silly and strange; and you would blame some one."

"Suppose I know all about it already?"

"Oh, mamma," said Frances, with a gasp, "you don't, do you?"

"I think I do, but I would rather hear it from you. Don't think of me as ready to blame, Frances. Fancy I am your own age, and ready to feel with you as if I were; only older in so far as I can help you with my experience, as well as sympathy. You are not afraid of me still?"

"No, dearest mother, indeed I am not. But do you mind my kissing you like this?"

"Mind it, child! Frances, you must understand me better. I do not love just in the same way that you do, yet I love not the less truly because I do not express so much. Be always confident with me. Let me say this, once for all. I love you to caress me." Magdalen's voice had a depth in it, as she uttered these last words, which it always gained at the rare times when it expressed feeling. Frances nestled close to her silently.

"Has your trouble to do with Jeffrey?" asked Magdalen, at last, determined to put an end to her suspense.

"Oh, no, mother. With Jeffrey? I should think not. Oh, I thought you could not know." Magdalen was silent, from astonishment and relief. "I will tell you—I really will," continued Frances. "I have tried so long to get rid of it, and it will not go. Perhaps if I talked about it I should think of it less. It is about my music-lessons." Frances spoke with a great gulp, as if the unspeakable thing were out at last. But Magdalen hardly felt enlightened, though greatly relieved.

"And is all this trouble because your music-lessons were stopped? And has your cousin Jeffrey's departure been nothing to you?"

"I was sorry, mamma, of course. But if you mean about Jeffrey's wanting me to be engaged to him, I thought that nonsense. He is only a boy, and not a very good boy either. Besides, I had promised papa."

"You were quite right, and I am very glad. You are too young to think of such things at present."

A movement on Frances' part suggested the question, "Don't you think so?"

"Oh, of course I am; but some girls are married at eighteen. My own mother was."

"At any rate, it seems my injunction comes too late. But about these music-lessons. Shall we write to Mr. Wesley, and beg him to find time to give my little girl?"

"Oh, no," said Frances, faintly.

"You thought yourself a favourite pupil, and are hurt, I suppose?"

"Oh, mother, you don't understand. I have not told you something that happened, and it is so hard to tell. It is he that has made me unhappy, and not the music-lessons. But you must not blame him; it is my fault entirely. I must tell you everything. I have always felt sure that he liked me so much, since quite when he first began to teach me at school, though he never spoke kindly—he was always just what you have seen him; and I liked him too, and felt so sorry for him. Oh, mother, he is so good! I used to hear about him from a girl who knew him at home. He is so splendid to his mother, and she is not very nice. And then, you know, he is disappointed, because he was very clever at Oxford, and got his degree and honours and things, and had set his mind on being a great man somehow or other. And he gave it up to come and drudge at teaching music, because he had such great talent, and he thought that would pay best, and that he could begin to take care of his mother at once."

"Frances, you know Mr. Wesley's virtues by heart; but you have not told me yet what it is that has happened. I am anxious."

"Do you remember that the last time he came you had been obliged to go out? Well, before that, he had been getting more friendly with us both, you know. He smiled, and seemed happier, and I was so pleased. But when he came in that day he was just as stern and stiff as he had ever been, and asked where you were quite crossly. And when I began to talk to him, and try to cheer him, he said, 'Miss Rae, I must beg you to attend to your lesson. My time is limited to-day.' I was so hurt and disappointed that, in my usual silly fashion, I cried—at least, the tears came into my eyes, and I could not see the notes. And then—then—how can I tell you what came next? Before I knew what was happening, he had stooped down, and seized my hand. He gave me one look—such a strange, strange look, mother, I shall never forget it—and said, in a hurried way, 'I beg your pardon.' And then in another minute he was gone. You know what happened next—that note. And I suppose I shall never see him again."

Frances ended in a sob.

After a silence, Magdalen said—

"And what do you suppose this means, my child?"

"I don't know; but he is unhappy, and that makes me unhappy too."

"I will not say that Mr. Wesley did wrong, Frances, because you know that as well as I do; but what should we do if one false step were not to be forgiven us? I don't know what to say to you about it. I am afraid Mr. Wesley is a great deal in your thoughts."

"Oh, why do you say 'afraid'? You must like him, you must think him good; don't you, mamma?"

"Frances, you would coax me to admit whatever you liked. I know very little of Mr. Wesley but his manner, and that, you know, is not attractive."

"Mother," said Frances, kissing her, "your tone means better than your words."

"Now," said Magdalen, after a few minutes' deliberation, "I am going to ask you for a very difficult promise. If you like to think over it before you answer, you shall do so. I want you to promise me that for six months you will try to think as little as possible of Mr. Wesley, that you will try bravely to throw yourself into your studies with me, and your music too. It will be easier now that you and I are friends. We shall be happy together, shall we not, Frances?"

"Yes, mamma; but six months—it is so long, so dreadful. And my music-lesson was just the one thing in the week to look forward to. And he is unhappy; can I help thinking of that?"

"Well, but, Frances, think, what could you do? Can you take any steps towards making him happier, even if you do not take my advice?"

"No, mamma."

"You certainly cannot make him happier by making yourself unhappy. Indeed, were he to know of it, it would make him ten times more unhappy—that is if he is the kind of man I take him to be. Besides, you may dismiss that idea from your mind. A man who is young and strong, and working hard, and who feels, moreover, that he has chosen a difficult right, and put aside a tempting wrong, is not at all a fit subject for pity."

"'My visit is not objectless,' said Magdalen, unquailing." p. 731.

"Oh, mamma, you comfort me. You would not say you thought him good, and now I have found it out. You must admire him very much to say, 'The kind of man I take him to be.'"

Magdalen laughed, and rose to go.

"I am frightened to think how late it must be. You must go to bed. Good-night, my child. I shall say nothing about this to your father—at present, at any rate."

"Good-night, dearest dearest mother! Thank you for everything."

"Nonsense! for shame, you silly child!"

"Oh, but I didn't mean it like that. Please don't mind my thanking you."

"Then I won't. Good-night again."

She was gone, and Frances was alone. Magdalen exercised a power over her which she could not resist. She could not gainsay what Magdalen advised. But she trembled as she thought of her promise and all it involved—what a constant struggle and an arduous self-restraint. Twilight reveries, pathetic reminiscences, all the painful luxuries of indulged imagination—these must no longer be sought but resisted. For to Frances a promise involved a determined effort to keep it, which can hardly be said of the generality of mankind. Yet with all the painfulness of it, the promise brought a certain sense of satisfaction. There was a relief even in feeling that something definite was proposed, after having been rudderless in perplexity and vague suffering for so long, and in the sense that that something would give her the satisfaction always resulting from an effort after self-control. Moreover, and this was perhaps the dominant feeling, Magdalen inspired her with an absolute confidence. Her mother knew about it, and so all would be right. No good thing whatever had been put before her as the consequence of the six months' probation—what consequence, indeed, could there be?—yet her mind rested in a vague assurance that in Magdalen lay the power to bring everything she undertook to a satisfactory conclusion.

CHAPTER XV.—MAGDALEN MATCHMAKER.

FIVE months out of the six had passed away. Life in Hill Cottage had gone smoothly, brightly. The three had entered a new year together bound to each other by ties which could neither be broken by the shock of calamity nor worn by the fretting of daily cares. Frances had made a gallant struggle to keep her promise, and had succeeded fairly well on the whole, and in the meanwhile self-restraint was unconsciously growing into a habit, and she was passing from her careless frolicsome maidenhood into a more gracious though not less sunny womanhood.

And now spring had come again, bringing to the Captain and Magdalen, with its bursting buds and quickening breezes, vivid recallings of the last year's spring, which had prepared a summer for their hearts as well as for the land. But to Frances it brought one day a sudden failure. A basket filled with primroses was left at the door—no mere handful, but as primroses should be gathered, in masses that will bank up in a great dish. "For Miss Rae," was the message, and nothing else. But to Frances it seemed that, trouble rather than pleasure came with the gift. Red eyes were observable that night. A few days after she came to Magdalen with evidently something to tell. Mr. Wesley's name had not yet been mentioned between them since the night of Frances' confession. Now it appeared she had another confession to make.

"Mother," she said, tearful and blushing, "I must tell you. I have quite broken my promise. Only just now, the last day or two. Last night I thought of—it—the whole evening, and never tried not to. It was when the primroses came. I ran after the little boy: I could not help it, because I wanted to know whom they came from so very badly. And I made him tell me it was Mr. Wesley, though he would not for a long time, because he said Mr. Wesley would be so very angry. And oh, mamma, the roses on my birthday came from him, too, and the grapes for papa; and I gave him one of his own roses—just fancy! You said he was young and strong, and so he could not be unhappy. But he's not strong, I'm sure, and he doesn't look at all young. Oh, mamma, I don't know what to do."

Magdalen, sympathetic and amused, comforted and laughed at her in a cheerful though not heartless fashion. Frances caressed her with tears, and murmured again that she did not know what to do. Magdalen did not feel herself in the same case, as, indeed, to do her justice, she seldom was.

First, she went to her husband, and recounted to him the whole matter. In his satisfaction that Frances was not in love with Jeffrey, he almost forgot to concern himself about Mr. Wesley.

"And what are we to do now?" was Magdalen's conclusion.

"Upon my honour, I have not the slightest idea," said the Captain, with an extraordinarily puzzled air, but a suspicious twinkle in his eye.

"I have an idea," said Magdalen, tentatively.

"That you have, my dear! It wouldn't be you if you hadn't. And one that you'll carry through, too, let your poor old husband think what he may."

Magdalen propounded her scheme. "Do you think it would do?" she asked, finally.

"My dear, do as you like. I know my place, I hope. I am well aware that I am only the husband of Mrs. Rae. We are all in her hands, and I especially—mind, body, and estate."

With which encouragement, and having, as it were, trimmed her mental wick, Magdalen started on an errand which had a keen spice of enjoyment for her enterprising spirit. Her footsteps carried her to the semi-genteel suburb lying at the back of the town, where Paul Wesley and his mother resided. It is probable that though she had never exchanged speech with Mr. Wesley, she had learned something more about him than his address, since that Sunday night's enlightenment. As she walked through the streets with an even more than usually firm elasticity of movement and effectiveness of bearing, eyes involuntarily turned to look at her, notwithstanding that her dress was, as usual, severely simple.

She reached a house of a small and common-place description, and on ringing the bell, and inquiring for Mr. Wesley, was ushered by a slatternly young person into a room which was evidently appropriated to that gentleman's individual use. It was untidy and neglected in the highest degree. It contained a

piano, a violin, and a small library principally consisting of tattered classics. The table, which was covered with a faded be-inked cloth, was littered with music paper, fragments of composition, literary and musical, letters evidently reaching back to an ancient date, and a bethumbed Horace. Much of this litter had been drafted on to the floor. "He works hard, and studies," was the result of Magdalen's observation. A lamp with a green shade over it suggested the midnight oil; indeed, what other oil could he burn, as he was out from early till late at his professional work? Looking at the dull window, the rusty fire-irons, the hearthrug with a hole in it, and the carpet, which to a feminine eye cried out to be turned sides to middle, Magdalen also came to the conclusion that womanly care and ministrations were lacking to the music-master's existence. This agreed with Frances' statement that "his mother was not very nice." The one redeeming point in what might be stigmatised as squalor was given by a dish of primroses, pale yellow and living green, a melody in colour.

At length Paul Wesley entered, shabby, sallow, and full of repressed *verve* as usual. He appeared disturbed at the arrival of this unexpected visitor, and stood as if awaiting her commands.

"Be seated, Mr. Wesley," said Magdalen. "I want to talk to you. I have come to beg you to resume your lessons with Miss Rae."

A vivid flush came into Paul Wesley's swarthy cheek.

"That, madam," he said, "is, I am sorry to say, impossible."

"Allow me to ask, Where is the difficulty?"

"My engagements do not admit of my having the honour of waiting on Miss Rae."

"The difficulty, I think, may be removed, Mr. Wesley."

"Madam, I am sorry to say no. It is one that can only concern myself."

"I am not sure of that."

Paul Wesley started, and fixed his black eyes upon the visitor. She sat with perfect self-possession, scrutinising him in return with her cool grey ones. He was suspicious of her. Under cover of this apparent innocence she might be drawing him into some snare. Neither knew the other's purpose, and each desired to play the game warily. Mr. Wesley made the next move.

"May I ask whether Miss Rae is aware of your errand?"

"She is not aware of it"—Magdalen was quite conscious that this answer was calculated to mystify Mr. Wesley still further, and she took a wicked pleasure in the fact—"but I am quite sure she will be pleased if I succeed."

Mr. Wesley looked half-relieved, wholly mystified. He rose from his seat as if concluding that the interview was ended, and said, in a final tone—

"I can only repeat, that I find it impossible to do myself the honour."

"And you will not tell me the difficulty? You must remember that your proceeding in the matter was sufficiently singular."

Exasperated by this undignified persistence, he replied, with added stiffness—

"Not more so, I apprehend, madam, than yours of this morning. May I beg to say again that the difficulty is my own?"

"No, Mr. Wesley, that is not so. We can do neither good nor bad actions with effect to ourselves only."

Now thoroughly aroused, a fierce light awoke in Paul Wesley's eyes. He threw back his mane of hair, as if shaking himself free from a yoke too galling to be endured. He broke forth in an agitated voice—

"I perceive you are aware of what has happened. But I have retrieved my error, and what can man do more? Your objectless visit here is an unwarrantable and cruel inquisition."

"My visit is not objectless," said Magdalen, unquailing. "It is true, I know all that has happened between my daughter and you, but I could only guess at your feelings towards her, and to obtain certainty on that point was my first object."

Paul Wesley had strode vehemently back and forth the room. He now broke forth again—

"No; I beg your pardon; you do not know all. You cannot know, and cannot guess, what she has been to me through these years that I have known her—light, beauty, colour; in my life just what these flowers are in this dingy room of mine; and yet not like them—a loveliness to dream of, to look at now and then with a hungering heart, but never to come nearer."

"But, Mr. Wesley, you did come nearer; you came too near."

"I know it. You taunt me; and yet—you shall hear. When her father sent for me a year ago, I knew it was a weakness to consent to go. Doubtless there are men who could have put away from them a cup like that. I could not; but I could trust my self-control. If harm were any, it was only to myself. In that I erred. I should have calculated the effect of that weekly pleasure, of sunning myself in that sweet friendliness. I should have looked, too, at the probability of temptation. It came, and my pride and strength fell under it; but I fled, and my self-respect has alone been injured."

"Knowing everything, Mr. Wesley, I ask you to come back, in my own name, and in that of her father."

Paul stood and stared at her, bewildered incredulity manifest in his face. Magdalen found time to wonder how a fair young maiden could lose sight of Mr. Wesley's peculiar appearance, and his faculty for placing himself in absurd attitudes. A tendency to make himself ridiculous would have fatally precluded any man from winning favour in her sight. The Captain had a fine presence, a mellow voice, and much personal dignity. Magdalen thought shame

of herself for the involuntary comparison, and put Frances on a higher level than herself. The girl had a sweet true heart, which had gone forth straight to what was noble and manly in this under-sized odd-mannered Paul Wesley.

These thoughts occupied no more time than the minute which the music-master had taken to collect his scattered wits.

"I do not understand you," he said, with the same bewildered gaze.

"I cannot be very explicit, Mr. Wesley," said Magdalen, and on her face dawned a smile; "but you may surely take comfort from what is implied in my invitation."

Paul rushed forward and seized her hand with the impetuosity which characterised all his movements when without the bounds of his customary formality.

"You are generous, too generous; you would give me the same chance that more prosperous suitors have, but I cannot take it: it is not for me. I would not run the risk of succeeding—of gathering the primrose to bring it here," with a significant glance round, and a mournful smile.

"You force me to be too confidential," said Magdalen; "but I think you are worthy of confidence, and will take it as it should be taken. I have tried to make you understand that this matter is not so entirely your own as your modesty leads you to suppose."

Mr. Wesley started.

"Miss Rae—Frances?" he stammered. "Mrs. Rae, I will cut my throat if I have hurt her by a breath. It is inconceivable. That would be punishment indeed!"

"It will not mend matters to cut your throat. You would hurt her still more. At present, the thing is remediable by a more congenial proceeding. Neither your pride nor your position is more than a trifle in comparison with her happiness, as I suppose you will allow. But I have told you quite as much as I ought. Resume the music lessons, and make your own way. Quite enough has been done by me; I wash my hands of the matter from this time, and leave it in yours."

Magdalen ended in a cordial and humorous smile.

Paul again seized her hand, and this time kissed it.

"You are an angel, a true woman," he cried. "You will bring courage and comfort wherever you go. You know not what you have made of me, of my life. I can express nothing. It is all too sudden, too overwhelming. But when I awake from this confusion I shall be a giant; I shall work, strive, live, as man never did before. Mere Vulcan though I am, and she fair as the day, I will have a Vulcan's might. I feel it, I shall deserve her."

"Mr. Wesley," said Magdalen, at parting, with a deep earnestness of tone, and a full look from her eyes, "I have only one word more to say to you. This is a great trust. Be worthy of it, and if you win her, be tender; and God be with you."

Paul's eyes met hers with a new light in them, intense but soft. "Thank you, thank you," was all he said, but the two whole-hearted natures, utterly diverse as they were, had met in that mutual gaze, and had understood each other. Magdalen walked thoughtfully home, reading the while in the new volume which had been opened to her, satisfied that through all the exaggeration, fervour, oddity, there breathed a true soul.

A year after, and not till then, there came a day when Paul said to Frances, "Do you love me?" and Frances answered "Yes." She had never been shy with her music-master; it was too late to be afraid of him now. She asked a very bold question, lifting up to him a frank yet blushing face—

"Why didn't you ask me sooner?"

Paul was far more timid than she. Not daring to touch her, he stood; her sweet confidence thrilled his whole being with joy that was near akin to pain—as some will watch a lovely child, with a yearning and a fear, he looked at her. Even now a wild incredulity that this could be for him lurked behind the joy. He was not used to taking. He had given up and given.

"Why didn't you ask me that question sooner?" Frances had asked, and he answered—

"Because I could not ask you another: 'Will you marry me?'"

As Paul made no advances, Frances, blushing more than ever, and almost crying, made them for him. She put out two timid hands. They were seized. A few minutes after, Frances said—

"Oh, Paul, how silly of you! I can't think how you could have been so foolish. Why, there's nothing I hate in all this world so much as being rich. I should be most unhappy if I could not darn your stockings, and make the puddings, and live in a dear little house all made bright and comfortable by me."

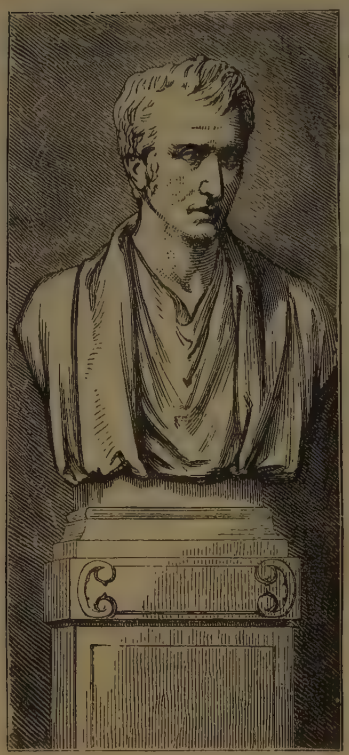
Paul began to believe in it, and to let the sweet comfort flow into his very heart.

THE END.

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK.

EMINENT MEN OF GOD AMONG STATESMEN AND HISTORIANS.

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.



SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

BECAUSE of the many claims on our limited space "statesmen" and "historians" are grouped together in this article. The association is not unmeet, inasmuch as the makers and the writers of history are often united in the public thought; and if our historians have not generally been statesmen, many of our statesmen have been historians.

To the eye of an enlarged faith and an enlightened and sanctified intelligence, statesmen will appear conspicuous among the agents of Providence, by whom He who sitteth King for evermore with "never-failing skill" brings to pass His great purposes and "works His sovereign will." The smith fashioning the glowing iron on his anvil and the statesman working out his plans and purposes in connection with the policy of the country he serves, are alike under the invisible but no less effective control of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, who makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and all things to work together for the good of them that love Him.

Of all men, statesmen should be reverent, God-fearing, praying men—in every sense men of God. The annals of our own and other countries supply memorable instances of such men.

The Bedford family has furnished many eminent men, men who have been distinguished for high-toned religious principle, for patriotism, and many of those virtues which make a family truly noble and names really illustrious. Conspicuous among them is Lord William Russell, the third son of the first Duke of Bedford. One of the foremost in endeavouring to stem the tide of Popery, which, during the reign of Charles II., threatened to fetter all real liberty, and extinguish the light of the Gospel in these realms, he was falsely accused of complicity in a plot against the King's life, unrighteously condemned, and as basely executed. The noble devotion of his saintly wife forms a beautiful counterpart to the manly virtues, the Christian graces, and the earnest patriotism of his active career, and the heroic courage, the patient resignation, the cheerful hope and trust in Christ which marked his death. Posterity regards him very much in the light of a martyr to the cause of liberty, and a witness to the death to the great truths of the Protestant faith.

Side by side with Lord William must be placed another member of this honoured family, the late Earl Russell, one of the most honest and straightforward, if not one of the most profound, of English statesmen; a man deservedly honoured throughout the whole of his long public life, and who will be venerated for ages to come as a friend of liberty, a patron of education, a statesman of strong convictions, of honourable designs and large achievements, whose life-long character was marked by integrity, and whose trust in life and death was in the merits of the Redeemer.

In his early days Lord Lyttleton was led away by doubts respecting the authenticity of Holy Scripture. With a companion of similar sentiments, equally open to conviction, he applied himself to the study of the Sacred Word. The conversion and apostleship of St. Paul was the special subject of his investigation. The result was his thorough conversion to Christianity. His famous treatise on the conversion of St. Paul, which is still a standard work, shows how thorough were his investigations, and how clear and conclusive his convictions. His life proved that the change in his sentiments was the result of not only an enlightenment of the understanding, but a renewal of his soul by the grace of God.

A little before his death he said to his physician, "Doctor, you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had *friends* who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me, but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidence and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm believer in its truth. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is now the ground of my hope." His last hours were marked by patient resignation and Christian trust.

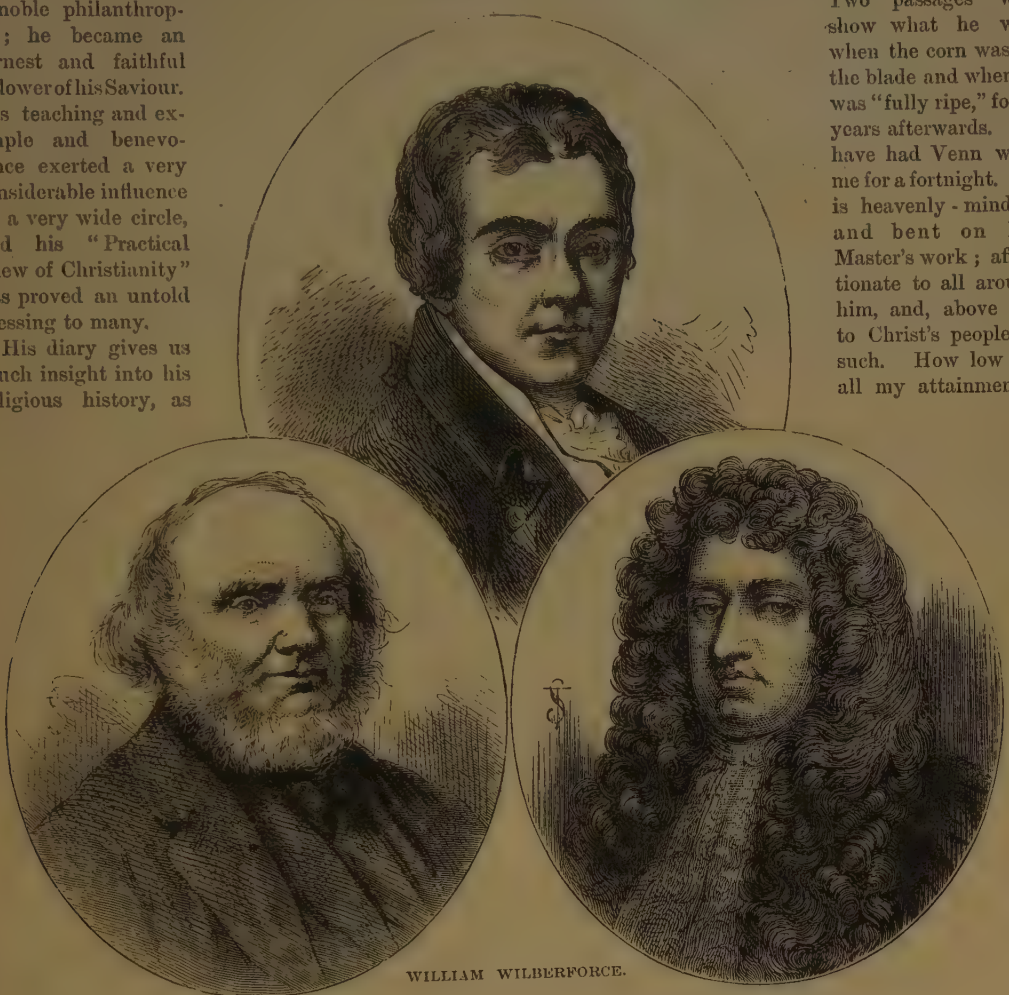
The abolition of African slavery will ever be associated with the name of William Wilberforce as its champion in the House of Commons, as Clarkson was out of it. The town of Hull can boast many great names amongst those who were its native

citizens; but none greater—at least none more famous—than Wilberforce. Two years spent with an aunt at Wimbledon when a boy had their influence on him in after life. She was a follower of Whitfield, and sometimes took her little nephew to hear the "prince of preachers." Wilberforce was not only one of the most eloquent men in the House of Commons, and a noble philanthropist; he became an earnest and faithful follower of his Saviour. His teaching and example and benevolence exerted a very considerable influence on a very wide circle, and his "Practical View of Christianity" has proved an untold blessing to many.

His diary gives us much insight into his religious history, as well as some glimpses of his public life, both in and out of Parliament, and some idea of his wonderful activity and large-hearted benevolence. Among his intimate friends were some of the leading evangelical ministers of the day—Newton, Romaine, Cecil, and suchlike in the Establishment, and Jay, Dr. Leifchild, and others out of it. To Newton he was much indebted for sound religious instruction and help in the Divine life, though his views did not coincide with Newton's on all points. His testimony for God and the Gospel of Christ was uniformly clear and steadfast, and, like all well taught by the Holy Spirit, he felt himself a weak and helpless sinner apart from Christ, but strong and safe in Him. In him strength of conviction, warmth of zeal, earnestness of purpose, and vigorous utterance of truth, were united with a suavity of manner, a gentlemanliness of bearing, and a fervour of love, which did much to feather the arrows of his arguments and give to his persuasions a winning power.

Two passages will show what he was when the corn was in the blade and when it was "fully ripe," forty years afterwards. "I have had Venn with me for a fortnight. He is heavenly-minded, and bent on his Master's work; affectionate to all around him, and, above all, to Christ's people as such. How low are all my attainments! Oh, let me labour with redoubled diligence to enter in at the strait gate. Help me, O Jesus! and by Thy Spirit cleanse me from all my pollutions; give me a deeper abhorrence of sin; let me press forward! A thousand gracious assurances stand forth in Christ's Gospel. I humbly pray to be enabled to attend more to my secret devotions; to pray over Scripture; to interlace thoughts of God and Christ; to be less voluble, more humble, and more bold for Christ."

Joseph John Gurney writes, concerning his last visit to his friend—"I freely spake to him of the good and glorious things which, as I believed, awaited him in the Kingdom of rest and peace. In



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

EARL RUSSELL.

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

the meantime the illuminated expression of his furrowed countenance, with his clasped and uplifted hands, were indicative of profound devotion and holy joy. . . . He told me that the text on which he was then most prone to dwell was, 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.' While his mortal tabernacle seemed ready to be dissolved, this peace was his blessed and abundant portion."

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was invited to represent the University of Dublin in the British Parliament when only twenty years of age. That honour he declined, but twelve years later we find him in the House as Member for Weymouth, seconding Sir James Mackintosh's motion for a Committee to revise the criminal laws, and making a speech which established his reputation as a leading British statesman. The question of Colonial slavery called forth his great powers and patient unconquerable energy. His mind was led to conviction on the subject after long and careful thought and study. In May, 1832, he brought his motion before the House. It was a crucial hour. All kinds of arguments were employed to dissuade him from his purpose—entreaties, flatteries, prayers—but all in vain. The cry of the negro had reached his heart; the impassioned pleadings of Knibb and other advocates of emancipation who had witnessed the evils and horrors of slavery, and his own deep convictions and sense of duty, held him fast. The negro must be free, and he would try to strike off his chain, in the only way his principles would admit of—peacefully and honourably. His motion was lost, but the opposition afterwards succumbed to the imposing minority, so mighty in the power of conviction and moral right. "What shall I say," asked one of Buxton's friends, when the storm of opposition was at its height; "what shall I say when I hear people abusing you?'

"Say," said he, snapping his fingers, "say *that!* You good folks think too much of your good name. Do right, and *right will be done you.*"

Buxton's general character and his religious principles took shape very much while on a visit to the Gurney family at Earlham, when he was about sixteen years of age. Joseph John was yet a boy, Elizabeth (afterwards Mrs. Fry, the evangelist of thieves) was still Miss Gurney, while Hannah, Buxton's future wife, was in her teens. The abode was the home of peace, enjoyment, industry, and love. His life bore ample proof of the vitality of his faith, and its calm sunset was full of brightness, full of hope.

Of living statesmen there is not space to speak; but one word must be said for "The Martyred President," Abraham Lincoln. Addressing his friends at Springfield, when about to start by the railway to assume the reins of government in that all-critical hour, we hear him say, "I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved on Washington; unless the great God who assisted him shall be with me and aid me, I shall fail; but if the same Omniscient mind and Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me." Such a man could not fail; and living and dying, he would be blest.

Historians can have only a small space in this paper. For this reason, some authors must wholly be passed over, and other names mentioned with only slight reference.

Our purpose may be best served, perhaps, so far as this paper is concerned, by confining ourselves to a very few honourable and distinguished men whose personal religious history and earnest convictions yield a bright testimony to the Gospel of Christ, and furnish an example of moral heroism worth imitating.

Joseph and Isaac Milner were the sons of a poor weaver, who died when they were young. The boys knew something of weaving, and determined to do their best to support their mother. Their spinning-wheels were going early and late, and every brief interval of time was employed in reading and self-improvement. The industry and good conduct of these poor Yorkshire lads drew the attention and excited the sympathy of such of their neighbours as were better off. Several benevolent persons in Leeds raised money to afford one of them a liberal education. The lot fell upon Joseph. From the spinning-wheel to Leeds Grammar School, from thence to Cambridge, and from Cambridge to Hull, where he was master of the Free Grammar School and curate of Trinity Church, were successive steps in his onward movement. Isaac became assistant to his brother, leaving the weaver's loom for the usher's desk. He subsequently went to Queens' College, Cambridge, and afterwards became, as all the world knows, Dean of Carlisle and President of Queen's. In college he was the close friend of Wilberforce, and continued such until the death of the latter. Joseph had less of ecclesiastical distinction and worldly honour than Isaac, but his piety was more conspicuous, his talents more popular, his evangelical principles more pronounced, and his preaching more earnest and successful. His "History of the Church of Christ" is still a standard work, and reflects honour on his learning, his industry and research, and especially upon his candour and catholicity, and his ardent attachment to the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith.

Johann Augustus Wilhelm Mendel (Neander) was the son of a Jewish merchant, once wealthy, but afterwards reduced by the French wars to comparative poverty. His youth was spent at Hamburg, where he might have been seen in the shop of the famous Perthes, poring over his books hour after hour. Perthes assisted his studies at the university, and became his friend for life.

Before he was seventeen he had renounced the Jewish faith, and embraced Christianity. This was brought about by his reading the Gospel of St. John. He read the book at first as a disciple of Socrates, but the divine philosophy of the inspired evangelist met and satisfied the deep yearnings of his loving spirit, and he became a disciple of Jesus, his Messiah, his Saviour, and his Lord. He made a public profession of his faith in baptism, and took the name of *Neander*, from two Greek words, signifying *a new man*. Such to all intents and purposes he had become; and such he remained, growing in the strength of his convictions, the fervour of his love, and the force and vitality of his faith.

The national spirit in Germany had become almost extinct; the great principles of the Reformation were ignored, and Rationalism triumphed almost everywhere. Neander was a light shining in a dark place. Christ was to him a personal Saviour, and he regarded himself as a sinner pardoned and saved through the death of Jesus, and united by living faith to Him, the Foundation and Corner-stone of the Spiritual Temple. His life was one uniform testimony for truth, in the spirit of the "Beloved disciple," through whose living words the Resurrection and the Life had quickened him. The day before his death he was preparing to lecture on "The Gospel of John from an historical point of view." His strength was exhausted. He said to his sister, "Johanna, I am tired, I must go to sleep; I must *go home;* good night, good night." He slumbered a few hours, and then, when the calm and hush of a new Sabbath rested upon the city, his spirit passed to the Sabbath everlasting. A writer in a continental journal well said of him (September 17th, 1850)—"The cherished child of the Lord closes his eyes for the last time to the light of the world. He does not pray, because with him each breath is a prayer. He does not read, because the *word* is written on his heart. He does not testify, because his life was a perpetual testimony. . . . He died living—living to Christ, because he lived dying—dying to himself." "Who can refrain from expressing regret," says one, "that Neander did not write the history of the Reformation?" Stay; God was preparing a D'Aubigné.

When D'Aubigné was a student at Geneva, the professors, pastors, and students, with but few exceptions, were given over to Rationalism; so much so, that a pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Divinity of Jesus Christ" awoke fierce opposition from the students, with D'Aubigné as their leader. Just at that time a wealthy Scotchman, who had been a lieutenant in the British navy,* was staying at an hotel in Geneva. Mr. Haldane (for it was he) could not speak French fluently, and in order to make his religious discussion with one of the pastors more agreeable, a student was called in as an interpreter. The result of this circumstance was a wonderful work of grace, in which eighteen young men, including Frederic Monod, Geaussen, and Merle D'Aubigné, were led to embrace Christ as their Saviour and to become earnest preachers of the evangelical doctrines, especially of the long-neglected doctrine of justification by faith alone. The same instrumentality brought a similar blessing to another distinguished man—Cæsar Malan. In Neander, Tholuck, and Henstenberg, at Berlin, D'Aubigné found loving and efficient helpers. When visiting the Castle of the Wartburg (the place of Luther's enforced silence) he formed the purpose of writing his great work. On returning to Geneva, he found it in a sad state of spiritual darkness and death. The Evangelical Society of Geneva was established, with D'Aubigné as its president. The apostles of science and philosophy said, "The present age is too enlightened for Christianity to prevail." "Do you speak of light?" he replied. "Christianity is the true light, the sun which eclipses all the faint glimmerings of earth. 'I am,' says Christ, 'the Light of the world.'" As the president of the college, an effective preacher, a voluminous author, and a faithful pastor, he exerted a wide-spread influence; but as an historian he will be remembered for ages to come, for his lucid and lively portrayal of Reformation scenes and facts, and for the earnest and scriptural manner in which he sets forth its great central truths—Christ, and not the Church; faith, and not ritual! our salvation and our life.

In 1872, when the golden grain was being gathered into the garner, and the clusters of the vine were ripe, the angel-gatherer came, and the spirit of the venerable and faithful witness for Christ entered into the joy of his Lord.

* See "Witnesses for Christ—Sailors," p. 66.

LIVING.

FAR underground its root-growths spreads the tree,
Suspected not by those who tread the plain,
Nor yet to man, it seems, affording gain,
But upwards from its secret home, we see
Great asking arms, to heaven sent pleadingly
For life-light from the sun; and all the pain
Of living, in a strong rich glowing strain
Of colour spreading: till the land and we,
Grown weak and weary with the long day's heat,
Find rest beneath the shelter it has made.
We suffer, and our failures call defeat,
When sorrow is the price our souls have paid,
For power to give to all a rest-place sweet
Beneath our own pain's sympathetic shade.

A. Johnson-Brown.

THE "BEGINNINGS" OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

(Rev. xxii. 13.)

THE speaker who announces His advent in this august title is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Even in the earliest vision of the Apocalypse He appears as the Son of Man walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and affirming of Himself, "I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." And in this latest vision, He testifies to the truth of the whole revelation, and foretells His speedy coming as the Judge of mankind. He who asserts of Himself "I am the Alpha and the Omega," also says, "Behold, I come quickly;" and the Church responds to His words, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." There can therefore be no doubt that in the mind of the seer, it was He who uttered these lofty and majestic words, and we have in this fact a clear and decisive testimony to Our Lord's deity. The very meaning of the words renders it impossible for any creature, however exalted, to arrogate such a title to himself. In no valid sense could the highest created intelligence, though he had lived through countless cycles of years, and won the most illustrious triumphs, claim to be the Alpha and Omega, the Almighty. The loftier the rank of any creature in the order of intellectual and spiritual greatness, the more averse would he be to usurp an honour which was not his; such usurpation would appear as blasphemy.

Our Lord Jesus Christ does, however, continually take this honour unto Himself. He regards it as naturally and of right His own. He uses words which separate Him from the whole race of men, and which no patriarch, lawgiver or prophet, king or philosopher, would have dreamed of using. These would all have disclaimed such an honour if offered to them, as did the Apostles at Lystra, and the angel in the Apocalypse when the seer fell down to worship him, "See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow servant—worship God." Our Saviour, Who displayed throughout His life the charm of a matchless condescension, and to Whom we still look as our brightest example of humility, disinterestedness, and self-abnegation, nevertheless appropriated these sublime words, and thus put Himself in the place which belongs to God only. Is there any reasonable, any consistent, any possible explanation of this fact, save that which is given in our evangelical creeds, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ"?

The affirmation is made in three forms—first in a *symbolic* form—"I am Alpha and Omega"—where the first and the last letters of the Greek alphabet are employed, as if we should say the A and the Z. This mode of speech was apparently more current among the ancients than it is among ourselves, and was evidently intended to express the whole scope, or range, or extent of a thing. The Jews were accustomed to say that Abraham observed the law from *Aleph to Tau*—the first and last letters of the Hebrew alphabet; that God had promised to bless the Israelites from *Aleph to Tau;* that He would fulfil every article of the covenant from *Aleph to Tau.*

The second form is *philosophical* rather than symbolic—"The Beginning and the Ending." The word rendered beginning denotes not only precedence in point of time—the origin—but essence and nature; the specific and abiding principle as distinguished from all that is secondary, accidental, and transitory. The ending, in like manner, denotes not merely that which is last in point of time, but that which is supreme and regulative—towards which all other things naturally and inevitably tend—in which we find the meaning and explanation of their existence—their ultimate purpose and end. The two words together affirm what is elsewhere stated more explicitly—"All things were created by Him and for Him." "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

The third form—"the First and the Last"—is more literal, and is a reproduction of the declarations of the Old Testament—"I am the First and I am the Last, and beside Me there is no God."

The import of all such declarations is evident. They assert of our Lord what the name Jehovah affirms of the Father—His underived and absolute self-existence. In the salutation of the Apocalypse, the assurance of grace is imparted "from Him which is, which was, and which is to come"—*i.e.*, from the Eternal One. In the same light does this title bid us think of our Lord. He owes his existence to no being or power outside Himself, but has life in Himself. He possesses by his very nature that which we and all creatures have received by grant or permission. All life in the material and animal creation, in the physical and intellectual world, comes from Him as its source, and is simply the realisation of His thought, the product of His power. The grandeur of the starry heavens, the innumerable worlds

which people the immensities of space, and move with unvarying regularity in their ordered courses; the sun sending out his light and heat to maintain the life of all creatures, and the moon reflecting his brightness; the solemn pomp and majesty of the hills; the luxuriant foliage of the trees, the chaste beauty of the landscape; the sea, with its vast expanse of waters, with the ebb and flow of its tides, and the plash of its waves on the shore, are all effects of which He is the cause. Man, also, is His offspring. Our capacities of knowledge, our yearnings after truth, our delight in the varied forms of beauty, whether in nature or in art; our power of self-sacrifice, our dreams of an ideal perfection, our aspirations after immortality, have been implanted in us by His power, and are the signature of His hand. The onward march of history—with its alternations of light and darkness, the fierce conflicts of truth and error, and the persistent obstructions of evil—is but the working out of His purpose, the fulfilment—sometimes by willing, often by unconscious and even by hostile agents—of His eternal plan. He can control the strange rebellions of the human will, and foresees the issues to which every current of thought and passion and energy shall lead. Over what seems to us the wild tumultuous dance of circumstance, and the confused whirl of events, He presides with calm and majestic power, and His supreme will silently asserts its might, and subordinates everything to its own designs.

Our beginnings, whether we refer to the beginning of our life, of our education, of our business or profession, or to the awakening of our higher nature, and our entrance upon the life of God, are beginnings only in relation to us. They have all been preceded by numberless causes over the greater part of which we have had no control, some of them having operated for ages, while many of them work unseen and unsuspected. Beginnings to us, they are in reality results, links in a chain which stretches to the remote past. Only in a subordinate sense does the course of our life depend upon ourselves or upon the will of man. Behind all human purpose and agency there is another Power, speaking to men in a still small voice, and therefore often ignored, but leaving also the traces of it presence in the earthquake and the storm. Ere the heavens and the earth were created, God said "Let be," and before our schemes are thought of or devised, before our life's work is accomplished, or begun, He likewise gives forth His fiat, "Let be;" and alike in point of time, authority, and power He is "before all things, and in Him all things consist."

Equally true is it that He outlasts all things. He is the Omega, no less than the Alpha, the ending as He is the beginning. From everlasting to everlasting He is God. The old-world monarchies which seemed fixed on such stable foundations—Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, have passed away, and are now known only as names. The Jewish polity, which so resolutely opposed the Gospel of Christ, has become extinct. The Roman Empire which fiercely persecuted His earliest followers has been overthrown. When these words were spoken it was at the height of its magnificence. Its material splendour, its buildings of marble, its temples and halls and palaces, its shows and spectacles, were unrivalled. Its military power had made it the mistress of the world. Beneath its iron grasp the whole of Europe and most of the nations of the East bowed in subjection. Its resources seemed inexhaustible, and the hearts of Christ's disciples must often have trembled within them, at the fury of a power which boasted itself eternal. The boast was vain. He Who sitteth in the heavens knew that already the hour of doom was at hand, that the knell of Rome's destruction had sounded, and that not all her proud legions could uproot the power of the cross. Rome fell, but Christ still lives "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

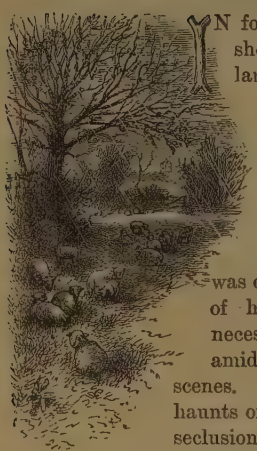
And so too it has been with opposition from all other quarters. Men have endeavoured to stop the progress of the Gospel by unjust and tyrannical legislation, by fines and tortures and imprisonments; by the scaffold and the stake. For the sake of accomplishing this, they have prostituted philosophy in a base and unholy conflict with the truth; they have given way to passion, prejudice, and pride; they have sought to turn men aside from their devotion to Christ, by the seductions of pleasure and the promise of worldly gain; they have employed the polished shafts of wit and satire as well as the coarser weapons of ridicule and reproach. They have arrayed against Christ the authority of physical science, the laws of the human mind, the teachings of history, and the fate of old superstitions. They have appealed to the dignity, as, alas! also to the weakness of man—to his hopes and his fears; and with what result? Have they destroyed the Gospel, or shorn it of its power? Is the throne of Christ endangered? Nay, verily—Christ lives, while the systems which have opposed Him have one by one fallen into neglect and contempt. The infidelities of former generations are dead and forgotten, as those of to-day soon will be, while Christ will remain undisturbed in His possession of eternal might, the Lord of all the ages.

Let us aim to make Christ the Alpha and the Omega in our own experience. In all our ways let us acknowledge Him, seeking His wisdom to guide, His power to sustain, His love to encourage, His favour to reward us. Our works should be begun, continued, and ended in God. It is but a little way that we can see before us. We know not anything that awaits us. We are weak and

defenceless—the prey of a thousand evils—exposed to numberless perils, and marked as victims for the fatal arrows of death. Yet, helpless, baffled, sinful as we are, we have offered to us the loving and tender sympathy, the wise and powerful guidance of Him who sees the end from the beginning, and who *is* both the end and the beginning. Christ can be overtaken by no surprises, nor can His designs be brought to naught. Trust Him with the burden of your life, your hopes, and aspirations, and fears. He will take you into His keeping, and preserve you to His heavenly Kingdom and glory. All human purposes and achievements which lead away from Christ must in the end be overthrown. However congenial we may find them now, however they may gratify our ambition, and minister to our pleasure, their success is but for a time—their spell will soon be broken, their foundations will crumble like sand as it drifts before the wind, and their glittering halls melt like ice before the strong glare of the sun. If we live for self in any of its forms, our life will prove a failure. If we live for Christ, and are throughout loyal unto Him, we shall save what would else be lost. If we give ourselves to Him in the spirit of repentance, and faith, and consecration, though our path be steep and rugged, though we have to close our ears to many a tempting voice, to pass by many a blooming flower, and to bear many a heavy burden, we shall have through every step a secret satisfaction and joy greater than the world can give us, and at last, in that solemn moment which comes to all men, when we shall have reached the end of our life below, and must bid farewell to the earth and all that it contains; when friends, possessions, pursuits must be left behind, and our souls must go forth into the infinite darkness from which none have ever returned; in that solemn moment the Christ whom We have trusted, and loved, and served, will be with us—the end, as He has been the beginning of our life, and when we die we shall go to be with Him. For us, death is not the ending, for it has been conquered by Christ, and shall come to us as His messenger—the prelude of a brighter day, the summons to a perfect life. All that is not of Christ shall perish; but even in the presence of desolation and decay, His voice assures us—"Because I live, ye shall live also." "Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord? We shall not die." And inasmuch as Christ will then be all in all, everything in us which is of worth shall be preserved, strengthened, and perfected. "All that is beautiful shall abide; only the base shall die," and we shall find that He Who has held our life in His hands is mightier than all our foes. Out of darkness will He bring forth light, and from apparent evil good. The strange and perplexing discords, the notes which so often confuse and alarm us, shall then be harmonised into perfect music, and furnish us with a theme for praise. At the end as at the beginning, "The morning stars shall sing together, and the Sons of God shall shout for joy."

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. J. T. FALSIDE.



IN former times shepherds and shepherd-life received a much larger share of attention than they do at the present day. In the writings of the poets, especially, the shepherd is spoken of in a manner as if he held a kind of middle place between terrestrial and celestial beings. This was owing to the peculiar nature of his occupation, which was necessarily pursued alone, and amid more or less romantic scenes. Removed from the busy haunts of men, and dwelling in the seclusion and solitude of the mountains, he pursued the quiet tenor of his way, and held little or no intercourse with the world. He was a child of the mountain and the mist, and was thought to hold secret communion with spirits and fairies and other mysterious beings. His crook and his pipe, which he always carried, were the symbols of his isolated calling, and were mysteriously bound up with his personality.

But times have changed, and with the change there is also a change of sentiment regarding the mystical character of the shepherd, and the romantic nature of his occupation. He is viewed now, not through the medium of poetical fancy, or through the veil of popular superstition, but in a plain matter-of-fact way. The mystery which, in popular estimation, once encircled his being, has been dispelled like the mist of morning, and he is now seen in his true proportions, as a very commonplace individual, pursuing his occupation and following the usual routine of life like other men.

Yet, notwithstanding our prosaic age, with its material interests, its sober calculations, and practical bent, the shepherd of the mountain is, in several respects, by no means an uninteresting character. The improvements of modern civilisation, whether of a material or social kind, have made little difference to him or to his surroundings. With the exception of

the penny post, which opens a daily communication with the busy world without, the circumstances of the shepherd are much the same now as they were fifty or a hundred years ago. There are some places in the south of Scotland which are twenty or thirty miles from a railway station, and where telegraphic wires have not, as may be supposed, made their appearance. In these districts there is not, and never has been, even a public conveyance to accommodate travellers and thus keep alive the memory of those times when stage coaches, with their strange and romantic episodes, were a national institution. The people, accordingly, have little inducement to travel far, their chief migrations being, like Goldsmith's Vicar, from the "blue bed to the brown." And it is a well-known fact that there are many people living in the mountain solitudes in the south of Scotland who have never enjoyed the luxury, if it may be called such, of travelling in a railway carriage, and who would hesitate to do so, from the supposed danger attending it. This is the case in many parts of Dumfriesshire, where life assumes a primitive and simple aspect, and where the people, satisfied with their lot, live as their ancestors had done.

In these mountainous districts there are few or no villages, and, consequently, little or no business of any description is carried on. The shepherds' houses stand each one by itself, sometimes being several miles apart, and without any road or even foot-path leading from one to another. The traveller, in crossing these mountainous districts, may travel for several hours, or even days, without discovering a human habitation, not because there are none, but because of the difficulty of finding them. Every one remembers the story about Claverhouse, who would have failed to discover a certain house but for the crowing of a cock, which directed him thither. And if such a keen and vigilant eye as that of Claverhouse failed him in searching out what his whole energies were bent upon, that of an ordinary traveller is likely to serve him still worse. The houses are generally situated in some nook or ravine, that they may be sheltered from the storms, which, in the winter season, are often very violent and destructive. Yet it seldom or never happens that the houses are blown down, or even injured, so secluded and secure is their situation.

The dwellings themselves are usually thatched, and consist of one storey. They have two apartments, or, as it is called in Scotch phrase, "a but and a ben"—the one being used for kitchen purposes, and the other for the accommodation of visitors and friends. Adjacent to the house are a byre and sheds for the cow, and for such sheep as, from one cause or another, require better shelter and more tender treatment than the rest. There is, of course, a kitchen garden, in which is grown a plentiful supply of potatoes and all other vegetables.

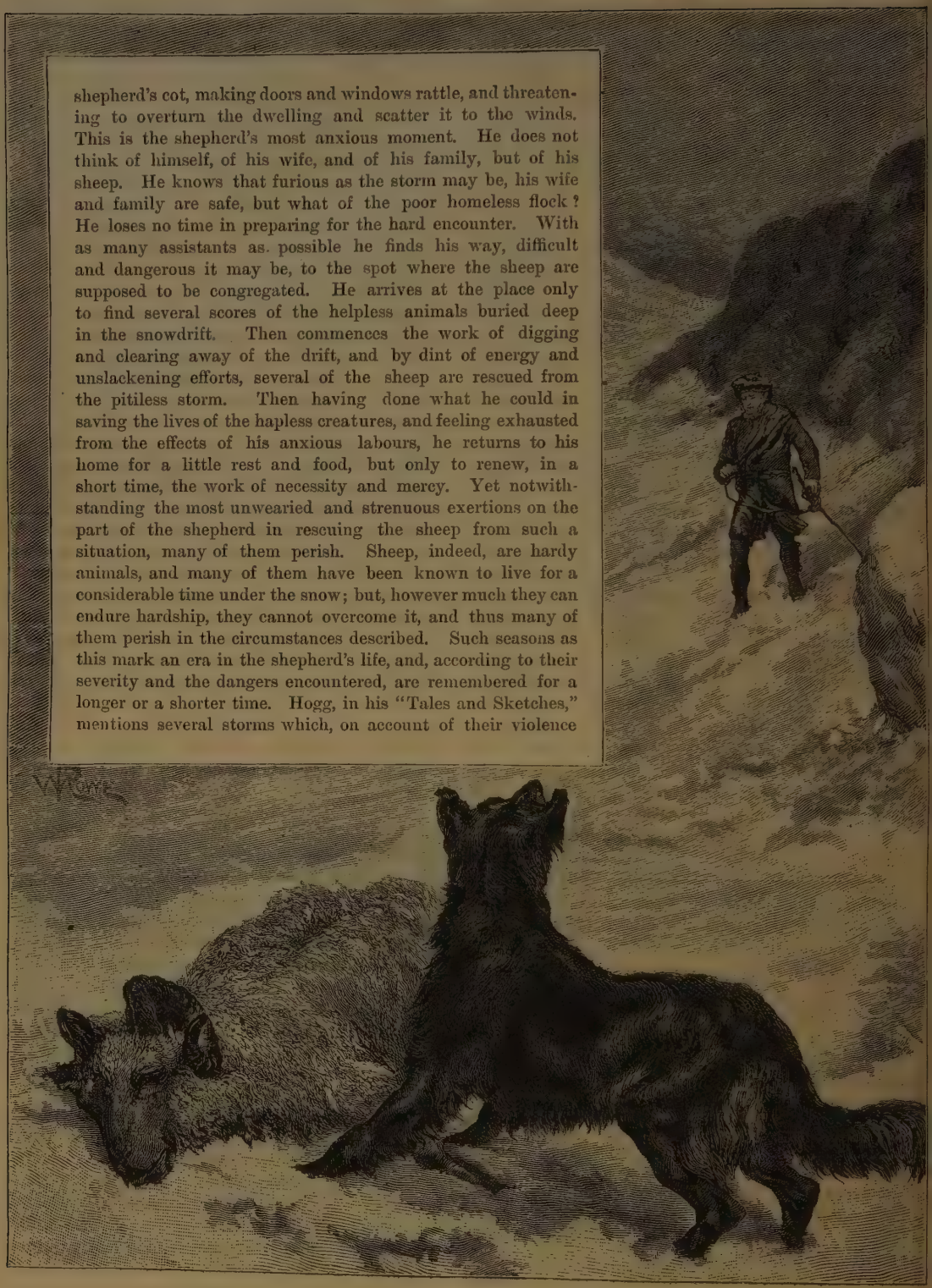
In these purely pastoral districts the management of the stock is usually consigned to the shepherd and his assistants. The proprietor or owner of the stock generally lives at a considerable distance from the farm, and rarely visits it oftener than once or twice in the year. The confidence which he thus places in the shepherd for the successful management of the sheep is always well grounded; for he finds, on every visit he makes to the farm, that his sheep have been fed, protected, and cared for as well as if they had belonged to the shepherd himself.

The wages of the shepherd consist partly in money and partly in stock. His yearly income, therefore, varies according to the state of the market and the state of the weather. Taking, however, one year with another, his pecuniary circumstances are comparatively easy; and in the hardest times, when many working men are in a half-starving condition, he has always sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

The food which the shepherd and his family generally live upon is of a very homely, yet wholesome, kind. As regards animal food, they have always plenty of it among themselves. The custom with them is, to kill several sheep at one time, and put part of the meat in a pickle, and make the other part into hams. It is no very uncommon sight, when you enter one of those dwellings, to see a dozen or even more of such home-cured hams; and should you stay to partake of food—for the shepherds' wives are very hospitable—the mutton-ham forms the principal article of diet. As regards groceries and other provisions, these are brought to the door by some travelling merchant, who generally lives in one of the villages or towns in the district. His mode of conducting business, so far as these outlying parts are concerned, is to take orders for goods, and deliver such as had been ordered before. There is indeed no difficulty in obtaining all the necessaries of life, merchants being only too eager to make sales anywhere.

But if the shepherd has always plenty of food and clothing for himself and his family, he has difficulties and hardships peculiar to his situation. The frequent and severe storms that take place in these outlying mountainous districts are a cause of much anxiety to the shepherd, and necessitate much self-denial on his part in preserving the life of the sheep thus exposed to danger. The violent and destructive nature of these storms is, indeed, proverbial. Snow-drifts are, of course, most dreaded by the shepherd; and in endeavouring to rescue the sheep from these, he has to exercise an amount of ingenuity, and to put forth exertions, such as are by no means easily imagined by those who are strangers to pastoral life. It is the dead of winter, we shall suppose; everything is calm and serene; the snow is lying on the hills several feet deep. The sun appears at intervals through the opening clouds, and kisses the placid earth, as if in pity for the convulsions into which it will soon be thrown. Night approaches, and with it the storm begins. The winds howl and rage over the hills and along the glens, like so many furies let loose, and bent upon destruction. Louder and louder becomes the storm, roaring down the chimney of the

shepherd's cot, making doors and windows rattle, and threatening to overturn the dwelling and scatter it to the winds. This is the shepherd's most anxious moment. He does not think of himself, of his wife, and of his family, but of his sheep. He knows that furious as the storm may be, his wife and family are safe, but what of the poor homeless flock? He loses no time in preparing for the hard encounter. With as many assistants as possible he finds his way, difficult and dangerous it may be, to the spot where the sheep are supposed to be congregated. He arrives at the place only to find several scores of the helpless animals buried deep in the snowdrift. Then commences the work of digging and clearing away of the drift, and by dint of energy and unslackening efforts, several of the sheep are rescued from the pitiless storm. Then having done what he could in saving the lives of the hapless creatures, and feeling exhausted from the effects of his anxious labours, he returns to his home for a little rest and food, but only to renew, in a short time, the work of necessity and mercy. Yet notwithstanding the most unwearied and strenuous exertions on the part of the shepherd in rescuing the sheep from such a situation, many of them perish. Sheep, indeed, are hardy animals, and many of them have been known to live for a considerable time under the snow; but, however much they can endure hardship, they cannot overcome it, and thus many of them perish in the circumstances described. Such seasons as this mark an era in the shepherd's life, and, according to their severity and the dangers encountered, are remembered for a longer or a shorter time. Hogg, in his "Tales and Sketches," mentions several storms which, on account of their violence



and destructiveness, were remembered for generations after they had taken place. It is no very uncommon sight to see the children sitting round the fire on a dark winter night, listening to stories told by their fathers about storms that had taken place fifty or a hundred years before. And with what eagerness, fear, and awe, do they hear the sorrowful tale—how trees were blown down, how sheep-folds were shivered into atoms, how the sheep perished by the thousand, and how much danger and suffering were experienced by those who sought to mitigate the effects of the tempest and save the life of the sheep.

But, as may be supposed, the shepherd's life, taking one day with another, is quiet and peaceful. His troubles and anxieties are not of a social kind, but such as are caused by the caprices and outbreaks of Nature. He witnesses no scenes of drunkenness; he is not made the victim of dishonesty; he sees none of those moral sores which disfigure the face of society, and render the lives of men painful and repulsive. His troubles are all, or nearly all, of Nature's growth; and however severe these may be at times, they are generally free from the heartache and the bitter reflections caused by the folly and the wickedness of man.

As regards the religious opinions and habits of shepherds and others who live in these pastoral districts, much can be said by way of praise, though there are not wanting reasons of an opposite kind. They are regular in their attendance at church. Many of them travel six or eight miles on the Sabbath, and no kind of weather will induce them to stay at home. But in many cases their religion may be described as cold and severe in its manifestations, rather than as enthusiastic and warm. It is a religion which is more doctrinal than practical, and more apologetic than evangelistic. Whether this is owing to the fact that their forefathers, in the days of religious persecution, were under the necessity of defending the truth and purity of the Christian religion against the bitter and incessant attacks of political enemies, it would be unsafe to say; but they inherit, either from one cause or another, the same disposition, and are more bent upon vindicating than propagating their religion. Hence it is that they judge of religious discourses not by their practical force and their appeals to the conscience, but by their more or less clear and full statement of Christian doctrines. They are conscientious in their adherence to Christian doctrine. They attend to all the outward duties of religion, and are strictly moral in all their habits, but many of them have not a sufficiently deep sense of the claims of others upon them, or of the varied wants of the world. Comparing them, however, with many other classes of men whose lives are full of glaring inconsistencies, and disfigured by sordid vices, the shepherds in the south of Scotland are an admirable and exemplary class of men; for although their religion is less active and practical than it should be in its manifestations towards others, it is pure and elevating in regard to themselves, and, like the salt which preserves, keeps them, in a certain sense, unspotted from the world.

BORNE BACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALLIE; OR, INTO THE LIGHT," "TRUE TO A TRUST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE HOPE OF THE GIFT.

UGH LYLE remained with us for some days, not taking the place of the leading physicians who had been summoned, but consulting with, and seeing all their directions carefully carried out. With quiet authority he insisted on our taking rest, and a reliable nurse was installed in our place, he often sitting patiently beside the bed of pain during the long hours of the night. My heart blessed him for this, and Coralie and I relied on him as on a brother. I knew he followed no kindly impulse alone, but served a Master who had it in His power to repay, and who would yet say, "Well done!"

He had not heard of the accident at the time of its occurrence, but immediately he did so sought to leave his charge in efficient care while he hastened to our comfort.

One evening—the second of his visit to us—as Coralie, he, and I sat quietly thinking in the little chamber adjoining my mother's, he startled me by asking—

"Suey, have you gathered all the particulars of the dreadful scene which has brought such a shadow over your life? There may not be much to tell, but at such a time one likes to learn everything."

"No," I replied, a sob rising in my throat, and nearly choking me; "I knew that he was gone; what need to hear further? The details were well known, and in all the papers. Could I listen to them?"

"And you never inquired particulars?"

"Never."

He said no more then, but that evening came to tell me Lord Hetherton wished to speak with me.

I was not startled. I had been accustomed to meet Lord Hetherton at all hours as a familiar friend, and merely thought he brought a message from his wife. Hugh went with me. As I entered, Lord Hetherton rose and led me to a seat, then took another beside me.

"Pardon me, dear Miss Wyld," he began, "if I pain you unnecessarily; but our friend Doctor Lyle says you ought to learn every little particular of the—the sad loss of your brother."

I winced as though I had been struck. Lord Hetherton perceived it, and looked at Hugh, who simply motioned to him to go on.

"The accident occurred through the carelessness or foolhardiness of the young man who was steering, whom I need not name. Poor fellow, he paid for it with his life! Unknown to me, he had taken a draught from a secret flask; but for myself, and—and your brother—I can only say we were perfect masters of our actions."

He paused, and then went on.

"When the *Suliote* was struck, I reeled and fell. I was scarcely conscious in the shock of what had happened until I found myself in the water. Then, being a practised swimmer, I struck out boldly to clear myself from the yacht as she settled down. The first I perceived on her other side was your brother. I swam to him; he was trying to keep himself up with some floating matter, I cannot well tell what.

"'Wyld,' I asked, 'can you not swim?'

"'Not a stroke,' he replied, despondingly. 'I have missed learning what could bear me up in every start I have made. It has always been a losing game—ever a losing game.'

"'Never mind, old fellow,' I answered, cheerfully; 'try and get hold of my waistband somewhere, and I may keep you afloat until picked up. There are many ready to help around us.'

"He did as I directed steadily enough. He did not appear frightened, but at the same time to have lost heart, or courage. It was a sort of hopeless calm of manner. The tide was setting out strongly, the breeze freshening, and though my energy did not fail, my strength seemed as nought, and I was tossed up and down like a snowflake. Then I resolved not to struggle, or seek to advance, but, as quietly as I could, float until assistance came, and thus endeavour to save us both. Still I felt I was growing weaker, and finding my efforts relax, he spoke again.

"'Hetherton,' he said" (and here the narrator's voice—no shame to his manhood—became husky, and he could scarcely proceed), "'you cannot save us both. God bless you! I shall never reach the shore alive. God bless those I have left!'

"He let go his hold. As I turned to make a last effort to rescue him, I saw his face distinctly. It was uplifted, and there was a strange expression—not terror certainly, it might almost have been peace—upon it. He murmured some words, as if he spoke to the Great Being, before whom we all must stand. I heard him say, 'I take!' I think I heard the word 'gift,' but that was all."

It was enough. Blinded by grateful tears, I put out both my hands, and clasped his who had brought such blessed news to me, and in my heart of hearts I said, "Oh, Father, I thank Thee!"

My brother had indeed gone to God!

I asked life for him, and God had given it him, "even length of days for ever and ever."

In my soul there was a deep upspringing of joy and thankfulness. Light was dispelling the gloom. I interpreted aright what I had heard. Even in the dread hour of approaching dissolution, my parting words had come back to my brother, and I knew that the gift of life was His Who, even at the eleventh hour, was willing to receive it.

So I went back to my mother's bedside, and tended her through the hours of darkness, but for me there was light which I longed to communicate. And as I prayed for her restoration, physical and spiritual, I felt sure of an answer. God had been so good in giving me the hope of my brother's safety, it seemed to me, in His wondrous love, He would not deny me added blessing. I felt sure of my mother's recovery.

And so, through the long long hours, I listened to her disjointed sentences, and fitful ravings, and moans of pain, with a deep yearning pity at heart, yet a hope of relief. Here a word and there an expression dropped from her lips plaintively, complainingly, or with a startling force recalling familiar scenes, which my healthier fancy gathered up and strung together. Now she was back in our country home, looking after Hannah, and urging her to greater diligence; now in friendly converse with Squire Hardman; then in the midst of a gay assembly, where people trod on her tissued train, and dragged her backwards at every step; and then, by a sudden transition, she was in a close musty cellar connected with the hated City business. The atmosphere was stifling, the floor like molten lead, when suddenly it began to heave up and down, until with a mighty surge it cast her forth upon a lonely strand, where, beneath the sun's scorching rays, everything lay bare and rotting. As we once more placed ice upon her head there was another change: she shuddered violently, and raved of a wondrous chasm we had visited in the Island.

"The Blackgang Chine," she murmured, "the Blackgang Chine! Why must I live for ever there? All darkness—all gloom—and that dreadful water ever dashing down. I cannot climb those heights—I cannot escape. Desolate—most desolate! I will not stay. Why force me downward?"

With a wild motion she sought to fling herself from the bed, but the nurse's strong detaining hand was upon her with a calming touch. She yielded to its influence and lay still.

In the silence that ensued I dozed. The heavy breathing, the ticking of my watch, the quiet move-

ments of the nurse, all soothed me, and I slept. In my dream there rose before me a great bank of light, fringed with a golden glory, which shot upwards in living coruscations like the halo a painter's fancy draws round the image of a saint. In the grey cloud beneath I saw my brother's face, pale, but serene, with a strange smile upon it which was more attractive than the brightness around. Then a hand seemed to steal out of the gloom, and a shadowy finger pointed upwards, while a low voice in intense earnestness said—

"The Gift of God is *Eternal Life*."

"Leopold!"

The word rang out with terrible distinctness. I sprang to my feet thoroughly awake in a moment.

My mother's gaze was fixed on vacancy with a wild, questioning wonder; her heart was beating wildly. Again the nurse placed a cool hand upon her, while we sought to soothe with simple words. Just then the door gently opened, and Hugh entered.

"Suey, will you not trust me to take your place here while you seek some rest? I thought nurse would require some efficient help just now."

I felt thankful for his appearance, and obeyed him implicitly. Such a sense of the Lord's goodness filled my heart, that I could quietly withdraw to seek repose even in view of my mother's increased discomposure, leaving all with the trust of a little child to Him.

When next I saw my mother she was sleeping quietly, and I received the assurance that the worst stage of her illness was past.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CORALIE'S MAJORITY.

THE next day Hugh left us. We felt very sad at parting with him, and I could scarcely keep back tears of mingled regret, loneliness, and gratitude.

"How shall I ever thank you?" I said.

A grave smile came upon his face as he answered—

"Perhaps I may tell you some day."

That was all he said, and then he went away. But when he was gone I could not help speculating upon how I was to prove my gratitude, and, after thinking too much about it, could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion.

At last my mind turned to other subjects, and things which in the first shock of bereavement and desolation had been no trouble, or escaped me altogether, now began to weigh heavily on my spirit.

For, simple as I was in business matters, it was evident to me that with my brother's life had passed away our means of living. Leopold dying a minor, without power to provide for us, our mother was left penniless save for the interest of the sum which my uncle's bounty had settled upon me.

Upon what, then, were we even now living? The rich rewards, the cost of the expensive machinery and people employed after the accident, my mother's illness and the medical attendance, would have been nothing to us with our former prospects, but now, with all these prospects suddenly blighted, and our much-abused City connection severed, it would either involve us in debt, or cast us on the bounty of others, both of which we had hitherto avoided.

I puzzled over this as much as over Hugh's parting words, and thought and thought what course I ought to pursue. But my mother's slow recovery kept me inactive, and as I could not consult or in any way communicate my feelings to her, I was fain to do so to Coralie.

Now I could scarcely understand Coralie, she was so entirely unlike her old self. At first she appeared crushed and miserable; then came a season of quiet dejection, out of which she rose at once into a grave and independent woman. When my mother was pronounced out of danger, and I had time to look around, the change in the erewhile giddy young beauty perplexed me not a little. She went up to the City more than once upon business, and received visits from Mr. Calthorpe, senior. This was not surprising, for I knew it might naturally result from her attaining her majority, which she did one fortnight after the waters had closed over my earthly hopes. Poor girl, it was a sad coming of age, for she and Leopold had looked forward with such bright anticipation to these days. It was not the fact of her having immediate relations with Mr. Calthorpe, but her free and independent manner that surprised me.

And so I, who had a reliable nature, and was not what is called a strong-minded woman, came to rely upon my sometime giddy cousin, not only because she was older, but because she was developing a greater business capacity than I possessed. I trusted something lay at the bottom of this change more than the necessity for mere worldly decision and energy. It might be a total revolution of thought and feeling caused by the creation of a new spring of hope and joy. Our late trial might have forced upon my cousin's mind visions of death and impending judgment in connection with herself, and caused her to see that nothing but what would stand the scrutiny of God and support amid Nature's failure, was worth attainment.

"Coralie," I began one day, coming directly to the subject that was pressing on my mind, "I do not require a maid."

"But I do," said Coralie.

I thought she did not exactly catch my meaning, so repeated my assertion.

"But I do," repeated Coralie, with somewhat of the old mischievous gleam in her dark eyes.

One maid served us both.

"But you know we—that is, mother and I—are poor now compared to what we were," I ventured to say.

"I am not," replied my cousin, gravely.

"Coralie, dear," I persisted, still more gravely, "that is not the point. Your means are nothing to us; nor can we live upon them, no matter how great they may be."

"Why not, may I inquire?"

"Because your own is your own. It was left you in event of the terrible trial which has befallen us, as though our uncle had foreseen, and mother was excluded."

There might have been the least touch of pique in the tone. Ah, the old evil nature was strong within me still.

"Uncle James was a wise and prudent man," Coralie said; "he did not know her, and so excluded. Again, he loved me as a daughter. Suey, dearest, make your mind easy; I have not excluded."

I looked up in surprise.

"Yes, little woman; I am my own mistress now, you know—or, as the lawyers say, have 'come of age.' Mr. Calthorpe has placed before me all the details of the business, as far as I could understand them; and I have begged him, while continuing the partnership, to take the management of everything. I would not have it given up—all the machinery which my wise uncle set in motion, and which gives employment to so many. I am glad to be connected with it, and quite proud of it, in my own way. But, Suey, I have lived to see the valuelessness of money as well as its value. I see it cannot ward off sorrow and death; it cannot go with us into the next world, and purchase relief there. I suppose if I had been brought up to believe that prayers after death would avail, I should give or leave a large portion to priests for my own or my friends' benefit in the unknown hereafter, or lay in a stock beforehand, by founding a religious house, or something of the kind; but you have destroyed this hope for me, little woman. Blame yourself that I can find no comfort in doing, and cannot take refuge in selfish charity."

She had spoken deliberately, but I saw there was suppressed feeling beneath the calm exterior.

"Begin at the right end, dearest Coralie," I said; "certainly we cannot earn salvation in any way, and the hope of propitiating God by our own doings is insulting to Him."

"Of that we shall speak again. I hope I have begun at the right end with the money, at all events. My first act was to settle a suitable annuity on your mother; my next to make a somewhat better provision for old Jacob Cowan, our humble friend of the guano bag. Do not thank me, dear; do not interrupt," she went on with glistening eyes, out of which tear-drops soon fell. "I hope I have begun at the right end with something else too, but I want your teaching in this. I have come as a poor vain silly girl, stripped of everything, to the Saviour of sinners, and asked Him to deliver me from the punishment I deserved, and make me happy for ever. And I do believe He will do it, Suey," and Coralie here fell on my neck and wept.

"Rather say He has done it, dearest. If you come at Christ's bidding, you have not been cast out. If you trust in His finished work, you are accepted. Why believe half a truth only? 'He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life,' saith Christ. Not 'shall have it'; it is a present possession. Not 'hopes for it,' but has it now. Vain man says the assurance of salvation is presumptuous. It might be presumption if it was grounded on any act of our own; but as the purchase of the stupendous sacrifice of the Lord of life and glory, and offered by Him as a gift to those who can simply take Him at His word, and rely on His promise, is not a doubt of its veracity greater presumption?"

Coralie did not answer; and I thought it not well to overburden her mind, so I simply asked for a Bible I had given her, and marking some of the plainest Gospel passages, requested her to pray over them, while I went to my room to praise God alone.

But later in the day a thought occurred to me to which I gave expression.

"Coralie," I asked, "what does Mr. Calthorpe say to all this?"

"To what?"

"To your settling a portion of your money on us."

"He quite approves. If he had not, much as I desired it, I don't think, relying on him as I do, I could have done it."

I was satisfied so far; but something more had occurred to me which remained to be said.

"But, Coralie, you may marry some day, and your husband may not approve."

"I don't think I shall ever marry," she returned, very sadly. "No, I am sure I never shall."

Nevertheless, I did not feel at all sure of this, though I saw Coralie was quite sincere in her present assertion. I believed she had entertained an affection for her cousin which was something more than mere passing fancy, and less than the deep regard with which a woman should look up to the one who is more than all the world to her. I felt convinced that all the deeper feelings of Coralie's nature were yet unawakened, and having for myself high notions on such subjects, I placed no reliance on her hasty resolve. And the event proved that though younger and more foolish in other things than my cousin, in this, at least, I was a wiser woman.

CHAPTER XXV.—SEEING THE WORLD.

WE went abroad—mother, Coralie, and I. It was not my wish to leave England, but the physicians ordered entire change of scene with some of the excitement of travelling for our dear invalid, and Coralie was pleased at the prospect of getting away from painful associations. Hugh Capel came to wish us good-bye and God speed, and his cheery words and brotherly counsel encouraged me not a little. I *did* think he might have shown more disappointment at our going so far away, but I suppose in his busy life he had learnt not to indulge in unavailing regrets.

In our journeyings we passed too rapidly from place to place, my mother never evincing a disposition to remain long in any, which betokened a mind

ill at ease. This made me anxious, for I saw she had not learned the secret of peace, and I knew with an ever-pressing mental burden we may—

> Change our posture o'er and o'er,
> But cannot soothe or cheat our woe.

attention to dress. True, from force of habit she placed herself even in mourning, in the hands of a skilful *modiste*, but the newest costumes were adopted with a listless manner, and with a total indifference to effect. To any one who knew her before in the

"The first family with whom we began our ministrations was old Cowan's."—*p.* 752.

Poor mother! she was sadly changed; she seldom smiled, and when she did it was but the sickly reflection of another's mirth, and not the genuine expression of her own. It always reminded me of the last faint gleams which linger on the summits of the Alps after the source of light and heat has withdrawn. The departing rays play with a fitful brightness over the icy peaks which at no time can they thaw. Her hair was thickly streaked with grey, which she took no pains to conceal, and she paid little triumph of wealth and beauty, this alone spoke volumes. She seemed like a stately wreck, without aim, or even hope, drifting onwards to some unknown sea.

I often tried to speak comfort to her; indeed, I seldom lost an opportunity of saying some little word which might be brought home by the Spirit's power. I told her with many tears of my hope concerning him who was gone, but though I marked her lip quiver, and knew my tidings brought relief, she only

turned her head aside with a nervous motion—there was no other response. There never was any response; she never checked my zeal or chilled my love by an impatient word. Sometimes I wished she had done so—anything would have been better than this hopeless calm. Neither did she make any comment on the change in Coralie. Of course she noticed it, for, indifferent as she appeared, she was not unobservant, and her mental faculties were as clear as ever. It was only that in view of the terrible catastrophe which had changed the whole current of her existence, everything else sank into insignificance and failed to interest.

As I have said, the passage through other lands in which we were strangers, was too rapid for enjoyment. One gets tired even of gazing at beautiful scenery, and weary of living in the perpetual bustle of arrival and departure. We had just settled in the gay city of Paris, and I had begun to have my conceptions enlarged, and dream of the past mid the mighty works of an art which knows no past in the galleries of the Louvre, when off we were again, and I awoke to gaze upon the snowy peak of Mont Blanc, while the waters of the lovely Geneva lay stretched before us in the clear light. Was it that the atmosphere here was too pure and rarefied to allow her to gaze and ponder amid Nature's sublimity? Was it that the beautiful liquid sheet recalled the distant fatal Solent? I know not. I was looking up with adoring wonder to the Great Creator through His mighty works, and thinking, as we are so often made to think, if earth is so grand and fair, what must the eternal world be where He has prepared mansions for His own, adorned not according to the poet's or painter's weak conception, but according to the mighty Original design of Him who kindled man's genius, and according to the giant tenderness which is above all praise. Coralie and I made the passage of the Simplon with some tourists, and saw a little further—that was all. Then by my mother's expressed and almost pained desire, we were back past the quiet valleys of Lucerne, through the rich plains of Lombardy to the Eternal City. Here, like Paul, I felt my spirit stirred when I saw "the city wholly given to idolatry." We arrived at a high festival season, when priests, and monks, and choristers were combining to turn the eyes of the spectators away from the living Christ, while at every turn they presented *Il Bambino*—the Holy Child, with His Virgin Mother. My mother evinced more interest here than she had done at any former stage. She watched the processions; she went to St. Peter's, and was evidently impressed by the noble architecture, the gorgeous ceremonial, and the wonderful harmony of its fresh young voices. She said it made her feel in some way holier and better. Ah, it was the religion of the senses, and produced but a sort of sentimental excitement which the flesh ever loves to indulge, but which can never be begotten by the Spirit of God in an unregenerate soul. Fearing the effect of this substitution of false materialism for spiritual worship, Coralie and I were glad of the pretext of a malaria to hurry back in company with an invalid lady and her daughters to spend the winter in the south of France.

I think the respite after the rush did us all good. My mother settled down, as from sheer weariness, and really seemed to enjoy rest. She became more resigned, and, though not exactly cheerful, talked more, and appeared to take some interest in passing events. There was nothing in the smiling valleys to recall the treacherous brine, and she probably put away the remembrance from her as far as might be. Coralie and I now found society well suited to our taste. A dear godly *pasteur* here laboured untiringly for the good of souls, and received any who would unite with him in spreading the glad tidings of salvation in the regions around, where ignorance and superstition—twin sisters ever—prevailed. Many a brother who did not "see eye to eye" with him in ecclesiastical matters was welcomed beneath his roof as bought with the same blood, and baptised by the same Spirit into one body, and no check placed upon his Gospel ministrations. It would be sad to say it was a strange confraternity, though it was one which the religious world at large would have probably deplored; but it answered well, and Coralie and I found it exceedingly happy. As in heathen lands the presence of a common foe binds brother to brother in one common cause, even so was it here in professing Christendom. On the battle-field minor differences are submerged or forgotten, and, shoulder to shoulder in one mighty unbroken phalanx, the defenders of truth stand against the onsweep of wrong.

And so the winter passed happily, and I trust usefully, away. I learned many lessons during those quiet months—lessons of my own innate depravity, of weakness and insufficiency, yet of the ever-present tenderness and all-sufficient care of our God. Coralie grew like a healthy mountain-plant invigorated by gentle breezes. It seemed to me that she was leaving me far behind in self-government and denial, and that I was but a laggard in the Christian course. She did not remain grave and depressed, but her spirits rose again with an elasticity natural to her. I have often thought those who deem the service of Christ a doleful bondage should have seen her bright smile and dancing step as she hastened on her errands of mercy. At all events, *she* was not a gloomy or disagreeable Christian. She entered like a sunbeam into the abodes of poverty, and her ready sympathy made her a favourite with all. I have seen the weary face grow bright beneath her cheery influence; I have known the heavy heart lightened of its load of care as her prompt assistance met the trifling need, which, though as nothing to her, yet pressed so heavily on the child of poverty. Then her merry laugh would ring out, and, clasping my hand, she would say—

"Oh, Suey, it is well to have money, after all. I am thankful Uncle James made so much of it; thankful his liberality enables me to spend some of

it in thus relieving the wants of the deserving poor. Truly, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Then would I marvel at the wise Providence which shapes our lot and guided us to this. I knew that in the great English metropolis, where probably Coralie's future home would be, there would be a far wider scope for Christian benevolence, for there was misery in forms and grades which were not dreamt of by the simple *paysans* among whom we now dwelt. At the same time, if God led her to work for Him among the city masses, I remembered there would be far less to attract, nay, perhaps, much to repel, and felt thankful she had begun in this way, and was led round about as it were, even as Israel of old, lest she "should see war," and be discouraged.

Her continual flow of genuine good humour and hilarity was most contagious. Often I, who thought I should never laugh again, found myself echoing her mirth with an outburst scarcely less merry than her own. Even into my mother's presence she came like a rush of fresh air, which stirred the heavy atmosphere with a pleasant discomposure. And the dear old *pasteur* would exclaim, in a tone of extreme affection—

"My dear child, you make the whole world as joyous as yourself."

I had but two letters from Hugh Lyle during our long absence from England. The first was inquiring about my mother's state of health, our plans for the winter, etc. I wrote him as far as I could then foresee or determine, and having no certain future address to give, referred him to the Hethertons for further information as to our whereabouts. His next letter told us he had been summoned from his work in London to attend his grandfather's sick-bed, and was dated from the Priory. A sudden stroke of paralysis had laid the old man low, and as his heart turned to his young relative with a renewal of affection Hugh did not see it his duty to leave him. The letter did not bear a recent date, and it was evident from the foreign post-marks it had followed us for some time upon our route. It enclosed what I valued dearly, a few lines of loving counsel from his aunt. To her I wrote in reply.

We did not hear again, but the latest English papers we received contained intelligence of General Capel's death, with a long account of his military services and worldly honours. We knew that Hugh was now master of the rich lands of Capel Priory, but while I thanked God that his early promise had been fulfilled, and he would hold them as a steward indeed, recalling his hopeful labours in the city I could not but feel somewhat disappointed and sad at heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.—BACK TO MY HOME.

THE glad breath of spring was wooing the fresh earth, the hardy crocus appeared, the fair lily-bell waved gracefully, and there was a scent of violets on the air. The birds sang their psalm of thanksgiving that winter was past, and they might soon build warm nests in the leafy boughs, the greensward already bore a richer hue, and all nature wore a smile of welcome as we set foot on English soil once more. And to me there had come a springtime of hope; yes, even to me.

Coralie had been summoned home, her presence being required for some of the apparently interminable law business, and we had decided on accompanying her.

I have said a springtime of hope had come to me, and so in one sense it had, but I felt very grave and sad as I returned to our English home. It was not that I mourned for my brother; all my worst fears about him had been laid to rest, thank God, and I could rather rejoice that he was beyond the reach of temptation and ill, safe for ever in the bosom of eternal love. But though I so rejoiced many times it grieved me to recall the terrible loss he had sustained through not having used his youth and strength and abundant means aright. Saved he undoubtedly was; "yet so as by fire;" and I felt his early removal should be a lesson to me to be up and doing while it is called to-day, remembering that "the night cometh when no man can work."

So I resolved, through God's grace, I would be brave and active, yet patient; not hastily running out in the energy of the flesh, but waiting until He showed me His mind and will. The language of my heart was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and I desired, when I did see my way, to

> Give every flying minute
> Something to keep in store;

And truly

> Work through the morning hours.

At my heart I felt the necessity for being brave and self-forgetful, as well as denying, for I was conscious of a strong tide of selfishness setting in.

I was alone in this great city, was my complaint; none here cared for me. Oh, vain, dissatisfied heart!

Had not my cousin been given me in dearest bonds? Were we not "of one heart and one mind?" Was I not necessary to my mother's comfort? did she not manifestly rely on me? And Lady Hetherton showed by her warm greeting that she loved me well. Oh, foolish heart!

London was empty to me now. Empty?—with misery and need around me, with women and children—little children—whose bodies could feel hunger and cold, and whose souls were no less famishing for lack of the spiritual food which I could communicate. Oh, idle, wicked heart!

And all this disquietude was because I had lost one friend on whose sympathy and encouragement I could rely; because I missed one brotherly greeting; because my early playmate had been lifted from me into a high place of usefulness, and, I trusted, blessing, and I should seldom, if ever, see him again. For this, doubtless, God had been training him—teaching him to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Why should I repine?

So I tried to conquer my selfish regrets, and "set my face as a flint" to whatever my hand should find to do; and I grew—as one must ever grow in a path of right, strong and calm and happy.

It appeared as if Coralie's law business would never come to an end. We had frequent visits from Mr. Calthorpe, senior, and as frequent from Mr. Calthorpe, junior. The latter always brought papers to be signed, and generally had to read them aloud to her. This was in the utmost degree wearying to me, but Coralie did not seem to mind it at all. Whenever I could, with politeness and friendliness, make my escape, I did so, and truth compels me to state I don't think she regarded this either.

We had not returned to our former dwelling, and of this I was glad. Until my mother selected a suitable residence, and our furniture was removed to it from the pantechnicon, we occupied handsome lodgings in Kensington. The excitement of house-seeing, and consideration of all necessary arrangements, aroused my mother, and did her good; and Lady Hetherton very kindly undertook it with her. By Coralie's express desire, she was to continue to live with us; but though she made a large allowance for this, the house was to be my mother's, and all appointments left to her as mistress. This I was very glad of; the responsibility would give mother enough occupation, while it left Coralie at leisure.

One thing I greatly regretted, and that was that Hannah was not to return to us. My mother not liking to dismiss her with the rest of the attendants when we went abroad, had left her with Lady Hetherton; but soon after our persevering maid-of-all-work was beguiled into a marriage with "a gentleman's gentleman," whose flashy jewellery and ceaseless braggadocio led her to believe he had plenty of the money she so earnestly coveted. She wedded him not alone for this, but from real liking; but it appeared he wedded her solely on the reputation of her golden store, for after vain endeavours to find where she had hidden it, and doubting her assertion that she had given him all, he ruthlessly deserted her. Now more than ever she had but the one hateful object in life, that of hoarding money. I made her out, and we did all in our power to encourage and reclaim, but not until she was about to pass into eternity, when, by a strange disposition of Providence, I was again brought into contact with her, had I the least hope that my words took any effect.

The first family with whom we began our ministrations was old Cowan's, and a happy time we had beside his bedridden wife, who, patient and cheerful, lay with life passing tranquilly away, in happy converse with her dear Lord. How rebuked I felt as I gazed upon her peaceful face. The place was clean, and a gentle bright-eyed grandchild waited on the aged pair, whose comforts (thanks to Coralie) were now not few. Tears ran down the old man's face as he took my cousin's hand between his own.

"So the Lord has found you, my dear young leddy," he said; "praise to His name! Well, 'He who has begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.' The little leddy (though she bean't little now, bless ye!) is journeying along the same road as old Jacob."

"Ay, Cowan; to the same end."

"The same end, dearie—the same end. I 'm a'maist theer, but the little leddy may have much to do upon the road. Let her see to it that she 's ever leaning upon her dear Lord; for, mayhap, it will grow rougher and harder to get on some day."

"I can only look to Him to keep me, who has called me by His grace," Coralie answered, humbly.

"Ay, that 's a truth, anyhow. And now, if the young misses will, I 'll pray."

And so we knelt upon the bare boards, while the good old man poured forth his heart before God for each of us. His utterances were simple, quaint, and ungrammatical, but never was I brought so immediately into the presence of God. I felt, indeed, as Coralie afterwards expressed it, that he was speaking to some one whom he knew very well.

But the greatest help which came to us at that time was through an acquaintance with Mrs. Calthorpe. She had not called upon us in our gayer days, perhaps thinking a visit would not be acceptable, but now she did so, and we found her extremely ladylike and agreeable. I saw at once she was a very clever woman, though there was not the least attempt to put this forward; on the contrary, her manner was dignified from its very simplicity. She greeted us with much warmth, so that we felt at home with her at once, and readily accepted an invitation to her house. Here we met the society we wished for and valued, earnest Christians whose lives were consecrated to the most blessed service, and through this we were led into paths of usefulness. Often when I visited the Children's Hospitals, or assisted Coralie as her nimble fingers illuminated texts for the Flower Mission, or sat with my Sunday-class, or read to the infirm and old, I have blessed God for an acquaintance with Mrs. Calthorpe. Her sphere of usefulness was very extensive, but it began at home. She quite recognised that her first duty was in the family, and, as their claims could not be neglected, or at any time set aside, she was ever ready to enlist into her Lord's service ardent souls who had plenty of idle time and means. Truly, Mrs. Calthorpe gave invaluable aid in directing aright the restless energies of her young workers, and being the main agent in the blessed machinery she had put in motion, she received reports, gave sound practical advice, and above all, prayed with each for individual cases, and about their own discomfiture or success. There may be zeal without love; there can scarcely be love without some measure of zeal. Many crowded around Mrs. Calthorpe who were willing enough to use their talents, but who needed guidance or opportunity.

I was sitting alone one evening in my own room in the deepening twilight, when Coralie softly entered, and stealing up behind my chair, laid her

arms around my neck and her cheek against mine, as she whispered—

"Suey, I don't think my connection with business will be severed at all."

"No, dear," I answered, somewhat absently, for my thoughts had been upon other things, "I suppose not."

"You dear little simpleton," she returned, half laughing, half crying; "the name of Wyld will be out of it altogether. It will be Calthorpe and Calthorpe now."

I had some inkling of her meaning then, and looked up with quick interest.

"I am very happy," whispered Coralie, almost sobbing. "Arthur will help me to do right."

And I knew that she was to be young Mr. Calthorpe's wife; knew it and rejoiced, for we had every evidence that he was an earnest and wise-hearted soldier of Christ.

A career of great usefulness was opening before them with their abundant means, and happy in each other's love they would go forth to bless.

In my heart there was no repining; God kept me from that: perhaps He was teaching me to wait patiently for Him.

It might have been a week or two after this that a servant came to tell me my mother requested my presence in the drawing-room, where she was engaged with a visitor. I had been writing in my room, and, hastily laying aside some reports, and brushing back my hair to render myself presentable before a stranger, went down.

It needed but one glance; Hugh Capel sat beside my mother.

I felt suddenly awkward and restrained; the very surprise took away the power of speech. But his pleasant greeting and unchanged friendliness did much to set me at my ease, particularly when, on some trifling pretext, my mother rose and left the room, at which I wondered.

"Suey," he said, also rising and standing beside me, "I need not ask whether you are happy."

And I answered truly that I was, for God had given me some work to do for Him in the city, and I found in His service a present and precious reward.

"Then, perhaps, I ought not to ask you to leave it," he said, trying to smile, but, I thought, with an anxious expression. "Suey, may I ask you to come back with me to the Priory?"

For one moment I was doubtful of his meaning, then, looking up, I read it well, and, putting out my hand, let him take me to the earthly haven of his love.

We were married the same day—Coralie and I. My mother was to live with me for half of the year, leaving herself free to visit Coralie, or travel with the Hethertons, during the remaining six months. She appeared to enjoy the idea of going back to the scenes of her former struggles and fancied greatness, to rest in real independence.

"To think," she said, "that you, who have no share of proper pride, and of whom I never thought anything could be made, should be the means of restoring your family greatness and honour. Well, it is strange!"

Poor mother! All the sorrows she had known had failed to stamp out "the pride of life."

But years afterwards, when little children came to climb her knee, a holier influence possessed her, and she was led to see with us in spiritual matters.

I have looked back over "the way my God has led me." I look to the one by my side, whose earnest words and steadfast example won me, when I had wandered, back again to the Saviour's side. I look down from the hill-top away over wooded slopes, away to the cultivated patches of a prosperous tenantry, away to a town rising in importance through my husband's influence and efforts. A stream of light is gilding the tree-tops, and everything around is bathed in its golden glory. Even so is it with me this blessed eventide. Rich in God's love; rich in all human affection; rescued from the mere pride of life—borne back!

THE END.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC.

A CHASTENED BUT HAPPY HOME.

AND so, as time went by, the sense of strenuous exertion, of constant watchful economy passed from the Bristo household.

Old acquaintances found their way back to their visiting circle. Gilbert, whose habits had settled into a love of retirement, was for shrinking back from such, and Lizzie was inclined to resent the coldness they had experienced in their less fortunate years; but Mr. Bristo, with the quiet wisdom of riper life, took more moderate views.

"We know exactly what they are worth to us," he said, "and things which are of little value have their place; the only danger is when they are overestimated. Besides, we must not judge these people too harshly. Misfortune is often the result of folly or wickedness. It is not in itself any recommendation. And again, the way in which misfortune is accepted, is often the greatest misfortune of all.

The unfortunate are apt to become birds of evil omen, prophets of ill-luck, daunting the courage and energies of those who, perhaps, are but still struggling in the battle where they have been defeated. I have heard that a certain great millionaire steadily refused to have any dealings with people who had been unfortunate; saying that they were sure to give their friends all they had—a share in their ill-luck. Old proverbs, too, which seldom have much tender sentiment, but are generally true to fact, tell us in varied forms that the 'unhappy are unwholesome.' Of course that millionaire was a selfish and self-seeking man, and those proverbs are not filled with the high spirit of Christian sacrifice. But we must not demand too much from general human nature. It is sometimes sorely tried. We do not very harshly condemn a man who evades giving help in case of infectious disease, because he fears lest he should communicate it to his own family. We must not expect to meet heroes, though we may strive to be heroes, and if we are dissatisfied with the weakness of our fellow creatures, the best way to grow content is to supplement it with extra strength from ourselves. Let the unhappy take care not to be unwholesome. Let them never shrink from owning their own mistakes and follies, if so they can save others from their misfortunes. Let them not grudge the prosperity they do not enjoy. And what is hardest of all, if hope has departed from their own prospects, let them refrain from casting the shadow of fear over those of others."

"Ah," said Lizzie, "I know that is often done! I remember once suffering from it. It was when I knew our changes were coming upon us, just before we removed from our old house. You remember Dora's old schoolfellow, Mary Gray, who married so foolishly, and came to such sad want? She called to see us a good deal about that time, and mamma and I tried to help her in many ways, but she had so little energy, and threw cold water on all our suggestions about work and so forth. And, at last, I ventured to give her a little lecture. And then she thought me severe and unkind, and told me (how little she knew!) that I hadn't felt what trouble was, but that I didn't know what was before me. Once she had little dreamed of wanting a pound, and I too might come to know that. And I thought silently that it seemed only too likely, and I had better take care of myself, and not trouble about other people. So I made up my mind not to offer her a little loan I had planned, and I suppose I spoke coldly and harshly, for she never came back again."

"Poor Lizzie!" said her father, with a compassionate smile. "You have given us a very good instance of the way in which the unfortunate alienate their friends. And, after much experience, people begin to expect this sort of thing, and keep out of its way. As I said before, this is not heroic nor self-sacrificing; but let the unfortunate, instead of complaining of it, see that they do not justify it. We must give everybody a chance of mending his ways. Society has long seen that the thief and the drunkard must get a chance to prove their repentance by honesty and sobriety. Of course, one does not at once trust them with untold gold, or the key of the plate-chest. There are other faults tacitly deemed less dangerous to society; but towards which it is far more unrelenting, because they really come nearer its heart, and farther into its homes. It *is* hard to give the sunshiny-side friend a second trial, hoping that, if another storm comes, he will be found more trusty and loyal. But it must be done. How else shall he learn to become trusty and loyal? And as for those who may become unfortunate after us, we cannot do them a better turn than by proving that misfortune may leave some people cheerful, and courageous, and forgiving."

"There is another side to that, though," Gilbert observed. "I once heard a gentleman humorously complain that a loan he had made to a needy friend had been so promptly and gratefully repaid that he had lost ever so much money by advancing more loans, to other people, in the vain expectation that they would be as honourable and as prompt."

"Ah, but for one case on that side," said Mr. Bristo, "I could tell you of a hundred on the other. I think there is no better evidence that the human soul finds its only true life in love, than the way in which the stream of kindness and helpfulness still flows on, in spite of disappointment and ingratitude. I am quite sure that there is not a sorrow or a suffering in the whole world which somebody is not longing to relieve, if he only knew how to find it out."

"Ah, the wrong people get most help," remarked Gilbert. "Do you not remember how, in the panic which ruined us, some people got their debts remitted, and subscriptions raised for them, while you, father, could not get your debtors to pay you, and were thought hard for pressing your just claims?"

"My boy," said his father, laying his hand on the shoulder of the full-grown man, "my boy, do I not remember it? Do I not still more remember the bitter feelings with which it filled my heart? I know better now. I know now that these people were not unjust; they really sympathised with misfortune, only they had not that experience of life which teaches that the bitterest misfortunes, the most strenuous struggles, are the most jealously concealed."

"I think perhaps they ought not to be," remarked Lizzie. "I know one feels a wish to hide them, but, after all, that may arise from a false pride."

Arthur, the young medical student, struck in.

"I am not sure about that. It may be a wise natural instinct. Modern science has recognised that it is dangerous to leave wounds exposed to poisonous influences, which lurk in any ordinary atmosphere. May it not be so with wounds of life and heart?"

"I think so," said his father; "and I think the lesson of our experience is that we must accept the experiences of others as possibly much deeper than they seem; that apparent hardness may be resolute endurance; that gaiety, seemingly misplaced, may be

but the crystallisation of tears. The practical outcome is that we shall rather study to do what is right, than dare to calculate what effect our actions may have on others, and shall feel that the generous deed is always likely to be the just one, and the kindest construction of another's actions to be the truest."

"It has often struck me," said Gilbert, "that the people who have helped me most have never dreamed they did so. A smiling face, an unexpected greeting, a little voluntary service, has often changed the look of the whole world to me, and influenced decisions that were trembling in the balance at the time."

"Ah," said Mr. Bristo, "I remember when I was a boy of fifteen, leaving home for the first time. I had a box-seat taken for me on the coach that ran between our remote village and the county town, where I was to get further conveyance to my future destination. The road was long and dreary, skirting the desolate coast of a cruel wintry sea, whence a bitter east wind was blowing. I am old enough now to own that I think there were some other drops besides rain falling on my hands. At the end of the first stage an old gentleman, an accustomed traveller, for both guard and coachman knew him, got into the seat next mine. He seemed a gruff old man, and struck my sore heart as a good type of the stern world to which I was going. He had with him all the little comforts of accustomed travellers—in which matter I was sorely deficient—and he proceeded to make himself as snug as circumstances would permit, while I could only squeeze myself into my seat, and turn away my face towards the desolate sea. Suddenly I felt something thrown over me; it was the old gentleman's thick fur rug, and his arm was stretched across me, vigorously tucking it in on the other side, and then he stooped down and tucked it beneath and around my feet. He said never a word to me, and I was so utterly astonished that I don't know whether my shy "Thank you" was very audible. But in his thoughtful care for the warmth of my poor chilly limbs, he did more, he warmed my heart! The world was not so bad, after all—there might be genuine kindness even in what seemed harsh and frigid. When the journey came to an end, and the luggage was being sorted, I heard his name. Twenty years after, when he had grown very old, I was introduced to him at a committee meeting. "I need no introduction," I said. "Indeed!" he returned, surprised. "I haven't the pleasure of remembering you." "I dare say not," I answered, "but I have never forgotten how you gave a share of your rug to me, a poor school-boy, travelling beside you on the coach on the Great North road." He put his hand on my shoulder, and said, in his simple native Doric, "Wae's me, laddie, the warld maun be a cauld place if sic a warming can be remembered sae lang!"

"I believe," said Mr. Bristo, "that what Wordsworth calls

> That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little nameless unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love,

often do more good than what seem greater benefits, because they are in their very nature more wholesome. It is, we know, more blessed to give than to receive; but those words imply that receiving, in its degree, should be blessed. Now there is a sting, a pang (which, as it grows duller, changes into a degradation) in receiving from the hands of another what we feel should be had by our own earning."

"Ah, I have seen that," said Lizzie. "I remember a hamper coming to a lady who had lost her property, and become a workwoman in a wholesale house. She was pleased to see the remembrance from her old friends. The flowers she lifted out gave her pure delight—wild flowers, which had cost nobody anything but a kind thought and a morning's ramble. Then came freshly-gathered fruit, bottled cream, and new-laid eggs, telling of country hospitality to the poor city prisoner. Even the huge cake was welcome—was it not "home-made?" But as she saw something beneath it her brow quivered and flushed: she pushed the hamper away, and buried her face in her hands. "They feel I have come to this!" she sobbed. They had sent her a pound of tea!

"One can understand the feeling," said Gilbert. "I recollect hearing a wise old lady say, "Let people get their own bread and butter, and then you will be safe in giving them jam." And therefore I have never joined in the modern cry that gifts should be always of "useful articles," that will spare the recipient's own cash. I have noticed that people of the best sense and taste choose gifts serviceable, indeed, and beautiful, and, if possible, fulfilling some known requirement, but yet, in their modest degree, luxuries, which means neither more nor less than something which could be decently foregone. A gift should be a spur for energy rather than a crutch for idleness."

"The principle is sound," said Mr. Bristo, "and all honourable help, such as can pass between equals, should be rendered to supplement something already done—to give us a 'lift' on a road we are already patiently trudging. To render any other assistance than this is not to help, but to hinder—not to enrich, but to impoverish. For those who never know the sense of gaining ground solely by their own exertions have missed one of the delights of life. I don't suppose, children, that you ever feel any wish to forget our hard days, when it took all our strength to make both ends meet, and we hardly had leisure to look forward for a day."

"No, indeed," said Lizzie. "I find myself constantly thinking of them with pleasure. They must have been very hard while we were in them, but they are certainly happy in the remembrance."

"They were hard," remarked Gilbert, with decision. "If they had not really been so, they would not make inspiring memories now. Some bitter things always go to the perfection of the daintiest dishes. The recipe for a life worth living includes a little pain and a great deal of fear and doubt, but, before it is complete, they get so thoroughly worked

into its composition that one can hardly guess the original constituents."

"Ah!" said Aunt Mary, "I like your phrase, 'a life worth living' better than 'a happy life' or 'a successful life.' Accomplishing and doing, and then resting that we may begin again to accomplish and do, make the very best of life."

"Yes," mused Mr. Bristo, "there is a sense in which all life is a day, with its evening shades drawing on, and its sure and certain hope of another dawn. Joyful indeed may he be who sees some work complete, and feels that, with all his mistakes and shortcomings, the world is still not poorer but richer for his having lived in it."

"I have heard it said that age should be the Sabbath of life," said Aunt Mary, to her white-haired nephew—"the time for rest, for retrospection, for devotion only to the highest forms of duty. I think it is Sunday evening with me now—the silent gloaming, when thought itself is half dream."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bristo, fondly clasping the aged hand, now so worn that it looked like nothing more earthly than a symbol of work done and service rendered; "Sunday evening was always the happiest time. I remember when I used to sit on my mother's knee, and watch the light dying in the sky, or the fire glowing on the hearth, while my father read from the Good Book. And then the watching used to fade from my eyes, and the hearing from my ears, and I used to sink to sleep in a misty sense of love that passed one's understanding."

Aunt Mary looked up at him. "Yes, dear boy," she said (how pathetic were those words to the old man's heart, and how he blessed God for the love which goes before us, and keeps us for ever young) "yes, dear boy, and the Christian Sabbath begins the new week, doesn't it! We don't labour towards our rest—we rest that we may work from it."

"I believe the young folks often think I'm dull," she said, with her low pleasant laugh. "I fear they're often quite sorry for me, because I can't catch all their merry clatter, nor keep my wits abreast of all the new thoughts and ways a-stirring in the world. I'm glad to have them with me, and I'm glad to know they love me, but I'm not dull when I'm alone. I'm not quite sure whether I am alone, or where I am, 'in the body, or out of the body,' as St. Paul puts it. My garment of flesh is very old now, and old garments sit easily. When I was a girl, I remember hearing an old lady say her deafness was 'the Father's hush-a-bye,' and a very sweet thought that is; but I think the decaying of our senses is like the closing of the house-shutters and the drawing of the curtains—we see and hear better what is doing inside. I never can remember the progress of the great European war Gilbert reads about, and I suspect that is because it has really nothing to do with my soul, as has a seventy-years-ago incident when I spoke saucily to my teacher, and then went back and said I was sorry, which I remember as if it had happened this morning, with the very pattern of the dress I wore, and the scent of the lilac trees."

"Ah, the happy old times!" murmured Mr. Bristo, thinking of much more recent dates, and of—

The sound of a voice which is still.

"Yes, the happy old times!" echoed Aunt Mary, with all the vigour she could throw into her quavering voice. "But we want another day in which to practise the lessons we have learned, and more travelling strength to climb the new heights we see, and our old comrades' company, grown wiser and stronger along with us. But we don't want to go over the same road. We don't want yesterday, but to-morrow; not Eden, but the new Jerusalem. We'd rather have the untrodden hills beyond Beulah, than the familiar Slough of Despond, and we long for the society of Mr. Ready-to-halt and Miss Much-afraid after they have made their wills and parted from their crutches and their fears. Do you remember the song our Emma used to sing? Lizzie, child, do you know the song I mean? and if you do, sing it."

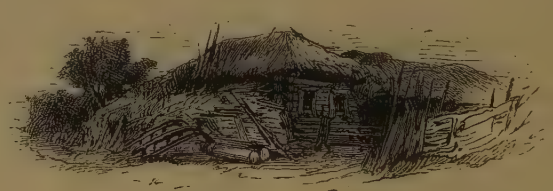
"Is it this?" asked Lizzie, and she lilted—

"'Do ye think o' the days that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do you wish that the morn would bring back the time
When your heart and step were light?'

"'I think o' the days that are gone, Robin,
And of all I joyed in then;
But the brightest that ever arose on me
I have never wished back again.'

"'Do you think o' the friends that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish they were round ye again once more,
By the hearth they made so bright?'

"'I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
They're dear to my heart as then:
But the best and the dearest among them all
I have never wished back again!'"



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 21. Jehoshaphat.

Chapters to be read—2 *Chron. xvii., xix.*

INTRODUCTION. Ask children if remember last days of Asa? His reign had been bright and prosperous—like a fair summer day with bright sunshine—God was his Sun and Shield (Ps. lxxxiv. 13); but how often does bright day end in dark clouds?—so did Asa's—he turned away from God, and God turned away from him. What disease carried him off? Was now succeeded by his son Jehoshaphat.

I. Jehoshaphat's Care for Himself. (Read xvii. 1—6.) How old was he when began to reign? (See xx. 31.) Find that he walked in the ways of his father Asa—children generally copy their parents—but which ways did he copy—Asa's early or later ways? His life soon showed. Notice how (1) *He began well*—did not wait to see what the people would like, but at once showed himself plainly as a servant of the Lord. What did he do? (Ver. 4.) He sought God in prayer. Where would he go daily to worship? Thus setting good example of frequenting the Temple. But prayer must be followed by action. So he walked with God as Enoch did (Gen. v. 24), as Noah did (Gen vii. 5). What was the result? He was held in honour—the kingdom was fully established—he became prosperous and rich. (2) *He abolished idols.* What did he take away? Because false gods were worshipped in these groves—so he removed all temptation to idolatry.

II. Jehoshaphat's Care for his People. (1) *He defended his country.* Saw that in first verses of chap. xvii.—organised the army—put garrisons in all the walled cities—put whole country in state of defence—especially guarded from attacks by king of Israel. (2) *He taught the people.* (Read xvii. 7—11.) This one of most remarkable events in Bible. Who were collected together? Five princes to give authority—nine Levites to teach—and two priests to offer sacrifice. Where were they to go? Can picture the king giving them parting instructions—crowds assembled to see them start—the procession defiling through the narrow streets of Jerusalem—going out through the gate—coming to the first town—assembling the people—sacrifice offered up—the Scroll of the Book of the Law unrolled and read—the Levites teaching—the people asking questions—the Service over—the party moving on elsewhere. Remind how few could read in those days—how few copies of God's word there were—how little the Bible contained—only the Pentateuch, and possibly the Books of Joshua and Judges. Therefore how needful this teaching of God's Word—how useful to keep the people from idolatry. What was the result? God's Word did not return to Him void (Isa. lv. 11). Not only people of Judah feared God, but even nations around—so he was left in peace. (3) *He appointed judges.* (Read xix. 5—11.) Where were these judges stationed? Being in each city, people would not have to go far for justice. For whom were they to judge? Therefore, as God is no respecter of persons, there must be no taking of bribes—no respecting the rich—they must just decide right as in the sight of God.

What a lesson here for all placed in authority—boys or girls appointed as monitors, etc. Often difficult to act rightly without hurting feelings or offending some—but always let them remember to do the right without fear or favour—then will have God's approval.

III. Jehoshaphat's Foolish Alliance. (Read xix. 1—4.) Who came out to meet the king? But where had Jehoshaphat been? Must go back to past lesson about Ahab king of Israel. What did he ask Jehoshaphat to do? (2 Chron. xviii. 3.) Perhaps thought it a good thing to make alliance with king of Israel—better make friends with than make war upon him. But what sort of man was Ahab? Wholly given to idolatry. Remind of warnings against joining with the wicked (Prov. iv. 14). Remind how Moses abjured the riches of Egypt because they were idolators (Hebrews xi. 24). Jehoshaphat, however, made alliance and joined Ahab in war. How was he rebuked by the prophet? Tell the children that the result of the alliance was a marriage between his son and Ahab's daughter, which caused idolatry afterwards to come into Judah. So his making friends with Ahab without asking counsel of God caused great evil. Hence the obvious warning never to make friends of those who fear not God.

Let the children sum up the different things to be noticed about this good king. He was (1) *Pious—i.e.*, feared God with all his heart, took God's reproofs well, and tried to make the people godly also. (2) *Useful.* Put every part of country in state of defence, arranged for people to be well taught, and laws fairly observed. (3) *Prosperous.* He honoured God, and God caused him to have great honour. Let each see how far they can imitate this great and good king. Begin by fearing God ourselves, so may lead others also. "Happy are the people who have the Lord for their God." (Ps. cxxviii. 1.)

Questions to be answered.

1. Who was Jehoshaphat? Which part of his father's life did he copy?
2. How did he show care for his people?
3. Describe the mission which he sent out.
4. How much of the Bible was in existence then?
5. What mistake did Jehoshaphat make?
6. Give a summary of his character.

No. 22. JEHOSHAPHAT'S VICTORY.

Chapter to be read—2 Chron. xx.

INTRODUCTION. Have had one lesson about Jehoshaphat. How did he begin his reign? Old proverb says "Well begun, half done." How important in a king above all to set good example at once—make bold front against all evil—makes it much easier afterwards to do right. But king soon found would not have altogether peaceful reign. A great king over great nation in beautiful land object of envy in those savage times—would be likely to be attacked.

I. PREPARATIONS. (Read 1—19.) What news reached Jerusalem? How would it come? Not in letters or telegrams—not in newspapers—probably messengers on foot, with old sacks, old shoes, old garments like Gibeonites (Josh. ix. 13). Where was the enemy coming from? Let teacher show all these places on a map. Picture the excitement in Jerusalem—men running about spreading the news—fear on women's faces—groups standing about discussing the tale. Who alone is calm and collected? Let us see what the king does. What might we suppose would be his first thought—assemble the generals? give orders to call out the troops? Not so—the king sees in war a message from God—he realises it as one of His sore judgments (Ezek. xxxiii. 2). He remembers how it was sent to David as a punishment for sin (2 Sam. xii. 10). So what does the king do? (1) *Fasts.* Not only himself, but orders fast through whole kingdom—realises that he and his people are sinners and deserve God's anger—let them confess it openly. What a strange sight! Have seen, perhaps, or heard of, large number of people moved even to tears by some dreadful accident, but here is a whole nation lamenting their sins. Remind what Christ says as to right way to fast (Matt. vi. 16). (2) *Prays.* But fasting not enough—must also be earnest prayer. Where would the king naturally summon the people? Why, this danger of war one of the very things Solomon had foreseen when offering his dedication prayer in the Temple (1 Kings viii. 33, 37). So now the people are assembled—where have they come from? Each city has sent some. Let us analyse the prayer.

(1) *The Address.* God of their fathers—how often had God helped them! (2) *The Plea.* God is all-powerful in heaven and earth. He *can* do all they need if willing to. What has He not done? (*a*) Driven out their enemies. (*b*) Given them this land. (*c*) Promised to help those who call in trouble. (3) *The Petition.* Help against the enemy as before, for none else can be of any good.

Who joined in the prayer? Picture the congregation standing in the court—the king before the altar—the priest offering sacrifices—men, women, and children joining in Solomon's litany—

> Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling place;
> And when Thou hearest, forgive.

What was the result? Before they had done praying, God answered. Who prophesied to them? At whose instigation? What did he announce? Their faith had saved them; they need not fight at all. What were they to do? Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. The same message as was given their forefathers at the Red Sea (Exod. xiv. 13). How did the king and people receive the news? All fell down and worshipped the Lord; and then what did the Levites do? Had been appointed by David to lead the singing—so they burst forth in praise, and thus that wonderful day, begun with fasting and mourning, ended in praise.

II. VICTORY. (Read 20—37.) Probably not much sleep that night—enemy near, people excited. Perhaps some doubted whether the prophecy could come true—such a thing never yet had happened. How does the king again encourage them? Must not only believe generally in God, but also in His word by His prophets. What arrangement was made for the people? What a strange army! No chariots—no horsemen, no spears—no bowmen—they do not trust in such—but what do they do? March on singing hymns? What a thrilling chorus! Probably sang whole of Ps. cxxxvi., the Levites singing the words and the people the refrain after each verse—

> For His mercies aye endure,
> Ever faithful, ever sure.

And what was the end? The enemy had fallen out amongst themselves, and when they reached the battle-field instead of a living army there were only dead corpses. The Lord had indeed given the victory. What did the people do? For three days took the spoil from the enemy—on the fourth day once more returned with singing to Jerusalem. What effect had this wonderful battle on the nations around? So Jehoshaphat was left in peace, for God gave him rest.

III. LESSONS. What does such a touching story teach us? (1) *Our absolute dependence upon God.* God orders all things according to His will. Let us say with Eli, "It is the Lord." (2) *The way to avert God's wrath.* What means did Jehoshaphat use? The same open to us. God is a prayer-hearing God still, and in darkest hour of trouble deliverance may be nearest. (3) *The duty of praise.* People often pray for deliverance, and forget to return thanks, like the ungrateful lepers. But we must in everything give thanks. Therefore let us trust, and not be afraid; for "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

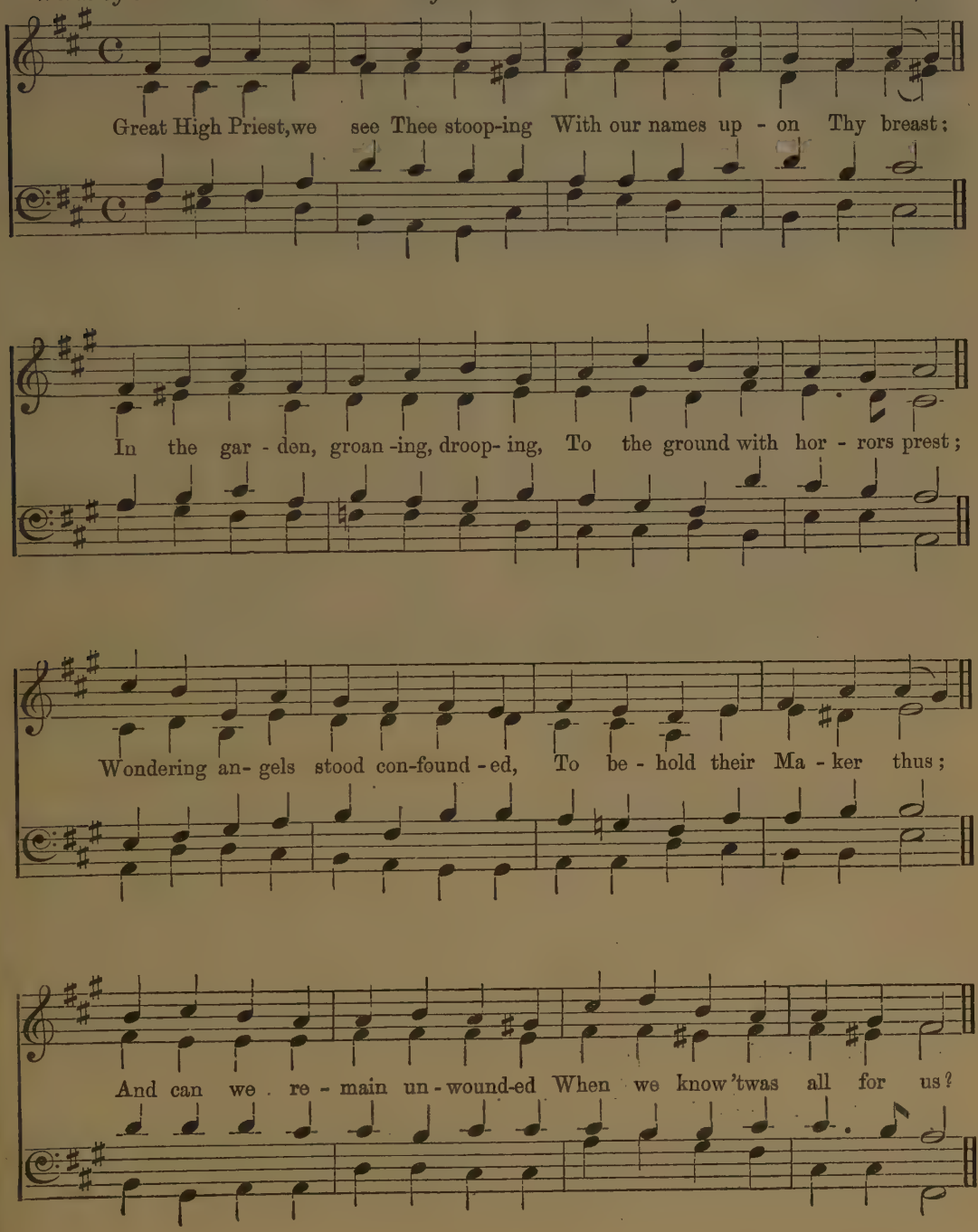
Questions to be answered.

1. Who came up against Jerusalem?
2. What preparations did Jehoshaphat make?
3. What prayer did the people use? Analyse it.
4. What was the result?
5. What hymn was sung after the victory?
6. What lessons may we learn?

Great High Priest, we see Thee Stooping.

Words by JOSEPH HART.

Music by E. J. HOPKINS, L.Mus.,
Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple.


Great High Priest, we see Thee stoop-ing With our names up - on Thy breast;
In the gar - den, groan -ing, droop- ing, To the ground with hor - rors prest;
Wondering an- gels stood con-found - ed, To be - hold their Ma - ker thus;
And can we re - main un - wound-ed When we know 'twas all for us?

THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR.

MORE ABOUT JESUS IN GALILEE.

I.—THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

WHEN Jesus had brought His discourse to an end He came down again to Capernaum, and as He was on the way the Jewish elders met Him. They had been sent by the Roman centurion, whose favourite slave was very ill, and they besought Jesus to go and heal the servant, for the master had been kind to the Jewish nation (Luke vii. 1—9), and had built them a place of worship. So Jesus at once consented, but the centurion stopped Him by a messenger, saying that, Roman officer though he were, he was not worthy that Jesus, a poor Galilean, should come under his roof. Would Jesus only say the word—if He would command, the sickness would go. The centurion says, "I give my orders, and I am at once obeyed; so will this evil spirit of sickness obey you." Here was true faith in the power of Jesus—the greatest faith Jesus had found in Israel. The immediate result was the healing of the slave.

Next day, in his circuit through Galilee, our Saviour went out to Nain, in the great plain of Esdraelon. Although so much of the actual locality in which our Saviour worked and preached is uncertain, there is no doubt about Nain—now called *Nein*. Long years before the time of our Lord a miracle had been performed near Nain, at Shunem (by Hermon). There a child had been restored to life—an only son—there the poor mother had hurried all the fourteen miles to Carmel to fetch Elisha to bring her son to life. In the New Testament Jesus goes of His own will to Nain—no doubt anticipating the event. It is a long way—about twenty miles from Capernaum, but Jesus walked all the way to help the widow.

He was just entering the city when He and His disciples were stopped by the crowd of people. A dead body laid upon an open bier was being carried outside the city to be buried. Mourners were in attendance, and many friends and relatives. Just at the gate the procession was met with, and our Lord no doubt was obliged to stand aside and let the bier and its bearers pass out. The poor mother was weeping in great distress. Her only son, the one upon whom she was dependent for her livelihood perhaps, had been taken from her, and she was desolate and miserable. But we know that in God's pleasure our darkest time may be that just before the dawn of prosperity and happiness.

Jesus addressed her in a comforting way:—"Weep not," He said. He had compassion on her. But what could she think? "A stranger at the gate tells me not to lament my only son, not to weep for him, even though he is dead. How can I be comforted?" Jesus was a stranger to her, as He is a stranger to so many thousands now. Yet you see that He will, in His great mercy, come and help even without being asked, if we have no means of knowing Him. The poor woman was a heathen, and had never heard of Jesus perhaps. But He pushed on to the bier, and the men stopped as He touched it. Then Jesus said,

"Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

The result was most startling. The dead man at once sat up and began to speak. Then Jesus accompanied him through the crowd, and gave him into his joyful mother's arms. How happy she must have been! how overcome with joy and astonishment! and yet we do not read that she said one word of thankfulness to Jesus, the Man who had restored to her her lately dead son! We do not know whether she thanked Him or not; but if she did not, how many of us are no more grateful than she was! We are ready to take the favours of God, but we think it too much trouble to thank Jesus for His mercies. My young friends, be sure and remember to thank God for His great mercies every morning and evening, and then you can pray for a continuance of them.

II.—ON THE EAST AND WEST SHORES OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

This miracle at Nain caused great astonishment. The healing of the leper and the cure of the slave, etc., had surprised people, and had turned some to believe in Christ; but so great was the stir made concerning the restoration of the widow's son that John the Baptist in his dungeon heard of it, and sent his disciples to inquire whether Jesus was not in truth the promised Messiah. The answer we all know. "Go and tell John what ye have seen and heard! Tell him in your own words, give him your testimony, and let him decide for himself."

We must pass by the incidents which immediately followed. Jesus and His disciples then returned to the Sea of Galilee and taught the people from a fishing-boat the parable of the Sower, and of the Net gathering fish—good and bad—a parable which His hearers would quickly understand. Afterwards seeking rest for a time, He crossed the lake, followed by some boats. On the crowded shore He had quitted rest was impossible. The eastern side was less inhabited, because it was liable to the incursions of wandering bands from the desert. So, impelled by a strong west wind which usually blows across the lake, Jesus and His disciples set sail.

The Sea of Galilee, we are told, is very liable to sudden storms. The air above gets very hot, and

rises up. Then cooler air rushes in between the hills, and causes a little fierce storm till the balance of nature is restored. This happened at that time, as it happens now. Jesus, being fatigued, went to sleep, and suddenly the storm came down. His disciples were afraid, and woke Him, but He quietly rebuked the wind and sea, and they became calm at His bidding. So Jesus will now quiet all our fears if we pray to Him in faith. "Peace, be still! Be silent, be dumb, ye waves!" There was a great calm. How deeply impressed the men must have been. After the loud, roaring, leaping waves, and the howling, rushing wind, a sudden quiet evening.

The boat was then at the country of the Gadarenes or Gergesenes, and there are now several places near Gergesa which answer to the description given in the Gospel of the spot where the swine rushed down into the sea. There are rocks with caves in them: there is pasturage for swine; the beach suddenly falls away into very deep water. There Jesus stepped ashore. Suddenly a fierce man appeared out of the caves used for tombs. He came to assail the intruders; but suddenly, seeing Jesus, he fell at His feet, and confessed Him the Son of God. There must have been something majestic in our Lord's appearance to have thus affected the poor demoniac. The result we all know. The man was cured; the swine hurried into the lake; and the apostate Jews who kept the "unclean" things, begged Jesus to leave Gergesa. He did so, and never returned. Let us be also careful not to drive Jesus from us by sinning. The Gergesenes drove Him away, and He left them in their wickedness.

III.—THREE MIRACLES.

Jesus was apparently sitting in the house of Peter, at Capernaum, when a sick man was carried to the door. But it was quite impossible to push the bed through the crowd, so the men ascended to the roof, and let the bed down into the court where Jesus was. House roofs in the East are flat, and easily ascended. The house is arranged in courts, as some may have seen in Moorish pictures. The rafters (or tiles) were not difficult to remove, and thus, with ropes, the palsied man was lowered in front of Jesus. We can read in the Gospel the result. The man was cured, and actually walked home, carrying his pallet-bed! After this miracle Jesus passed down to the lake, and called Matthew, who was sitting at the custom-house. He was a tax-collector, and made all he could by his tolls; but when Christ called him he left his occupation, his chances of money-making and all, and followed Him.

Matthew (or Levi) was very rich, as the publicans usually were, and he gave a great feast in honour of Jesus. The Pharisees took great offence, but did not dare to find fault in a direct manner. As Jesus was sitting at meat, a ruler came in, in great anxiety. His daughter was very ill. Would Jesus come, and save her life? Jairus begged for the boon; and Jesus at once got up, and went with the ruler, although it would have been easier to have spoken the word, and saved the girl. But God's ways are not our ways. Our Lord knew what He would do.

As He he was going on, a poor woman came behind Him, and, believing that she would be healed, touched His garment. In a second she was cured. Jesus perceived that faithful touch at once, notwithstanding all the unheeding pressure of the multitude. Peter was inclined to ridicule the idea. But Christ knew; and then the poor woman fell down, and confessed the fact. She was afraid Jesus would be angry; but He said, kindly and lovingly, "Daughter, go in peace!" Peace of mind and peace of body—the peace of God. You see the *result of perseverance.* In the face of great difficulty, after years of pain and trouble, without even the strength to push through the crowd to ask a favour, the poor woman managed, by hard struggling, to touch the hem of Christ's robe, and was healed. Was not her reward worth all the trouble, all the battle with the crowd?

But while this poor woman was benefiting by the presence of Jesus, another daughter was apparently losing. While the crowd halted and Jairus looked on, there came a servant to him saying that it was useless to trouble "the Master," the little girl was dead! This must have been terrible news to the rich ruler—had not that poor woman come in the way his daughter might have been saved. We can understand how terribly disappointed, perhaps angry, he was. But Jesus, in His great mercy, said quietly to the sorrowing father, "Fear not, only believe; she shall be made whole." It is evident that in compassion to the poor father Jesus hurried on, and telling Peter and James and John to follow Him, He quickly reached the ruler's house. Without stopping he remonstrated with them for bewailing a sleeping child and for making such a noise when quiet was necessary. They laughed at His words, but were not permitted to see His acts. Jesus put all except His chosen disciples and the parents aside, and at once entered the sick-room.

Jairus' daughter was twelve years old, an age when children in the East are much older looking than in our land. There she lay, to all appearance—as she really was—dead; dead just in the spring-time of her life. But pitying the anxious mother and father Jesus advanced, and taking the listless little hand, said to her the most touching words even He ever spoke, words which would mean to her, "My little pet lamb, rise up!" Such sweet and tender words did our Saviour address to this child. He, the Good Shepherd, called this Jewish maiden a most endearing name, His "pet lamb." "Talitha cumi," He said. Whenever we repeat the hymn beginning—

> The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
> And feed me with a shepherd's care,

let us remember that our Saviour recognises children, if they strive to do His will, as His pet lambs; He stands towards us as a Father. The child was the delight of her parents—their one little child—the pet lamb; and Jesus recognised the

beauty and innocence of the girl. Her pure soul returned to her, and she was restored to her joyful parents.

IV.—JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

We gather from a comparison of the Gospels that soon after this miracle, Jesus and His apostles went another circuit, but not together. He sent them two and two, and after a time He and they returned to Capernaum, when they told Him all they had done. About this time the news came that Herod had put John the Baptist to death, and Jesus determined to cross the Sea of Galilee to the north-east shore to the place between the river Jordan and the mountains which surround the head of the lake. The people who had not boats, followed Him on foot round the margin of the Sea of Galilee, and so great was the crowd that Jesus performed the miracle of feeding five thousand men, besides all the women and children, with five small loaves and two fishes. This wonderful result achieved, Jesus sent the people away for fear they would try to make Him a king. After such a display of power, the Romans would be easily conquered by Jesus, the people thought.

So first sending his unwilling Apostles away, Jesus dismissed the people, and then he retired to pray alone. While thus engaged, the steady south-west wind arose, and all night the disciples worked hard to cross the rough sea. Boats came easily in the other direction (John vi. 23), but the disciples rowed against the wind, and about three o'clock in the morning Jesus came walking upon the waves.

We can imagine the terror and astonishment of the men when they beheld the familiar form of the Saviour stepping across the breaking water. Was it a spirit? They were terribly frightened, and cried out. But soon they are assured. "It is I. Be not afraid," He says. Peter was the only one who gave expression to any doubt. He could not believe the miracle, even though assured by Jesus. "*If* it be Thou," he says, "bid me come too." "Come," was the command. But Peter failed. He attempted to walk on the water, and actually got a little distance, but His faith failed Him. He could not trust Christ, and he "began to sink." He must have struggled, and being a good swimmer, no doubt he did. But all his efforts without Jesus were in vain, and he cried out, "Lord, save me." That instant the Lord caught him, and gently reproached him, saying, "Wherefore didst thou doubt? Why did you not trust Me all in all to save you?"

Jesus then helped His disciples, and the ship at once touched land. Then they all with one accord fell down and worshipped Jesus as the Son of God. So He brought them to the haven where they would be. They were now in Gennesaret, and near Capernaum again, and the people who came over were very much surprised to see that Jesus had arrived first.

Next day Jesus offended many by His discourse in the synagogue; and as opposition was gathering round Him He determined not to go up to Jerusalem to the Passover. So he went away to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and returning by Decapolis to the south-east of the Sea of Galilee, He repeats the miracle of feeding a multitude, and coming over the lake reaches Magdala, at the lower end of the plain.

But at Magdala Jesus was not permitted to rest. He left it and proceeded up towards the source of the Jordan, near Cæsarea-Philippi and Banias, and about this time the Transfiguration took place upon a certain mountain, probably Hermon, which being covered with snow on the summit would provoke a comparison with the shining robes of the prophets who appeared upon that solemn occasion.

Returning from thence, Jesus sent the servants to prepare His way towards Jerusalem, and then the association of our Saviour with Galilee came to an end. The time was drawing near. He went up to Jerusalem, and six months afterwards He once more appeared, after His resurrection, to the faithful little band by the Galilean Sea.

SHORT ARROWS.

SOWING THE GOOD SEED.

WE must take care to "keep on sowing"—in the morning and evening, and beside all waters. We never can tell when the result may appear. A most encouraging incident has been related by a missionary, an experience of his own. He had been holding a service, and as soon as it was concluded a man accosted him, who was not recognised by the preacher at first, and told him his story. "Eleven years ago," said he, "I was without Christ. One morning, as I was wandering through the streets, utterly alone, no friends, no money, no hope, I made up my mind to kill myself. But as I was passing along the streets I heard singing in a church. Curiosity, as I thought, prompted me to enter. Scarcely had I seated myself when a gentleman rose to pray, and in his supplications he included sinners like me who might have harboured thoughts of self-destruction. I was struck by this. The preacher afterwards spoke to me, took me home, and fed me. You, sir, were that preacher, and you showed me the true way." Thus the seed sown bore full fruit. The would-be suicide had passed a happy life, had married and had children, and had also the pleasure to introduce the missionary to his house and family, which, with all his happiness, he, humanly speaking, owed to the sower of that little seed in a despairing heart.

AMERICAN MISSIONS.

We have been put in possession of some statistics of the progress of the American Board of Foreign

issions, which is prosecuting its work with vigour, hile the prospects are very gratifying. It appears at the missionary strength of the Board consists 397 American gentlemen, with a large native ddition, certainly more than a thousand in number. f these, 465 are pastors, preachers, and catechists. utside of the Sandwich Islands, there are 273 hurches, which include a membership of 17,000. Iere the statistics show how the work progresses, or of this last number nearly one-third were reeived during the last three years. But the other unctions of the Board are equally well executed. The educational work embraces 737 common schools, vith 27,000 pupils. There are, besides, special chools for girls, which return 1,300 pupils, and 29 colleges and training schools for young men who wish to enter the fields of Christian work. Within the year nineteen have left the country on foreign mission work, and the prospects in Turkey, China, India, and other places, are very bright and hopeful. It is most truly gratifying to us here to welcome the success of our Christian "kin beyond sea."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

What shall our children read? and, how can the boys form a useful library? are questions which, in one shape or another, frequently are put to pastors and masters. We will endeavour to give some practical hints as to the foundation of a good—a really good—library, which have been tested by experience. Of course all young Christians at home can be and are looked after; but it is more particularly to those willing to found a library association that we would address ourselves. The instance we have before us tells us how it was done. The start was not difficult. A few young people, who found that they could not easily procure really good and standard works, formed themselves into an association, and obtained a few books. They called upon friends, and excluded no Christian from their meetings, while rather encouraging the careless and negligent to come. Prayer always opens these weekly gatherings. The small entrance-fees are expended in the purchase of books, occasionally a musical or literary entertainment is given, and a committee acts for all. The success of these young people has been great. A taste for good literature has been inculcated, the usual trashy and too exciting works have been supplanted by good reading. A healthful and agreeable entertainment is provided at the schools, or other centre, to which all are invited. Thus young and old are by degrees drawn closer within the fold of Christ, and a true and firm foundation of character is laid, upon which, as time rolls on, a structure of godliness will be raised up, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of many. There are many places in England where such an association would greatly benefit the villages, and to those who can, we say, "Go thou and do likewise."

TO WHICH KINGDOM?

We heard an anecdote the other day which we think will be acceptable to our readers. On one occasion the Emperor of Germany was welcomed by a school as he was passing through a village. A speech was made, and the Emperor said he would examine the classes. Taking up an orange, he said: "To what kingdom does this belong?" The answer came rightly, and equally correct was the girl's reply respecting a coin. "Well, tell me," said the Emperor, "to which kingdom I belong." The child, perhaps unwilling to say the "animal kingdom," for fear of offending, replied, after a pause, "To God's Kingdom, sir." The Emperor was greatly moved, and patting the child's head affectionately replied, "God grant I may be accounted worthy of that Kingdom." The child had struck a sympathetic chord in the Emperor's heart.

THE EFFECT OF THE BIBLE.

Some years ago a gentleman was in Western Virginia. He was an avowed infidel. He denied Christianity, and declared it must sooner or later die out. One part of his solitary way lay through a very unsafe region, and, to his terror, he found himself at nightfall on the confines of that very portion of his journey. His fears were confirmed when he made inquiry at a hut by the road-side. He did not dare to advance into the unfriendly territory. He could not reach shelter if he retraced his steps. He was obliged to remain, and noticed the knives and guns with very mixed feelings. The mountaineer who owned the hut soon entered, and the infidel's terror returned with redoubled force. He could not eat, and scarcely dared to ask to retire to bed. At last, he was obliged, from sheer weariness, to request a bed, and was told to lie on the floor. His terror was not diminished; but then the man added, "I 've nothing better to offer. But you 'll excuse us; we always read a chapter in the Bible before we go to rest."

The traveller relates that he at once felt reassured. The presence of the Book in the home appeared somehow a safeguard to him. He no longer had any fear; and that experience made such an impression upon him, that it ultimately led to his becoming a Christian—a wiser and a better man.

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be to what an extent the Seamen's Mission carries on its good work. For instance, our readers may not be aware that two steam yachts and ten sailing vessels are daily employed throughout the year, in all weathers, carrying the Gospel among the vessels of all classes and descriptions which are at anchor around our coasts. On board these ships, some weather-bound, come the valiant band of missionaries, amid storm and tempest, to bring the glad tidings to the imprisoned crews. When we see these vessels

labouring in the heavy seas, we think how hard the life of the crew must be. But when we hear that the men on board are risking their lives under the guidance of Christ's workers to save souls, and that these men are voluntarily exposing themselves to danger for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, we are filled with admiration at such Christian self-denial. Besides these there are churches and chapels at various ports where the sailors can—and, to their credit be it said, they do—attend daily; and families who are leaving England find, greatly to their benefit, chaplains at certain points of departure always ready to labour, and to assist with advice or suitable books those who need. There is still a great deal to do, but an immense work has been accomplished. It is most interesting to note the various steps by which so much good is now annually performed. Many excellent men in the Navy and Mercantile Marine can testify to the usefulness of the Society, whose headquarters are at 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, London.

THE SAILORS' WELCOME HOME.

While on this subject of sailors' missions, we are attracted by the Sailors' Welcome Home. The very title is encouraging—Welcome Home! The words go to our hearts at once. Miss Child has succeeded in her holy work amongst the sailors in spite of difficulty and well-meant dissuasion. For four years this excellent lady has worked among the sailors down in Ratcliffe Highway and such localities. There are captains of ships who recognise the great good being done by the Welcome Home, and who endeavour to procure their crews from it. Those who have visited it, and from whose testimony we quote, assure us of the delight and astonishment with which they listened to the men. Letters are frequently received from sailors thanking those at the Home for the benefits received, and of the altered lives led by many former sinners. We have before us statements showing how these converted ones are, at times persecuted for adhering to temperance and habits of prayer; how scoffers assail them by word and deed. "Yet," say the writers, "we will pray and work on!"

RESULTS OF THE WORK.

Our notice would not be complete without a few instances which will show how excellent the work done is. One man writes, "I never meant to come here again. I felt too bad to come. . . . but directly I got ashore I could not help it; God found me here. He spoke to me here, and now I go to sea again a happy saved man, so different from the way I have ever been to sea before." Another most encouraging instance is worth relating. A sailor had been induced to sign the pledge, and after a time he rose, and saying, "I must pray, I have such a burden upon me," he fell down on his knees, and there and then poured forth his confession to his Saviour, and was hopeful of pardon for his sins. Sailors often come into the Home and beg to be permitted to stay. They call the Home their haven of rest. We are reminded of the Psalms when we read of these poor fellows, tempest-tossed about the world, and the text literally applies to them—"Then are they glad because they are at rest; and so He bringeth them into the haven where they would be." These are some of the blessed results achieved by Miss Child. A great feature is temperance. It is too true that the natives of India express their opinion of a drunkard by the expression, "He drinks like a Christian." Will every one who reads this sadly true record assist in whatever small a way the cause of temperance? and if they wish to see what can be done by prayer and energy, let them visit the "Welcome Home," 173, St. George's Street, Ratcliffe Highway, and they will be both gratified and surprised.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 704.

146. He foretold that the king of Israel would defeat the Syrians in three great battles (2 Kings xiii. 14—19).

147. 1 Timothy i. 20.

148. Ezra vi. 3.

149. 2 Kings xv. 11, 12.

150. That prayers should be daily offered up for the kings of Persia (Ezra vi. 10).

151. Tiglath-pileser in the days of Pekah king of Israel (2 Kings xv. 29).

152. St. Paul (2 Cor. xii. 4).

155. 2 Cor. v. 10.

153. Hezekiah king of Judah in the first month of his reign (2 Chron. xxix. 3).

154. His body was buried in the *chiefest* of the sepulchres of the sons of David (2 Chron. xxxii. 33).

156. The churches of Colosse and Laodicea (Col. ii. 1).

157. The powers of issuing their own code of laws, of appointing judges and magistrates for enforcing obedience to the same, and of punishing even to death those who disobeyed (Ezra vii. 25—26).

158. The prophets Haggai and Zechariah the son of Iddo (Ezra v. 1).

159. "The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of the Lord was taken in their pits" (2 Chron. xxxv. 25; Lam. iv. 20).

160. In the reign of Hezekiah, about four months being occupied in collecting them (2 Chron xxxi. 4—7).